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THE

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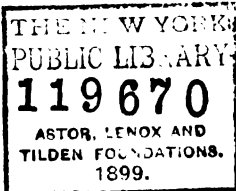
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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. LIX.

FOR OCTOBER, 1842.

ART. I.—*Revue des Deux Mondes*.
(Criticisms on English Writers of Romance. By PHILARETE CHASLES.) Paris.
1839—1842.

THE mutual opinions entertained by French and English of each other, were in the last century universally admitted and agreed on. The Englishman was a sturdy, carnivorous, independent clown: the Frenchman a lantern-jawed skeleton (the epithet was applied to him as far back as Piers Plowman), soup-fed, laced-dizened, and pressed under the triple yoke of "popery, slavery, and wooden shoes." There was no mistaking the physical or moral characteristics of the two people. The Frenchman was irredeemably gay, essentially volatile and saltatory: the Englishman, reserved and splenetic, even to suicide. Such were the stereotyped features of each race, when the Revolution drew its dark veil between them, and allowed but distant peeps at each other's deeds, ways, and thoughts.

When the veil or curtain was withdrawn, half a century had done its work on both. The Englishman, pent up in his splenetic island, had become, or at least, was found to be, a very gay and pleasurable fellow, and a slender dandy withal. The division of property had in the mean time turned the Frenchman into pastures of his own, almost as fat as John Bull's; and he had become in consequence a grave and ruminant animal, with a protuberant œsophagus. As to fashion, taste, gait, appearance, everything of course was topsyturvy. A powdered marquis was no more: perukes had vanished: and the only being that adhered to the *queue*, and

other extraordinary appendages of the last century, was perhaps the Postillion: that representative of Progress being more behind-hand and retrograde, than any other of his compatriots. In exterior setting forth, as in many more respects, military ideas had superseded all others. The moustachiod officer was in the highest sphere of fashion and notability. And women dressed to correspond: lacing up their chests like those of drummajors, and placing their waists in and about the region of the hipbone, as hussars are wont to do. Civilian elegance, which had reached such a height in England, in France existed not. In 1815 Young France touched a razor once a week, and divers brushes of the toilet quite as seldom. Yet it was then the dynasty of dandies reigned in England. What was the surprise of the French, when fine specimens of this fraternity rolled over to Dessein's, and invaded the boulevards! The Moustache was dethroned, and in a very few months the little theatres began to ridicule the braggart soldier of the Empire. A learned essay was written, which the Institute refused to print, on the causes to which it was owing, that the genius of tailoring had passed, in modern times from Italy to Spain; then from Spain to France; and lastly, in passing to England, had abandoned the Latin for the Teutonic race. The surprise of the French at this was as great as that of the Romans, when they first beheld their general Cæcina exchange the toga for a pair of Gallic trews and tartans: "*quod versicolore sagulo, braccas, tegmen barbarum, indutus, togatos adloqueretur.*"

If such difference, mutual surprise, and misapprehension existed respecting external

attributes and superficial humours, still greater was the surprise, when each began to examine the intellectual productions and progress of the other. For a Frenchman, during the first fifteen years of the century, to have known English literature was difficult; to have talked or written of it, impossible. Madame de Staël saw the first edition of her "Germany" pounded in a mortar, because it praised the poetry and philosophy of the Germans. What would have befallen her, had she praised English men and letters, reminds one of the proverbial story of the Marseillais. A boy, walking peaceably down the street, receives from a Marseillais a rude kick, which leaves him sprawling. The boy rises, and with lamentation asks, what he had done to the aggressor to deserve such a blow. "What have you done to me!" resounds the Marseillais. "Only imagine what a kick you would have got had you done anything to me!" Napoleon converted the *Allemagne* into pastboard. Had it been an *Angleterre*, he would have done scarcely less than make an Auto-da-Fé of book and authoress together.

Napoleon's exile of Madame de Staël sent her to England. This enabled her to make an early acquaintance with Waverley and Childe Harold, and through her means Byron and Scott poured over the Channel in a tide, that soon reached the farthest limits of Europe. French critics indeed at first withstood the invasion. The classic school of the Empire denounced the author of Waverley as a barbarian of the mad school of Shakspeare. And though Byron's admiration of Napoleon must have mollified them, their admiration of his genius was neither intelligent nor great. It was not for many years, and not till after the fighting of several pitched battles between classics and romantics, that the excellence (very various!) of Byron, Göthe, Scott, and Moore were acknowledged. Their triumph was won in the most legitimate of ways; by translations; and by these translations finding sale and vogue even amongst a lower class of French readers, than that which enjoyed the originals in England.

The French (notwithstanding late adventures of Romancers on the Rhine) are not travellers, neither do they care to go forth to seek out the rarities and excellences of other nations. But they are generous enough to welcome these, when brought home to their doors. Thus from 1819 to 1825 a translation manufactory was set at work, which poured forth translations every month: prose translations of the poetry, drama, philosophy, and literature: of other countries. Even the highest names were associated with the scheme,

and that of Guizot himself stands at the head of hundreds of volumes, some twenty of Shakspeare being of the number.

These translations were not confined to novels and dramas. Cousin introduced the French to Kant. Jouffroy translated Dugald Stewart and Reid. And the fiercest combats between the old school of imperial literature, and the new one of the rising generation, took place on the fields of metaphysics. Messrs. Jouy and his friends of the *Constitutionnel*, the *Minerve*, and the *Pandore*, were Voltairean, materialist, classic, epigrammatic. The new antagonists started up as spiritualists, romanticists, and serious reasoners. Condillac was the *ne plus ultra* of the science of mind with the old-school: supported by the physical theories of Cabanis and Broussais, the latter of whom explained life by nervous irritation. Their antagonists translated Leibnitz, reprinted Descartes, brought back the current of French philosophy to its source, and asserted with Kant that consciousness was proof enough of soul. These doctrines were expounded in the *Globe*, an organ of the ideas of the rising generation, which was fast superseding the journals and the veteran writers of the imperial school.

The antagonism, which stretched into the profundities of metaphysics, was as great and as fierce in the walks of literature and the arts, and produced those controversies between classics and romantics, of which all have heard. The *Constitutionnel* vowed in its *feuilletons* that the tragedies of Jouy, Arnault, and Lemercier were in the only road to the true sublime. The romantics became so exaggerated in the contrary direction, that they gave birth to the worst extravagances of Dumas and Hugo.

There was one writer, however, who might have served to conciliate and connect the schools, since he was of both. He had been nurtured in the one, and had grown into the other. This was Chateaubriand. He had all the pomposity, the affectation, and polished cadence, of the classic; while he practised the imaginative distortion, and aimed at the effect, of the romantic. He had been in England and America, was acquainted with our literature, and had published voluminous criticisms thereon. Like Voltaire, he began by praising us in this respect, and then, vexed to find his praise too loudly taken up and echoed, he turned round and abused us. This was precisely the way in which Voltaire treated Shakspeare: first deified, and then tried to degrade him. Chateaubriand remained true, indeed, to Shakspeare and to Milton. But his opinions of his great English contemporaries varied. They varied

with the attacks of his great disease: his vanity. He is loud in praise of Byron; very anxious to establish that the idea of Childe Harold was taken from *Réné*; and carries conceit to the extreme of the ludicrous in arguing that Byron's total silence as to the name of Chateaubriand must have been owing to his having left an early letter of the poet's unanswered. To Walter Scott, Chateaubriand is unjust when his vanity is again awake; and on one occasion he prefers Manzoni's novels to the Waverley series. At others his better taste predominates, though it does not save him from exaggeration. 'England is all Shakspeare,' said he, 'and even down to the present time Shakspeare has lent his soliloquy to Byron, his dialogue to Walter Scott.'

From 1820 to 1830 Chateaubriand became lost in politics. Fortunately for themselves, however, the young school of which we have talked, shut out politics from their studies and writings, if not from their sentiments. It is a singular remark, that any great and successful attack against a dominant political party and established political ideas, must be made by regular and distant approaches, and by a recurrence to other fields and arms than those which politics themselves afford. The old-established Tory system of governing in England, the declaring all for the best, and improvement a chimera, was attacked in 1790 and the following years by a revolutionary party, which thought to carry all by a *coup de main*. The attempt was defeated, and flung not only disgrace but ridicule on its abettors. But then began a more slow and regular warfare. Liberal thinkers, instead of storming the walls of Tory power, began to sap them. The Edinburgh Review was set up, and became a school: a normal school for statesmen, and a medium for the diffusion of a host of opinions all opposed to those which prevailed. It was a literary and philosophical opposition, that commenced in the first years of the century, and that took one quarter of that century to do its work. It brought about the liberal reaction which ended in emancipation and reform.

We have thus digressed into English politics merely for the purpose of showing what the young French school, embodied in *Le Globe* journal, meditated by commencing a literary and philosophical opposition. They felt that the then existing opposition to ultra-monarchic and ultra-religious ideas was based on a worn-out and worthless foundation: namely, on the materialist and military creed of the empire: and this they deemed pernicious, and incompatible with constitutional progress. They therefore took stand on ano-

ther ground. They avowed respect for religion, with the right of examination and judgment; respect for monarchy, and for the monarchy of the Bourbons, provided the latter in turn respected the constitution. Politics, however, they did not expatiate upon. Opposition was then carried on in secret societies and conspiracies by men of action, and carbonari; and thinking men feared almost as much the failure as the success of such appeals to cunning and to force. Therefore it was that the *Globe* confined itself to reasoning; and put forth disquisitions on political economy, on penal law; on the collateral, rather than the principal, questions of politics.

Precisely the same thing is at this moment going on in Germany; where political discussion is forbidden, but where opposition to absolutist ideas is carried on by literary, critical, and philosophic journals. Ruge's *Deutsche Jahrbücher* is much what the *Globe* was in Paris some fifteen years back. And all Germany is indeed alive with the fiercest discussions on all subjects save politics. The contest between Hegel's scholars and Schelling's, and between the literature of Young Germany and that of the Old, as well as between the prohibition and free trade schools in political economy, give ample exercise to the national mind, and prepare the way for the more serious discussion of a People that must be free.

The Parisian *Globe* was marked with the greatest generosity of criticism towards foreign excellence. The *chef d'œuvres* of Byron, Goethe, Scott, were welcomed and criticised by it in terms of the highest admiration. And the young men writers, who began with criticisms of foreign literature, ended by introducing the freedom of foreign literature into their own. What might have been the result it is impossible now to say; for the Events of 1830 blighted the harvest, and flung the quiet student, as well as the bustling intriguer, into the coarse arena of politics. They put a stop to all the labour of the study or the cabinet, and converted France into a forum, where nothing but public affairs and interests were listened to. The poet, the philosopher, the historian, the Lamartines, the Cousins, and the Thierses, were put in political harness, and made to drag the State; and all classes of Letters were melted up together into that compound of which mere journalists are made.

The effect of the Revolution of 1830, on that highest class of intellectual researches which concerns mind itself, was singular. It silenced the rational and learned professor; but it gave birth to a crowd of empirics and enthusiasts, who believed that the world was

on the point of regeneration, and that they were called especially to aid in the great work. The St. Simonians undertook to found a new religion: a new social, and of course a new political, system. They purchased the *Globe*, and converted it to these mystic and absurd preachings. From St. Simonism, or by the side of it, sprung a host of philosophico-social schools; which flourished while their system was *in nubibus*, but no sooner was it applied or realized, than its absurdity became too manifest even to the eyes of the interested neophytes. One philosopher indeed wisely determined to keep always on the wing, and never to advance from fancy to reality. He, like Hegel, could never be refuted, seeing that he never asserted anything. Thanks to this prudent precaution, and to a certain mystic eloquence, Ballanche has not only earned and kept a reputation, but has even forced his way into the Academy.

One should have hoped that the Revolution, which interrupted literary studies, would at least have given birth to excellence in positive and practical science. But no. When that noblest of all professional chairs, the professorship of Comparative Legislation, was founded by the Duc de Broglie, he was obliged to fill it by a demi-St.-Simonian, a madman of talent, fitter to touch on any subject than that of legislation. And when the chair of political economy was to be filled, the French were obliged to apply to Geneva, invite Count Rossi, vote him to be a Frenchman, and make him a Peer.

However inimical to professional chairs and historical studies, the Revolution did but give increased activity to the caterers for the stage and the circulating library. It is singular that in times which offered such ample materials for history, historical studies should be interrupted, and people become too absorbed in the history of the present to give attention to the chronicles of the past. Yet it was not leisure that was wanting; there soon having arisen an increased demand for the imaginative and the light. Novelists came forth in scores; the legion of vaudevillists was, if possible, augmented; and a new class of readers seemed to spring up, eager for the daily fare of literature. Previous to 1830 common readers required a seasoning of politics in everything. They required to have their palate tickled by hidden allusions to the glories of the empire, the old-womanishness of the Bourbons, the hypocrisy of priests, and the tyranny of prefects. Berenger, with his pointed yet covered satire on all these things, was the concentration of national feeling, and of course his popularity was beyond bounds.

The sentiment that ran through a novel was generally but the essence of Berenger, diffused in the watery medium of three volumes. The year of 1830 did away with this mass of *sensitiment obligé*, and put an end in France, at least, to the empire of Paul de Kock and Pigault-Lebrun. It is not our purpose to enter here into the merits, as novelists, of Balzac, Sand, Hugo, and Dumas; although the peculiar taste which created them, or which they modified, would be worthy of something better in the way of analysis, than that with which they judge our works of light literature.

The great difference between the lighter literature of the French and our own, is that French efforts of this kind derive their source and spirit from the drama; the education and inspiration of all French novelists being theatrical. The theatre is the temple of their literature, and the *parterre* its tribunal: no one daring to appeal to any other more select. No French writer has sat down in the solitude of rural life, and given loose reins to his imagination to narrate simply, as for the amusement of a few idle and intellectual friends. His solitude is not more remote than a *grenier* of the Rue Richelieu; and his *recueillement* or reflection is no more than a brief morning's space.

Were Christopher North in his old ill-humour, as we hope he still is in his pristine vigour, he might stigmatize the whole body of French writers as cockney. They are at home in the puddle and the pavement, and even George Sand describes the country with the peculiar relish of a cit. Town and theatre are words and things, that go together; and dramatic criticism, in converse as in print, is with the Parisian a matter of the very first importance. With the French writer, it is the same. He looks to have his volumes criticised as a play, and he aims at giving it as much of what he considers the good qualities of a play as possible.

When the present race of French novelists started up to cater for the public, they had the world before them. No such thing as true pictures of life, its daily habits, vicissitudes, either past or present, had ever been represented in French novels. And *The Natural* was a mine that one would think they might have explored. But the drama was not in the natural mood for the then present. Scribe had exhausted the natural and the simple, as far as these in actual life presented traits and characters sufficiently striking for the stage. And a melodramatic taste had arisen, with a craving for strong emotions. Hugo came to dose the public with imaginative *cayenne*. His horrors told upon the stage:

and, telling on the stage, were of course made to tell in the volume. Hans of Iceland, and Bug Jargal, electrified French readers, who had been slumbering over the *fadaïses* of D'Arlincourt, the novelist of the Restoration. It was not till after Talma's death, however, that the Théâtre Français was invaded by the romantics. As long as he lived, his great popularity as well as his great genius enabled the manager to dispense with any concession to the new taste. But soon after his death the romantics had the best tragic actor and actress. And they, with their dramatists, carried the Théâtre Français, and of course the Parisian public, by storm.

This sketch of the revolutions of French taste, with regard to their own writers, will aid us to understand their judgments on our writers. To these the public is more favourable and indulgent than the critic; and translations are greedily swallowed, long before the critic interferes to tell the *why* for or against it. The great objection of the foreign critic to the English is, that they are more lyric than dramatic on the stage, and more sentimental than stirring in the page of the novel. The French and even the Italians are very matter-of-fact people, when they come to enjoy a theatrical representation. They have no objection indeed to any number of words, provided these words have no meaning. But to any burst of poetry or digression of sentiment, they are inexorably severe. In a novel they are blind to all details of the same kind. The kind, warm, noble, gentlemanly vein of feeling, that runs in the most trivial dialogues of Scott, and through those parts of his narrative where the current of story flags, is completely lost on the French. It is only the dramatic part of the fiction which strikes them. And hence, in France, Cooper ranks almost as high as Sir Walter. English wit is quite lost on them: but the reverse is the case with English humour. They will laugh heartily at what they understand of Smollett, and see less to understand, and nothing to laugh at, in Fielding. Marryat's novels have always been favourites with them. And the adventures of Mr. Pickwick please them more than the character in *Nickleby*, the pathetic beauty in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, or the tragic sufferings of *Oliver Twist*. The second-hand Scott school is little relished in France. And on this they have often remarked with a just severity. The great original has given them so much of the historian, that they have need of extending their indulgence to his imitators in and out of France. Their own delicious *Memoirs* render them passably fastidious in historic fiction; and with the exception of a couple of volumes of De Vigny (*Cinq Mars*),

and one of Merimée (*Les Chroniques de Charles Neuf*), the French have passed condemnation upon all historical novels of their own.

But when we speak of French criticism of the present day, we speak rather of something oral than of anything written. Society in France is its own critic. Volumes of criticism there are none. There is but one review, and that, in its tone and frequency of publication, more of a paper than what we call a review. And as to the *beaux esprits*, the light wits, the literary insects,—that brilliant and ephemeral race flutter and shine exclusively in what is called the *feuilleton* of the newspaper: that is, a small print which is placed as if it were a running commentary on the large type of politics. The *feuilleton* was exiled there in disgrace: but it has converted its post of exile into one of triumph, and few French readers now peruse any part of a journal, save the *feuilleton*. In these scraps Jules Janin made his reputation, and what a reputation! as he himself would say. If you seek able criticisms on art, you must look to the *feuilleton* of Delecluze or Berlioz. Philosophy itself tries to get notice in the small print, in hopes that it may pass for being amusing. Even the romance-writers of *longue haleine* have forsaken the volume for the *feuilleton*. Eugene Sue published in this form his *Mathilde*. And he is now writing two novels at the same time, which appear simultaneously in the *Presse* and the *Débats*. One is *Louis Lambert*, the other the *Mystères de Paris*. The latter is the adventures of a German prince in Paris. He had been bred in England, and begins his new life by haunting the lowest dregs of the Parisian population. This leads to many cut-throat and slang but powerful scenes. The Parisians are shocked, but they read on: the reverse of the *laudatur et alget*!

One of the *feuilletonists* of the *Débats* is the gentleman, whose name heads our article. M. Philarète Chasles has made English literature his speciality. And he stands alone in his speciality. From him the Parisians learn periodically, either in the *Débats* or the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, what has been passing in English literature. M. Chasles does not flatter us. He makes few exceptions, while he condemns our present race of writers to something more than oblivion. Carlyle and Bulwer are, however, great favourites of his; an agreement that shows at least some comprehensiveness of taste; nor is he blind to the brilliancy of our female writers. But alas! M. Chasles, much as we are disposed to accede to some of his judgments, is essentially a *feuilletonist*; very shallow, very superficial; agreeable certainly, but quite without depth;

notwithstanding the philosophic tint his speculations are so fond of assuming. He is less a critic than a cicerone; ready to point out what is worth noticing, without deciding the exact degree of the worth.

But let us give a fair specimen of what M. Chasles thinks of the prospects of English literature in particular just now, and of the fate of European letters in general. It is not flattering, it must be admitted: the reader will judge of its claims to depth or profundity. We quote it to show the kind of humour in which he invariably pursues his business of criticism; the temper which colours it all. And as we do not happen to share in his sanguine hopes about Russia, while as to America we shall probably have a few harder words to say before our present number closes, it would be unjust, out of false delicacy to the unhappy and unpromising quarters of Europe here under sentence, to withhold from the other great countries the great expectations of M. Philarète Chasles.

"It is in vain that a feeling of confidence and hope seeks to repulse the fatal truth: the decline of literature, arising from the decline of intellect, cannot be denied. All with one common accord see, that we Europeans are retrograding into a half-Chinese nullity, an universal and inevitable weakness, which the author of these observations has been predicting these fifteen years, and against which he sees no remedy. This descent into the abyss, this obscure path which leads to the levelling of intellects, the destruction of genius, operates in divers ways, according as the race of man is more or less sunk in the scale of civilisation. The Southerners are first in the list: they first received the light, and they have been the first to fall into darkness. The Northerners will follow close after: the vigour and sap of the world had taken refuge in them. The Italians, though a noble race, are quite in the background: tranquil and happy in their climate, their Polichinelle, their Bellini: happy in all, alas! and devoured by that felicity of indifference which is the greatest misfortune of nations. The Spaniards, the second children of modern civilisation, are pursuing the same path. On the same declivity, though more sensibly agitated, may be seen other people, who hope, who agitate, who sing, who enjoy, who tremble, and who imagine that with railroads and schools they will resuscitate the vacillating and palpitating social flame. England herself, despoiled of her Saxon energy and her Puritan ardour, already in the widowhood of her literary strength, deprived of her Byrons and her Walter Scott, and what will she become in one hundred years? God knows! And even should the symptoms announced by philosophers be exact: even if, in this vast galvanic current of destruction and reconstruction called history, all Europe, the Europe of twelve hundred years, with its laws, its morals, its origins, its ideas, its cycles past, Teutonic and Roman, its pride, its moral life, its physical power, its literatures, should pine away

and perish: is it to be wondered at? If we should be destined to undergo the fate of the old Grecian and Roman world, both less in circumference and duration than our Christian Europe: even should the fragments of the old vase be broken up and ground down to form a new one: of what should we have to complain? Has not the civilisation which we call European lasted long enough in time and space? And does the Globe want for more naïve and more innocent regions, which will accept our heritage as our fathers formerly accepted that of Rome, when she had fulfilled her destiny?

"America and Russia, are they not there? Two countries eager to enter on the stage, two young actors who seek applause: both ardently patriotic and usurping: the one sole heir of the Anglo-Saxon genius, the other, who with her Slavonic spirit, eminently ductile, has patiently entered the school of Neo-Roman nations, and wishes to preserve their traditions. Do we not see other nations behind America and Russia, who during millions of years will continue, if necessary, this eternal labour of civilisation.

"We need not despair of the human race, and of the future, even should we westerners sleep the sleep of other old people, sunk in that awakened lethargy, in that living death, in that sterile activity, in that fecundity of eternal abortions, which the Byzantines so long suffered. I fear lest we arrive at this. In Europe, and especially in the South, the people are intoxicated. There is one kind of literature in its dotage, and another delirious. The matter-of-fact or the working man, the mason or engineer, architect or chemist, may deny what I set forth if he be not a philosopher: but we have flagrant proofs. We might discover twelve thousand new acids; air-balloons might be impelled by an electrifying machine; the means of destroying sixty thousand men in a second might be discovered: yet the modern European world would not be less what it is, dead or dying. From the height of his solitary Observatory, hovering over obscure space and the rough waves of the past and future, the Philosopher, whose care is to strike the hours in the days of history, and to announce the changes which take place in the life of the people, will still be obliged to repeat his mournful cry: 'Europe dies of consumption.'"

But in Observatories so very much out of the way, even Philosophers will be suspected of seeing only dimly and distortedly in the direction of Earth, and in a later lucubration M. Chasles leaves little doubt of it. This, which appeared at the close of last month with the title of *Du Roman en Angleterre depuis Walter Scott*, is quite remarkable for the false point of view at which the survey is taken. Even where the qualities of a writer are tolerably understood, his position, his importance, are absurdly overrated, and laborious wisdom wasted on a trifle. This ludicrous mistake of means and ends is the oldest misfortune of Philosophers in the Clouds. When the Athenian Wit caught Socrates in his Observatory of wicker-work, the sage's

occupation was to call forth the genius of geometry to measure the skips of a flea. And here are such books as "Softness" and "Hardness," which, whatever their merits, are certainly little known, treated as features of modern English literature! while of their popularity and its source thus gravely discourseth the profound Philarète Chasles. "England, who forgets nothing, who surrenders nothing, who loves to feel herself old, and whom tradition charms, preserves still the taste for abstract personification: last relic of the symbolism which prevailed in the Middle Ages. She recalls involuntarily, as she reads these Moralities turned into romances, the Dramatic Moralities that were the delight of Christian Europe, when Vice and Luxury encountered on the scene their eternal enemies, Temperance and Virtue"!!

It is little to say after this that Dryden is characterized in the same paper as a very indifferent master of versification, or that the moral tone of Daniel De Foe is described as a Calvinistic severity, the style of a formal, straitlaced, smoothfaced school of appearances! The point of view which exaggerates the mean, *must* tend to depress the great. And enough has been said to illustrate our present purpose, the exhibition of the general spirit of French Criticism on English writers.

ART. II.—*Anselm von Canterbury. Dargestellt von G. F. FRANCK* (Life and Character of Anselm of Canterbury. By G. F. FRANCK.) Tubingen. 1842.

THERE are several different points of view from which the life and times of Anselm might be considered. From most of them some light will be thrown on the history, and from all of them at least on the historian. The patronizing contempt of Hume, who holds that it is difficult to speak of the discussions of the Council of Bari with the requisite decency and gravity, is highly illustrative of the eighteenth century, if not of the eleventh: and to men born in a less self-satisfied generation, the fashions of seventy years ago seem as strange as those which were then ridiculed at the distance of seven hundred. A philosopher and historian, who could see nothing in the struggles of the early Norman kings with their primates but the conflict of law and right with selfish priestly usurpation, has become almost as obsolete in his mode of thought, as an Archbishop of Canterbury discussing the logical subtleties with a Greek Ambassador before an Italian council. In our own time

it seems as if there were more danger of error from the spirit of partisanship and the love of theory than from carelessness. A modern Anglo-Catholic might sympathize with Anselm too warmly for impartial observation; and we know that in his successor, Becket, the graphic and ingenious Thierry has seen only an exponent of Saxon resistance to Norman tyranny. However, in both cases history has made an advance. The relation of conqueror and subject is a *vera causa*, an existing fact, if not an all-sufficient solution of historical problems; and in the study of the past, as in the social intercourse of every day, the blindest predilection is keener-eyed than contempt.

M. Franck has adopted none of these courses. No German, in any book, treats any question as trifling, and our author is neither a Catholic controversialist, nor a patron of conquered nations, but a philosopher and a disciple of Hegel; and it is of Anselm's philosophical character that he principally treats. We are by no means sure that he does not thus stand nearer the subject of his biography, than he could have done in any other position. A man who thinks will soon arrive at a few questions, which with many attempts at solution make up the sum of all philosophy. Neither Plato nor Hegel could have a very different task from that which Anselm proposed to himself as a speculator. Yet if the philosopher was of no age, the monk and archbishop was peculiarly of his own time; and we confess that either by the author's fault or our own we have failed in deriving from his book any definite notion of the relation between Anselm's historical career and his metaphysical system. It is, however, interesting to know that they were in fact, co-existent, and therefore compatible.

"If we are to arrive," says M. Franck, "at a closer knowledge of the Middle Ages, it is above all things necessary to bring out in a concrete shape their individual leading phenomena: not till then is it possible for the problem of marking more accurately the intellectual development of this period to receive a thoroughly satisfactory solution."

One of these leading phenomena (*Haupterscheinungen*) is Anselm. As a champion of the Church and a pious ascetic, he approached near to the ideal of a perfect character which prevailed in his own time; as a thinker, he stands at the head of one great department of scholastic philosophy. In the work before us his outward career is narrated with little force or unction, as if it was, like himself, an *Erscheinung*, a casual form of reality. We regret the omission of the minutest touches of character which his friend and

biographer Eadmer might have supplied; above all we lament the almost entire absence of miracles, notwithstanding the abundant supply which, as M. Franck intimates, he found ready to his hand. An account of them in connection with so good and wise a man would have been a useful contribution to the history of the Middle Ages. In the second book, *Anselm as a doctrinal theologian* (*Dogmatiker*), his biographer is more at home. Being and Essence and God and Eternity are familiar thoughts to him, and he treats of them with a readiness and decision which contrasts favourably with his somewhat tedious account of the quarrels between the primate and the king. The language in this latter part of the work is accordingly clearer and easier than in the former.

Anselm was born of a noble family at Aosta in Piedmont, in the year 1033. Under the influence of a religious mother he displayed an early tendency to a monastic life, which was strengthened by his love for study, and by his feeling at the same time of the insufficiency of mere knowledge. M. Franck thinks that the state of learning at the time accounts for the sense of emptiness and insufficiency which he felt. No doubt it was very insufficient; but as the sole instrument of happiness we believe it is quite as insufficient now. Anselm knew enough to know that he had much to learn, and that the intellect might find more food than it could consume; but he no doubt became conscious that he was not a mere intellect, but a man with feelings and duties. For the proper development of the affections which is found in domestic and social life, the time offered little facility to a peaceful and studious man: and the common opinion of the age had assigned to them the different function of adding warmth to devotion in the retirement of the cloister. In early life he left his home in consequence of disagreements with his father, and after travelling for some years in France and Burgundy, he came to Bec in Normandy to study under the celebrated Lanfranc, who was prior of the monastery there. To mortify his intellectual vanity by the overshadowing proximity of so great a divine, Anselm became a monk at Bec, in the year 1060, at the age of twenty-seven. Three years afterwards his modest wish was frustrated by the promotion of Lanfranc to the Abbey of Caen, and his own appointment to succeed him as prior. His superior, the Abbot Herluin, formerly a Norman warrior, had himself founded the monastery, and raised it to eminence through the reputation of Lanfranc: he had always chosen as his own peculiar department the management of the external affairs of the convent, and as he was now old

and infirm, the whole burden of the government of the monks fell upon Anselm. Ill qualified by nature for worldly business, and unwilling to interrupt his religious exercises and philosophical meditations, he shrank from dealing with the jealousies and intrigues of his convent, and entreated Maurilius, Archbishop of Rouen, to relieve him of his dignity. But the church could not afford to lose the service of so faithful an adherent, and perhaps Maurilius in refusing the request may have known that where unity and obedience are the final end of government, gentleness and simplicity of character in the ruler is more effective than wisdom. It is when outward action is required, as in the political management of nations, that the virtuous and humble enthusiast becomes an impracticable and dangerous disturber. The monks of Bec can scarcely have persevered in their jealousy of a prior, who according to his friend and biographer, Eadmer, could never be persuaded that he was deceived or wronged.

"When Baldwin and other faithful followers reproved him for this in a friendly way as excessive simplicity and want of prudence, he answered with simple astonishment, 'What is this? are they not Christians? and if they are Christians, would they for any advantage knowingly lie in violation of their faith? It is nonsense (*nil est*). Why, when they are talking to me they are so earnest in their statements, and swear so on their faith to the truth of them, that I might be accused of an unbelieving disposition, if I refused to believe that they are supported by the very strength of truth.' This he said, thinking that they would not do to him what he knew that he would not do to any one. Afterwards, however," proceeds the good monk, "he found out the real state of the case, and did not believe them quite so implicitly for the future; but he suffered no small injury from having believed them so much at first. Inasmuch as they knowing for certain that he had no heart to return them evil for the evil they did to him, were relieved from fear, and made even worse than they originally were, and advanced in evil."

However onerous the office of prior may have been, Anselm found time and leisure for much philosophical speculation. It was at this time that he wrote his treatises, "On Truth," "On Free Will," "On the Fall of the Devil," and his "Monologium and Prologium," which, according to Franck, are the most remarkable proofs of his speculative disposition.

"The former," he says, "is a more detailed account of the existence, the essence, the attributes and the tri-unity of God; the latter a compressed synthetic demonstration [*deduction*] of the first point, the so-called *ontological proof*. The former treatise, Anselm had at first entitled *Monologium Exemplum meditandi de ratione Fidei*. (The Soliloquy, a Specimen of medita-

tion on the reason of Faith). The second, *Alloquium, Fides querens Intellectum*. (The Address, or Faith seeking Understanding). And it was then that he sent them to the Archbishop of Lyons; but being requested by him and other friends to prefix his name, he struck out the additions to the title, and called the first *Monologion*, and the second *Prosligion*."

There has never, however, been a more accurate description of the purpose of a work than the original title of the *Alloquium*, or Address to God. It is like all Anselm's philosophy as described by Franck, faith seeking to render itself intelligible: *Neque enim, he said, quero intelligere, ut credam; sed credo, ut intelligam*. In this antithesis we have the true key to the strength and weakness of speculative theologians. Starting from a positive basis of certainty, knowing that the truth is included in their formulas, they have only to find out the meaning of the propositions which are given to them, and by analysis they must arrive at first principles; or, on the other hand, they may assume first principles at their pleasure, and reason up to the results which will test by their appearance or absence the accuracy of the synthetic construction. In both processes they have the infinite advantage of earnestness and a sense of reality: and all the truth which is accidentally evolved in the course of inquiries of which it is not the immediate object, all the extensive portion of knowledge which consists in an acquaintance with the mere forms of truth, and many valuable results of a happy inconsistency with their professed principle, the spoils of involuntary deviations into the province of independent thought, constitute the reward of scholastic inquiries from Anselm's time to the present day. Their weakness consists in the impossibility of making something out of nothing. The subtlest analysis of a proposition can lead only to its equivalent; and faith, as far as in its popular sense of belief it has to do with propositions, implies that they are already intelligible. Moreover the speculative faculty is apt to assert its rights, even where its possessor is determined to subject it to authority. It starts from a given formula, and investigates its hidden meaning; but in the course of its researches it often finds or fancies a proof of that very proposition, and it is not till it fails and finds itself carried round in an inextricable circle, that it has recourse to authority again to help it into a straightforward course. Anselm found fixed in his deepest convictions the axiom, God is. Who and how God is he made it his business to inquire in the *Monologion*: but not content with this he was seized with a vehement desire to prove *a priori* what he had first as-

sumed, that God is. The thought deprived him of appetite and rest, and even disturbed his religious exercises till he was inclined to give it up as a temptation of the Devil. But at last, while he was lying awake at night, the true solution, as he considered it, flashed upon him, and he found that the Enemy had taken up the opposite side of the question. He committed his thought to writing, and gave the tablets into the care of one of the brethren; but behold, after some days the precious document was missing, and nobody had taken it and nobody knew of it. Again the good Prior wrote it down, and committed it to a monk with strict injunctions to take care of it. The brother concealed it in his bed, and in the morning he found the waxen tablet lying broken in pieces on the ground. Then Anselm took the same decisive measure, which was adopted, as we read, by the proprietors of Drury Lane against their kindred enemy the God of Fire. He had the proof written solemnly on parchment in the name of God, and so it has been preserved till now.

Stern Yamen, Judge of Hell

Is judged in his turn:

Parchment won't burn.

His schemes of vengeance are dissolved in air:

Parchment won't tear.

Or was it rather that the foul Fiend bethought himself in time how little the *Prosligion* or any other ontological proof concerned his interests? Those who believe are not likely to want it, and those who do not have found in such *a priori* proofs a matter of triumph since they were first invented. There are probably some who like to give their creed a logical form, without making it depend on demonstration; but few who were in earnest have failed to be dissatisfied with theories which ignored the authority from which in fact they sprung, and betrayed their philosophical unsoundness even by the apparent ease of the process. It is from Locke and Clarke that English students ordinarily derive their first knowledge of this kind of proof, and in its main characteristics it remains the same which was inherited from Anselm by the long succession of the schoolmen. If Faith must be appealed to at last, it is better to have recourse to it at first and abide by its decision. In the course of the controversy occasioned by the publication of the book, Anselm had in one instance no better argument to bring against his adversary Gaunilo, than the popular appeal to his sense of religion, *quod quam falsum sit, fide et conscientia tua pro firmissimo utor argumento*. Whatever was the cause of the abandonment of Satan's attempts to destroy the *Prosligion*, we are satisfied that no such violent measure threatens modern di-

vines, even if the multiplication of copies by printing had not increased the difficulty.

For Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And when men prove too much, makes them
prove more.

Yet it would be presumptuous to despise this acute and profound thinker, because with the advantage of experience we may now think that he misdirected his efforts when he undertook a metaphysical proof of the existence of God. Franck's clear and intelligible summary shows the great value of the *Proslogion* as an effort of thought. He begins with the definition, or, as he intends it, the proposition: God is the highest possible object of thought [*quo nihil majus cogitari potest*]. When the fool of the Psalmist says in his heart, There is no God, he yet understands the term, God: and thus the representation of which he denies the actual existence he affirms as being present to his mind. There are two kinds of Being, in the mind [*in intellectu*], and in reality [*in re*]. The former of these kinds of being, even the fool, as has been shown, admits to belong to the highest possible object of thought. Now if the Greatest of all Beings were only in the mind, a more perfect and greater Being might be conceived, namely, one which was not only in the mind but in reality. Therefore the most perfect Being would not be the most perfect Being, which is absurd. Therefore the most perfect of all Beings must be in reality as well as in the mind. And again it must be such that it is impossible to conceive its non-existence: for otherwise that which existed in reality and in the mind would be more perfect than that which existed in reality, but by the hypothesis not in the mind. Therefore not only can we say God is, but that nothing else truly is, for of anything else we may conceive the non-existence. [*Solus igitur verissime omnium, et ideo maxime omnium habes esse, (thou hast being), quia quidquid aliud est, non sic vere est, et idcirco minus habet esse*].

Franck puts this demonstration in the convenient form of a syllogism, in which the *petitio principii* is, as he observes, obvious enough. The most perfect of beings is not in thought only, but also in reality. God is the most perfect of Beings. Therefore God is not in thought only, but also in reality. Gaunilo, a monk of Marmoutier, in a publication called *Liber pro Insipiente*, or an apology for the fool, whom Anselm had selected as his antagonist, sufficiently answered the demonstration. Even the popular illustration of its main fallacy which he supplied, was a conclusive argument against a reasoner who

started with a distinction between real and conceivable being. In this manner, he said, one might prove the existence of the Happy Island which is said to lie in the Western Ocean. It is the best of all possible lands, and the best of things possible must exist in reality, as well as in the mind: therefore the Happy Island exists. A more searching refutation is quoted by our author from Hegel's work on the Proofs of the Existence of a God. In the major of the syllogism the identity of Thought and Being is asserted, in the conclusion the difference between them is assumed. The mode in which the identity is expressed, is founded entirely on the difference between them. Moreover, we may add that the highest possible object of Thought (*quo nihil majus cogitari potest*) is at the same time a negative definition, and a mere expression of comparison. It is by no means clear that we can frame a thought, which shall preclude the possibility of a higher thought; but it is enough for the purpose, if we can frame such a thought as to be found by comparison higher than all other thoughts; for if it admits of comparison, it is not the transcendent thought of God. If, too, we were to admit Anselm's two assumptions that we can form the thought of God, and that there are two modes of being, the most natural inference would be that there may be a higher form of Being in the mind than in reality. The answer to Gaunilo's illustration of the Happy Island would be that he does not conceive it in his mind, but talk of it. If it exists, it must be compatible with the actual phenomena of climates, tides, and the equilibrium of the earth; but if it does not exist, as we know, or ought to know, those phenomena, and as they would be more or less modified by its existence, and consequently more or less modify all the physical relations of the globe, perhaps of the universe, we cannot conceive its existence without a violation of the laws of nature, unless we can conceive an entirely different universe. As long as the possible is used as another name for the unknown, we may safely contrast it with the actual or the known. As soon as we identify it with that which is known not to be, we begin to talk at random about a nonentity. Of this truth it is probable that Anselm had an indistinct apprehension, however imperfect the expression may have been in his ontological proof. But it forms no part of our present plan to enter into these discussions, although it was desirable to explain the nature of Anselm's researches by an example which admitted of being stated in an easy and popular form. The latter and more valuable portion of Mr. Franck's work will be a useful

guide to any one who wishes to pursue the subject further. We shall only borrow from him a few statements as to Anselm's philosophical and theological creed.

There could be little doubt, from his enthusiastic character and imaginative spirit of speculation, that he would be opposed to the tenets of the nominalists, who attributed reality only to individual things, and esteemed all universal notions as mere sound. In after times, indeed, they were sometimes remarkable for the extravagant because degrading attributes which they attached to the Supreme Being, from whose arbitrary will they derived moral good and evil; but the natural tendency of the doctrine to materialism and utilitarian shallowness has been sufficiently shown in the history of opinion. It would not be difficult to trace the doctrine from Roscelin or Abelard in its degeneracy through Locke down to some of the modern and less worthy followers of Bentham, who have shown that cold-blooded theory may invent a fouler idol than the deepest and most gloomy fanaticism. The form of realism which Anselm develops appears strongly to resemble the idealism of Plato. He derived all complex Being from the Absolute, through the medium of the archetypal Idea of God, to which the universe corresponds. From a desire, probably, to connect his theological belief with his philosophy, he gives this idea the name of *locutio*—the Word—and the relation between the One Absolute Good and the Word is that the Supreme Spirit declares to the one Word of one substance with himself, himself and his work, *quod summus spiritus consubstantiali uno verbo dicat se et quod facit*. In short, he identifies the Platonic Idea with the second Person of the Christian Trinity. The Word is uncreated because it has created all things, and it is identical with the Supreme Spirit, being indeed the Intelligence of that Spirit, and so it shares or indivisibly owns all the attributes of the highest. Yet in another sense it is not the same, as the Highest is not of the Word; but the Word is the Word of the Highest. The relation of the two might, as he says, be expressed as that of mother and daughter, but for a reason which may remind the reader of Athene's argument in *Æschylus*, *quia prima et principalis causa prolis semper est in patre*. The Son is the Intelligence of the Father, but as the Father is in himself Intelligence, the Son may be called the Intelligence of Intelligence, the Thought of Thought: Franck says, the absolute Subject, though, as it appears to us, it would be more correct in this particular point of view to say the absolute Object. In completing his philosophical Triad, Anselm seems to us

to fall into a difficulty which more or less affects all attempts to construct, by the mere aid of reason, the great mystery of the Trinity. Without his well-founded belief in the creed of the church, and his too sanguine belief that he could account for it *a priori*, we can hardly suppose that he would have proceeded beyond the Creative Spirit, and the Idea. He completes the scheme, however, by asserting that the Love of the Supreme Being for the Supreme Being coexists with it and proceeds from it. It proceeds from Father and Son, but cannot be called Son, because it proceeds from the Son in the same sense as from the Father. The mode in which it proceeds may be described as breathing, *spirare*, whence *spiritus*.

We believe that every part of this theory may be met with in other writers, but we select it as showing in a striking form the object and character of Anselm's speculation: his Faith in search of Understanding. On the side of philosophy, the temptation to support theory by fact or authority is so strong that we cannot wonder that any speculator who has thought on the existence of a divine plurality in unity, should be anxious to identify his scheme with the revealed mystery of the Trinity: a process which transfers its position, to use Anselm's language, from the mind to reality, from an existence in *intellectu* to an existence in *re*. A theologian, on the other hand, can exercise the philosophical faculty in no other way than by finding the universal truths which correspond with his received symbols, and his independence in the choice of abstract principles may be easily compensated by boldness in explaining them into religious dogmas. Transferring the standard of Christianity from the Catholic creeds, to the common religious faith of reformed communities, Schleiermacher, in our own time, founded his *Glaubenslehre* on the principle that to explain what it has found as a given rule of faith was the only proper province of doctrinal theology. In our own country a general disinclination to the study of philosophy, and a national earnestness in behalf of religion, have induced modern divines to abstain from too curious inquiries, and to content themselves with appealing to the fountains of their belief: the Bible, or the consent of the Church, according to their different classes of opinion. We have no call to decide between the courses of mere assent and subtle inquiry; but, certainly, the tendencies of modern orthodoxy are diametrically opposed to those of Anselm, and of the schoolmen who followed him; and at first sight the faith which shrank from no inquiry seems as if it were stronger

and more undoubting than the prudent caution of the present day: but at the same time we must not forget that absence from contest is often a proof of humility and not of doubt, of a sense of the unworthiness of the champion, not a scruple as to the goodness of the cause.

"It is," as Franck justly observes, "the ennobling feature of the scholastic philosophy, that it everywhere starts from the essential relationship of Faith and Knowledge, and attempts to set out their connection as necessary. In fact there are found in the scholastic philosophy purer speculation and profounder thought, than is within the power of those, who reject that modification of doctrinal theology as a product of barbarism and corruption."

But there is another side of the question, and here again our author is right:

"Since, nevertheless, in the scholastic system philosophy did not attain to free and substantive existence, but was degraded into the handmaid of theology, there never was produced between the two a thorough interpenetration and harmony, but their relation remained an external and formal one."

There is still one department of Anselm's studies which deserves notice from its amusing simplicity. It is difficult to say whether the absence of all community of interest with mankind, or our irremediable ignorance of the whole question, would be the more satisfactory reason for leaving the history of the fallen angels in the obscurity in which we find it. It is not, perhaps, surprising that an intellect which is accustomed to poise itself on the giddiest heights of philosophy should be tempted to try its nerve and skill on the slippery tracks which coast the abyss of Manichean Dualism. Why Satan fell is a form in which many profound questions may be put, with respect to free will, justice, and foreknowledge: but it is strange to find a philosopher earnestly engaged in systematising and explaining all the whimsical mythology of the Middle Age Pandemonium. It appears that before the fall of the angels, all were alike capable of falling; but those who were found faithful, have received as a reward all the goodness which Satan and his followers lost; and this combined with their own original virtue has rendered them henceforth incapable of sin: nor can the fallen angels be redeemed; for the only means of redemption in the Divine economy, is the union of God in one individual personality with a being of the species to be redeemed; and this is impossible, because every angelic being forms a separate species, instead of descending like the human race from a common stock. Nor

is he less at home in the statistics of Tartarus. Of the actual number of fallen spirits, we believe no exact account is given; but whatever it may be, it occasioned a void in Heaven, which must be filled from the race of man, as it was for this very end that the Earth was created; and so great is the number required, that in proving that the benefits of the redemption were not confined to men then alive, Anselm argues from their insufficiency, even if every one had been saved, to complete the appointed muster-roll of Heaven. To understand how wide and permanent an effect such theories as these exercised on the belief of the world, we have only to refer to the great work of Milton, who found in them the mythology he required, and through whom they have even in the present day retained a strong hold on the popular imagination.

In studies such as this, combined with unusually rigorous asceticism of life, Anselm lived for thirty-three years in retirement: as Monk, Prior, and after the death of Herluin in 1078, as Abbot of Bec. In the meantime changes had taken place in the world, which could not be indifferent to the most devoted recluse. The Norman dominion had been introduced and firmly established in England, and probably Anselm may have thought less of the conqueror's usurpation and cruel tyranny, than of the triumph which the Church achieved over the wavering allegiance of the distant islanders. True to its ancient policy of supporting the orthodox invader against the schismatical or doubtful owner of the soil, Rome instigated and approved of the Norman conquest, as it had long before aided the Franks against the Gauls, and maintained the metropolitan authority of Canterbury over the national independence of St. David's. The Abbot of Bec must also have felt a personal interest in the promotion of his friend and predecessor Lanfranc to the primacy of England on the deprivation of the Saxon Archbishop Stigand. During a visit to him Anselm gained the friendship of the Conqueror, who sent for him to Rouen, in 1087, when he was in his last illness.

Even greater importance must have been attached by so faithful an adherent of the church to the desperate struggle, which commencing about the year 1070 lasted so long between the pope Gregory the Seventh and the emperor Henry. While the power and great capacity of the Conqueror enabled him to confer, without risk to himself, new powers and immunities on the Norman prelates, whom he used to reach his Saxon enemies in the cloister or the confessional which he could not himself enter, the claims of the church to

rule the world were fully developed, and in great part made good in Germany and Italy. The right of the pope to confirm and depose sovereigns was, perhaps, too violent and irritating a pretension to have been in the end, under any circumstances, established. The real point at issue was the power of granting investiture to prelates, and receiving homage from them. That the sacred robe, and pastoral ring and staff, should be transmitted to a prelate by the successor of St. Peter; and that the sacred hands, which were to touch the divine elements daily, should be unpolluted by the contact of lay hands in the act of rendering homage; were principles so congenial to the sentiments of the time, that it seems almost strange that they should have been counterbalanced by the danger, great as it was, of maintaining, in every kingdom, a powerful body of men, who, taking no oath of fealty, would be considered as owing no allegiance to the crown. It is scarcely possible that the abstract inconvenience of a divided sovereignty should have presented itself as clearly to the rulers of the eleventh century, as it may to theorists and observers in our own day. There may be many inconsistent institutions in a state, while its polity still remains undeveloped by time; and perhaps there is even now no single constitution which might not by the occurrence of some unprecedented circumstances be practically brought to a dead lock. In those times, when laws and rights were still in a rough process of formation, kings and prelates struggled according to their strength on points on which they came in collision, with a general understanding, "that they should get who have the power, and they should keep who can." But of the two parties, it seems to us probable that the priesthood knew the real nature of the contest best, and were more unselfishly conscientious. We are as little inclined to sympathize with those partisans of Catholicism, who lament the final defeat of the Church, as with the fantastic zeal of the grave historians of the last century for the legitimate rights of such lovers of law and justice as William the Conqueror and his son William Rufus. We think it well that the Church should have resisted the State, and well that the State should have triumphed at last. On one side were the vigour, the productive vitality, and the self-centring nationality of the northern tribes: but on the other was religion and traditional civilisation, still tending to retain the European nations in the unity of the Roman empire. There was then no distinction of country for learned men. The Milanese Lanfranc, the Piedmontese Anselm, became successively Norman abbots and English primates, without any feeling of

alienation on the part of the Norman prelates and nobles. They had amongst themselves a strong bond of union in the use of the Latin language, which in other respects was perhaps one of the greatest boons which the Church, by preserving it through ages of darkness, conferred on modern civilisation. In its idioms it was no longer the language of Cicero or Livy, but it had necessarily retained so much of its former character, that those who used it could not possibly be barbarians. If it had been the language of the Norman laity, it would soon have resumed in some shape the martial energy of ancient Rome. In the hands of learned ecclesiastics it became, what it had never been in its golden days, a language of abstractions and minute philosophical distinctions, till its metaphysical vocabulary became so copious that it has since served the greater part of Europe for the organ of reasoning; and even the modern philosophical German, with all its boasted originality and pliability, is filled with servile and awkward translations from the technical Latin of the schoolmen. As mere agents of civilisation, and men conscious of intellectual superiority, we can, putting ourselves as far as may be into their position, see no reason why the ecclesiastics of the middle ages should have felt themselves in the wrong in maintaining the independence or even the supremacy of their order.

And there was another agency at work in the same direction, which is in all ages far more powerful than respect for learning or love of civilisation. The world had become an antithesis to the Church, and it was by denying the world, by celibacy, fasting, monastic discipline, that men strove to attain religious excellence. The belief that the end of the world was approaching, which had become familiar during the troubles of the tenth century, would naturally tend to make men indifferent to the establishment of temporal rights and institutions. The laity fully shared in the respect of the monastic orders for asceticism. It might not be their vocation, or it might be too hard for them: but that it was in itself the best, no one disputed. Not to make the world religious, but to serve the religious remnant and leave the world to itself, was the acknowledged object of Christianity. The jealousy of kings or nobles would take the same form; they would complain of the ambition and worldliness of popes, and wish them to resume the poverty of St. Peter. And when Hildebrand reformed the papal court, and suffered in his own person all the privations which they recommended, in the result of his humility and self-denial truly they had their reward. He taught them

what many statesmen have still to learn, that a priesthood excluded from worldly interests will devote itself to the subjection of the world. A consistent reasoner, and vigorous leader, he held out no half measures between God and Mammon. He was willing to reform the clergy to the utmost extent that zeal could demand; but when reformed, they were not to be left the subjects of the unreformed and irreligious laity. Let men beware how they concentrate the ambition of the clergy on the aggrandizement of their order: right or wrong, the people will always most reverence a priesthood who keep clear from all contact with the world; but to expect that they will renounce public action, and yet submit themselves to public policy, is not to judge wisely of human nature. Wolsey and Ximenes were national statesmen, though they were Roman cardinals, because they lived in an age which saw no incompatibility between the Church and the World. Anselm and Becket were the constant opponents of their sovereigns because they were churchmen rather than nobles. The power of a priesthood is so great that we would bribe it not to be anti-national: if, indeed, it can be called a bribe, not to deprive a man of the ordinary rights and duties of his fellow-countrymen.

When Anselm, at the age of 60, was in consequence of his wide reputation for piety and learning forced against his will into active life, there could be little doubt that he would heartily and sincerely devote himself to the cause of the Church. It was only strange that his promotion should come from a king so entirely free from all prejudices, good or bad, in favour of religion, as William Rufus: whose dignified impartiality is shown by Hume, in the anecdote of his attempt to reconvert to Judaism a young Christian proselyte, for a fee of fifty marks paid by the sorrowing father. On Lanfranc's death in 1089, the king found the revenues of Canterbury so convenient, and thought the power which it had been his father's policy to concentrate on the metropolitan see so dangerous, that he left the vacancy open for five years. At length in the year 1093, during a severe illness, of which his counsellors and prelates took advantage to urge upon him the necessity of appointing a primate, he unwillingly sent for Anselm, and offered him the vacant dignity. With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to accept it; and after the consent of Robert Duke of Normandy, the Archbishop of Rouen, and the Monks of Bec had been obtained, he was installed on the fourth of December by Thomas Archbishop of York. He had already stipulated that all the lands

of the see should be restored to him, and that the king should recognize the title of Urban II., against the Anti-pope Clement III., who had been set up by the emperor. It was, however, afterwards disputed whether the king had consented to recognize Urban: and it is remarkable that Anselm did homage to the king before he was put into seisin of the Archbishopric. *Homo regis factus est, et, sicut Lanfrancus suo tempore fuerat, de toto Archiepiscopatu seisiri jussus est.*

It was not likely that the king and archbishop should, as Anselm himself expressed it, draw well together. "You are yoking," he said, "an untamed bull and a weak old ewe in the same plough, and what will be the result? The ewe, that brings wool, and milk, and lambs, will be dragged by the wildness of the bull over thorns and thistles, till it will be useless to itself and to others, being incapacitated from producing any of these things." However, the wild bull met his match in the *vetula et debilis ovis*. Their first quarrel arose from a demand on the part of the king for aid in an expedition against his brother Robert. Anselm offered him five hundred pounds of silver, William demanded six thousand; and the archbishop gave the money, which was refused, to the poor. The next year he demanded of the king a general council, to reform the abuses of monasteries, and was refused. He asked that vacant abbacies should be filled up, inasmuch as the anarchy of the monasteries tended to the damnation of the king who left them without abbots. William replied that they were his property, and that he would do what he liked with his own. "Thine to protect, not to plunder," was the reply: and then arose again the dispute about the five hundred pounds. Anselm could not think that the love of his sovereign was purchasable with money: but the king would have preferred silver to compliments, and left him, declining his archiepiscopal blessing.

These edifying discussions were soon superseded by more serious collisions. The king declared Anselm guilty of treasonable presumption in having solicited the pall from Urban, whom he had not yet recognized as Pope. It is instructive to observe the tone in which Eadmer attributes to the king opinions which he evidently considers too absurd and audacious to require comment. "He would not suffer them to receive as Pope (*pro apostolico*) the pontiff of the city of Rome, though he was established in full authority, except at his own command; nor to receive his letters on any terms, unless they had first been shown to himself. Even the primate of his own kingdom, I mean the Archbishop of

Canterbury, at a general council of bishops met under his presidency, he would not allow to establish or forbid anything, except what accorded with his own will, and was first ordained by himself." On the other head, when Anselm was urged by all the bishops and barons assembled at Rockingham to give way to the king, he would only reply, "Give unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's, and unto God that which is God's:" little to the satisfaction of Cæsar, who maintained that the point in dispute was Cæsar's. But he had no easy remedy at hand, for the bishops were satisfied of "what they had not observed before, nor supposed that he (Anselm) had observed, that the Archbishop of Canterbury cannot be judged or condemned by any other man, but the Pope alone, nor can he be compelled by any to answer any one, save him, on any accusation, against his own will." "As long as I live," said the king, "I will not bear an equal in my kingdom:" and he urged his barons to renounce their faith to the primate: but they said that owing him no fealty, they had none to renounce, and he was forced to content himself with extorting money from one of the bishops who opposed him, and with refusing Anselm leave to retire to the continent, unless he first abdicated his see.

But William was not a man to submit thus to defeat. He next attacked his adversary by sending money and promises to the Pope, whose claims Anselm had maintained, in the hope of persuading him to send the archiepiscopal pall to be disposed of according to the royal pleasure. Urban was not unwilling to make some compromise, but Anselm was firm; and at length he received the pall, and the king for the time made peace with him; and shortly after proved his friendship by borrowing money from him towards the sum which he had agreed to advance his brother Robert on a mortgage of the Duchy of Normandy.

If these squabbles had been carried on for merely personal objects, there would be little use in recording them now. The general body of the nation, which according to modern notions form so important a part of the state, had but little concern in the dispute. King and Archbishop were equally ignorant of the language and customs of England, although the people might well sympathize with any one who opposed their oppressor; especially when he regarded them as having souls to be saved, and not merely as having purses to be plundered. But the true interest of the dispute is found in the difference of the dispositions and motives which produced on either side the same obstinate per-

severance. In William's case there was only daring ambition and rapacity, with some respectable instinct of kingly independence. Anselm, on the other hand, was doing violence to his nature: living in *stille*, when he feared and hated even the ordinary agitations of business, and maintaining the right of the Church to possessions which for himself he neither wanted nor used. "He had a horror of the name of property" (*ad nomen proprietatis inhorruit*). He never retained anything for himself distinct from those about him; and was not only persuaded, but through life acted on the persuasion, that God intended all good things for common use, and that no man should have more than another. That he might not unlearn in his high office the monastic virtue of obedience, he requested Urban to appoint him a companion, who should order all his actions in the name of the Holy See. Accordingly the monk Eadmer, afterwards his biographer, was assigned him, and without his permission he would not even turn in his bed: *cum eum cubili locasset, non solum sine præcepto ejus non surgeret, sed nec latus inverteret*. Nor was this the humility of pride or ambition. It is impossible to disbelieve his own assertion. "I call God to witness, in whose sight I may not lie, and whom to invoke as witness of a lie I know to be wicked, that to the best of my knowledge of myself before him, I would rather, if I could in accordance with the love and obedience which I owe to God and to the Church of God for God's sake, be regularly subject to an abbot, serving and obeying in monkish poverty, than rule over one man or many or all men, and surpass the world in earthly grandeur and opulence." When such a man had so far overcome himself, as to enter into political contests and incur the charge of ambition for conscience sake, his gentleness and humility became elements of resistance, and it was impossible to bribe or to terrify one who could scarcely have a hope or fear on earth. He was as strong in the consciousness of right, as if his cause had been the purely good cause, which he believed it to be.

Quarrel succeeded quarrel, and in 1097 permission to leave the kingdom for Rome was again refused. The king "did not believe that the Archbishop had committed any sin for which he required special absolution from the pope, nor that he wanted counsel, inasmuch as he was better able to advise the pope, than the pope to advise him." He threatened, in case of his departure, to seize on the revenues of Canterbury, but nevertheless Anselm determined to go. Nor was his resolution changed by the remonstrances

of some less anti-secular bishops. "We know," they said, "noble father, that you are a religious and holy man, and that your conversation is in heaven: but we, hindered by our kinsfolk, whom we maintain, and by the various interests of the world, which we confess we love, cannot rise to your height, nor join with you in despising this state of things. If you choose to hold only to God, as you have begun, as far as we are concerned you have hitherto had this course all to yourself, and will so have it henceforth: we will not transgress the fealty which we owe to the king." In which last clause, as Franck observes, the bishops have insinuated a sufficiently humorous opposition of their own sense of duty and Anselm's. But in diplomacy wit may always be parried by unconscious gravity, and Anselm spoiled the joke by his answer. "You have said well: go therefore to your Lord, I will hold to God."

On the 15th of October, having obtained unwilling permission from the king, he gave him his benediction, and left him without any immediate inconvenience except that of having his baggage publicly searched at Dover, to prevent his carrying off any of the king's goods. He proceeded at first to Lyons, and in the following year, at the request of Pope Urban, to Rome. At a convent in the neighbourhood, he resumed his philosophical pursuits, and rewarded the brethren for their hospitality, by the miraculous discovery of a medicinal spring. In the same year he visited Roger, Duke of Apulia, in his camp before Capua; and afterwards accompanied the pope to the Council of Bari, where he distinguished himself by his advocacy of the orthodox formula of the procession of the Spirit, against the error of the Greek Church, who used the words *through the Son* instead of *and the Son*. In return for this service the council was ready to excommunicate the King of England, who was only saved by Anselm's intercession, which royalty had done little to deserve. On returning to Rome they found answers to the letters, which the pope and the archbishop had sent to remonstrate with him. To Anselm's messenger the king only swore that he would have his eyes torn out, if he did not make the best of his way out of the country. To the pope he expressed great surprise at his proposal that Anselm should be restored to his see. He had told him that if he left England he would seize it. He had done so, and he had seized it. The pope replied that if the king did not restore the see before Easter, 1099, he would be excommunicated at the council then to be held at Rome: but William managed to get a delay allowed till Michaelmas.

The council excommunicated all laymen who claimed to give investiture, and all clerks who received it from them, and at the same time forbade homage; but nothing was done in Anselm's affair, and soon afterwards he returned to Lyons, where he heard of the death of Urban II. William's reflections on the event are peculiarly edifying. "When the decease of Urban came to the king's ear, he answered, 'Confound him who cares! (*Dei odium habeat qui inde curat*).' And he added, 'What kind of man is the pope that now is?' And when they told him that he was in some points like Archbishop Anselm, he said, 'By the face of God, if he is such an one, he will not do (*non valet*). However, let him see to himself, for by this and that his popeship does not get above me this time: meanwhile I have got my liberty, and will do as I like.' For he did not think," says the astounded narrator, "that the Pope of the World could have any rights in his kingdom, except by his permission." But in 1100, on the 2d of August, the arrow of Walter Tyrrel put an end to William Rufus and his disobedience, and Henry the First was anxious for the countenance which Anselm had it in his power to afford to his more than doubtful title.

Faithful to the decision of the Roman Council, he at once refused to do homage to the king; and it was agreed that the question of homage and investiture should be left undecided till the result of an application to the new pope, Paschal II., could be known in England. He rendered indeed an important service to the king, and enabled the oppressed people to cherish hopes which never were realized, by sanctioning his marriage with Matilda, the granddaughter of Edward the Confessor, notwithstanding the vows she had taken as a nun under the pressure of danger: but it was impossible that the king, who held all the maxims of his family, and the archbishop, who was confirmed in his principles by his residence at Rome, should long remain on friendly terms. The pope refused to concede the points of investiture and homage, with many courteous professions of disinterestedness, which, however, could scarcely fail to be wasted on one of the most ambitious and sagacious of the strong-minded Norman race. "If you give up this claim," said Paschal, "for God's sake: being as it is manifestly against God, which neither can you enjoy nor we concede in accordance with God's will, or with your salvation or our own: whatever you ask afterwards, as far as God permits us, we shall grant the more willingly, and urge with greater zeal your honour and exaltation." Perhaps Henry

thought that his present interest was more urgent than his prospective exaltation by the pope, for he told Anselm: "I will not destroy the customs of my ancestors, nor endure in my kingdom one who is not my subject." But the archbishop was as firm as the king, and it appeared as if an irreparable breach with the papal see was at hand, when the matter was again postponed by another mission to Rome. An admirable specimen of diplomatic confusion followed. The pope wrote to the king and the primate in terms of decided adherence to his former resolution; but at the same time the three bishops, who brought the letter to Henry, declared that the pope had verbally authorized them to concede the right of investiture, although he had not thought fit to record this act of grace in writing, lest the other princes of Christendom should lay claim to similar favours. As might be expected, Henry adopted the oral, and Anselm the written answer. The king filled up two vacant bishoprics, the archbishop refused to consecrate his nominees, and they eventually preferred disgrace at court to the censures of the Church. A third application to the pope produced a letter to Anselm, which he declined to open till he had himself, at the king's request, left England for the purpose of obtaining a personal interview with Paschal. At Bec he opened the letter, and found a denial of the verbal message, and a declaration of the nullity of all investitures under it.

In the autumn of 1103 he arrived at Rome, and found there three envoys from Henry, who had brought the pope his usual dues from England, with a letter in which the consequences of excessive strictness are forcibly hinted at. "Hold then, most illustrious Father, more profitable counsel, and let your grace be so moderated by it towards us, that you do not compel me to what I should unwillingly do, to withdraw my obedience towards you." "Know," said William of Warelwast, one of the envoys, "whatever is said on one side or the other, that my lord the king of the English will not, if it costs him the loss of his kingdom, suffer himself to be deprived of the investitures of churches." Then the Successor of the Apostles (*Vir Apostolicus*), spoke briefly, thus: "If, as you say, your king will not for the loss of his kingdom submit to lose the donatives of churches—behold, you are to know, I speak before God, that not to redeem his life will Pope Paschal ever permit him to have them with impunity." Nevertheless of his special favour the pope exempted the king from the constructive excommunication which he had incurred by granting investi-

tures: from which it might be inferred that the king was more thoroughly in earnest, and that the pope was not quite so like Archbishop Anselm as William Rufus had been told.

Tired out with the delays of Rome, Anselm retired to Lyons: having rejected, without hesitation, an overture to desert the papal cause. In 1105 Paschal excommunicated the king's advisers, as well as all who had received investiture from him. The danger approached the king himself so nearly that he became alarmed for the temporal and his sister Adela of Blois for the spiritual consequences of the censure. Through her mediation negotiations were reopened with Anselm, but with little result. The king and the primate were both determined, and both said what they meant. There was fortunately an opening for diplomacy always left at Rome; and at last, in 1106, *verbosa et grandis epistola venit*, conceding the main point of homage in terms of pretension which contrast whimsically with the gentle humility with which the pope had asserted his full pretensions five years before. Commencing with a thanksgiving to God for inclining the heart of the king of England to the obedience of the apostolic see, a blessing which his Holiness alone seems to have been conscious of, he proceeds with attributing this assumed result to Anselm's prayers, and informs the archbishop that his condescension arises from compassion to the fallen, and judiciously remarks that a man must bend to lift up those who lie on the ground: bending may indeed be mistaken for falling, but it is in reality only a form of standing. "Therefore we absolve you, venerable brother in Christ, from that prohibition, or, as you suppose" (and well he might), "excommunication, which you are aware was issued by our predecessor of holy memory, Pope Urban, against homage and investitures." Anselm is to absolve those who have accepted by investiture, and their abettors: and in future he is not to exclude from the blessings of the Church, persons who have received promotion and done homage, excepting always investiture: and this condescension to the weakness of human nature is to continue, until "by the grace of Almighty God, the king's heart is softened into giving up this practice by the showers of your preaching:" a limitation of time to which Henry could not reasonably object. He might well congratulate himself on the result of his firmness. Rome had had every advantage of position. At the worst the pope could only lose his revenues and patronage in England, while it is certain that his direct and open hostility would have

shaken Henry's throne. Even if Henry had not been in danger from his brother's claims to inheritance, it cannot be doubted that the English nation would have risen unanimously to maintain a holy war against the Norman invaders. The right to demand homage from ecclesiastics now made him their acknowledged sovereign, and he may probably have considered success in the matter of investitures as hopeless for the present. With the vapouring language with which his adversary covered his retreat, he was far too wise to quarrel; and we doubt not that he received absolution for his past disobedience, in consideration of continuing the same conduct in obedience to the pope, with dutiful submission and gratitude.

The world, meantime, no doubt thought Anselm defeated. He had been injured and insulted by the king in many ways, during his residence in France. At a synod held in London during his last residence in England, he had procured the enactment of various canons for the government of the clergy and reformation of morals. For the violation of these rules, the king was in the habit of imposing fines to the great impoverishment of the clergy. When Anselm complained of this usurpation of his jurisdiction, the king replied that he had thought to gratify him by carrying out his views: and he could obtain no further satisfaction. Now, also, after he had spent so many years in vindicating the rights of Rome, the claims for which he had been contending were renounced, and he was left to struggle alone or to submit. But the archbishop had never been acting from selfish views. He had opposed the king from loyalty to his ecclesiastical superior, and he now submitted willingly to the same authority. In 1106 he returned to England, and in the following year took the oath of fealty to the king. The short remainder of his life was employed in exertions for the reformation of discipline, and especially for the enforcement of celibacy among the clergy. His only remaining dispute with Henry arose from a renewal of the ancient conflict for the primacy between Canterbury and York. He had summoned the Archbishop Thomas to appear at Canterbury to be consecrated, and the king had written from Normandy to request that the matter might be postponed till his return to England. But Anselm was as uncompromising as of old. "As to the delay which the king had commanded to be granted to Thomas, Archbishop of York, let him be assured that he (Anselm) would rather submit to be cut limb from limb than ever grant it for an hour in a matter in which he knew that he (Thomas) had set himself up unjustly

and in opposition to God, in contradiction to the ancient institutions of the Holy Fathers." Henry did not persevere, and Thomas was obliged to submit. In the same year, 1109, an illness under which Anselm had suffered for two years, assumed alarming symptoms; and on Palm Sunday one of his attendants observed that it seemed as if at Easter he would take leave of temporal things, and pass into the kingdom of his Lord. Anselm said that he submitted to the will of God, but that he would gladly live till he had solved certain questions regarding the origin of the soul. Three days afterwards he died, having first left his blessing to the king, his family, and people.

We entirely agree with Mr. Franck, that a stronger historical interest attaches itself to one who like Anselm represents and carries out the spirit of his time, than to an unsuccessful opponent of prevailing opinions like Abelard. If Anselm had been a mere philosopher, or even if he had added to his intellectual greatness, his purity of life and unqualified obedience to the dictates of conscience, there would be some danger of his receiving undue honour at the expense of the age in which he lived. But when we find him deeply engaged in the conflicts which then excited the interest of mankind, and see that he felt himself and was felt by his contemporaries to be one among many, and not an exception to his time, the whole generation rises before us in greater distinctness and importance. William and Henry and their counsellors must have stood in some respects on a level with Anselm, before their contests with him could have assumed so determined a character. There is nothing new in the history of which we have given a short summary. The facts may be found in the most common and familiar books; but unless they are considered with relation to some one character, they generally assume the misty unreality which confuses the greater portion of history. The result of more familiar acquaintance with the actual life of men is almost always to satisfy the student that the decisive step from barbarism to civilisation occurs much earlier in the scale of history, than is commonly supposed. The highest fruit of civilisation is on the one hand a religious regard to duty, on the other a capacity for abstract thought: yet these are sometimes produced the soonest. They are not to be set aside, as monkish fanaticism and jargon of the schools, because they are found in company with judicial combats, serfdom, and floors strewn with rushes. That the European of the eleventh century differed greatly from his descendant in the eighteenth or nineteenth

is very true : but on the other hand he was almost equally removed with ourselves from the position of a savage. We can sympathize with him in the sense in which an Anglo-Indian feels himself the friend or enemy of a Mussulman or Hindoo statesman, and in quite a different sense from that in which a missionary recognizes the claims of a New Zealander. Whether the essential elements of civilisation admit of increase, or of any change but a more general application ; whether the progress of a nation in social improvement and mechanical convenience is identical or unconnected with, or rather in some way proportional to, the moral and intellectual advance of its chief men ; are questions which it will be enough to suggest, without at present offering an answer to them.

A more special observation may be made with reference to the relative advancement of the laity and the Church. How far William Rufus was removed from the modern ideal of a king is sufficiently obvious ; but it may not be out of place to suggest the very small changes of character and opinion, which would make Anselm an excellent archbishop in the present day. The State had itself to develope : the Church, resting on its ancient principles, had little to change in the course of ages. Always appealing in words to religious duty, it often represented in practice the resistance of Right to Power. It naturally thought its own principle the one thing necessary : we may be contented to recognize it as having been indispensable. It was the regulator, though not the main-spring of society. And so among individual churchmen, purity and gentleness, and firmness, were considered then as now the essential elements of a virtuous character. In the vigour and energy of the Norman chiefs the materials of future excellence were contained. When many centuries had worked out the distinctive English character, it had still to complete itself by adopting the same religious element which had been presented by churchmen like Anselm to the first rough founders of the national history. The saintly character, incomplete as it is in itself, has received little change. It still keeps itself pure from the world, and it has not yet discovered that it is its calling to use and perfect the world. With some merely external changes, such as the discontinuance of miracles by holy prelates, it has always remained and will long remain the same.

ART. III.—*Crimes Célèbres.* (Celebrated Crimes.) Par ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Paris. 1841.

THE most voluminous literary workman we know—out of our own happy country—is Monsieur Alexandre Dumas. We have notwithstanding the rare good fortune, here, to congratulate him on having laboured skilfully and to some purpose. We cannot but grieve that it will occur to us, before even our present number closes, to throw some less flattering light on his remarkably prolific style : but we are all the more anxious just now to do full justice to a book, in which the writer seems to have taken greater pains than on any former occasion to do justice to himself.

M. Dumas has two elements in his nature—that of the dramatist, and that of the minute historian. By the union of these, in his more successful efforts, he has hoped to infuse a new spirit both into history and romance, vivifying the former, while he gives veracity to the latter. The union, however, has not been always complete : indeed he seems to assume either character alternately : and instead of being completely the historical romancist or the romantic historian, he exhibits himself by turns, as the thorough dramatic romancist and the thorough historian, not only in one and the same work, but in one and the same volume, in one and the same chapter. In spite of this peculiarity, or rather perhaps in consequence of this peculiarity, M. Dumas, when at his best, is capable of doing much in the way of rendering the general reader acquainted with a wide range of history. Not a mere artist, he has nevertheless in his historical tales been able at once to seize on those dramatic “effects” which have so much distinguished his theatrical career, and to give those sharp and distinct reproductions of character which alone can present to the reader the mind and spirit of an age :—not a mere historian, he has nevertheless carefully consulted the original sources of information, has weighed testimonies, elicited theories, and, at the risk of tediousness, has interpolated the poetry of history, with its most thorough prose. Had he been more of the artist, he would have paused ere he interrupted the chain of his narrative with the detailed history of a period, and we should have lost much of the curious and well-arranged information of the careful compiler. Had he been more of the historian, the vivid touches which impart such a charm to his writings, and give them a deeper truth than that which is conveyed by the mere record of names and dates, would have been wanting. Those who only know Dumas by his inaccuracies when treating of

English subjects in a dramatic form, as for instance in his play of *Kean*, may smile incredulously at this mention of his carefulness; but let any impartial reader take his *Crimes Célèbres*, and observe his careful reference to authority, his skilful records of history, his scrupulous adherence to the chain of events, and it will be found that praise in this respect is not wrongly bestowed.

Under the head of *Crimes Célèbres*, M. Dumas has collected a remarkable race of heroes and heroines. He has not confined himself to age or country. It is enough for him that an individual has been criminal, and has been celebrated, to find a nook in his four volumes. The ambitious criminal of the middle ages, who sweeps away the human obstacles in his path by doses of mysterious poison; the profligate criminal of the time of Louis XIV., who stabs a lady that *will* be virtuous, or steals an heir to come into possession of an estate; the high-souled German criminal, who from a mistaken notion rids the world of a contemptible politician; and the cold-blooded Russian criminal, who sees her lover lifeless before her, yet refuses to utter a sound of grief aloud, lest it may compromise her honour—all these are the subjects of M. Dumas's very interesting work. Each of these forms the nucleus of a short tale, or history: either of which it may be called, accordingly as the character of the author as an artist or a chronicler (and in every tale he appears in both these characters distinctly) is taken into consideration. In all these narratives there is a similarity of form; in all of them the author darts at first *in medias res*, and forms a striking dramatical group: and in all of them likewise does he soon drop into the orderly narrator. It is a peculiarity of M. Dumas that his strongest "effect" is invariably at the opening of his story.

In respect to dates, the first of his criminals is the unfortunate Queen Giovanna of Naples—the Mary Queen of Scots of the fourteenth century, charged with a similar crime, and about whose character there are as many conflicting opinions. Dumas boasts of his accuracy in the history of this sovereign, having consulted all the Italian chroniclers of the dreadful events of her reign, particularly Domenico Gravina; and though he makes her guilty of the death of her husband, he represents her rather as misled than of a depraved disposition; and while admitting her crime, keeps it in the background. Our own conviction, based upon the testimonies of Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Giannone, is that the Queen of Naples was innocent; but as we do not wish to enter upon a long and perhaps profitless discussion at present, we will

take the narrative of M. Dumas as he has given it.

Poor Giovanna, living in a most unconscientious period, had the misfortune to possess a most conscientious grandfather. The voluptuousness and violence of an age of semi-civilisation—the age of Petrarch and Boccaccio, and of racks and red-hot pincers—imbued the atmosphere which she breathed. Evil advisers and evil companions had laid the train which was to ruin the lovely victim, but it was the virtuous grandfather that fired it. On the death of Charles II., of Naples, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, Caribert, son of the eldest son of Charles, who had died king of Hungary, and Robert, the eldest living son, contested the crown. The pope decided in favour of Robert: but though his decision was not only given with that spiritual authority which had such weight in a superstitious age, but also with the temporal authority of feudal lord of Naples, the conscience of the scrupulous Robert, called the "Wise," was not satisfied; and he felt he was fulfilling an imperative duty by turning the Angevin succession again into that direct line from which, in his person, it had deviated. The plan he fixed upon was the marriage of Giovanna, his grand-daughter and heiress, with Andreas of Hungary, youngest son of Caribert. Never did good intentions produce a more disastrous result. The spoiled child of the south, and the uncouth son of the north, detested each other from the depths of their hearts: one joyed in the luxuries of a court life, the other revelled only in the delights of the chase, and mutual contempt was all that could be expected from the nature of the two characters.

It is with the deathbed of Robert that M. Dumas opens his narrative, and with a masterly hand groups round it all the characters who are to take a part in the tremendous tragedy that follows: in which all the Neapolitan branch of the House of Anjou seem as if they had gathered there for the sole purpose of destroying each other. Giovanna is described with large black eyes, with glossy raven locks, with a delicate mouth and open brow, the *ensemble* conveying an impression of gentleness and melancholy. She was so beautiful, says M. Dumas, that her dying grandfather took her for an angel sent by God to console him in his agonies. Near her is her sister Mary, attended by a *clique* of persons, who, though not of the royal family, become frightfully prominent, both for their crimes and their terrible end. These are Filippa, the grand seneschal and governess of the princesses; with her son Robert, the count of Terlizza; and Dona Cancia, a profligate

lady of the court. The uncouth husband of poor Giovanna, Andreas of Hungary; and Brother Robert, his priestly tutor; form the second group. The third consists of the Tarentine branch of the royal family. The deceased prince of Tarento was brother to Robert of Naples: and the family he has left consists of Catharine, his widow, grand-daughter of the Greek emperor, Baldwin II.; and her three sons, Robert, Philip, and Louis. The Durazzo branch forms the fourth group: consisting of Agnes, widow of Charles, duke of Durazzo and Albania, another brother of Robert of Naples; and her sons, Charles, Louis of Gravina, and Robert, prince of Morrea. The counts of Artois, Charles and his son Bertrand, and the wife of King Robert, complete the assemblage. The "wise" king died proclaiming Giovanna and Andreas heirs to the throne of Naples; but no sooner was the breath out of his body, than the kingdom began to divide itself into a Neapolitan and Hungarian faction. From various motives every branch of the royal family, besides the family of the governess Filippa, had regarded Giovanna with a wistful eye, whether from motives of love or of ambition; and all, however opposed to each other, united in showing disrespect to the young Hungarian, who had to contend with the designs of his ambitious kinsmen, and with the antipathy of a nation. To her son Robert had the governess, according to M. Dumas's authorities, already betrayed the virtue of her pupil Giovanna, who soon became disgusted with the insolence of this juvenile paramour, and sought for solace in the more tender devotion of Bertrand of Artois. Charles of Durazzo, one of those specimens of unscrupulous policy and cruelty which one marvels to find out of the Borgia family, was another candidate for the affections, and also for the hand of Giovanna: since as for Andreas, he was only regarded as a troublesome incumbrance, who might be removed at pleasure. Circumstances, however, marshalled out the heads of the two contending factions in a way which had not been at first anticipated; for Charles of Durazzo, disgusted with the indifference of Giovanna, courted an intimacy with Andreas and became one of the heads of the Hungarian party; while the Neapolitans were headed by the princes of Tarento. The dislike which had long been fostered by the two sovereigns of Naples now produced an open rupture. Giovanna and Andreas both performed acts as if possessed each of sole power, and at last the Neapolitan party, whom Giovanna had joined, resolved on the death of Andreas.

Charles of Durazzo was, as Dumas says, not

one to whom the love of a woman or the life of a man would appear of any moment, when placed in the career of his ambition; nor was he one on whose conscience the dying injunctions of an old king would make any particular impression. The old king Robert had declared Maria, the sister of Giovanna, the heiress of several of his demesnes; and had ordered that she should marry either Louis, King of Hungary, or the grandson of the King of France: but Charles of Durazzo, having failed in obtaining Giovanna, had resolved on possessing Maria; and accordingly on the 28th of March, 1343, the young lady, to the alarm of her sister, was missing. The mystery continued for about a month, and the court could only suspect and mourn, when everybody was astonished by the reappearance of Maria, from the palace of Durazzo, and she was married to Charles at the church of San Giovanni at Naples, amid the greatest splendour. The permission of the pope, Clement VI., had been obtained for this extraordinary marriage; and much as it might be disliked, it could only be opposed in suppressed murmurs. Party feeling in the mean while became more violent. It was a sort of chivalry on the part of the Neapolitan nobility to sympathise with Giovanna, and Bertrand of Artois was too successful a lover not to declare for the party of his royal mistress, and to offer himself as an instrument of vengeance against the origin of all her calamities, the unfortunate and doomed Andreas. The Neapolitan people also hated the soldiers of the Hungarian, and the quarrels in the low resorts of debauchery were the echoes of the bickerings of the court. Each of the contending powers, that is, Giovanna and her husband, seemed to be promised exclusive sway: and, in short, all seemed ripening for some desperate act. The Counts of Artois, the terrible governess with all her family, the Empress of Constantinople, and the queen herself (if this version of the tale is to be credited), had conspired to murder Andreas; and Charles of Durazzo, apparently his friend, had secretly promoted the scheme. A hunting expedition was selected for the occasion, and a convent at Aversa was the scene where the great crime, that was to entail such misery on all concerned in it, was perpetrated. At this convent Andreas and all the court, chiefly composed of the conspirators against his life, passed the night which was to precede several days spent in the pleasures of the chase. Early in the morning that followed this fatal night, Andreas was aroused by repeated knocks at the door of his chamber, and no sooner, according to Gravina's account, did he show

himself, than all the conspirators darted upon him at once, and attempted to strangle him. The reason they did not adopt a more expeditious method of ridding themselves of a noxious rival, seems to have been, that they supposed he was in possession of a charm which protected him against the effects of steel and poison. With tremendous courage did he defend himself against the attempts of his assassins. He endeavoured to regain his chamber, but a creature of Durazzo's prevented his retreat by thrusting his dagger as a bolt into the staples of his door. Bertrand of Artois dragged him to a balcony, which overlooked a garden, and from that he was hung by a cord, which, according to Dumas's narrative, was made by his wife of silk and gold.

No sooner was this murder accomplished, than Charles of Durazzo, who had acted in it by secret agents alone and was left at liberty to espouse what party he pleased, placed himself at the head of the Hungarians; to excite the indignation of whom he kept exposed for two entire days, the body of poor Andreas. The semi-savages, devoted to their master, could utter but one cry, and that was a cry for vengeance; while Charles, availing himself of his power, and being, in right of his wife Maria, heir to the throne of Naples in case Giovanna should die without issue, attempted to exercise an absolute sway over the queen, exacting from her that she should not marry again without his consent, and should make him Duke of Calabria, the title which had been borne by her father. Giovanna writhed beneath the insolence of her haughty relation, and the Empress Catharine, by a detestable scheme, offered to avenge her wrongs. Charles of Durazzo was made to believe that his mother, long since a widow, was pregnant, and to remove the stain from the family honour, he became a matricide, murdering the only virtuous woman that existed in one of the most profligate courts that the world has ever known. But Charles, though cast down, was not crushed; and the revenge he took on those of his enemies of the court who fell within his reach, was attended with all that refinement of cruelty which would lead us to believe that the tyrants of the middle ages were epicures in their vindictiveness. Taking upon himself the character of avenger of Andreas, he found an easy ally in the pope, and a bull was addressed to the justiciary of Sicily, ordering him to proceed with the utmost severity against the murderers. At the same time the pope was not so thorough an abetter as Charles could have desired; for he gave secret directions to the justiciary, perfectly in accordance with the

principles of the time, to reserve his tortures for the more humble participators in the crime, while those of the blood-royal were to pass unnoticed.

Then began the series of horrors to which the murder of Andreas was the horrible introduction. The unfortunate criminals—that is to say, those whom the justiciary alone was allowed to touch—were tortured against the mast of a galley, to the great diversion of the people in general, and of Charles of Durazzo in particular, who was in all his glory, and wore a black garment to feign sorrow for the murdered Hungarian. Joyfully would he have heard the denunciation of the royal assassins from the humbler culprits; every moment was to him a moment of vindictive expectation; but the cunning justiciary had attached a fish-hook to the tongue (!) of each of the victims, and no matter how their fortitude might quail beneath the tortures which were inflicted upon them, they were at least prevented from doing any mischief by their confessions. The governess and all her family,—the son to whom she had betrayed Giovanna, her two daughters, the eldest not above nineteen, and their husbands,—were all executed: and as they had before been tortured on the pretext of extorting a confession, so were they now, in mere wantonness, tortured on their way to the burning pile, amid the savage exultations of the populace, who at last dragged their bones from the blazing heap to make trinkets in memory of the occasion.

But the great culprits did not escape with impunity. Providence seems to have marked out destruction for all who were concerned in the death of the uncouth, and unpolished, but innocent Andreas. Bertrand and Giovanna at once became disgusted with each other, from their participation in the horrible crime, and the affections of the queen were transferred to Louis of Tarento, the younger son of the Empress Catharine. Again was Naples torn into two factions, at the head of one of which was Charles of Durazzo, while Louis led the other. Louis himself was unconnected with the murder of Andreas; but his mother had been one of the leaders of the conspiracy, nor did she show any inclination to recede from her career of guilt. Her son needing money to resist his formidable opponent, the readiest expedient was to plunder the old Count of Artois, Charles, who on the first outbreak of vengeance against the murderers of Andreas had fled to the fortress of St. Agatha. Catharine undertook the delicate mission; visited the fortress at the head of a party of soldiers; robbed the wealthy old man of the whole of his vast property, at the loss of which he

died of a broken heart; while his son Bertrand, the former paramour of Giovanna, hanged himself.

Though by this audacious proceeding the court party suddenly found themselves possessed of immense wealth, their difficulties were not over yet. Charles of Durazzo, acting as Ludovico of Milan did in a subsequent age, and with equal want of foresight, invited Louis king of Hungary, the elder brother of Andreas, into Naples, hoping that he had secured an ally, whereas he had only attained a destroyer. The entrance of Louis of Hungary was one of those events which have been considered as scourges for the punishment of a guilty race. The court of Naples trembled at his approach: Giovanna presented Louis of Tarento to her barons as her husband, and made them take the oath of fidelity to him; but the army of Hungary progressed, and was not to be retarded in the work of vengeance. No sooner had the Hungarian reached Benevento, than envoys from Naples waited upon him to swear their allegiance, and the unhappy Giovanna and her husband Louis fled for Provence. At Aversa, the scene of the murder of Andreas, did Charles of Durazzo and Robert of Tarento, as the eldest representatives of two branches of the royal family, meet Louis of Hungary, with all the desire of further conciliating him by the most implicit obedience. They were received with the greatest civility and kindness, and Charles of Durazzo was completely blinded to the fate that was prepared for him. In vain had he been as secret as possible in furthering the designs of the conspirators against Andreas; in vain had he most forcibly disclaimed connection with them, by inflicting tortures on all that he could reach: the King of Hungary regarded him as his brother's murderer, and, entrapped at Aversa, he was beheaded by Hungarian soldiers under circumstances which would call for pity, were not the sentiment utterly unfitted for this disgrace to the human species. On went the King of Hungary like an Attila in miniature. His entry into Naples was a triumph, and the most wholesale vengeance on the enemies of his brother attended it. Razors, wheels, and red-hot pincers, the curse of the middle ages and the delight of M. Dumas, were again in requisition; and the means which Durazzo had used partly as a feint, were adopted with a thorough sense of enjoyment by the avenger of the north.

During this time, Provence was the scene of a triumph of another kind. The beauty, the misfortunes of Giovanna, had conspired to give her an interest in this native land of poetry and romance. At Avignon the recep-

tion of her and her husband was magnificent: songs to her praise were chanted in her path; the bells rang as at a solemn festival of the church; the pope, Clement VI., gave the warmest welcome: and in short the reception was such as should have been offered to a spirit descended from a purer region, rather than to one on whom suspicion, at least, had fixed a murder, which even in an age used to horrors had been regarded as an act of unparalleled atrocity. As if these honours were not enough, a still greater triumph awaited her: and the endeavour of her terrible enemy of Hungary to destroy, only made her shine forth with greater lustre. King Louis sent ambassadors to Avignon to demand the condemnation of the queen; and the heroine, for so she must be called, pleaded her own cause. The pope was the judge, the ambassadors from Hungary were the accusers, and all the ambassadors from Europe were present at this wonderful trial.

"Her gait," says Dumas, "was at once so modest and so proud, her brow so melancholy and so pure, her look so full of *abandon* and of confidence, that all hearts were on her side before she spoke. Giovanna was then twenty years of age, was in the full bloom of her magnificent beauty; but the brilliancy of her transparent satin skin was tempered by extreme paleness, and her sunken cheeks bore the marks of suffering and remorse. She spoke with a voice trembling with emotion, stopping from time to time to dry her moistened and brilliant eyes, or to heave one of those sighs which go directly to the heart. With such a lively grief did she recount the death of her husband, with such frightful truth did she depict the utter confusion with which she had been seized, and with such energy of despair did she clasp her hands to her forehead as if distracted at the terrible event, that the whole assembly trembled with horror and compassion. And indeed, at this moment, if her recital was false, her anger was real and terrible. An angel blasted by crime, she lied like Satan, but also, like Satan, she was torn by the infinite tortures of pride and of remorse."

The result of the affair was that Giovanna was declared innocent; that her marriage, which had been a very doubtful union, was confirmed by the pope; and that the Hungarian ambassadors retired in confusion. The plague, of which Boccaccio has left us so complete a description, was a new ally in the cause of Giovanna; as it frightened the King of Hungary out of Naples, where already the execrations of an oppressed people had reached to such a height that he had cause to tremble for his safety. The affection of the Neapolitans for their beautiful queen now ripened into an open declaration in her favour, and Naples echoed with the cry of "Long live Giovanna! Down with the

Hungarians!" Yet these favours of fortune were but temporary; the King of Hungary again triumphed; he returned to attack his rival; and Giovanna was once more in peril. Louis of Tarento, who had much of that chivalrous generosity which was the only virtue of this detestable age, challenged the rival Louis to single combat, hoping thus to save the life of his subjects. The Hungarian, as a *preux chevalier*, could not refuse the challenge, but he contrived to make it a nullity, by starting difficulties as to the judges before whom the combat should take place. His army continued victorious; he entered Naples as a conqueror; but he again found his most formidable opponent in the devotion of the people to their sovereign, and with dominion apparently in his grasp he was driven to make a peace with Giovanna on no other condition than that she should pay the expenses of the war.

But Giovanna, though she survived the unfortunate Andreas many years, was not to find a time of repose. The rebellion of Louis of Durazzo occupied Louis of Tarento, who no sooner triumphed over him, and made him a prisoner for life, than he himself fell a victim to a life of indulgence. Jaimè of Aragon, son of the king of Majorca, and Otho of Brunswick, were then successively husbands of Giovanna, who, in the lifetime of the latter, lost all her influence by supporting the anti-pope Clement VII. against Urban VI. The people were now against her. Urban declared that her crown was forfeited, and assigned it to a younger Charles of Durazzo, the son of Louis, whom she had preserved when his father perished miserably in a dungeon. Gratitude was as nothing when ambition prompted. Charles being now the conqueror, wrote to the king of Hungary to know what was to be done with Queen Giovanna, and the result was, according to the common account, that she was smothered by a feather-bed, and according to the more artificial narrative of Dumas, that she was strangled with the silken cord which she had made for Andreas.

This mass of crimes connected with the death of Andreas; this complication of deceit, cruelty, and lust, is viewed through a dim medium: it is a horrible drama that is acted in the far distance: but on the next heroes of Dumas—that is, next in point of date, for they are the first in the order of his work—the infamous Borgia family, the light of history shines clearly.

The period at which this viperine brood played its fantastic tricks is as nearly as possible the transition between the middle

ages and modern history: and certainly, if there be any one who talks of "good old times," under the impression that by retrograding a few centuries he will find virtue advancing in a proportionate degree, he will do well to ponder over the history of the Borgias, whose villainies were not transacted in secret, but in an arena round which sat the whole civilized world, who regarded the frightful exploits with more or less applause. A king of France (Louis XII.) could be found living to patronize a wretch like Cesar Borgia; and the historian of Florence, though he shuddered with pious horror at the deeds of Agathocles and Vitelli Vitellozzo, mentioned in the chapter of his "Principe" immediately preceding, the Duke of Valentino as a perfectly wise prince: unlucky, to be sure, and on one occasion committing a blunder, which with Machiavelli, as with Fouché, was worse than a crime: but still, on the whole, highly to be commended. The unholy trio—Pope Alexander VI. who gained the chair of St. Peter by the most unblushing simony, his daughter Lucrezia, and his son Cesar—were a choice assemblage, who had assumed a right to indulge in all the odious want of faith of miserable modern intriguers, as well as in all the odious excesses and nameless vices of a Nero and a Tiberius: indeed, it is doubtful whether the worst character in Suetonius would not have paused awhile before he associated with Cesar Borgia.

It is in vain to look for a single oasis in the desert of vice perpetrated by this monster, whose private and public life was equally detestable, but who unfortunately possessed an affable exterior, capable of gaining upon all whom he accosted. Strange to say, historians have differed as to the personal appearance of this remarkable personage; some considering him as a prodigy of ugliness, while others have bestowed the highest laudations of his beauty. M. Dumas has hit upon a method of reconciling accounts so opposite, by supposing that in the spring he was covered with disgusting pimples, while, during the rest of the year, the absence of this disfigurement left him handsome. To his eyes all are agreed in giving a most formidable appearance: describing them as shining with a constant lustre, in which there was something of the infernal. Acting on the principle of his motto, by which he declared that he would be "*Aut Cesar aut nihil*," he was the very man to effect all that could be effected, supposing an utter absence of virtue and conscience. He was well exercised in feats of arms, he was a capital horseman, he even possessed the accomplishment of cutting off a bull's head with a single stroke; in short, he had all the

physical virtues of chivalry. His deficiency in its softer virtues may be gathered from the circumstances that when he became tired of a mistress, he was in the habit of flinging her, with her hands tied behind her, into the Tiber; and that in the pillage of Capua, out of three hundred of the most noble ladies of the city, he selected forty (!) for himself, and delivered the rest to his army.

The time when the Borgias flourished was an important period in the history of Europe. Alexander profited by the state of affairs that attended the early campaigns of the French in Italy: those campaigns of Charles VIII. and Louis XII., which formed a sort of prelude to the wars of the Emperor Charles V. and King Francis I., at a subsequent epoch. By a rapid series of intrigues carried on during the two abortive attempts of the French kings to possess Naples; by plotting with Bajazet, the Emperor of Turkey, to destroy his brother Djem, and with Charles VIII. to preserve the same Djem, as a pretext for making war on Bajazet; the head of the Church contrived to keep himself and his children in a constant career of aggrandizement: and however Fortune might use contending parties, the Borgias were at least pretty sure to pick up something in the bustle. Cesar, already infamous by his amours with his sister Lucrezia, and by the murder of his brother, the Duke of Gandia, who was a rival in her affections, first rose to decided eminence in the time of Louis XII.; who having a deformed wife, of whom he wished to be freed, was ready to pay the pope any price, reasonable or unreasonable, for a divorce. Cesar was appointed negotiator in this delicate affair, and proceeded to France with an apparel "worthy," says Dumas, "of the son of a pope who goes to marry the daughter of a king:" meaning Carlotta, daughter of the King of Naples, the intended wife of Cesar, who had laid aside the ecclesiastical habit he wore in his youth, and was created, by the King of France, Duke of Valentinois. On this occasion, however, the king had reckoned too much on the consent of Carlotta to a marriage of mere policy, for nothing could induce the lady to wed the hateful Cesar Borgia. She vowed that she would never take for a husband one who was not only a priest, but the son of a priest; not only an assassin, but a fratricide; not only infamous by birth, but still more infamous from his actions. Fortunately for Cesar all other ladies were not equally scrupulous, and in about four months after the commencement of his visit he was married with great pomp to the daughter of the King of Navarre, and received the order of St. Michael. He was, moreover, promised assistance in vanquishing

the "vicars of the Church," as a number of petty tyrants in Romagna were called, who had usurped their different cities and fortresses during the sojourn of the popes at Avignon, and had received an investiture from the emperor, and subsequently by the pope, so that a possession originally a wrong was converted into a right. This right was however not such as to prevent the longings of the pontiff, who continued to find out breaches of the treaty between vassal and suzerain, sufficient to warrant a forfeiture of the fiefs; and it was with the office of receiving these for himself that the Duke of Valentinois was charged.

His career through Romagna was one of conquest and atrocity. The different strongholds fell one by one before him, and the victories that he obtained by the assistance of France and his own unscrupulous valour, acquired a sanctity from his father the pope, who resolved that his entrance into Rome, which took place in the course of his achievements, should be a triumph. Keeping up the character of Cesar which his own vanity and the coincidence of his name had induced him to assume, he entered the ancient imperial city clad in the old Roman costume: his hair was crowned with laurel, lieutors surrounded him, and his banners glittered with the inscription, *Aut Cesar, aut nihil*, which with him warranted the perpetration of every species of enormity. Though it would be beyond the limits of an article like this to follow the abominable conqueror through all his petty victories, there is one stroke of policy, highly characteristic of the man, which is well worth recording, especially as it is looked upon by Machiavelli, in his "Principe," as an extraordinary display of talent. At Cesena, which was one of his new possessions, he found his subjects so turbulent that he selected Ramiro d'Orco, a remarkably severe governor, to keep them in order. Honest Ramiro fulfilled his duty to the very letter, and being a conscientious man was cruel enough to satisfy even the cravings of a Borgia, for he executed a sixth part of the inhabitants. It was no fault of his that the system did not work well; but so it was; and the murmurs of the people of Cesena seemed to prognosticate danger. Cesar therefore wishing to reap all the advantage of his governor's tyranny, was equally anxious that that gentleman should bear all the unpopularity, and he had accordingly only to sacrifice the governor to become the favourite of the populace. Accordingly when the inhabitants of Cesena rose one morning, the first thing they beheld was Ramiro cut into quarters and placed on a scaffold, while his head on a pike formed a crown to the whole.

The lieutenants of Cesar, in Romagna, be-

came at length too strong to remain in submission to him, and a conspiracy was formed, the results of which Machiavelli has described in a small treatise* devoted to that subject alone. Vitellozzo Vitelli, who had formerly been Cesar's right hand, was at the head of the plot; in which Paul Orsino and five others were concerned; and all pledged themselves to resist the progress of the duke. He, on the other hand, resolved not only to suppress the movement, but to exterminate its authors: and finding, even with the fresh assistance he had obtained from his constant ally the King of France, that he was not strong enough to pull them down by force, he had recourse to dissimulation, in which he was so great a master; feigned a reconciliation; made a treaty with the conspirators; and seemed to pass over the affair so lightly, that all were anxious to rush into his arms excepting his old acquaintance Vitelli, who knew him too well to believe that he could forget an injury, or that he would lack the means to avenge one. The whole plan of Cesar was to decoy his enemies into an interview, and when they met him at the place appointed, which was Sinigaglia, they were surrounded by his soldiers and strangled.

But the stroke of misfortune which was to sweep Cesar from the surface of the earth—the misfortune which the kind-hearted Machiavelli sees so much reason to lament—was now nearly at hand, and he who had successfully pursued the career of his ambition, was now doomed to fall a victim to his father's financial schemes. The Borgia System of Finance was at once simple and expeditious: the mind had not to toil in weighing the advantages of direct and indirect taxation; to trouble itself about high and low tariff: without a single maxim of political economy the papal coffers could be filled to repletion. The great instrument in this financial policy was a certain poison, the secret of which remained in the Borgia family, and which, it is said, existed in two forms, the solid and the liquid. The art of making the first is unluckily lost, but the recipe of the second is on record, probably preserved by some Mrs. Glasse of the art. "Give a boar a strong dose of arsenic, and at the moment when the poison begins to act, hang up the animal by the hind-feet; he will now be convulsed, and an abundance of foam will run from his throat. This foam collected in a silver plate, and decanted in a bottle hermetically sealed, will form the liquid poison." Thus armed with two kinds of venom, the Borgias had all their own way, as

far as the removal of obnoxious personages was concerned; and an unlucky wight had only to render himself an object of suspicion, when a genteel invitation to supper finished his mortal career.

But to return to the financial scheme. Pope Alexander, with his poisons, had a constant power of creating vacancies among his cardinals, and it was in filling up these that he found such a splendid source of profit. In the first place, the priest nominated to the office of cardinal left his former charges vacant, and these reverted to the pope, who sold them. This was item the first. Item the second, being the round sum which the happy priest paid for the cardinalate. Enough was not yet gained. An advantage was taken of the law according to which no cardinal could bequeath his property, and the pope had only to pick out the richest of the college, and treat him with a Borgia supper, when the third sum found its way into the treasury. Thus did the great financier, whose head is offered as a study in every treatise on phrenology, make three distinct gains out of one single operation. Nevertheless, simple as the plan was in a financial point of view, it required care in the execution: and one fatal day, when the pope had fixed upon Cardinal Casanova, Melchior Copia, and Adrian de Corneto, as the guests who were to enrich the public purse, and pay the expenses of private orgies, the "home-brewed" was taken by mistake, by Alexander himself and his worthy son. The aged sinner, loaded with every crime that even a depraved imagination could create, was soon lodged in his grave: but Cesar had a tremendous constitution, and the infernal composition which had destroyed numbers, though it impaired his energies, was not mortal. Never did limpet stick more tightly to a rock, than this valuable member of society clung to the world. It is said that a "bath of blood" was adopted that Cesar might still exist. A bull, according to this record, was suspended by its legs to four posts; a large gash was cut in its belly, from which its entrails were taken while it was yet living; and into the cavity thus left the patient stepped to bathe!

But though Cesar lived, his fortunes were shattered, as well as his constitution. The papal influence had sustained him, and that gone, nothing could save him from a precipice. No sooner was the breath out of Alexander's body, than the hatred against the family broke out everywhere with the greatest violence. Not a Borgia ventured to show his face but one, and that one was recognized by Fabio Orsino, who, well remembering the affair of Sinigaglia, stabbed him, and exhibit-

* "Descrizione del modo tenuto dal Duca Valentino nell'ammazzare Vitellozzo Vitelli," &c.

ed his savage exultation by washing his hands and mouth in his blood. Cesar was mighty in his downfall: he could still give away a popedom; he still bound close to him his old ally Louis, by promising to aid him in conquering Naples: but the king of Spain at once weakened his force, by declaring guilty of high treason every one of his subjects who should aid the duke. Alexander's successor, Pius III., was a mere creature in the hands of Cesar; but the Orsini, who were industrious in the pursuit of vengeance, removed him after a reign of twenty-six days, by telling a physician to put a poisoned plaster on a wound in his leg. Again did Cesar, by his weight in the college of cardinals, give away the popedom; and it was by his will that Julian della Rovera, the ancient enemy of the Borgias, became Pope Julius II. But his career was over. First a prisoner in Italy, he became a prisoner in Spain; being entrapped by the "great Captain," Gonzalvo of Cordova; and having escaped from confinement, he was killed in a miserable skirmish in Navarre, where he had espoused the arms of the king against a rebellious vassal.—Such was the obscure end of the celebrated Cesar Borgia.

In these days the art of poisoning was in its lustihood. The destroyers of human life scarcely made a secret of their work. The victims died, and it was generally suspected how they died, but the criminals sat in too high places to care for the opinion of the people. Afterwards the performers of poisoning were more humble. The splendid secrets of the Borgias and the Medici, which could kill with all the refinement of science; the drug playing with the victim, as a cat with a mouse; now allowing him to recover, now giving him a fresh paroxysm, till he breathed his last: these secrets descended to lowly individuals who worked in obscurity, and struck in the dark; who hugged their frightful arcana with the same devotion that rivets an alchemist to his crucible; who to the malignity of the fiend, joined the scientific curiosity of the experimentalist; and exulted while they saw a life wasted, to observe a theory realized.

Such a depository of the art of death was the Italian Exili, who found proselytes in Paris towards the end of the seventeenth century, and whose pupil was the Chevalier Sainte Croix, the hero of the romance of which the notorious Marchioness St. Brinvilliers is the heroine. Chance had introduced the poisoner of Italy to the gallant of France, who in the secrets of his preceptor found a ready mode of making a fortune, while the teacher

seems to have thought himself sufficiently rewarded by finding one who could turn his theories to a practical account. The chevalier could sell death as a physician offers to sell life, and he had this advantage, that he could always be true to his bargain. Did unrewarded merit sigh for a vacancy, the chevalier, on payment of a fee, would undertake to remove the incumbent. This was with him a matter of business. But then he was a man of science also. The chevalier was attached to his profession; he would have enlarged the sphere of his knowledge: he had read in ancient chronicles of poisoned napkins and poisoned gloves, which killed by mere contact, and, learned as he was, he regretted that he had not reached this point yet. But he did not despair. Renewed experiments might supply a deficiency which his preceptor, Exili, had left. To work he went at his furnace, a mask of glass covering his face, while he stooped over a fuming vessel of which every exhalation was death. Why is not Sainte Croix recorded among the "martyrs of science?" The mask dropped from his face, and he fell dead, as if struck by a thunderbolt. This was an act of providential justice, similar to that which about a century and a half before had cut off the two Borgias.

With the Marchioness Brinvilliers, this votary of science had formed a *liaison*. The lady had a husband, it was true; but he was one of those convenient French husbands, of whom we read so many, and he offered no serious obstacle to the amour. Not so M. D'Aubray, the father of the marchioness, who was so much out of the fashion of the age, as to feel annoyed that a daughter of his could form an illicit attachment. With the assistance of the chevalier the marchioness determined to remove him. She would not, however, trust too much to the first chance; she would not stake all on a single cast: so she first poisoned her servant with some preserved gooseberries. The maid felt as if "her heart were stuck with pins;" but nevertheless she recovered; and the marchioness consequently bespoke a stronger dose from her lover. It should be observed that the appearance of this lady was such as to disarm suspicion. We copy her portrait from Dumas. "At the age of twenty-eight, she was in all the splendour of her beauty. The figure was small, but perfectly formed. The rounded face was charmingly delicate. Her features, so much the more regular that they were never altered by any internal affection, were as those of a statue, which, by some magic power, might have received life for a moment; and the cold and cruel impassibility, which was

but a mask to cover remorse, might easily have been taken for the reflected serenity of a pure soul." In her design upon her father, this command of her features gave her an incalculable advantage. It was with the playfulness of an affectionate child that she petulantly insisted that none should wait on her beloved parent but herself; it was with a smiling countenance that she handed him the poisoned broth; it was with an agony of pretended grief that she perceived the paroxysms which herself had caused: but it was with the calmness of science, that she triumphantly watched the gradual victory of death over life. The crime did not produce the desired effect. The father died, blessing his murderess; but he left two sons, who were equally nice in their notions of honour, and equally ready to check the marchioness in her career of vice. It was necessary to supply by a fresh crime what the first had left undone: the brothers were marked out for death, and soon perished, through the machinations of their sister and her paramour. The sudden death of the latter in his laboratory, the discoveries that were there made, and the confessions of his servants, who had been accomplices, revealed the whole mystery: and, indeed, the frequent occurrence of singular deaths had already begun to attract the notice of the people. The marchioness, when taken by the officers of justice, used the same art in attempting to destroy herself, which she had formerly employed in destroying others. First she endeavoured to swallow a pin, but an "archer" perceived her design and forced her to reject it. Next, when she was left to take her meal without knife or fork, she attempted to effect suicide by biting a piece out of her drinking-glass, though with no better success. Once in prison, she became a perfect devotee, and the conversations between her and the priest that attended her, are worked up by Dumas with much quiet pathos. When condemned to death, she had to undergo the *question ordinaire* and *extraordinaire*: miserable tortures given for the purpose of extorting confession, and more disgraceful to the age in which they were inflicted than to the criminal that endured them. The wretched woman, when her own guilt was known, had nothing further to confess; and therefore had to endure, for no purpose, the whole course of pain which the law prescribed, and which was executed with barbarous exactness. The sentence was, that she should be carried in a tumbril to the *Place de Grève* with bare feet, and a cord about her neck, making full declaration of her guilt, and holding in her hands a burning torch weighing two pounds. She was then to be beheaded, her body was to be

burned, and the ashes were to be scattered to the wind. It was with the meekness of the most complete resignation, that the marchioness endured the degradations required by this sentence: that is, during the chief part of her progress: for when first she beheld the crowd that had come to witness her exposure, the native disposition, which she had so often concealed, broke forth in all its fury; and the painter, Lebrun, who was a spectator of the scene, lost no time in catching the expression which is still preserved in the Louvre. But the meekness returned and the populace admired, and Madame de Sevigné records, that the day after the execution her bones were sought for, as it was thought she was a saint!

The *roués* of the time of Louis XIV. of whom the Marquis Sainte Croix is a specimen, formed a kind of link between the polished profligate of modern times, and the vindictive noble of the middle ages. The murderers of this stamp were gay men of the world, with a thousand affairs of gallantry on their hands, but with designs worthy alone of a captain of banditti. Such a man was the Marquis de St. Maixent, who having formed a *liaison* with the presumptive heir-ess to the estate of the Count of Saint-Germain, broke every tie of gratitude, and though the Count had protected him from the pursuit of justice, watched the birth of his child, that he might make away with it, and thus preserve the pretensions of his mistress. This man is the hero of one of the *Crimes Célèbres*: but the Abbé de Ganges is a more terrible specimen of the time, and the events connected with him, events which at the time spread a gloom over the court of the "Grand Monarque," are far more interesting.

The Marchioness de Ganges was a prodigy of her time: a prodigy of beauty and of virtue: and although the latter qualification, in that profligate age, drew upon her more contempt than admiration, yet was the contempt invariably dissipated in her presence, such influence had her charms on all that beheld her. The pamphlet published at Rouen in 1667, which gave the particulars of her murder, and furnished M. Dumas with the materials for his narrative, describes her person as follows:

"The complexion, which was dazzling white, was adorned by the red tint, which was not in the least too vivid, and which, by a *nuance* that art could not have more dexterously produced, blended with the whiteness of her complexion. This brilliancy of her face was set off by the decided blackness of her hair, which was arranged about a well-proportioned forehead, as if a painter of the most exquisite taste had designed it. The

eyes, which were large and full, were of the colour of her hair, and the soft yet piercing fire with which they shone prevented any one from regarding her fixedly. The shape, the turn, the smallness of her mouth, and the beauty of her teeth, were beyond comparison. The position and the regular proportion of her nose gave to her beauty an air of dignity which inspired as much respect for her, as her beauty could inspire love. The roundness of her face, produced by an *embonpoint bien ménagé*, presented all the vigour and freshness of health. To complete her charms, the Graces seemed to direct her looks, the movement of her lips, and of her head; her figure corresponded to the beauty of her face: indeed her arms, her hands, her carriage, and her deportment, left nothing to desire if we would have the most agreeable image of a beautiful person."

Such was Marie de Rossan, who at the age of thirteen married the Marquis de Castellane, and who at the age of twenty-two, on the death of her first husband, married the Marquis de Ganges: thus forming a union with which all her misfortunes commenced. At first they were much attached, and their life passed happily enough; but the marquis, who had formerly led rather a loose life, now fell back into the society of his old friends, while he had just feeling enough to be jealous at the conquests which the beauty of his wife, with perfect innocence on her part, continually made. A mutual coolness arose, but the unhappiness of the lady was not at its height, till her husband had invited his two brothers to stay at his house, the Abbé and the Chevalier de Ganges. The first was a profligate *bel esprit*, who merely assumed the ecclesiastical name for fashion's sake, without belonging to the church; the second was naturally a mere log, yet perfectly capable of being warmed up into a malicious brute, under the genial influence of the Abbé. Both these notable gentlemen fell in love with their brother's lovely wife, and both endeavoured to seduce her; when finding themselves repelled by her virtue, they both decided that she should be an object for their malice, and the removal of the whole family from Avignon, which had been their residence, to Ganges, a small town distant nine leagues, where the family *château* of the marquis was situated, seemed to favour their designs. A prelude of ill accompanied the marchioness in her journey to this lonely place. Dumas, who as we have said invariably opens his narrative with a dramatic scene, describes an interview of the marchioness with a sorceress of the period, who predicts that she will die young and by violent means; and this prediction, uttered a year before her marriage with the marquis, is made the foundation of a

superstitious feeling which constantly weighs upon her, and gives a character of fatality to the tale. So impressed was she with the belief that she would never return from Ganges, that before she left Avignon she made a will declaring her mother her sole legatee, with a power of appointment in favour of either of her two children. Even this precaution did not satisfy her; for expecting that some new disposition would be wrung from her, she assembled the magistrates of Avignon, and solemnly declared to them that this was her only genuine will, and that any subsequent one she might sign, would only be extorted from her by violence. The gloomy presentiments now gave way to more substantial fears; for when she had reached Ganges her husband returned to Avignon on the plea of pressing business, and she was left alone with the hateful brothers, who had already made attempts upon her honour. The connection which the marquis had with the dreadful events that followed; whether he was really a participator in the villainy of his brothers, or whether by his absence he undesignedly assisted them; seems a matter of doubt. Certain it is, that the first policy of the brothers was to induce their sister-in-law to make a new will in favour of her husband, to which she consented partly out of fear, and partly because she was aware that the appeal she had made to the magistrates of Avignon—an appeal which had remained perfectly unknown to the De Ganges family—would render the subsequent testament of no effect. She therefore signed the new will.

It was in the month of May, 1667, a few days after the execution of the second will, that the marchioness, feeling somewhat ill, was confined to her chamber, whither she invited the two brothers and some ladies of the neighbourhood to partake of a collation. After all this company had retired, and the chevalier was left alone with the marchioness, the abbé, who had conducted the ladies from the apartment, returned, and presenting to her a pistol and a glass, while the chevalier drew his sword, offered her the choice of three deaths. The poor marchioness, after in vain endeavouring to soften the execrable miscreants, at last chose the poison. She swallowed the liquor, a portion of which falling on her bosom, burned it like fire, and she dropped the glass. But the abbé would not allow a chance of escape. He discovered that much of the poison was precipitated to the bottom of the glass, and this he collected on the point of a silver bodkin, and presented it to the marchioness. She had, however, sufficient presence of mind to retain it in her mouth without swallowing it, and contrived

to get rid of it unperceived. She asked for her confessor, and the ruffians left her; and with a courage which never seems to have forsaken her, she determined on escaping. She looked at the window, but saw that it afforded no hope: when the sudden appearance in her room of the chaplain, who was an accomplice of the brothers, gave her desperate energy. She sprung from the window, while the chaplain seized her garments to detain her. This act on the part of the enemy really preserved her life, for while she would otherwise have fallen on her head from a height of two-and-twenty feet, the grasp which tore her clothes, broke the violence of the descent, and she reached the ground in safety. The wretch dashed a water-jug after her, in the hope of destroying her, but it shivered at her feet.

She had thus escaped from her apartment, and with some difficulty she escaped from the court into which she had descended: but she found the brothers in pursuit of her, and she darted along exclaiming that she was poisoned, while her persecutors shouted that she was mad. The chevalier overtook the marchioness, and they entered the nearest house, struggling as they entered, and found there the wife of the owner, with a number of female friends. These had been acquaintances of the marchioness, and while she was protesting that she was poisoned, and her brother-in-law still affirmed her madness, one of the ladies slipped an antidote into her hand, part of which she swallowed, while another gave her a glass of water. As soon as she attempted to taste this, the savage chevalier, in the presence of the company, broke the glass between her teeth, so that the pieces cut her lips. The women exasperated, flew at the miscreant, but the marchioness entreated that she might be left with him alone. The wish was obeyed, and she attempted to soften the assassin, but he only took advantage of her situation, by stabbing her repeatedly with his rapier, which he used as a dagger. Believing that she was dead he rejoined his brother, who, armed with a pistol, was waiting at the threshold. The women had rushed to her assistance, attracted by her cries, and found her senseless, with a piece of the rapier, which had been broken, sticking in her shoulder. They called for help, and the brothers, who still were near the house, believing that the marchioness was not dead after all, re-entered, and the abbé attempted to shoot her, when he was prevented by the same lady who had given her the antidote, and who, raising his hand, made him discharge the contents of his pistol into the ceiling. He stunned his new enemy with a blow from

the butt end of the weapon, but the ladies at last contrived to thrust the two wretches from the house and closed the door behind them. The marchioness never recovered. On her dying bed she saw her husband, who returned apparently in an agony of grief—which it is difficult to believe sincere—and she took the sacrament from the hands of the vile priest who had been the accomplice of her brothers, and whom she from a principle of charity would not betray. When she was dead, the physicians declared that it was the poison that had killed her, for none of the wounds inflicted by the sword were mortal. The draught she had taken would, according to the *procès verbal*, have killed a lion in a few hours, but she lingered for more than a fortnight. The account from which M. Dumas has chiefly taken his narrative, prettily says, "Nature lovingly defended the beautiful body she had taken such pains to form."

The fate of the marchioness, so celebrated as a beauty, was not a matter to be thought lightly of at the court of Louis XIV. There, when Marchioness de Castillane, had she danced twice in one evening with the king himself; there had Christina of Sweden declared, that of all she had seen, nothing was equal to the *belle Provençale*, the name which thenceforth attached to this amiable and unfortunate woman. The poets of the time set their wits to work, and M. Dumas has for the edification of the world selected two sonnets written to *bouts rimés*, which he modestly declares are the "least bad" of any he has been able to find. The murderers did not meet with the judicial fate they deserved: the two brothers, though condemned to be broken alive on the wheel, had escaped beyond the reach of the law; while the marquis was banished from the kingdom, his property was confiscated, and he was deprived of his nobility. This last sentence will either appear too harsh or too lenient accordingly as we regard the participation of the marquis in the affair. That such a sentence could have been perfectly just seems impossible.

The history of the Marchioness de Ganges is generally known in France; but the supplementary history, namely, that of the persons connected with the murder, and also that of the lady's children, M. Dumas takes some pride in having collected. The chevalier it seems, mixing in the troops of Venice against the Turks, was killed by a bomb-shell, which exploded for his especial benefit, as it destroyed him and did not injure those near him. The abbé passed a most unhappy life abroad, and died a pious protestant at Amsterdam. The Marquis de Ganges sneaked back again to his Château, taking advantage of the per-

secution of the reformed religion that was going on, and enjoying the favour of the catholics of the place from his zeal in the cause of their faith. There he might have remained in safety, but he endeavoured to seduce the wife of his own son, who immediately requested the king again to banish his father. This revealed the return of De Ganges, which had been hitherto unknown to Louis, and he would have been persecuted with the greatest rigour, had he not fled, and escaped not only the vengeance of the king, but after a while even the penetrating search of—M. Dumas. The daughter of the Marchioness de Ganges was also the heroine of a little romance, which we forbear to repeat, and contributed her mite towards confirming the belief that a fatality hung over the family.

These are the "*Crimes Célèbres*," arising from the ferocity, unchecked by law, of one period, and the corroding profligacy of another. But the crime of bigotry and priestly intolerance; the fall of innocence, amid the yells of ignorance and petty spite, while the secret policy of a superior though unprincipled mind was working in the background; was committed in the execution of Urbain Grandier, the pious and enlightened curate of Loudun, in the reign of Louis XIII. The murderers here were merely judicial murderers: the crime of which the intended victim was accused was not only an absurdity in itself, but was known to be an absurdity by all the intelligent people of the place. Urbain having offended some of his influential neighbours, and being unfortunately of too proud a nature to seek to mollify them, it was resolved he should die somehow or other; and no other expedient could be hit on than to fasten upon him the crime of witchcraft. A convent full of Ursuline nuns were converted into demoniacs for the express purpose of burning poor Urbain for the crime of possessing them. The imposition was not well managed; it was a bungle from beginning to end; it was completely evident that the ignorant nuns had been trained for the occasion by the enemies of Urbain; and to the questions put by unprejudiced investigators, the demons that answered by their lips indulged in such miserable Latinity, that roars of laughter instead of thrills of horror were the invariable result of the interrogation.

In defiance of the doctrine then entertained that demons were masters of all languages, these audacious fiends substituted ablatives for accusatives, and accusatives for ablatives; if they could not exert their malice in any other form, they at least demolished Priscian's head with inconceivable ferocity; in short, if they were demons at all, they were

the demons of the old play *Bellum Grammaticale*—Solecismus, Barbarismus, and Cacotonus. The miserable device was failing as fast as it could, but the persecutors drew Richelieu into their cause, and then Urbain's fate was certain. A commission was sent down, not to try but to find guilty; and the Ciceronians who had formerly laughed so loudly now ceased their mirth, and heard the *verbum transitivum* govern a nominative case with demure countenances, as they clearly saw that a smile might bring them into the same predicament as the culprit. Urbain, who had committed a more substantial offence than that with which he was principally charged, by writing a book against the celibacy of the clergy, was cruelly tortured, and finally burned alive: giving Richelieu one more of those stains of blood, which, as De Vigny says in his admirable novel of *Cinq Mars*, the red of his costume served so well to conceal.

The narratives of the Cenci and of Karl Ludwig Sand we pass over as being already familiar to our readers: and with more regret the powerfully melodramatic tale of Vaninka, because it has lately been presented in an English form. But before we take leave of a book which we have read with great interest—we can scarcely say pleasure—we cannot help remarking on one fault of M. Dumas: a fault which he has in common with many of his brother writers of modern France, and which is a kind of reaction against the old delicacy, when a murder on the Parisian stage would have thrown an audience into convulsions. It runs riot through all his performances: and even in the clever book we have been noticing, there is hardly an effort to subdue it. He is constantly anxious to produce an effect; and often the talent which he displays in concentrating to this end the means that history affords him, is beyond praise; but he too frequently attempts to excite a powerful sensation by physical horror only, forgetting that it is one thing to touch the imagination of his readers, and another to attack the stomach. We are quite willing to learn that the different unfortunate people who figure in his book were tortured in various ways; but he surely need not tell us how every joint of Beatrice Cenci, of Madame Brinvilliers, of Urbain Grandier, cracked after its own peculiar fashion: surely we need not to be initiated into all the horrid details of the *question ordinaire* and the *question extraordinaire*, and the *question du feu*, and the *question de la veille*, and the *question de la corde*. Having united the character of the artist with that of the historian, to give his narrative a more attractive

form, M. Dumas might have softened the dry records of the chronicler, when they happened to be disgusting. But, on the contrary, he has used his art to heighten the horrors which history has given him: dwelling with peculiar satisfaction on the limb that starts upon the rack, on the flesh that quivers in the pincers. In the same spirit we regret that he should needlessly have dwelt on the indecencies of history. There was no necessity to transcribe the beastly orgies of the Borgia family, especially when he assumed that he should have *lectrices*—lady-readers. Those who will only know the "*Crimes Célèbres*" through the medium of this article,—terrible as the crimes are in themselves, will have no notion of the sediment of filth and horror that has been cast aside.

And these blemishes are the more to be regretted because the few disgusting pages will limit the circle of the readers of a book, which from the research to which it owes its origin, and the power with which it is written, well deserves to be generally known. For it is not a mere history of cut-throats and house-breakers; of the common criminals of their day, who were the mere excrescences of society; but of personages who forcibly reflect their period, and are connected with its leading features. The same praise that was given by Hegel to Göthe for connecting his idyll of "*Hermann and Dorothea*" with the great events of the French Revolution, is due to M. Dumas, who has invariably shown the link that binds his "criminals" to the fortunes of Europe. And as these "criminals" thus represent various phases of society, surely a wholesome moral may be drawn from his book,—or rather from those events which his book brings before us,—namely, that at the present time, when an Abbé de Ganges and a Chevalier Sainte Croix could scarcely exist, when the crimes of a Borgia and the execution of a Grandier would be utterly impossible, it would be vain to say that human nature has not progressed, and that, however bigotry and prejudice may point to bygone periods, it is not a real blessing to be born in the nineteenth century.

3. *Introduction à l'Histoire de la Philosophie.* Par V. COUSIN, Pair de France, Membre de l'Institut, Professeur de Philosophie à la Faculté des Lettres de Paris. (Introduction to the History of Philosophy.) Paris. 1839.

4. *Nouveaux Fragments Philosophiques.* Par V. COUSIN, &c. &c. (New Philosophical Fragments.) Paris. 1841.

THE relation of the Early Greek Philosophy to the Source of Modern Civilisation has never been formally dwelt upon by historians, and is rarely the subject of even occasional remark with any English writer. Ritter opens the consideration of it in his later volumes, devoted to the Christian Philosophy, and of which the English translation has not yet appeared. Its deep interest and great importance will hardly be brought in question.

When the Emperor Julian determined, by every means within his power, to obstruct the progress of Christianity, his first step was to interdict to the followers of the new faith any further cultivation of the Greek Eclectic Philosophy. And rightly to ascertain in what way that system of thought had become available for the purposes of the Christian fathers, is to contemplate the important action of still earlier modes of philosophic thinking in Greece, on the history of the world.

That a great power was called into existence by Plato, is always admitted: as are the later usurpations of Aristotle, his most famous scholar. What in reality this power was, how it originated or acted, is never brought within the view of modern historical inquiry. Yet it is as certain that Plato could not have arrived at the results which are embodied in his philosophy, but for the tracks left by previous thinkers in whose steps he followed, as it is that the largest and most fruitful accessions which have been made to literature since his day, and especially to the literature of theology, would not have been made if Plato had not lived. How such a man arose in that period of Greece, can be little known to those who suppose the ancient beliefs to have been included in the popular mythology; and who have yet to learn, that even from the age of Solon, in the breasts of a succession of the men who govern general intellect sooner or later, Jupiter and his gods had but a divided empire. An outline of these matters would seem essential to all who desire thoroughly to understand the his-

ART. IV.—1. *Geschichte der Philosophie.* Von DR. HEINRICH RITTER. (History of Philosophy. By DR. HEINRICH RITTER.) Hamburg. 1838—41.

2. *The History of Ancient Philosophy.* By DR. HEINRICH RITTER. Translated from the German by ALEXANDER J. W. MORRISON, B.A. 3 vols. Oxford. 1838—40.

tory of any subsequent civilized time ; and in a particular manner to those who would trace out the forms and fluctuations of belief, the exactions and assumptions of power, which followed the introduction of Christianity, and are so large a part of our own English Annals.

History would be a disheartening catalogue of lives and deaths, instead of the hopeful and delightful study that it is, if its events were not thus viewed, in their relations to past and future. Simple and ordinary in themselves, it is from this they derive their greatness, their vast importance. In themselves, it may be, melancholy or disastrous, it is in this that the surviving principle of hope is still discovered. Profoundly sad as it is to contemplate the fall of a great faith, a great literature, or a great people,—it is here the wise consolation is suggested, that what are thus called national catastrophes are in truth but new periods of successive development.

“All changes, naught is lost : the forms are changed ;
And that which has been, is not what it was,
Yet that which has been, is.”

When the Sophistical Effort made itself felt in Athens, a heavy and hopeless night seemed to have overtaken the Greek Philosophy. Yet it was only the forerunner of its brightest day. It indicated the period of decline when new development is inevitable : a crisis in the disease of the older systems of thought, which was to recover itself in the persons of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. And thus it must always be while the scheme of the world continues. *To Advance* is the Great Law, and it is not pursued less steadily for the retrograde movements that appear so often to retard it. The straight line in civilisation is nowhere discoverable : progress, the law of civilisation, never comes to a stand. Where great communities have perished, it was because of those vices and imperfections which, had they longer existed, might have rendered progress impossible : not because of that eminence in virtue or in wisdom, the vital part of which continues to exist, for the sake of progress, and for its lasting guidance. Where what are called Dark Ages throw their shadow upon history, it is not that light has become extinguished, but that the accession of new fuel takes time to give new brilliancy and strength to the fire.

The triumphs of individual mind are not to be confounded with the struggle of humanity. Individual great men, than whom

it is scarcely possible for greater to arise, have adorned almost every age, as if to show us what the human stature may be made : and there is no known instance in which the thoughts of such men have been wholly lost, or that it could be said of them—they have ceased altogether to exert any kind of influence. Thus, though none of the conditions of progress are strictly incident to such discoveries as the individual reason may make into the mysteries of the soul, the physical phenomena of nature, or even just laws of human government ; yet these treasures are for its furtherance, ultimate if not immediate, and in its great stages are felt, if they are not recognized or seen. Time silently concentrates, and is ever reproducing them. It is in finding such calm great truths immutable, that the variable efforts of civilisation are guided to the secrets of their failure, and the hopes of a new attempt ; that they learn to take the centre of exertion with a wider circumference ; and know that, if baffled again, they must enlarge it to take in other interests, and embrace yet wider aims. Nor can this general movement of endeavour cease, nor the action and reaction of individual minds upon the continual progress it involves, nor the alliance of present with past and future,—until the light of their long experience shall have found a place at each man's hearth ; and these explored secrets and mysteries of the individual soul have discovered their final use, in a better adjustment of the relations of humanity.

For the part which, before the Christian era, was taken by Thought in development of this law, we turn to Greece. To the obscure and priestly memory of Epimenides, more of imposture than philosophy has been affixed, by the indignant verdict of Solon : Thales and Pythagoras, therefore, first occur to us. And remembering their travels to the East, with the knowledge which seems to have been saved by Pythagoras from the wrecks of philosophy in Egypt and India, they carry the imagination back to a remoter antiquity than their own, and serve to connect the future, in every step of which they afterwards attend us, with the achievements of civilisations which had been so narrow and imperfect, that even their memory is well-nigh lost. At the same time it is not in the least implied by this, that their philosophy was not the native spontaneous growth of the Greek Mind. It must be admitted, in a particular manner, to have been so. What Plato said generally, and

with a just pride, of his countrymen, is here applicable: "Whatever we Greeks receive from the Barbarians, we improve and perfect." Whatever the amount of knowledge or past experience they inherited,—the method in which they applied it, the results to which they directed it, the invention and spirit of system by which they harmonized it, with that exquisite love of form which they carried into every province of the mind,—all these were emphatically their own: and announced the liveliest and most acute race of men; the intellect the most active, ingenious, and capable of close and distinct reasoning; the idea of art the most true and beautiful; that the world had seen. And hence it is that it becomes so important to look at these earlier stages of the Greek philosophy; wherein, let the pride of later and more complete investigation imagine what it will, began that era of Thought by which, in all its most important concerns, the world has since been guided.

We have placed the work of Dr. Ritter at the head of this paper, because we are glad to confess to it many obligations which shall be acknowledged in detail before the subject is laid down. At once we will not hesitate to say that his book is not only able and comprehensive, but not unworthy of becoming the standard book in relation to the matters of which it treats. It has this manifest superiority over the great work of Tennemann, that he has carefully avoided colouring its historical picture with his own views, or with those of some master in philosophy whom he follows with implicit reliance.* Dr. Ritter is anxious on all occasions to give the doctrine of each philosopher as much as possible in its original forms of expression; and we receive it, in the majority of cases, in the very words of the Greek authority. In what follows, however, it is right to state that we have not restricted ourselves to his researches, but have gone for the most part to the original sources; nor omitted to ascertain what other German writers, the disciples of Cousin in France, or the more accomplished classical scholars of our own land, have contributed to this large field of inquiry.

* Mr. Morrison's translation of Ritter, as far as published, is entitled to great praise. It is spirited and easy, yet extremely faithful and correct. In the latter respect, it contrasts favourably with a translation of Tennemann's Manual, also issued within the last few years from Oxford, and a faithless, garbled, most discreditable production.

THALES OF MILETUS—said to be of Phœnician family, and who had certainly travelled through Egypt—flourished so early that he has won the quasi-fabulous distinction of one of the Seven Sages: Herodotus, Plato, and Aristotle can speak of the events of his life only on the vague authority of tradition. Yet it would seem certain, that amidst his republican views of the destiny of man (on which a number of moral precepts have been somewhat gratuitously attributed to him), and his curious speculations on the animated and ensouled nature of the World (which he held to be a living being, gradually maturing and forth-forming itself from an imperfect seed-state of moisture), he had struck upon some extraordinary truths. He asserted the roundness of the earth, and made known many properties of triangles and circles. Such problems as that of the equality of the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle, are attributed to him: he is said to have measured the pyramids by their shadows: and he first advised his countrymen, when at sea, not to steer by the Great Bear, which forms a considerable circle round the pole, but to take the Lesser Bear for their polar star. His most famous expression is preserved by Aristotle: "Everything is full of gods;"* in proof of which he assigned the magnet and amber,† in which he had discovered the magnetic and electric properties. We have the competent authority of Sir John Herschel in alleging, that his ideas of eclipses and of the nature of the moon were sound. Indeed, it rests upon the statement of Herodotus, that he absolutely predicted—employing, no doubt, the astronomical formulæ of the Chaldeans—that solar eclipse which became memorable in history for the effect it produced in separating the contending armies of the Lydians and Medes, when Cyaxares fought against Halyattes; and which is supposed to have occurred more than six hundred years before Christ.

When Aristotle alludes to Thales, with a view to claim for Greece the merit of his philosophy, he does him but justice in attributing his theories as much to the spirit of rational inquiry into nature, as to his acquaintance with Oriental learning or mythology. The idea of a liquid element as the origin of things, for example, Aristotle attributes to very simple observation on the uses of moisture in the nourishment of animal and vegetable life: just as, by a simi-

* πάντα πληρὸν θεῶν εἶναι.

† ἤλεκτρον.

lar process, some century later, Anaximenes was led to think that air, since it encompassed and sustained the earth and the heavenly bodies that float in it, must be the universal source of life; the breath of the world; that which animates all the beings that live in it. Of this theory of Thales, the greatest living inquirer into nature has also remarked, that "modern geologists will not be at a loss to conceive how an observant traveller might become conversant with this notion, without having recourse to the mystic records of Egypt or Chaldea."* It may in short be said of him, that he first discarded the mere impressions of the senses; first looked beneath the surface of appearances; first appreciated the value of that serious examination of the phenomena of the natural world, which, even while his disciples suffered themselves to be carried most distantly away from the path of sober and rational inquiry, was never afterwards wholly lost sight of. "Great men," exclaims Pliny with just enthusiasm, after naming him and Ptolemy's great precursor Hipparchus, whose later discoveries resulted from those of Thales; "elevated above the common standard of human nature, by discovering the laws which celestial occurrences obey, and by freeing the wretched mind of man from the fears which eclipses inspired. Hail to you and to your genius! Interpreters of Heaven! Worthy recipients of the laws of the universe! Authors of principles which connect gods and men!"

PYTHAGORAS, meanwhile, had arisen in the age of Thales, and plucked out the heart of a greater portion of the mundane mystery. He was born in the island of Samos, somewhere about five hundred and seventy years before Christ. He travelled Egypt in his youth, bearing letters to king Amasis from Polycrates (then, or shortly after, the tyrant of Samos); and going thence to Asia, is said even to have visited India and the Gymnosophists. But extreme caution is necessary to discriminate any event of his life, obscured as all of them are by a cloud of fables: merely to accept the popular accounts of the men with whom he had associated or studied, would be to stretch his term of existence through more than three centuries. In this respect, ancient tradition seems entitled to implicit belief on one point only: that he had certainly, as a young man, conversed much with PHERECYDES OF SCYROS, who is

alluded to by Josephus as having studied philosophy in Egypt; and to whom also, it is on record, supernatural powers were supposed to belong, because of his having predicted the events of an earthquake and a thunder-storm, both of which actually followed. If this were so, modern inquirers, though they follow hard upon his steps, have not yet overtaken Pherecydes of Scyros. Nothing can be more uncertain, however, than the nature of the progress Pherecydes had made in physical or moral sciences. He seems to have used his knowledge chiefly to amaze the vulgar, and challenge ignorant adoration. What remains of his writing—and the prose he set down upon sheepskins, as the Ionians were wont to do before they got papyrus from Egypt, is worth notice as the earliest extant specimen of Greek prose—allies him with the Orphic theologers rather than with the philosophers. The only decided tribute to his greatness is preserved by Cicero and confirmed by previous tradition: that he was the first of the sages who plainly and unequivocally declared the doctrine of the immortality of the soul.

The first public appearance of Pythagoras, and his alleged earliest assumption of that title of philosopher which was afterwards so famous, are recorded by Cicero. Having alluded to the seven wise men, the Σοφοί—by which term the earliest Greeks expressed their men of action as well as thought—he proceeds: "from whence all who were exercised in the contemplation of nature, were held to be, as well as called, wise men; and that name of theirs continued to the age of Pythagoras, who is reported to have gone to Phlius, and to have discoursed very learnedly and copiously on certain subjects, with Leon prince of the Phliasii. Leon, admiring his ingenuity and eloquence, asked him what art he particularly professed; his answer was, that he was acquainted with no art, but that he was a *Philosopher*. Leon, surprised at the novelty of the name, inquired what he meant by the name of philosopher, and in what they differed from other men: on which Pythagoras replied: 'That the life of man seemed to him to resemble those games, which were kept with the greatest entertainment of sports, and the general concourse of all Greece. For as there were some, whose pursuit was glory and the honours of a crown, so others were merely induced by gain: but there was likewise one sort, whose aim was neither applause nor profit, but who came merely as spectators through

* Sir John Herschel.

curiosity, to remark what was done, and to see in what manner things were carried on there. Thus we come from another life and nature, unto this; as it were out of another city, to some much-frequented mart; some slaves to glory, others to money: but there are some few, who, taking no account of anything else, earnestly look into the nature of things: these call themselves studious of wisdom, that is, philosophers: and as there it is more reputable to be a looker-on, without making any acquisition, so in life, the contemplating on things, and acquainting yourself with them, greatly exceeds every other pursuit of life.* Nor was Pythagoras," it is justly added by Cicero, "the inventor only of the name, but he enlarged also the thing itself." So did he enlarge it indeed, that the truth of this tradition, beautiful as it is in itself, is more than questionable. Contemplation was with him no more the highest aim of life, than as it should directly lead to the highest and most perfect order of Action. It was in the combination of both he saw the triumph of philosophy. Holding, in that respect, the opinion of the wisest man of two thousand years' later date,* who said that, "in this theatre of man's life, God and angels only should be lookers-on: that knowledge is never so dignified and exalted, as when contemplation and action are nearly and strongly conjoined together: a conjunction like that of the two highest planets; Saturn, the planet of rest and contemplation, and Jupiter, the planet of civil society and action."

In what way the vast discoveries of Pythagoras originated, is now for ever lost. All we can with certainty judge is the impress of striking originality, of the growth of true Greek Mind, borne by the system. His great guiding principle was in all probability the one bond, by which he would have established the connection of physics and ethics: his perception of the inner virtue, by which he taught that all mundane phenomena were only subservient in reality to moral ends and designs. It is certain that he absolutely attained to a just conception of the general disposition of the parts of the solar system, and the place held by the earth in it: nay, had even, according to some accounts, raised his views so far as to speculate on the attraction of the sun as the bond of its union. The universe was with him an harmonious whole, consisting (according to a plan of

Decades) of ten great bodies revolving around a common centre agreeably to harmonious laws: whence he derived the music of the spheres, and explained the symbolical lyre of Apollo. Diogenes Laertius has preserved the traditions of his belief in the diurnal rotation as well as the annual revolution of the earth, the central position of the sun (in its primary form as the central fire), and the revolutions of the planets: to which he added a just idea of the nature of comets; first maintained such truths as that the evening and morning star were the same body; and is said to have taught even the probable existence of other systems, of which the fixed stars were the suns. Aristotle's language is explicit, as far as it goes. "Most of those," he remarks, "who assert that the whole concave is finite, say that the earth is situated in the middle point of the universe: those who are called Pythagoreans, who live in Italy, are of a contrary opinion. For they say that fire is in the centre, and that the earth, which, according to them, is one of the stars, occasions the change of day and night by its one motion, with which it is carried about the centre." Nor is his evidence directed, as it might have been by this passage, to the mere theory of the diurnal motion of the earth: a little further on (it is in the second book, *De Cælo*) he adds: "Some, as we have said, make the earth to be one of the stars; others say that it is placed in the centre of the universe, and revolves on a central axis."

The principle or method of investigation which he used, was, beyond doubt, as with Thales, a simple but steady attention to nature and inquiry into facts. He is said to have ascended from the observation,—that a musical string gives the same sound with another of twice the length, if the latter be straightened by four times the weight that straightens the former,—to the result, that the gravity of a planet is four times that of another which is at twice the distance. From the same method of reflection proceeded his discovery of what is called the musical canon (the monochord), universally attributed to him: and but one of the many scientific truths of every-day interest and application derived from the same source. Arithmetic he venerated as the key to mathematics, and our common multiplication-table is to this day called Pythagorean. It is on record also that he offered the solemn sacrifice of a hecatomb on discovering the fundamental theorem of geometry—that in every right-

* Lord Bacon.

angled triangle the square of the largest side is equal to the sum of the squares of the two shorter ones. Even in the most mystical and fanciful notions of numerical combinations that are commonly said to have been held by him, there lay a subtle tendency to truth. It would be difficult not to recognize their connection, and that by no means remote, with the chemical doctrine of the combination of all material elements in certain definitive numerical proportions.

But this part of the philosophy of Pythagoras requires a careful discrimination. It seems to have been the scheme of his physics to resolve all the sensible qualities into certain mathematical forms, issuing from a Primal Unit : which Unit he considered as the formal as well as material basis of all things, and as identical with the One Supreme Being, or God. So based, the fundamental doctrines of the system appear shortly to have been : That the essence of all things rests upon a numerical relation ; that the world subsists by the harmony, or conformity, of its different elements ; and that numbers are the principle of all that exists. In giving this real objective existence to numbers, he is supposed to have confounded a numerical unit with a geometrical point, and this again with a material atom :* a kind of confusion, however, which would yet imply a more rigid method of investigation than the recent historian of Inductive Science seems inclined to concede to him. Mr. Whewell argues that, in representing the essential properties and attributes of things by the relations of number, it is not a necessary, and hardly a fair consequence, that the existence of objects distinct from the existence of all their properties and qualities should be assumed to have been also brought in question. But the argument leaves us with precisely the same reason as before to believe, that the numerical speculations of Pythagoras may have been in many cases really combined with the doctrine of atoms.

It would be impossible altogether to exclude that suspicion, in giving any reality to his view of numbers as the actual elements out of which the universe was constructed. Premising that our authority is in the writings of Philolaus, a much later disciple of the school,† and who is likely

to have inherited all its external mysticism, with perhaps but a small part of its inner wisdom,—the broad detail of the Pythagorean plan of the universe would seem to have been this. Beginning, it is probable, from observation of the periodical occurrences of nature, and those numerical relations on which so many of the Greek institutions and religious observances were founded, and which were likely to have conducted him to a metaphysical analysis of the general ideas of relation,—Pythagoras traced up the various forms and phenomena of the world to numbers as their basis and essence : whence, ascending further to the principles of numbers themselves, he conceived them in the form of contrasting pairs : of which Aristotle (in his *Metaphysics*) enumerates ten, describing them as according to some Pythagoreans the most important elements of the universe, while for himself he characterizes them as but ten different aspects of one vague idea. They were—Limit and Unlimited : Odd and Even : One and Many : Right and Left : Male and Female : Still and Moved : Straight and Curve : Light and Darkness : Good and Evil : Square and Oblong. Following up contrasts probably of this nature, Pythagoras himself is said to have arrived at his one first principle and element—his Unit*—which included both the even and the odd, and harmonized All in One : immediately advancing to it, however, through what he called the triad, or number of the whole ; so called because it had a beginning, a middle, and an end. And thus Plato afterwards conducted his celebrated argument of unity in multiplicity and multiplicity in unity, on which he based his philosophy. “You cannot,” he said, “have the idea of one thing, without the notion of three things also. The thing itself, another thing which is not it, and a third thing between them : for if there were nothing between, they would be one, not two. Neither can you see two things, and something between them : that is, see in the whole, three things, without conceiving of them as one : for the third thing connects and binds together the two extremes.”† So had it been that Pytha-

* *μονάς*.

† This is in his refutation of a doctrine of the Eleatic school hereafter to be described, that All is One : where the argument, as it appears in the *Sophist* and the *Parmenides*, may be thus given in abstract : “That although entity may be posited as a plurality of things—for example, as warm and

* See Thirlwall's *History of Greece*, vol. ii., page 142.

† 420 B. C.

goras connected his primitive root of number three, with a still prior root of unity, which without the other was not to be conceived to exist.

Having thus arrived at his first principle, he laid down the vital process of the universe as a process of breathing; and the first principle itself, as a breathing being, which, by inhaling the infinite atmosphere* of the universe, partook of its infinity, and became capable of developing itself into a multiplicity of numbers or things. In our actual world, which he held to consist of large and small wholes in the greatest variety, Pythagoras then recognized a perfect development of the original unit. Again, even in the special principle of every single whole or organization, he discovered a unit, or a point separating itself from the rest; and also developing itself, as a living germ, by breathing the infinite atmosphere of the universe, into a distinct body, of peculiar form and properties. In this way every abstract idea became with him a number; and physical objects, the symbolical representations of number. It was thus he would have reconciled the many with the one; thus detected the simplicity of truth in its multiplicity of forms; and, through every variety of organized being, pierced to the Eternal Unity.

In the world which had arisen from the final union of contrasts, he proceeded to distinguish five elements: fire, air, water, earth, and a so-called fifth element,† which is supposed to have been the ether. In his theory of the construction of the universe, he seems to have had peculiar regard to that doctrine of the transmigration of souls, which he inculcated as a kind of

purifying process, and used for some of the greatest motives of hope and enthusiasm with which he was wont to animate his followers. In the centre of the system he placed the Central Fire*—as it were, its altar—the grand principle of life in the world. The sun,—which, with eight other bodies (the moon, the earth, the five planets, and the firmament), moved around,—was only a reflex of this Central Fire: but all the members of the system were either divine, or inhabited by divinities, inferior only to the supreme God who ruled the whole: and all were continually moving, as in a choral dance, around their sacred, life-giving Centre. So constructed, this universe was then divided into three regions. The first was the sublunary region, between the earth and the moon; the scene of change and passing events, where beings come into existence and perish again: it was called the heaven.‡ The second region was that from the moon upwards to the firmament, and had the name of the world.‡ The third was the firmament itself, which he called Olympus, and, to propitiate the national faith and tradition of the Greeks, still assigned to the abode of gods. Now, the souls of men, he taught,—being originally light particles of the universal soul diffused through the whole world, and proceeding mediately from the sun as those of the gods proceeded directly from the central fire,—previous to their entering into human bodies, floated in the air: from whence they were inhaled by the process of breathing at the moment of birth. At the moment of death, they descended into the lower world, where for a certain number of years they were supposed to dwell. After this, they again rose into the upper world, and floated again in the air, until they entered into new bodies. Entire purification thus completed, these perfect souls were raised to higher regions, where they were allowed to continue to exist; and to enjoy, for ever, the presence and company and knowledge of the gods.

Whatever the various views that may now be taken of the extent of value he placed upon numbers, it is certain, from all this, that Pythagoras was the first great master of their scientific principles: and as to his theory of contraries and their connection by secret harmony, whatsoever the objections urged on a ground of the vague or mystical, it was assuredly a grand result to exhibit at length, in the whole

cold—its unity nevertheless is not therefore denied; for the warm and cold are both alike *a being*, in such a manner that both—inasmuch as *being* is not posited as a third something, independent of them, but, on the contrary, comprises the two—can only be thought of as one being. If, on the other hand, the one alone is asserted to be being, in that case there are at least two names predicated of that which is—being and one—since it would be ridiculous, even on the assumption that there is but one being, to admit further that there is but one name. For assuming that there is one name of the one, then it must either be allowed that the name of the one is something different from the one itself, and, consequently, that there is not only the one; or that the name is in no wise distinct from the one itself, from which it would follow that the name of one is the one of the one, or name of the name.”—*Ritter*. An argument based on what will in the course of these articles be shown to be one of Plato’s ruling principles: that to neglect the clear distinction between any given thought itself which is expressed in a proposition or name, and the object of it, or the entity, is to confuse all science.

* ἰστέον πνέον.

† το πέμπτον στοιχεῖον.

* ἑστία τοῦ παντός.

‡ οὐρανός.

‡ κόσμος.

living world, One Harmony: issuing from a single source, and perceptible by proportion and measure, and orderly relation of the parts to the whole. For this mathematical theory of the origin of numbers and corporeal multiplicity, he connected, in profound unison, with his moral view of the universe. The soul had a harmony, he taught, like that which carried the spheres around their central fire; and in it, dwelt virtue. It was by this that the sensual desires, the irrational part of man, were brought into subjection to the reason; and the whole course of life reduced to unity and moral consistency. And, carrying out the moral analogy of that music of the spheres by which alone they were fused in sublime agreement, he earnestly inculcated upon all his disciples the study of music, for its tendency to mental repose and harmony of spirit. For himself, night and morning, there was singing to the cithara.

The constituent parts of the soul were of his favourite number, three. The understanding* and rational faculties† he placed in the brain: the appetite‡ in the heart: thus distinguishing the rational and animal soul. Pythagoras was in this the author of the first known attempt, however rude, to analyze the faculties and operations of the mind. What remains of his system of ethics, shadowy outline as it is, expresses its great construction and admirable tendency: warranting the opinion so emphatically given by Aristotle, that he was the first who absolutely determined anything in moral philosophy. Moral good he identified with unity; evil, with multiplicity: conscientiousness and uprightness he inculcated in all the affairs of life. Including not only the perfect, but the imperfect also, in the First One, he nobly taught that the good and the beautiful were not at the beginning of things, but were only first brought about by development of the divine essence in the world. This is discernible through the worst corruptions and mystifications of his later school; it is still, in whatever fantastic form we find it, the essential Pythagorean Idea, that humanity should be in a constant state of advance, from the less beautiful and good to the better and more beautiful. The perfect harmony and unison of soul in which he discovered virtue, he expressed in other words as a likeness to God.§ In the same grand way he

defined justice,* and right;† and for the chief rule of life, advised a constant self-command.‡ The condition of friendship he described to be equality, and condemned self-murder as a crime. There were three methods into which his moral system shaped itself, by which man might be rendered worthy of his being: and they include the noblest approaches made by the ancient world to the teaching and example of Christ. The first was, by Conversing with God: for during that commerce he would abstain from every evil action, and become like the divinity as much as such a thing was possible. The second was, by Doing Good to Others: for as that was God's property it would be a genuine imitation of his example. The third was designed to imply the rewards and perfection which awaited, hereafter, those that had done well here; and simply consisted in Going out of this Life. In the records of his career, the sublime second maxim meets us everywhere. To Speak Truth and to Do Good Offices: these two things, he said, resemble indeed the works of God, and are the best presents which Heaven can give to man.

If, then, Pherecydes of Scyros did originate the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, as certainly it was Pythagoras who carried it from the world of abstract dogma, into that of reality and every-day life. It was the entire drift of his teaching to show that this life upon earth is a life of the soul in its estrangement from God: an imprisonment of the soul in the bonds of the body: occasioned certainly by its own misdeeds, but designed for the expiation of that evil, and to lead through virtue to a worthier existence. So too, if Epimenides had proclaimed the existence of one deity, to exalt his own importance as his minister, it was Pythagoras who first invested that deity with ennobling moral qualities, and assigned to him the attributes of beneficence and truth. The absolute wisdom, unity, and eternity of God, were at the root of his whole system. None but God, he held, was wise: nor was there any other means to attain to the likeness of God, but by the acquisition of truth: nor could truth be inquired after but by a purified soul, and such as had overcome the passions of the body. It was from the tendency of the latter dogma that the Pythagorean brotherhood at last assumed the character of a religious

* νοῦς.

† φρένες.

‡ θυμός.

§ ὁμολογία πρὸς τὸ θεῖον.

* ἀριθμὸς ἰσάκεις ἴσος.

† τὸ ἀντικεινονός.

‡ καθήκοντις.

association; and, many centuries after the death of its founder, fell into those degrading absurdities and pretences, which, even in the witty and wise pages of Lucian, have been unjustly connected with his name. And before this part of the subject is quitted, it will be appropriate to give what is said by Plutarch, with reference to the Pythagorean idea of the Deity, and the victories they gave to silence, no less than to speech. When he has described the "feigned fable of Numa" about the love of the secret goddess from whom he learnt wisdom in the solitary woods, and which goddess, he adds, was no other than Tacita, Lady Silence,—the historian (for in this, though modern inquiry has detected his fabulous credulity, he is, as to mere popular belief, an historian still) proceeds to tell us: "It seemeth he invented this, after the example of Pythagoras, who did so especially command and recommend Silence unto his scholars. Again, if we consider what Numa ordained against images, and the representation of the gods, it is altogether agreeable unto the doctrine of Pythagoras: who thought that God was neither sensible nor mortal, but invisible, incorruptible, and only intelligible: and who taught it to be a sacrilege, to present heavenly things by earthly forms; seeing we cannot possibly any way attain to the knowledge of God but in mind and understanding."*

Nor should an anecdote preserved in the Arithmetical Treatise of Nicomachus be here omitted: less valuable for interest in itself than for an illustration it throws upon the method of investigation pursued by Pythagoras. In this view it matters little that it should be open to the imputation which applies to every writing in which Pythagoras is named: it has at least the most valuable property of a popular tradition, that it expresses what must have been pretty generally believed, at one time or other. That "the son of Mnesarchus has made more inquiries than any other man," is the remark of Heraclitus;† but it is not this circumstance which places him in any strong contrast with the other physical inquirers of early Greece. It will appear as we proceed, even more strongly than in the case of

Thales, that the charge so often alleged against these reasoners, of disregarding facts, is very partially true. That a superabundance rather than a want of ideas, must always be conceded to them, no one has ventured to question. That so little of what may be called practical success, judging by what absolutely remains, should have attended this combination of facts and ideas in physical investigation, must therefore be referred to a cause independent of either. And a modern thinker has supposed it to be, that the ideas were not distinct and appropriate to the facts: offering this anecdote of Pythagoras in proof that even where his observation of a fact might possibly be incorrect, his connection of a "distinct and well pondered idea" with it, led him directly to truth.*

He was walking one day, meditating on the means of measuring musical notes, when he happened to pass near a blacksmith's shop, and had his attention arrested by hearing the hammers, as they struck the anvil, produce sounds which had a musical relation to each other. Listening more attentively, he found that the intervals were a fourth, a fifth, and an octave: he had the hammers weighed, and discovered that the one which gave the octave was one-half the heaviest; the one which gave the fifth, two-thirds; and the one which gave the fourth, three-quarters. Returning home, he reflected much on this phenomenon; and eventually found that if he stretched musical strings of equal length, by weights which had the same proportion as those of the hammers, they also produced the same intervals of sound. This gave him an arithmetical measure of the principal musical intervals, and made music an arithmetical subject of speculation.

Now all the observation in this anecdote, as it appears to us here, fails of correctness. As to the hammers, it was plainly untrue; and Mr. Whewell, in supposing the experiment of the strings to have been "perfectly correct," forgot that the sound of a string could never become flatter by increasing the tension. But yet it is not doubted that with Pythagoras originated what to this day remains the groundwork of the theory of musical concords and discords: and the anecdote, with all its mistakes, enables us to ascertain the superior character of investigation by which so much was accomplished.

* Sir Thomas North's translation: for our present purpose, sufficiently faithful.

† Πυθαγόρης Μνησάρχου ιστορίην ἡκισθεν ἀνθρώπων μάλα πάντων. Müller has properly remarked, that *ιστορίην* here, according to the Ionic meaning of the word, is an inquiry founded upon interrogation.

* See Mr. Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences, i., 102.

The mere observer of a fact, would have observed nothing. If in the mind of Pythagoras there had not already lain an exact and facile apprehension of the relations of musical sound, the noise of the anvil would indeed have struck his ears to no more purpose than it did those of the smiths themselves. "He must have had," says Mr. Whewell, "a ready familiarity with numerical ratios; and moreover (that in which, probably, his superiority most consisted), a disposition to connect one notion with the other—the musical relation with the arithmetical, if it were found possible. When the connection was once suggested, it was easy to devise experiments by which it might be confirmed." And this is in all probability our best clue to the extraordinary extent of the physical discoveries of Pythagoras.

The worldly projects with which he connected his philosophy, appear to have been lofty and noble as itself: in their moral aims as perfect. History follows on his great track with wavering and uncertain steps, but so much at least is known. He aimed to bring the government of the world to that harmony which he had discovered to be the essential truth of God in the world's construction.* With this view he projected his famous association, into which politics and religion also entered. The first object proposed seems clearly and exclusively to have been, The Science of Government: the first means to be employed, The Truths of Philosophy. He held, that those who were to govern others, were to qualify themselves for so great a task by contemplating the World, and comprehending the place they filled in it. The term aristocratical, so commonly applied to this design, is only correct in its original sense: as expressing a government of the wisest and best, a national supremacy of the most enlightened minds: nor is it possible to do entire justice to the scheme, without better information than is now accessible as to those loose democracies of the Italian cities it was intended to check and improve. The state and the individual, Pythagoras taught,—and, as far as the imperfect dispositions of humanity allowed, he would have realized an idea so sublime,—ought, each in its way, to reflect the image of that order

and harmony by which he believed the system of the universe to be sustained and regulated. Women he would have elevated in social importance: he lectured to them, taught them, and admitted them within the first, and even second stages of his mysteries.

Among the prominent ornaments of his school were fifteen women; and at their head stood his wife, herself a philosopher. All indeed, women and men, as the first condition of admittance, were bound to have striven to the utmost to cultivate the intellectual faculties they possessed. None but the ablest could procure a settled place in the society; and it is said that Pythagoras was not content with even that qualification, till he had subjected each applicant to the test of his own remarkable skill in physiognomy. His doctrine of "not unto all should all be made known," shaped itself, in the construction of the society, into three classifications of its scholars: the first were called acoustici, or hearers, on whom two preliminary years of silence were imposed; the second were mathematici, or scholars; the third physici, by whom the last secrets of the school had been mastered. The exoteric classes were called Pythagorists; and the esoteric, Pythagoreans. In early Greek writings they will also be found distinguished as Pythagorici, Pythagorei, and Pythagoristæ. The particular form or rites of religion imposed upon them, it is now impossible to describe: for it cannot be too often repeated, that not a single genuine writing of the period of their founder remains; and that such works for example as the *Sacred Discourse*,* are mere forgeries of those Orphic theologers who imitated his manner. Of himself all that is certainly known in that respect is, that, while he firmly believed in the unity of God, and censured Homer and Hesiod for their profane ideas of divinity, he never rashly committed himself to any public crusade against the popular deities of Greece. He knew that the time had not then come. And in this perhaps will be found one of his strongest motives for the profound secrecy to which he bound the followers of his religious ordinances. So far only can we penetrate it, as to learn that these (besides a peculiar form of diet which seems to have been much misrepresented)† included a secret worship; orgies

* One of his later followers attributed to him this pregnant saying: that as life holds together the bodies of animals, the cause whereof is the soul; and as a city is held together by concord, the cause whereof is law; even so the world is held together by harmony, the cause whereof is God.

* *ἱερὸς λόγος.*

† *Abstain from the bean*, it has been surmised by many scholars, signified abstain from Elections to Political Employments.

they are sometimes called; with whose rites were intimately and familiarly connected, pursuits of the sciences of numbers, geometry, music, medicine, gymnastics, and even dancing: and that the aim of such stricter points of faith as were exacted from the members of the society, was for the inculcation of a wise enthusiasm; to hallow the relations in which these proposed reformers of the world should mutually stand; and, by the various action and influence of beliefs in the soul's immortality and migrations, in its purification and final deliverance,* to invest them with those sublimer motives to exertion, which alone, with confidence in themselves, could give them the due power over others.

It is very vain to imagine, that such designs as these could wholly fail, or be as though they had never been. It is the poorest worship of appearances that leads to conclusions of that kind. It may be admitted that the men with whom Pythagoras made his first active attempt in Croton, might have been selected with greater aptitude to the end in view; but though the political part of his endeavours fell certainly short of the realization immediately proposed, it would be folly as well as presumption to conclude, that he is in that respect to be written down as one of those visionary enthusiasts or splendid impostors, the parroted lesson of whose failure is always glibly at hand, to discountenance large and lofty designs. The philosophy of this extraordinary man has borne fruit to modern days: and though the darkness which now envelopes his actual course is wellnigh inscrutable, it has been found, even at this distance of time, that the society he formed never appeared in any state or province of Greece, without effecting, by their precepts and example, a beneficent moral change. This has to do with politics: and opposed as they were, obstructed, and to all appearance crushed, this influence survived.

In a world wherein the withered leaf is not scattered to the wind without its uses, it is impossible to conceive otherwise of the fate of such thoughts. How many of the first men in the after Greek days, had owed their greatness to these speculations as to an unknown nursing mother! In the long and difficult track of philosophic investigation—from Anaxagoras to Plato; from Aristotle and the extraordinary triumphs of the Alexandrian school, to Ro-

ger and Francis Bacon; from Copernicus, Kepler, and Galileo, to Newton and to Herschel—some foot-print of Pythagoras has still been found. Still, in the darkest night that since has fallen upon intellect, the weary and struggling traveller has passed the votive lamp he lighted first, and felt that the star to which it was raised could not have perished out of heaven. For when, to the principle of Thales, the purely physical inquiries from which he evolved much striking truth, there was added that diviner inner virtue perceived by Pythagoras, and which raised speculation above the narrow spheres of thought which belong to earth, we behold the basis or foundation on which their successor, Socrates, raised all the later philosophies: the earliest blaze of that light, which, once kindled, never ceased to burn.*

The first Thinkers of Greece have, to this day, influenced the Thought of the World. They arose at a time when such an effect was to be produced, and they produced it. There was a free soil to receive the seed, and nothing to intercept the harvest. No sacerdotal race existed; no separation of castes; no despotism of such a nature that the free exercise of mind could be obstructed by its means. It is easy to limit their title to admiration by the pride of modern discovery; though not so easy to reconcile what it is certain they knew, with what it is alleged they did not know: but if we admit, that to the more settled results of modern physical inquiry, in mechanics and optics, in chemistry and physiology, they and their successors contributed little that can now be distinctly claimed, we cannot therefore place apart, as without a direct and unvarying influence on these results, all that their ingenuity and subtlety accomplished of invention and connection, of demonstra-

* This remark of Victor Cousin is worth subjoining: "L'école Ionienne et l'école Pythagoricienne ont introduit dans la philosophie Grecque, les deux éléments fondamentaux de toute philosophie, savoir: la physique et la théologie. Voilà donc en Grèce la philosophie en possession des deux idées sur lesquelles elle roule: l'idée du Monde, et celle de Dieu. Les deux termes extrêmes de toute spéculation ainsi donnés, il ne reste plus qu'à trouver leur rapport." *Nouveaux Fragments Philosophiques*. "The Ionian and Pythagorean schools introduced into Greek philosophy the two fundamental elements of all philosophy: that is to say, physics and theology. Then was philosophy in Greece in possession of the two ideas on which she revolves—that of the World, and that of God. The two extreme terms of all speculation thus given, it only remained to discover their relation and affinity."—*The New Philosophical Fragments*.

tion and method; what they originated of geometry and algebra; their invaluable contributions to logic; and the sublime structures of metaphysics and of ethics which they exclusively raised. On the threshold of those vast practical advantages for whose origin both modern and ancient worlds are solely indebted to Socrates, we ought surely not to attempt to do so. So far from that, it should seem clear to us that even here were the beginnings, from which all else was to proceed: and it is certain that we act less wisely, in not at once acknowledging what a source of general truth there lay in the grand simplicity and symmetry of form in which these predecessors of the Great Athenian aimed to cast philosophy, than in troubling ourselves to find out the tendency of that form to produce frequent error. The effort to cope with the poetical cosmogonies and theogonies of the East, is obvious in all this earlier physical inquiry; and, as we follow it first, we are doubtless more impressed as with the dim magnificence of poetry than the sharp scrutiny of reason: but if we reflect upon the habits of the time, and its customary channels of thought, we shall recognize purpose and truth in that also. And more will appear, when we have surveyed, however briefly, the actual methods of these successors to Pythagoras and Thales.

Laying aside severer tests, the imagination finds a deep and enduring truth of its own, in observing the peculiar course of these men. The law of all human movement is revealed in theirs. We see them pressing forward, driven back; widening the circle of their labours, and though again repulsed, still struggling on; ever making towards a common centre; when foiled by too limited aims, again endeavouring; and with each separate effort gaining something. We behold Thought circuitous and changing, Truth progressive and continuing. We find a leader of discovery, a creator, an originator, such as Pythagoras or Thales, travelling thousands of years beyond the confines of his age; and an accomplished disciple, guided by the far-seen brilliancy of the light his masters had set up, investigating things which had escaped their more excited vision, and giving gradual solidity to an intellectual structure which had early sprung too high for its foundation. We see, through and above all, the grander building to which all belongs, advancing still: strengthened even by the spirit of antagonism and hostility with which its different schools

plant their support upon its different sides. And it is thus, we then acknowledge, that these labourers in philosophy have been able to contribute their share to the great general work: and—by the benefits each conferred upon the others' age, by the common object which sanctified their universal effort, and by the continuing movement of the Progress which they originated—have been ever tending to harmonize all intellectual endeavour; to associate the past and the present in an inseparable bond with the future; and to hold out the constant and elevating hope that there may still be one day realized, to every commonest corner of the World in which we live, the purest form of a thought which haunted the dreams of the philosopher of Ephesus—*Here too are Gods.*

For HERACLITUS, alas, it existed in no shape of encouragement or hope: it was to depress, and not to elevate, his friends, that, as they passed his house on their way from the public temples, he invited them to enter and find gods also there. He could never ascend beyond the feeling of a mere semblance in the life of man, nor in the mind discern anything but the seat of that delusion. For, he said, the descent of the intellectual energy from the fiery heaven, the seat of the gods, to earth, where men, in limited motion, suffer need, is the beginning of man's life, but the death of the divine. Wherefore must life be suffering at the best: a grievous calamity: a birth unto death. It was notwithstanding, in this very tendency of his gloomy reasoning to find every cause of the imperfection of the human soul in its union with the earthly body, that he hit upon those great directions of thought which enlarged the sphere of his more immediate predecessors in what is called the Ionian school, of which Thales had been the founder: and made wise and beneficial approaches, though from a principle the very opposite, to a school that had started in Elea—a department of that province of Lower Italy, called by the Romans Velia, in which the Pythagorean effort had been most active and conspicuous.

Our sense of the influence of Pythagoras cannot indeed be excluded from the profounder notions of HÉRACLITUS respecting the harmony of the world. The order of nature he held to be in all things a kind of momentary counterpoise of conflicting impulses, which he illustrated by the tension of the bow and the lyre. His great endeavour, as contrasted with his predecessors, was to reconcile the constant flux

of all sensible objects—(what Plato calls the *becoming**)—with the permanency of a single intelligible substance. He held, as the starting-point of his whole system of natural philosophy, that every earthly thing was in perpetual motion; that nothing has any stable or permanent existence; that everything is assuming a new form and perishing. "We step into the same river," he said, "and we do not step into it." That is, in the instant the water is changed. "We are, and we are not."† In other words, no point in our existence remains fixed. Every sensible object appeared to him, not as anything positive or individual, but merely another form of something else. "Fire lives the death of the earth; air lives the death of fire; water lives the death of air; and the earth that of water." That is, what seem to be separate and distinct things, are merely different forms of a universal substance, which mutually destroy each other. This he carried even into the relations of men and gods; holding, that "our life is their

death; their life is our death;" whereby he would express the thought that men were gods who had died, and that gods were men raised to life. For, though, in common with his philosophical associates generally, he could not but despise and do his best to undermine the forms of the popular religion: though, rejecting its ceremonial utterly, he said of his countrymen, that "they worshipped images just as if any one were to converse with houses;"—yet the belief that the primitive beings of the world were both spiritual powers and material substances, found a certain sanction in his thought that the original matter of the world was the source of life.

With this we arrive at the single substance by which he would have reconciled and explained the constant flux of all sensible objects. That ground of all things; that which unites him with the Ionian school in assigning some one physical source to all phenomena; was fire. Much that was figurative, as with all the school, lay in his use of the term. For example, the soul of man was a portion of this fire, or in other words, force of life; not flame, which he held to be the excess of fire; but a warm dry vapour, a clear bright fluid, a species of air. In conformity, however, with the usage of his philosophical predecessors of Ionia, he saw, in this fire (as contrasted with that mere sensible fire we have seen him class with the other elements), a living energy which produced from out of itself all the mundane phenomena; was the ground of all outward appearances; and was in them all. "The unchanging order of all things," he said, "was made neither by God nor man; and it was, and is, and ever shall be, an ever-living fire, in due measure self-kindled, and in due measure self-extinguished." This due measure seems to have been in its origin, Pythagorean. He explained the phenomena of nature by the concurrence of opposite tendencies and efforts in the motion of the ever-living fire, from which, he said, there flowed the most beautiful harmony. "All," he urged, "was thus composed of opposites, so that the same was alike good and evil, living and dead, waking and sleeping, young and old." It was because he saw in the strife of opposite tendencies the parent of all things, that he reproached Homer for his wish that the quarrel of the gods might cease for ever: in such case, he said, all would go to decay, since there could not be harmony without high and low, and, without

* τὸ γίνεσθαι.

† It may be well, once for all, to warn the reader uninstructed in the course of philosophical inquiry (and it is for him that these articles are submitted in this form, though their popular application is earnestly suggested to every student of history), that the feeling of contempt for any of those processes or results of thought recorded here which he may not immediately understand, will for the most part be found to have been hasty and ill-judged. Supposing Heraclitus had proceeded to tell him that his most intimate friend—whom he had seen and spoken with a week before, and who, on again presenting himself for welcome and recognition, retains every peculiarity of body and of mind that had made him loved or esteemed—whose features and complexion, whose voice, whose gait and mode of gesture and action, he would be ready to affirm on oath as the very proof of personality and identity;—supposing, we say, that Heraclitus had proceeded to tell him that this friend, within those few days, had changed every particle of his solid fabric, and was no more the friend of a week ago, so far as his body was concerned, than any stranger utterly unknown to him, and never remotely seen:—with what feeling, presuming him to be ignorant of the fact that physiology has established nothing so firmly as this, would he have listened to it! Matters of refined speculation are never to be determined off hand. When Dr. Johnson inflicted all that pain upon himself which Boswell records, in order that he might at once conclusively settle the theory of Bishop Berkeley, it was a great pity that he did so, for he settled nothing. "Why, sir, I refute it thus," he exclaimed, driving his foot with great force against a stone. But why refute what Berkeley never asserted? It was not the sensation of solidity the philosopher denied, nor indeed any of those sensations or ideas which are expressed in sensible qualities: what he denied was, the existence of that matter, that inert senseless substance, in which they are supposed to reside.

male and female, no living-thing. And it was in the same spirit he found at last, in the motions of this fire, which thus made of the universe one ensouled being, what he held to be the type of everything rational in man himself.

There he stood upon the point of a great advance, which yet he did not himself completely master. The distinction between the objective and subjective (between a law operating in the universe, and the corresponding apprehension of that law by reason), on the very verge of which he stood, still always failed to rise clearly and palpably before him. It is even touching to find to what greater results his last principle would have guided him, could his temperament have laid aside its gloom. The idea that the universal life was mirrored in the human soul, so great a means of lofty aspiring when it fell upon the mind of Plato, was with him but the disheartening motive to dissuade intellectual exertions: for that, as such a depth lay in the soul, none could hope to fathom it; so profound its mystery, although he should try it in every direction, none could explore it. Disastrous tendencies to melancholy and contempt, cut short his finest reasonings of the end they should have aimed at. When he found, by moral analogy with his notion of the world's harmony with opposites, that it was not always for man's welfare that his wishes should be fulfilled; that sickness makes health pleasant and good, as hunger does its gratifications, and labour rest: it was merely to raise upon it the lesson that man should on the whole be satisfied with brute contentment, even in evil. When he found that there were other worlds of cognition beyond those of the sense, it was not to build in them, as Plato, ladders for approach to heaven, but by their means to cut from beneath the hopes of men, the support that sustained them on earth. "What we see waking is death," he said: "and what we see sleeping is sleep; and bad witnesses are the eyes and ears of men, who have but an uninformed and imperfect soul." One might sum up, indeed, his whole contemptuous rejection of any ultimate end or purpose that man could look to or hope to attain, in the magnificent figure attributed to him by Diogenes Laertius, that to Make Worlds was the Pastime of Jove.

But yet, by the mere method of his reasoning, Heraclitus is a step in advance of his associates of Ionia. Diogenes of Apollonia, one of the later members of the

school, and who went to live at Athens in the administration of Pericles, is generally referred to as having brought to perfection the theory of a dynamical force as the ground of creation. In Thales, it had been purely physical: a mere vital energy.

In ANAXIMENES OF MILETUS (who lived while the Eleatic Effort was in progress), by sudden analogy with the highest condition of life within his observation, the human soul, it became air: in which he found the principle of all things. On this he supposed that the earth, broad-shaped like a leaf, was swayed and supported; giving forth as its two great laws, condensation and rarefaction, contraction and expansion; and expressing himself thus, in forcible Ionian prose; "The primeval substance of all things must be air; for all is produced from it, and is again resolved into it: and in the same way as our soul, which is air, rules us; so, too, air and vapour holds within its compass the entire world." In DIOGENES OF APOLLONIA, it first became grandly associated with Reason: as a principle of design and knowledge, as well as a vital energy. Following in the steps of Anaximenes, he seems to have been unable to reconcile that notion as of the life of the primary soul, with the form of a merely physical development. It struck him, as he reasoned on the theory, that it must be intellectual. How else, but by intelligence and design, could all have been arranged in this beautiful order? And where seek for the source of that intelligence, if not in the primary being which is the origin of that order? "For without reason," he said in his treatise,* "it would be impossible for all to be arranged so duly and proportionately as that all should maintain its fitting measure: winter and summer, night and day, the rain, the wind, and fair weather, and whatever object we consider, will be found to have been ordered in the best and most beautiful manner possible. But," he continued, "that which has knowledge is what men call air; it is that which regulates and governs all: and hence is the use of air to pervade all, and to dispose all, and to be in all: for there is nothing that has not part in it." Further than this, however, plain as the course would seem to be within view of which it placed him, Diogenes was unable to advance. He could not escape the trammels of his school. This rational and animated principle of air remained with him a mere dy-

* περί φύσεως.

namical force. He still looked upon it—cause of all as it was, rational source of even intellectual phenomena—as a something corporeal; a living intelligent substance: and failed to grasp the distinction between mind and matter. Now further than this, Heraclitus had already gone.

Disregarding utterly the hypothesis on which all these Ionians proceed to discover the original phenomena of nature—namely, that of the real and independent existence of individual things—the Philosopher of Ephesus had gone straight to seize, and, if possible, rightly to apprehend the notion of the supreme and perfect force of life; the principle of intellectual and physical being; which, in all phenomena alike, he held to be revealed and made manifest. This was the single intelligible substance, which, in the constant flux and becoming of all else, remained permanent and The Same. This was what he referred to when he said, there was but one thing wise—to understand the reason which guided all and each: in which the important truth was included, that the ultimate principles of science derive their validity from their universality. Finally this, when Anaxagoras had engrafted on it his mastery in the doctrines of what may be called the mechanical school of Ionia, resulted in the grand idea of Mind or Intellect,* as the moving force of all things.

The mechanical school had now for a long period existed, contemporaneously with the method of Thales. Its groundwork of an outward moving force, as contrasted with the inward and all-producing energy of the dynamical school, originated with ANAXIMANDER: whose name is associated with great mechanical deeds and inventions in antique tradition. He lived and thought, like Thales and Anaximenes, at Miletus: may be supposed to have been contemporary with Pythagoras and the age of Thales: and is said to have made the first geographical map known to the world (that is, a sphere, on which the extent of land and water was shown); to have invented the gnomon and sun-dial, or at least declared its uses; and to have commonly calculated sizes and distances in the heavenly bodies. Pliny ascribes to him the discovery, no doubt by means of this gnomon, that the circle of the signs, in which the sun moves among the stars, is obliquely situated with regard to the circles in which the stars move about the poles;

which, he adds, “opened the gate of nature.” It is certain that he who thus pointed out this obliquity of the ecliptic, and had ascertained with tolerable clearness the nature of the sun’s path in the celestial sphere, made the first great step in astronomy: but Plutarch distinctly attributes it to Pythagoras. It is less disputed that Anaximander paid attention to meteorology as a science; and had just notions of the cause of the winds, as derived from the local rarefaction of the atmosphere by heat. He is also, as already remarked, the leader of a new section in the school of Ionia. In all the Ionian philosophy to which reference has been made hitherto, nature is taken as a living force; a single elementary substance; and its successive changes as so many spontaneous developments of life: Anaximander, on the other hand, accounted for all appearances in the world by certain changes in the outer relations of space. Generation, he taught, was apparent, not real: there was no real alteration of qualities or forms in nature: what seemed to be so, was the result of the various combinations into which material elements of originally distinct qualities and forms mutually enter. His whole philosophy was thus grounded on the notion of certain permanent material elements; numberless small particles of matter, varying in kind and in shape, of which the world was composed; and which changed place in obedience to motion, either originally inherent, or extrinsically impressed. Following the example of Pherecydes of Scyros, he wrote down his opinions; and in his little work upon nature,* first used the Greek word ἀρχή to express the principle of all things: which he has called the infinite:† by which, according to Aristotle, he is supposed to have understood a mixture of multifarious elementary parts, out of which individual things issued by separation; as, in the ancient myths of chaos, The All was evolved into life. Now this primary substance with him was infinite, because of the infinite variety of evolutions of the world which had their ground in it; it was infinite, to suffice for the limitless variety of produced things with which we are encompassed: but yet it was at the same time a unity, immortal and imperishable; not a mere multiplicity of primary material elements; but an ever-acting and producing energy. “Anaximander,” observes

* περί φύσεως: a title adopted by Diogenes of Apollonia, and other philosophers.

† τὸ ἀπείρον.

* ποῦς.

Ritter, "derived his production of individual things by or from an eternal motion of the infinite: not life, not production, in any other sense than motion: by which the primary elements of the infinite separate themselves from one another."

It is extremely important, let us here remark, to understand what Anaximander so strongly seems to have felt as to the unity of this primary element or being; implying of course a thereby posited interdependence of the parts. The unity of the infinite pervades all his reasoning; though it never fails also to comprise within it the multiplicity of elements out of which things are composed, and which only need to be divided in order to their appearing as separate phenomena of nature. A great temporary check, as well as a great advance, given to Philosophy, sprang directly from it. When the atomists and sophists took up that mechanical theory of the universe, they rejected the unity or oneness of the whole, and converted it into a naked material philosophy: when Anaxagoras worked upon it, he carefully preserved the great idea of the unity, and only checked his belief at a point which checked his aspiration,—the idea of spontaneous activity, of a mere unaccounted-for energy of motion. In place of this he resorted to the grander method of Heraclitus, concerning the constant flux of things; combined with it some results of the Eleatic doctrine of eternal existence; and conceived the thought, which lifted him above all his contemporaries, of the moving force of Intellect or Reason. By that he would have ruled all things: on the one hand rejecting Chance, as unworthy of resort where the real cause might possibly be discovered: on the other, disregarding Fate, which he called a mere empty name.

It is one of the disgraces of the Athenian people, only second to the death of Socrates, that though ANAXAGORAS OF CLAZOMENÆ lived among them in the age of Pericles (whose forcible and sublime spirit of oratory is said by Plato to have had its origin in his teaching), he lived in the extremity of poverty, and died neglected and an exile. There is a splendid reference, indeed, in Lucian's Dialogues, of the preservation of his life to this exile, brought about by the persuasions of Pericles. The great wit supposes the greatest of the gods endeavouring to crush Anaxagoras to pieces, but missing him because Pericles turns aside the thunderbolt, which burns a neighbouring temple, and is nearly broken to pieces against a rock. But Plutarch

accuses even Pericles of neglecting the philosopher; in an anecdote worth recording, if only as a popular legend. Having said that to devote himself entirely to the contemplation of Good, and the discovery of the secrets of his own nature, Anaxagoras had set aside wealth and common benefits of the world as things beneath his regard, he subjoins: "Pericles being occupied about matters of state at that time, having no leisure to think upon Anaxagoras, he, seeing himself old and forsaken of the world, laid him down, and covered his head close, determining to starve himself to death with hunger. Pericles understanding this, ran presently to him as a man half cast away, and prayed him as earnestly as he could that he would dispose himself to live, being not only sorry for him, but for himself also, that he should lose so skilful and wise a councillor in matters of state and government. Then Anaxagoras showed his face, and told him, 'O Pericles, those that will see by the light of a lamp, must put oil in it, to make the light burn.'"

It is notwithstanding very certain, that soon after this he was arraigned, upon the old accusation against inquirers into nature, of sacrilege to the gods. He would have given moral expositions of the myths of Homer, and allegorical explanations of the names of the deities; he would have taught that miraculous indications at sacrifices were the mere ordinary appearances of nature: when charges of impiety,—originating, it is probable, in the habitual dislike of that active race of Athenians for "physiologers" and "meteorosophers" in general, and persevered in by the faction hostile to Pericles and all whom he supported,—were set up and pursued against him; and to avoid the cup of poison, he was driven into banishment at Lampsacus. When it was here announced to him that the Areopagus had in his absence sentenced his sons to death, he merely said: "Nature has long ago pronounced the same sentence against both them and me. I knew very well that I had begotten them mortal." Cicero has preserved another of his answers to those who asked him on his deathbed whether he should choose his body to be carried from his place of exile to Clazomenæ, his country. "No," he said, "there is no occasion for that: all places are at an equal distance from the world to which I am going." So, a few days later, when the senate desired to

know in what manner he would wish them to do honour to his memory, he directed them merely to "let the day of his death be annually kept as a holiday, by the boys in the schools of Lampsacus."

That calm temper pervaded the whole philosophy of Anaxagoras: of the general character and result of which it will be enough to repeat, that he was the first of the great school of Ionia who conceived a primary active principle of Pure Intelligence, existing separately from, but operating upon, Matter, to the arrangement of all things. The notion on which he raised the entire structure of his philosophy rejected the idea of absolute creation, as Anaximander had done, and began with the admission of the existence of chaotic matter; the constituent seeds or elements of which, always united and identical, were incapable of being decomposed. "The Greeks," he said, "were mistaken in their notion of creation and destruction: for nothing is either created or destroyed; but it is only produced by existing things from mixture, or it is dissolved by separation. They should therefore call creation a conjunction, and destruction a dissolution." This idea of primary seeds was, like that of Anaximander, a doctrine of unchangeable and imperishable atoms; but, with Anaxagoras, limited in number, mixed and united in different ways in bodies, and controlled by Intelligence. Unable, from the want of chemical knowledge, to determine the component parts of bodies, he supposed each separate body, in every case, to consist of corresponding particles. These were his *Homoioimeriæ*:* setting forth the opinion that material things consisted of particles which were homogeneous in each kind of body, but various in different kinds: that since by food, for example, the flesh and blood and bones of man increase, there are, in food, particles of flesh and blood and bone; and in like manner, that all things contained a portion of all other things, and that the particular form of each body depended on the preponderating ingredient. In none of these bodies, however, would he recognize more than matter. He broke through the bonds that so enchained Diogenes of Apollonia, and, looking beyond the material world for a principle of life and motion, established the great principle of his philosophy.

In the mind of Anaxagoras first arose the clear and important distinction, be-

tween the Motionless Mass of primary seeds, unalterable in eternal properties and relations, and that action of Pure Intellect which should give to all their appointed motion, beauty, and order. "Mind is infinite," he taught, "and rules by its own power; and is mixed up with naught, but is alone in and for itself: for if it were not alone by itself, but mixed up with any other, it would participate in the nature of all things." It was the tendency of his teaching, in all its theories, to extend the sphere of mind; whose presence he recognized, not in men alone, but in brutes and even plants. In his view, plants were animated beings, rooted into the earth; endued with desire, a sense of pleasure and pain, and even with mind and knowledge. It resulted from his theory, on the other hand, that the degree of power and activity of mind, in connection with body, was almost exclusively dependent on the body with which it was connected. He explained sleep to be an action of body on the mind. He accounted for the intellectual activity of the living being, by the mechanical construction of its body. Although irrational animals, he would argue, were in some points more advantageously framed than man; still, from the mere possession of hands, he had become the most rational of all: and thence, by means of memory and experience, wisdom and art, was enabled to avail himself of the services of other animals. The individual mind was with him, in short, a force dependent on the bodily organization: while, at the same time, he never lost sight of the great fundamental basis of his philosophy,—that reason or intelligence, once assuming its degree or force of action in the body, was the only faculty by which we can become cognisant of truth.

For he detected the imperfection of the senses. The great idea of distinguishing between the senses and the reason had already, as we shall hereafter find, been started by Xenophanes, the founder of that Eleatic school of which mention has been made: by Anaxagoras it was better developed, and with nobler uses. He looked upon the senses as at all times too weak to discover the real component particles of things. As one of many illustrations of this he argued: if we take two coloured liquids, black and white, and pour one into the other, drop by drop, the eye will be incapable of discerning the gradual change of colour which is actually going on in nature. When he said that "things

* *ἁμοιομερίαι*.

are to each according as they seem to him," he spoke of things as sensuously presented: just as, when he asserted that "snow was not white but black," he spoke of things as known by the reflex reason. On these points his mind was admirably balanced. He saw that certain degree of truth in the sensuous apprehension of objects, which enabled him to recognize, in appearances, a standard for cognition of the non-apparent. Accordingly, some of his physical researches present matter of curious conjecture. He held that there had been great periods in the past development of the world, and that others would follow: alternate preponderances of fire and water would shake the system. "The hills of Lampsacus will one day become sea, if time should not sooner fail"—was a prophecy of his; in which, by the failure of time he intended the ruin of the earth, which he anticipated by the agency of fire: while the human soul, he said, should survive beyond all—imperishable, indestructible.

Mathematics and the kindred sciences were cherished pursuits of Anaxagoras: among whose various works, of which only the tradition has survived, was one on the Perspective of the Theatre. He had, like Pythagoras, visions of the great theory of gravitation; and, like him, or, more probably, stimulated and taught by what remained of his doctrines, presents another proof of that little less than divine intuition which could strike out such grand conceptions of the leading analogies of the natural world, that the most exact inquirers, aided by the most extraordinary inventions of long-succeeding ages, have only served to mount up to them by patient and elaborate demonstration. Among other views, he maintained that the heavens are kept in their place by the rapidity of their revolution, and would fall down if that rapidity were to cease. The reader needs not be reminded how strongly his *Homoioomeriæ* pointed to the great idea of Chemical Analysis. When he was thrown into prison at Athens, he occupied the time before his trial in writing on the square of the circle. His geometrical researches were extensive, and ardently pursued. In all these matters, he contrasts strangely with his predecessor of Ephesus. With an obstinacy which suggested Aristotle's idea of a race of men with whom their own opinions would always be as valid as science itself, Heraclitus had maintained that the sun and moon were mere meteors; that the

sun could not exceed twelve inches in size; and that, in obedience to that directing power of the continual motion which was the groundwork of his system—the Fate* which "guided the way upwards and downwards"—it was daily destroyed and daily renewed; daily rekindled and extinguished. "It could not go beyond its appointed measure; for, if it did, then would the Erynnæ, handmaidens of justice, find it out." Anaxagoras, on the contrary, while he shocked the Greek belief in their bountiful god Helios, who shone alike on mortals and immortals, by asserting the sun to be a mass of red-hot iron,†—yet held many just notions of both sun and moon, particularly of the latter; explained solar and lunar eclipses; speculated rationally on the cause of the winds and of the rainbow, and (Sir John Herschel may be quoted here) "less absurdly on earthquakes than many modern geologists have done;" and taught that the moon shone by reflected light, which he justly inferred from her phases, and regarded as the reason why the light was faint, and unaccompanied by sensible heat. It is even attributed to him that he asserted absolute coldness to be a property of the moon's rays; a chimerical notion at first sight; yet modern discoveries have shown a real connection between clearness of the atmosphere (accompanied of course with a greater brightness of the moon), and the cold produced by the radiation of heat from the earth's surface at night, which is impeded by the presence of clouds.

In other points this excellent philosopher, this profound and cautious thinker, (as he is well named by Aristotle), had more distinctly anticipated modern science: even to the revelations of the telescope. He supposed, as after him Democritus, the dark spots in the moon to be occasioned by the shadows of inequalities in its surface.

The moon, whose orb
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolè
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe:

yielded the same fruit to the observation of Anaxagoras. It was one of his beliefs that, like the earth, she had plains, mountains, valleys, and habitations; evidently for rational beings. And from this he seems to have gone to another notion, which might also find a home in the

* *εἰσπρίσσειν*.† *πυρρὰς δίδρασκος*.

thoughtful speculations of modern days, that life was probably enjoyed in greater perfection by the rational inhabitants of the other mundane bodies than of those occupying earth.

In fine, it must always be said of this famous man, that his attention was alive to Nature, and his mind open to just reasoning on its phenomena. Could he, more freely than he did, have escaped the trammels of the school in which he was involved, and which, enlarge its method of inquiry as he would, was still too exclusively fixed on the laws of outward existence to grasp the more essential and abiding truths of Reason and of Being,—he would have been entitled to remembrance with the greatest names of antiquity. The last words he uttered are a memorable and affecting evidence of what he himself felt of those hard limits that had restrained his pursuit of truth, when, at the close of a long and laborious life, exclusively devoted to knowledge, his mind, involved in darkness and uncertainty, saw that the Universal Intelligence, overlooking the infinite mixtures of all seeds, equally knew what is, what was, and what shall be. Contrasting, then, the Infinite to be known with the Little he had attained—*Nothing can be known*, he said. *Nothing can be learned. Nothing can be certain. Sense is limited. Intellect is weak. Life is short.*

ARCHELAUS, a pupil, succeeded Anaxagoras: and in him the Ionian system of philosophic inquiry found its last teacher. It had done all it was fitted to accomplish. It had conducted investigation to a point from which the view beyond was so far-reaching and sublime, that its own incapacity to conduct inquiry further stood suddenly confessed. The Temple of Mind, upon whose vast threshold Anaxagoras placed his successors—the service of the Great Being that filled it—demanded other priests. It was a want that had indeed been felt before Anaxagoras, and had discovered itself in what has been already named as the Eleatic School.

With this School is directly connected the publication of the great ATOMIC DOCTRINE—the most definite, it may perhaps be allowed, of all the physical doctrines of the ancients applied to actual phenomena: as some balance to its evil qualities, the suggester, through a long series of ages, of a habit of really physical observation and inquiry: and the subject of respectful disquisition by Lord Bacon. From the Atomists, then sprang up the

Athenian Sophists; men whose exact career and influence are, of all the problems of antiquity, perhaps the most interesting and the most important. In discussing it, the practice of regarding these men apart from the forms of opinion which had plainly given birth to the sophistical effort, has not tended to its satisfactory solution. Following to some extent the course of Dr. Ritter, it is our intention to bring the Sophists into view in their double relation to their great predecessors of the Eleatic School, and to their greater enemy and ultimate destroyer—SOCRATES.

ART. V.—*Reisen in Europe, Asien, und Afrika.* (Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa, with a particular View to the natural Characteristics of each Country.) By JOSEPH RUSSEGER. Stuttgart. 1842.

WHEN Mehemet Ali had in a great measure exhausted the resources of Egypt and Syria,—countries from which under a wise and paternal government, it would be difficult to say what resources might not be looked for,—he was seized, with a belief that the quickest way to acquire new treasures would be to dig into the earth for them, and his oriental imagination pictured to him the boundless wealth of which he might possess himself by the fortunate discovery of a gold mine, or of some noble stratum of diamonds, hidden from all human eyes but those of the lucky pasha predestined to possess them.

A less enlightened Turk, haunted by a fixed idea of the sort, would probably have had recourse to dervises and talismans, to sorcerers and mystic charms, to aid him in the interesting search. Mehemet Ali, on the contrary, felt that the "beautiful simplicity" of the conjuror's wand was hardly likely to show him the most expeditious route to the discovery of the new Golconda which floated in beatic vision before his waking meditations: at all events, he was wise enough to feel that he might look a long time in the streets of Cairo without finding the precise conjuror he was in search of; and in his embarrassment he determined to apply to his friend, Prince Metternich, who, he naturally thought, might be supposed to have at all times a goodly host of cunning men in his pay.

The old pasha had already declared him-

self the sole lord of the soil throughout the wide extent of his dominions. He had converted the whole land of Egypt, formerly parcelled out into a number of small possessions, into one vast farm to be cultivated for his exclusive benefit. The *fellah*, once a freeholder, had become *glebe adscriptus*, and by thus lowering the station of the husbandman, the pasha had hoped to make a better farmer of him, and to make the land more productive. Even the lands of the mosques had been declared public property, and their revenues had passed into the viceregal treasury. Nor was this all. Not content to monopolize agriculture, the wily old Turk had resolved to monopolize commerce also, in the fond hope that by so doing he should secure to himself all the profits which under a system of free trade would have found their way into the coffers of a host of merchants.

Yet with all his monopolies, Mehemet found it impossible to bring together as much money as he was willing to spend upon his ships and soldiers. He could not bring his expenses within the bounds of his income, and the only thing left for him was to try and extend his income till he brought it up to the point of his expenditure, and as far beyond that as his good genius might allow him to go. To his friend Metternich, accordingly, he applied for the loan of his conjuror, and Metternich, without more ado, agreed to let him have one. As the pasha's wish was to find out gold-mines, and to get gold out of those that he had already, Metternich, reasonably enough, thought that the best sort of conjuror to send to Egypt would be one who had some practical knowledge of mines, and, accordingly, the author of the work now before us was selected for the mission.

M. Russegger had for several years been attached to the mines of Gastein, which belonged to the Austrian government, when in 1834 Mehemet Ali applied for assistance in his mineralogical researches. Russegger was selected as the chief of the expedition, which was ordered to direct its attention to other departments of science, besides those from which the viceroy of Egypt looked for an immediate profit. The departure of the expedition was delayed by various causes. In 1834, by the breaking out of the cholera in Egypt, and in 1835, by the plague, which in that year raged fearfully. In December, 1835, however, all preliminary arrangements had been concluded, among which

not the least important seems to have been the guarantee of a banker at Trieste, that the gentlemen of the expedition should receive their pay regularly, and that all necessary accommodations should be constantly provided them. Ressegger had scarcely been twenty-four hours in Cairo, before he felt the propriety of this precaution. Metternich knew the Levantine character too well to rely on the fulfilment, in Egypt, of any promise, for which he did not hold a tangible security at Trieste.

On the 10th of January, 1836, Russegger embarked with his companions at Trieste for Alexandria, with the determination of taking Athens in his way, apparently for the purpose of conferring with the distinguished orientalist, Von Prokesch, who at that time resided as Austrian ambassador at the court of king Otho. When the Austrian mineralogist arrived at Cairo, the pasha had not yet determined in what direction he should send the wise man, who shows, in the work before us, that he knew how to turn his involuntary leisure to the best account. He made himself acquainted with many new and interesting facts relating to the government and natural resources of Egypt, without neglecting to see the usual lions of the place, and undertook even an excursion into the Libyan desert, to visit the celebrated Natron Lakes. In due time old Mehemet resolved that the Austrian mineralogist should make Syria the field of his first investigations. Russegger accordingly proceeded to Beirout, and thence to the northern provinces. He made a short stay at Antioch and Aleppo; then went by sea to Tharsus; and thence to Gulek among the mountains of the Taurus, where the mining operations of the expedition may be said to have commenced. These, however, did not so entirely engross the attention of Russegger, as not to leave him time for sundry excursions into the pashalics of Adana and Marasch. In autumn, 1836, he left Gulek and returned to Egypt, after inspecting the collieries and ironworks of the Lebanon. These movements have furnished materials for the first volume, which is all that M. Russegger has as yet thought proper to publish.

Early in 1837 he commenced his journey into the interior of Africa. He ascended the Nile, and visited on his way the classical monuments of Thebes, Dendara, &c. At Korosko he quitted the river, and traversed the great Nubian desert. At El Mekheir, the capital of the Berber land, he again embarked on the Nile, and con-

tinued to ascend the river till he arrived at Khartoom in 16° N. lat., the point where the Blue and White Rivers join to form the Royal stream, that thence flows in uninterrupted majesty to the Mediterranean, without standing indebted to a single tributary on its way. Khartoom was selected by our traveller as his headquarters. Thence it was he undertook his various gold-hunting expeditions, in the course of which he acquired a great deal of highly interesting knowledge of that part of the interior of Africa, though he did not succeed in discovering for his employer those mines of gold by the aid of which armies were to have been maintained, and fleets created; that were to change the face of the political world, and to make the modern Pharaoh arbiter of nations. Russegger ascended the White River as far as the country of the Shilluk negroes; went overland to Obeid, the capital of Kordofan; traversed the whole country of the Nubas; and after visiting Shaboon, their capital, returned through Kordofan to Khartoom. The equinoctial rains compelled him to remain at Khartoom till October, and during this time, one half of his European companions died of fevers brought on by the climate. Early in October he started again in another direction. He went up the Blue River to Sennaar, and crossed the country to Roserea, where a small army was drawn together for the purpose of escorting him to the gold-works of the negroes, situated far beyond the confines of the pasha's territories. "The campaign," as he himself calls this excursion, was opened early in 1838. The mineralogist with his military "accompaniment" marched through Fazoklo, Kassan, Kamamyl, and Shongollo, to the river Pulkhidia, on the borders of the Galla country; when Mehemet Ali beginning to suspect that he was not likely to obtain any tangible return from the travels of his Austrian man of science, Russegger was recalled to Alexandria, where he arrived towards the end of July, 1838. These travels into the interior of Africa are to afford materials for the second volume, which is likely to form the most interesting portion of the series.

The Turk, tired of his toy, and indifferent to scientific researches that brought no convertible metal into his treasury, was resolved to dismiss what he looked upon as an unsuccessful expedition, and Russegger returned to Syria to send away the miners whom he had left at work in the Taurus. He had ceased to be an object

of deference or solicitude to Mehemet Ali. He was not now to be escorted by a guard of honour, nor were ships of war to be placed at his command, to convey him whither he listed. He started with one negro and four Bedouins as his only companions, and passing through the desert of Suez, arrived at Mount Sinai, where he made a stay of some length. Then, plunging again into the desert, and passing by Hebron, he arrived in Palestine; embarked at Beirout once more for Egypt; then visited Constantinople and Smyrna; and closed his oriental wanderings in the quarantine of Syria, at which point he also intends to close the third volume of his Travels.

The fourth volume will comprise his Travels through Europe, in which quarter of the world he seems to have visited almost every mine of importance. He examined Greece in every direction, at the request of king Otho. After leaving Greece, we are not aware whether Russegger performed the remainder of his travels at his own expense or that of the Austrian government, but the latter appears the most probable, from some expressions that occur in the dedication of the book to the emperor Ferdinand. From Greece our traveller went to Italy; examined Naples and Sicily minutely; and, after spending some time in Tuscany and the Milanese, returned to Germany. Switzerland, Würtemberg, and the Prussian provinces on the Rhine, next became the objects of his attention. He spent some time among the collieries near Aix-la-Chapelle; then went to Liege and Brussels; spent some time in France; visited England and Scotland, and embarked at Edinburgh for Hamburg. He next proceeded through Denmark to Norway, examined all the mining districts, and visited the English copper-works at Kaafyord. From Hammerfest he returned to Drontheim; and after visiting all the most celebrated mines of Sweden, he explored the Harz mountains, and the mines of Saxony and Bohemia, and returned to Vienna on the 21st of February, 1841, after an absence of five years and three months. The fourth volume comprising his European investigations, will conclude the work, which will present an account of a mineralogical journey, unequalled probably in extent and importance.

The work is divided into chapters, of which one half are devoted to what may be called the personal narrative, while the other half comprises all the scientific

facts which our author has been able to collect. These chapters follow alternately. Thus, the first chapter is devoted to his first residence in Egypt, and the second to a review of the scientific harvest which he was able to collect there during that residence; his third chapter tells us of his first residence in Syria, and in his fourth chapter he enlarges on the climate, the geology, and the physical peculiarities of that province. As a mere narrator, he is dull, sometimes intolerably so, but his scientific chapters lighten the work. His own adventures, at least so far as the first volume goes, are insignificant, and might have been told even with greater brevity than they are; but when he comes to his scientific chapter he is clearly at home, his work becomes a work of love, and the merest tyro in science will not only be instructed by so skilled a teacher, but will be delighted to find himself in the society of so agreeable a travelling companion. Not, therefore, to detain our readers with details that have been much more amusingly told by preceding travellers, we shall skip the whole personal narrative of the first volume, and come at once to our author's remarks on the climate of Egypt, and on the social condition of her inhabitants: subjects which he has evidently studied with attention, and on which his opinions are entitled to respect even from those to whom they may not always carry conviction.

In tropical countries, there is, properly speaking, but one season; namely summer. The only distinction is between the rainy and the dry part of the summer. As we proceed up the Nile, however, we arrive in a region where it scarcely rains at all from January to December. This region extends from the thirtieth to the eighteenth degree of latitude, comprising the whole of Central and Upper Egypt, and a large portion of Nubia. Within these parallels of latitude it is that the great sandy deserts of Africa are included. Southward of the 18th degree, we come again to a country subject to tropical rains, and there the desert ends. The interior spreads out in wide verdant savannahs, while the rivers are edged on both sides with lands of luxuriant fertility. It seldom rains in Egypt farther to the south than Cairo; but in this respect the climate must have undergone a great modification, for among the Lybian mountains may be traced the dry beds of what must once have been mighty torrents, and these

could scarcely have been formed without rain.

We have spoken of Egypt as a tropical country, and to such a denomination its climate well entitles it, though situated without the tropics. During the month of April, the period of our author's first visit to Cairo, the thermometer in the shade often rose above 32° of Reaumur (104° of Fahrenheit), and never fell below 14° of Reaumur or 63° of Fahrenheit. During this period only one day is marked in his meteorological tables as rainy, and one as overcast; all the rest are described either as *heiter* or *schön* (cheerful or beautiful).* The prevalent wind in Lower Egypt is the north wind, which tends to cool the air, though at times the wind is northerly when the thermometer stands at above 100° ; but this is easily explained by the fact that the north wind always prevails during the three hottest months: June, July and August. When, on the other hand, we ascend the Nile, and come within the tropics, northerly winds are unknown from April to October, and southerly winds are unknown during the remainder of the year. When the rainy season prevails between the tropics, the wind is always blowing from the north, and this may not unreasonably be assumed as the cause of the great scarcity of rain in Central and Upper Egypt. In Lower Egypt, rains become more frequent as we draw nearer the Mediterranean. In Rosetta and Damietta, the rain gauge informs us, there falls ten times as much rain in the course of the year as at Cairo.

During the months of April and May, the Khamseen wind prevails in Egypt. It is often confounded with the Simoon, but differs from it essentially. The Khamseen is a periodical wind that returns yearly, and nearly at the same time. It blows always from the south or southeast, and is, in Russegger's opinion, purely of electrical origin. The Simoon, on the other hand, is a common desert storm, happens at all seasons of the year, and

* Niebuhr, when at Cairo, kept a careful record of his meteorological observations from November, 1761, till August, 1762. The lowest point of the thermometer, during that interval, was observed in February, when the temperature fell to 42° of Fahrenheit; the highest temperature was 101° of Fahrenheit, which occurred twice; once in June and once in July. Notwithstanding all the scientific travellers, particularly from France, who have visited Egypt, Niebuhr's tables are still the only tables of any real value as a criterion by which to study the climate of the country.

when it does come is in no way particular as to the quarter of the compass towards which it may direct its course. The Simoon, though heated almost beyond endurance in its course over the burning sand of the desert, is formidable chiefly on account of its violence. It raises such masses of dust and sand as to become really dangerous to caravans that come within its range. Not so the Khamseen. It lasts but for a short time, and does not always blow with violence, but its effect on the atmosphere continues long after the wind has ceased, leaving a temperature of 40° (122° of Fahrenheit) behind. The air is then filled with a fine sand, against which no garment, door, or window is sufficiently close to afford protection; the breathing becomes difficult; the blood flows to the head; and plethoric people, or those whose systems have been weakened, are in momentary danger of apoplexy. The Khamseen is mostly preceded by oppressive heat and extreme dryness.

"Gradually, on the edge of the horizon, close black clouds are seen to collect towards the south-east. These are followed by others of a fiery red, and the two descriptions of clouds mingle with each other, till they look like confused masses of fire and smoke rising from a burning city. A reddish-yellow light diffuses itself, the heat becomes more and more oppressive, man and beast creep into shelter, and the general stillness grows positively painful. Now a low rushing noise is heard, the clouds stretch onward, they seem to roll along the ground, and in an instant the storm is with you, and you are enveloped in a sea of sand and dust. In Egypt the Khamseen mostly passes away without rain. Not so in more southerly latitudes, where the characteristics of this phenomenon are always more strongly marked. In the deserts of South Nubia, and on the boundless prairies of Kordofan, I had frequent opportunities of following the Khamseen throughout its whole course, and of studying its character with the aid of excellent instruments. I shall therefore, in due sea-

son, return to the subject. At present, I shall only repeat, that the Khamseen has nothing in common with other winds, that originate mechanically from a disturbance of the different strata of the atmosphere, but is electrical in its origin and throughout its whole course."

The rising of the Nile, in Russegger's opinion, is caused wholly by the tropical rains in Abyssinia, Nubia, and the other countries drained by this mysterious river. The snows supposed to melt in the mountains, he treats as "one of those superb hypotheses, which one pedant copies from another, century after century;" but he who has witnessed a rainy season within the tropics in Africa, he says, "will be at no loss to account for the swelling of the stream." All the moisture that comes from the south is checked by the north winds, and may thus be said to concentrate its force about the sources of the Nile.

"So far as the inundation reaches, a fruitful soil is formed; so rich, indeed, as scarcely to be matched by any country in the world. In October and November, when the mud of the inundation has settled, corn is sown, and the harvest is gathered in, in February and March. In April the second sowing takes place, and the second harvest is over before the Nile begins to rise again. After the inundation, the cotton seed is also committed to the ground, and at the end of the third year the plants are torn up and fresh seed is sown, that the plants may always be fresh and vigorous. The cotton-grounds must be watered by an artificial system of irrigation; to the inundation of the river they must on no account be exposed. . . . There is not a month of the year in which the Egyptian husbandman may not gather in one harvest or another, not one month in which kind Nature does not tender him at once flowers and fruit! What might not such a country become under a wise government! What smiling plenty might not prevail there, and what wretchedness pervades it now! Every plant that grows in Southern Europe or within the tropics, will thrive in Egypt."

The following table serves admirably to illustrate these remarks:

	The Egyptian husbandman may sow:	The Egyptian husbandman may reap:
In January	Lupins, beans, and flax	Sugar (in Upper Egypt in June), senna and clover.
„ February	Rice, dhourra, and Indian corn	Barley, cabbages, cucumbers, and melons.
„ March	Cotton	Wheat, Indian corn, and dhourra of the preceding autumn.
„ April	Wheat and cotton	Roses and clover.
„ May	Corn, grapes, figs, saffron, and dates.
„ June	Saffron, lupins, and beans.
„ July	{ The plants of rice, dhourra, and Indian corn	Flax, linseed, cotton, and grapes.
„ August	Clover.
„ September	Rice, oranges, lemons, tamarinds, and olives.
„ October	Wheat, dhourra, and Indian corn	Rice, and grass for pasturage.
„ November	Wheat and vegetables	Dates, dhourra, and Indian corn.
„ December	{ The meadows in this month are rich in grass, and flowers and blossoms are in their greatest abundance.

Fertile however as is the soil yearly deposited by the Nile on its banks, so long as that soil is carefully cultivated and watered by the hand of man; equally rapid is its conversion into sand and desolation, when man ceases to bestow upon it his care. The mud of the Nile is full of salts, particularly of saltpetre, dries up rapidly, and then becomes a light dust, which is soon carried away by the wind. Let man tend it carefully and there is no soil in the world of greater productiveness; let him neglect it and in a little time this fertile soil becomes incapable of sustaining vegetable life. It is to these particles of salt contained in the mud of the Nile, and constantly raised into the air by every wind, that Russegger attributes many of the peculiarities of the Egyptian climate.

Residents in Egypt often speak in high terms of the climate of the country. "It is an excellent climate," they will tell you, "but against the epidemic maladies you must be upon your guard." Now what are these maladies? Plague, cholera, dysentery, ophthalmia, and painful and disgusting eruptions. Cholera, to be sure, is a recent importation, but it has domesticated itself in Egypt, and seems to be quite at home there now; all the others are native there and to the manner born. At their head stands the plague, which Russegger boldly proclaims to be at all times of Egyptian origin: and though some modern writers have set up a different theory, and Volney has even gone so far as to assert that the plague is brought from Constantinople to Egypt, yet all the ancient historians, sacred and profane, who have observed the march of the pestilence, almost invariably trace it to an Egyptian origin. In Egypt, not a year passes away in which cases of plague do not occur, but only so far as the periodical inundations extend. The wretchedness and dirty habits of the population, our author thinks, may aggravate the malady and keep up the infection, but cannot be the original cause of it. In Upper Egypt and Nubia, where the Nile does not overflow its banks, the plague is but little known; farther to the south, where the country is inundated by the tropical rains, it appears again periodically. While the water is on the ground both countries remain healthy, and when the ground is thoroughly dry again, the epidemic disappears; but while the process of drying is going on, it has reached its maximum. It is in the coolest months of the year that Egypt is most afflicted by the pestilence, which is un-

known in summer, when the ground is parched up by intense heat.

Another malady with which Egypt appears to be peculiarly afflicted, is ophthalmia. It is not confined to particular seasons, like the plague, but prevails all the year round. Every stranger who comes into the country, is struck by the number of blind and one-eyed people whom he meets with. A want of cleanliness aggravates, but cannot cause this illness; for though it has been observed that Europeans are much less liable to it than the Turks and Arabs, yet it has also been noted that ophthalmia seldom extends into Upper Egypt, and that in Lower Egypt it is confined to the population on the banks of the river, while to the Bedouins of the desert it is almost unknown. Arguing upon these facts, Russegger concludes that ophthalmia must be caused partly by the influence of climate, partly by the habits of the people. The European is comparatively but little subject to ophthalmia; and for this exemption Russegger believes him indebted to the habit of allowing his hair to grow, and of not keeping his head always covered. By depriving himself of his hair, the Mahometan destroys the means provided by Nature for the absorption of the moisture which in hot weather determines to the head; and by keeping his head always covered, he effectually impedes the evaporation that might still take place. The Bedouins and the Nubians shave their heads indeed, but cover them less, and often carry them quite bare; and they are not only less subject to ophthalmia, but are also comparatively exempt from those frightful eruptions to which the Turks and Arabs appear to be particularly liable. It is not, indeed, to be supposed that ophthalmia is caused by the turban and the barber's razor, or we should find it in other parts of the East in an equally virulent form; the cause must be in the climate; but certain habits may predispose the body for imbibing the infection.

It has been supposed that the fine sand carried by the wind from the desert may be the cause of ophthalmia; but this theory Russegger entirely rejects; for if it were correct, the Nubians and the Bedouins would hardly remain free from ophthalmia, while the fellahs of Lower Egypt, and the inhabitants of the Delta, are particularly liable to it. It is not to the sand, but to the salt with which the air is constantly impregnated, that he considers ophthalmia to be owing. These particles

of salt are engendered by the mud of the Nile, and to such a degree is the air impregnated with them, that the very dew that falls on the ground has a salt taste. The sand of the desert may irritate the eyes, but affects them no more than the sand of any other country; but the salt dust of the cultivated lands along the Nile rises on the slightest agitation of the atmosphere, and inflames the eyes to such a degree that the eyeball fairly starts from the head, and swells till it bursts, not only blinding the sufferer, but subjecting him at the same time to excruciating pain. Of the cutaneous affection known in Egypt under the name of *Esh min Masr* (Cairo bread), we may add that though sufficiently offensive to a stranger, it is but little dreaded by the natives, who maintain that when the illness leaves them, which it generally does in a short time, the whole system appears to have been relieved by a healthy reaction.

The most effectual means of guarding against the noxious influence of the Egyptian climate, are, according to our author, partly of a moral, partly of a physical nature.

"Among the former," he says, "I include perfect fearlessness, a cheerful reliance on a higher power, and constant occupation of the mind. Among the physical preservatives, I would recommend frequent, and even violent exercise, not too much sleep, nor too sudden change of diet, great moderation in the enjoyment of fermented liquors, but not a total abstinence, a narrow flannel girdle next the skin, a frequent use of the bath, particularly for the eyes, and at all times the greatest cleanliness. Thin acid drinks, particularly a decoction of tamarinds, I hold to be extremely salutary."

He extends his precautions and recommendations much further, but they are, for the most part, like those just mentioned, such as prudent people observe in all parts of the world, and seldom neglect without suffering sooner or later for their folly or their indolence.

Russegger looks upon the construction of a ship canal, between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, as an undertaking not only practicable but of easy execution. A considerable portion of the desert, through which the canal would have to be carried, lies forty feet or more below the level of the Red Sea, and would therefore at most require the construction of large dykes to confine the water. One-half of the money spent by Mehemet Ali on schemes that have neither added to his wealth, his power, or his magnificence, would have

amply sufficed to cover the cost of such a canal, and would have yielded him a greater revenue than all his abortive attempts to make Egypt a manufacturing country. There is nothing, perhaps, by which her rulers might confer a greater blessing on Egypt than by simply restoring the ancient canals: those intended for irrigation, as well as those destined for traffic. By means of canals many hundreds of square miles might be reconquered from the desert and restored to the plough, for the desert can but rarely hold out against the presence of water. Such a conquest might indeed afford ground for exultation: by such peaceful achievements the empire of the Pharaohs can alone be truly restored.

Under Mehemet Ali, it is to be feared, the desert, so far from receding, is silently but constantly encroaching on the cultivable land of Egypt. It has been the pasha's fate to be lauded by one set of writers and abused by another, till it becomes difficult for any one, who has not been in the country, to know what he ought to believe and what reject, of the various accounts which reach him of old Mehemet's administration. We have never met with a writer who judged this subject with more impartiality than Russegger; probably because few have had the same opportunities of acquiring an intimate knowledge of the present position of the agricultural population. Russegger very properly despises the judgment of those who affect to look down on Mehemet as an ordinary man; as one who oppresses the land from a mere vulgar motive of avarice. The pasha aimed at nobler ends: it was in the means he chose that he erred. He saw a land badly cultivated, and imagined that by taking the whole of it into his own hands he could improve the cultivation. So in many instances he has; but the cultivator meanwhile has been degraded from the position of a landowner to that of a mere serf; and Russegger questions whether, in any part of the world, a peasantry can be found suffering equal misery and destitution amid such abundance of all that ought to contribute to the enjoyment and embellishment of life. Under the Mamelukes, the fellah was plundered and oppressed; still his land remained his own; nor were the excesses of the Mameluke of constant endurance, or unaccompanied by occasional kindness: under the task-masters of the sovereign, who may be said to have united the whole country into one great farm, the fellah is as completely a slave as the

negro in Cuba or Louisiana. One thing is certain: Egypt has been constantly declining, and her population constantly decreasing, since the Turks first came into the country. Under the barbarous Mamelukes the country seemed to have reached the extreme of decadence, but under the half-civilized Mehemet the true element of national prosperity, a bold and independent peasantry, has been utterly destroyed. His schools, and the other institutions borrowed from Europe, are maintained by his own stern will, in defiance of fanaticism, and can survive him no longer than his successors may have the energy to uphold them against Moslem intolerance. The evil he has done, it is much to be feared, will therefore live after him, and the good be interred with his bones.

ART. VI.—*Excursions sur les Bords du Rhin, par ALEXANDRE DUMAS.* (Excursions on the Shores of the Rhine. By ALEXANDER DUMAS). Paris. 1842.

ONE OF LOUIS XIV.'s generals had a cook, who with a few pounds of horseflesh could dress a sufficient dinner for the general's whole staff: soup, entrées, entremets, pastry, rotis, and all. This was an invaluable servant, and his dinners, especially in a time of siege and famine, must have been most welcome: but no doubt, when the campaign was over, the cook took care to supply his master's table with other meats besides disguised horseflesh, which, after all, sauce it and pepper it as you will, must always have had a villanous equine twang.

As with the race of cooks, so with literary men. If there were an absolute dearth of books in the world, and we lay beleagured by an enemy who had cut off all our printing-presses, our circulating libraries and museums; had hanged our respected publishers; and had beaten off any convoy of newspapers that had attempted to relieve the garrison: then, if a literary artiste stepped forward, and said, Friends, you are starving, and I can help you; you pine for your literary food, and I can supply it: and so, taking a pair of leather inexpressibles, boots (or any other "stock"), should make you forthwith a satisfactory dinner, dishing you up three hot volumes in a trice:—that literary man would deserve the thanks of the public, because out of so little he had managed to fill so many stomachs.

If ever such a time of war should come, M. Alexandre Dumas, (for by the constitution of this Review we are not allowed to look to Mr. James at home, or other authors whose productive powers are equally prodigious), M. Dumas should be appointed our book-maker, with the full confidence that he could provide us with more than any other author could give: not with *meat* perhaps; the dishes so constructed being a thought unsubstantial and windy; but.... however, a truce to this kitchen metaphor, which only means to imply that it is a wonder how M. Dumas can produce books as he does, and that he ought, for the sake of mankind, to attempt to be less prolific. If there were no other writers, or he himself wrote no other books, it would be very well; but other writers there *are*; he himself has, no doubt, while these have been crossing the channel, written scores of volumes more, which, panting, we shall have some day or other to come up with. Flesh and blood cannot bear this over pressure, as the reader will see by casting his eye over the calculation given in the next sentence.

Here, for example, (being at this instant of writing the latest published of a series of some twelve or thirteen goodly tomes of *Impressions de Voyage* of the last couple of years), are three agreeable readable volumes: describing a journey which can be most easily performed in a week, or at most nine days, and on which it is probable M. Dumas spent no more time. Three volumes for nine days is one hundred pages per diem: one hundred and twenty volumes, thirty-six thousand five hundred pages, per annum. Thirty-six thousand five hundred pages per annum would produce in the course of a natural literary life, say of forty years, pages one million four hundred and sixty thousand, volumes four thousand eight hundred. How can mankind bear this? If Heaven awarded the same term of life to us, we might certainly with leisure and perseverance get through a hundred pages a day, one hundred and twenty volumes a year, and so on: nay, it would be possible to consume double that quantity of Dumas, and so finish him off in twenty years. But let us remember what books there are else in the world besides his: what Paul de Kocks and Soulié's (*Madame Schopenhauer of Weimar is dead, that's one comfort*)! what double-sheeted *Timeses* to get through every morning! and then the duty we owe as British citizens to the teeming quires of our own country! The mind staggers before all this vastness of books, and must either presently go mad with too much reading, or become sullenly indifferent to all: preferring to quit

the ground altogether, as it cannot hope to keep up with the hunt: and retreating into drink, card-playing, needlework, or some other occupation for intellect and time.

But with a protest as to the length of the volumes, it is impossible to deny that they will give the lover of light literature a few hours' amusing reading: nay, as possibly the author will imagine, of instruction too. For here he is again, though less successfully than in his *Crimes Célèbres*, the minute historian: and again, we are bound to say with perfect success, the pure dramatic romancist. He says he makes "preparatory studies" before visiting a country, which enable him therefore to go through it "without a cicerone, without a guide, and without a plan;" (see how the book-maker shows himself in this little sentence: any one of the phrases would have answered, but M. Dumas must take three!) and would have us to believe, like M. Victor Hugo, whose tour over part of the same country we noticed six months back, that at each place he comes to he is in a position to pour out his vast stores of previously-accumulated knowledge, to illustrate the scene before his eyes.

Other persons, however (especially envious critics, who in the course of their professional labours may possibly take a pompous advantage of the same cheap sort of learning), know very well that there is such a book as the *Biographie Universelle* in the world; and that in all ancient cities Nature has kindly implanted a certain race of antiquarians, who remain as faithful to them as the moss and weeds that grow on the old ramparts, and whose instinct it is to chronicle the names and actions of all the great and small illustrious whom their native towns have produced. Book-makers ought to thank Heaven daily for such, as the learned of old were instructed to thank Heaven for sending dictionary-makers. What would imaginative writers do without such men, who give them the facts which they can embroider; the learning which they can appropriate; the little quaint dates and circumstances, which the great writer, had he been compelled to hunt for them, must have sought in vast piles of folios, written in Latin much too crabbed for his easy scholarship? In the midst of the rubbish of centuries, in which it is the antiquarian's nature to grub, he lights every now and then upon a pretty fact or two—a needle in the midst of the huge bundle of primeval straw. The great writer seizing the needle, polishes it, gilds it, puts a fine sham jewel at the top, and wears it in his bosom in a stately way. Let him do so in Heaven's name, but at least let him be decently grateful, and say

who was the discoverer of the treasure. When, for instance, Signor Victor Hugo roars out twenty pages of dates, declaring on his affidavit that he gives them from memory, and that he himself was the original compiler of the same; or the noble* Alexander Dumas, after a walk through some Belgic or Rhenish town, guts the guide-book of the modest antiquary of the place to make a flaming *feuilleton* thereof, and has the assurance to call his robberies "*des études préparatoires*;" we feel that he is following a course reprehensible in so great a writer, and must take leave accordingly and respectfully to reprehend him.

But though we find our author so disinclined generally to state whence his information is gained, there is on the other hand this excuse to be made for him: namely, that the information is not in the least to be relied upon, the facts being distorted and caricatured according as the author's furious imagination may lead him. History and the world are stages to him, and melodramas or most bloody tragedies, the pieces acted. We have seen this sufficiently even in his better sort of books. Murders, massacres, *coups de hache*, grim humorous bravoos, pathetic executioners, and such like characters and incidents, are those he always rejoices in. Arriving at Brussels, he walks, for the length of some three pages, through the city. Returning home, the guide book and the biographical dictionary are at work. Fires, slaughters, famines, assassinations, crowd upon the page (relieved by a humorous interlude), and so in a twinkling fifty pages are complete. At Antwerp he passes at the museum—say an hour: the museum is very small, and any non-professional person will probably find an hour's visit sufficient. After the museum he has "*two good hours* before the departure on the railroad." For the first hour, we have Rubens, his life and times: for the "*two good hours*," Napoleon and his system, the port of Antwerp, the only promenade in the town (the picturesque and stately old city in which every lofty street is a promenade)!, the docks and the names of frigates built there. All, of course, learned by *études préparatoires*. At Ghent he sleeps: Charles V., Napoleon again, the Béguinage, and some scandalous stories, which the guides are in the habit of telling to all travellers, as it would appear: for we have had in our own experience to listen to the self-

* M. Dumas, in this book, talks of his paternal coat of arms, and has, we are credibly informed, assumed in some place the style and titles of Viscount Dumas. For M. Victor Hugo's display of learning, the reader is referred to the 57th number of this Review.

same stories. At Bruges, M. Dumas passes a day, and fifty pages of legends regarding Baldwin of Flanders find an issue from his fluent pen.

His main object in going to Brussels was, he says, to see Waterloo, and as his chapter concerning that famous place is a very amusing one, we translate it entire. The first part relates picturesquely and brilliantly the author's first and last view of Napoleon.

"My chief, object in going to Brussels was a pilgrimage to Waterloo.

"For Waterloo is not only for me, as for all Frenchmen, a great political date; but was also one of those recollections of youth which leave upon the mind ever after so profound and powerful an impression. I never saw Napoleon but twice: the first time when he was going to Waterloo, the second time when he quitted it.

"The little town where I was born, and which my mother inhabited, is situated at twenty leagues from Paris, upon one of the three roads leading to Brussels. It was, then, one of the arteries which gave a passage to that generous blood that was about to flow at Waterloo.

"Already, for about three weeks the town had worn the aspect of a camp. Every day at about four, drum and trumpet sounded, and young and old who could not weary of the spectacle, would rush out of town at the noise, and return again, accompanying some splendid regiment of that old guard, which the world believed to be destroyed; but which, at the call of its ancient chief, seemed as it were to come forth from its icy tomb: appearing amongst us a glorious spectre, with its old, worn, bear-skin caps and its banners mutilated by the balls of Austerlitz and Marengo. Next day it would be a splendid regiment of chasseurs with their streaming colbacks, or some incomplete squadrons of the brilliant dragoons, whose rich uniforms have disappeared from our army: too magnificent, no doubt, for times of peace. On another day we would hear the dull clatter of the cannon as they passed, crouched on their carriage, causing our houses to shake as they rattled on, and each, like the regiments to which they belonged, bearing a name which presaged victory. There were troops of all kinds, even down to a detachment of Mamelukes, the last feeble mutilated remnant of the consular guard, carrying each his drop of blood to the grand human hecatomb that was about to be offered up on the altar of our country. It was to the music of our national airs that all these warriors passed; singing those old republican songs which Bonaparte had stammered forth, but which Napoleon had proscribed; songs which can never die in our country, and which the emperor tolerated at length, knowing full well that he must address himself to the sympathies of all now, and that it was not the recollections of 1809, but of 1792, which he must recall. I was then but a child, as I have said, for I was scarcely twelve years old; and I know not what impression that sight, that music, those recollections, may awaken in others:

but I know that with me it was a delirium! For a fortnight they could not get me back to school again, but I ran through street and high-road—I was like a mad-man!

"Then, one morning—I think it was the 12th of June—we read in the *Moniteur*,

"'To-morrow, his Majesty the Emperor will quit the capital to join the army. His Majesty will take the route of Soissons, Laon and Avesne.'

"Napoleon then was to take the same route with his army. Napoleon was to pass through our town: I was going to see Napoleon!

"Napoleon! It was a great name for me, and one which represented ideas strangely differing.

"I had heard the name cursed by my father, an old republican soldier, who sent back the coat of arms the Emperor sent him, saying that he had his family coat which appeared sufficient to him. And yet it was a noble shield to quarter with that of his father's: that which represented a pyramid, a palm-tree, and the heads of three horses which my father had killed under him at Mantua, with this device, at once firm and conciliatory: *Sans haine, sans crainte!*

"I had heard the name exalted by Murat, one of the friends who remained faithful to my father during his disgrace: a soldier whom Napoleon had made a general; a general whom he had made a king; and who one fine day forgot all, though just at the time when he should have remembered it.

"Finally, I had heard it judged with the impartiality of history, by my godfather, Brune, the philosophic soldier, who always fought, his Tacitus in his hand: ever ready to shed his blood for his country, whoever might be the chief demanding it, Louis XVI., a Robespierre, Barras, or Napoleon.

"All this was boiling in my young brain, when suddenly the rumour came among us, brought down by the official speaking-trumpet.

"Napoleon is about to pass.

"Now the *Moniteur* reached us on the thirteenth: it was the very day.

"There was no talk now of making harangues, or raising triumphal arches in his honour. Napoleon was in a hurry. Napoleon quitted the pen for the sword, command for action. Napoleon passed like the lightning, hoping to strike like the thunderbolt.

"The *Moniteur* did not say at what hour Napoleon would pass; but very early all the town had gathered together at the end of the Rue de Paris. I for my part with other children of my age, had gone forward as far as an eminence, from which we could see the high-road for the space of a league.

"There we stayed from morning until three o'clock.

"At three o'clock we saw a courier coming. He approached us rapidly. Very soon he was up with us. 'Is the Emperor coming?' we cried to him. He stretched his hand out to the horizon.

"'There he is,' said he.

"In fact, we saw two carriages approaching, galloping, each with six horses. They disappeared for an instant in a valley, then rose again at a quarter of a league's distance from us. Then

we set off running towards the town, crying *L'Empereur ! l'Empereur !*

"We arrived breathless, and only preceding the Emperor by some five hundred paces. I thought he would not stop, whatever might be the crowd awaiting him: and so made for the post-house, when I sunk down half dead with the running: but at any rate I was there. In a moment, appeared turning the corner of a street, the foaming horses; then the postillions all covered with ribbons; then the carriages themselves; then the people following the carriages. The carriages stopped at the post.

"I saw Napoleon!

"He was dressed in a green coat, with little epaulets, and wore the officer's cross of the Legion of Honour. I only saw his bust, framed in the square of the carriage window.

"His head fell upon his chest—that famous medallion head of the old Roman emperors. His forehead fell forward; his features, immovable, were of the yellowish colour of wax; only his eyes appeared to be alive.

"Next him, on his left, was Prince Jerome, a king without a kingdom, but a faithful brother. He was at that period a fine young man of six-and-twenty or thirty years of age, his features regular and well formed, his beard black, his hair elegantly arranged. He saluted in place of his brother, whose vague glance seemed lost in the future—perhaps in the past.

"Opposite the Emperor was Letort, his aide-de-camp, an ardent soldier, who seemed already to snuff the air of battle: he was smiling too, the poor fellow, as if he had long days to live!

"All this lasted for about a minute. Then the whip cracked, the horses neighed, and it all disappeared like a vision.

"Three days afterwards, towards evening, some people arrived from St. Quentin: they said, that as they came away they had heard cannon.

"The morning of the 17th a courier arrived, who scattered all along the road the news of the victory.

"The 18th nothing. The 19th nothing: only vague rumours were abroad, coming no one knew whence. It was said that the Emperor was at Brussels.

"The 20th. Three men in rags, two wounded, and riding jaded horses all covered with foam, entered the town, and were instantly surrounded by the whole population, and pushed into the courtyard of the town-house.

"These men hardly spoke French. They were, I believe, Westphalians, belonging somehow to our army. To all our questions they only shook their heads sadly, and ended by confessing that they had quitted the field of battle of Waterloo at eight o'clock, and that the battle was lost when they came away.

"It was the advanced guard of the fugitives.

"We would not believe them. We said these men were Prussian spies. Napoleon could not be beaten. That fine army which we had seen pass, could not be destroyed. We wanted to put the poor fellows into prison: so quickly had we forgotten '13 and '14 to remember only the years which had gone before!

"My mother ran to the fort, where she passed the whole day, knowing it was there the news

must arrive whatever it were. During this time I looked out in the maps for Waterloo, the name of which even I could not find; and began to think the place was imaginary as was the men's account of the battle.

"At four o'clock more fugitives arrived, who confirmed the news of the first comers. These were French and could give all the details which were asked for. They repeated what the others had said, only adding that Napoleon and his brother were killed. This we would not believe; Napoleon might not be invincible, invulnerable he certainly was.

"Fresh news more terrible and disastrous continued to come in until 10 o'clock at night.

"At 10 o'clock at night, we heard the noise of a carriage. It stopped, and the postmaster went out with a light. We followed him as he ran to the door to ask for news. Then he started a step back, and cried, 'It's the Emperor!'

"I got on a stone bench and looked over my mother's shoulder.

"It was indeed Napoleon: seated in the same corner, in the same uniform, his head on his breast as before. Perhaps it was bent a little lower; but there was not a line in his countenance, not an altered feature, to mark what were the feelings of the great gambler, who had just staked and lost the world. Jerome and Letort were not with him now, to bow and smile in his place. Jerome was gathering together the remnants of the army, Letort had been cut in two by a cannon-ball.

"Napoleon lifted his head slowly, looked round as if rousing from a dream, then with his brief strident voice—

"'What place is this?' he said.

"'Villers-Coteret, sire.'

"'How many leagues from Soissons?'

"'Six, sire.'

"'From Paris?'

"'Nineteen.'

"'Tell the postboys to go quick: and henceon more flung himself back into the corner of his carriage, his head falling on his chest.

"The horses carried him away as if they had wings.

"The world knows what had taken place between those two apparitions of Napoleon!

"I had always said I would go and visit the place with the unknown name, which I could not find on the maps of Belgium on the 20th of June, 1815, and which has since been inscribed on that of Europe in characters of blood. The day after arriving in Brussels, then, I went to it."

How much of this, one cannot fail to ask, with that unlucky knowledge of the author's character which a perusal of his works will force upon one, how much of this is true? It certainly is doubtful that Alexander Dumas's father, the general who must have been killed in Italy when his son was scarce four or five years of age, should have discoursed much to the lad regarding the character of Bonaparte.*

* Since this was written a satisfactory evidence occurs to us. In another volume of M. Dumas, we find the following passage:

It certainly is impossible that King Joachim could have spent much time at Villers-Coteret arguing with Master Alexander with regard to the merits of the Emperor. Public business, and his absence on military duty in Germany, Spain, Russia, and in his kingdom of Naples, must clearly have prevented Murat from very intimate conversation with the little boy who was to become so famous a dramatic author. With regard to Marshal Brune we cannot be so certain: let us give our author full benefit of all the chances in his favour. The rest of his evidence is no doubt true in the main, and is told, as the reader we fancy will allow, with great liveliness and an air of much truth. It is a pity, sometimes, therefore, that a man should have a dramatic turn: for our impression on reading this brilliant little episode regarding Napoleon, instead of being perfectly satisfactory, was to try to ascertain whether he had passed through Villers-Coteret on his road to the army; then, whether he had returned by the same route, and at what time? And though—failing in certain decisive proofs—we are happy to leave M. Dumas in possession of the field (or road) on this occasion, it is not, we are forced to say, without strong suspicion and uncertainty.

From his account of Napoleon, let us turn to our author's description of Waterloo:

"In three hours we had passed through the fine forest of Soignées, and arrived at Mont Saint-Jean. Here the cicerones come to attend you, all saying that they were the guides of Jerome Bonaparte. One of the guides is an Englishman patented by his government, and wearing a medal as a *commissonnaire*. If any Frenchman wish to see the field of battle the poor devil does not even offer himself, being habituated to receive from them pretty severe rebuffs. On the other hand he has all the practice of the English.

"We took the first guide that came to hand. I had with me an excellent plan of the battle, with notes by the Duke of Elchingen (who is at this moment crossing his paternal sabre with the yatagan of the Arabs), and asked at once to be led to the monument of the Prince of Orange. Had I walked a hundred steps farther, there would have been no need of a guide, for it is the first thing you see after passing the farm of Mont Saint-Jean.

"We ascended the mountain which has been constructed by the hand of man upon the very

"'I am the son,' said I, 'of General Alexander Dumas, the same who, being taken prisoner at Tarantum, in violation of the laws of hospitality, was poisoned at Brindisi with Maucourt and Dolomieu. This happened at the same time that Caracciolo was hanged in the bay of Naples.'"

Caracciolo was hanged in the year 1799; General Dumas was poisoned in the same year; his son was scarcely twelve years old in 1815, and perfectly remembers how his father used to curse Napoleon!!

spot where the Prince of Orange fell, struck in the shoulder while charging chivalrously, his hat in his hand, at the head of his regiment. It is a sort of round pyramid, some hundred and fifty feet high, which you ascend by means of a stair cut in the ground and supported by planks. The earth of which the hill is formed was taken from the soil over which it looks, and the aspect of the field of battle is in consequence somewhat changed; the ravine in this place possessing an abruptness which it had not originally. On the summit of this pyramid is a colossal lion (the tail of which our soldiers on their return from Antwerp would, had they not been prevented, have cut off), which has one paw placed on a ball, and with its head turned to the east menaces France. From this platform, round the lion's pedestal, you look upon the whole field of battle from Braine L'Allend and the extreme point reached by the division of Jerome Bonaparte, to the wood of Frichermonth whence Blucher and his Prussians issued; and from Waterloo, which has given its name to the battle no doubt because the rout of the English was stopped at that village, to Quatre Bras where Wellington slept after the defeat of Ligny, and the wood of Bossu where the Duke of Brunswick was killed. From this elevated point we awoke all the shadows, and noise and smoke, which have been extinguished for five-and-twenty years, and were present at the battle. Yonder, a little above La Haye Sainte, and at a place where some farm buildings have since been erected, Wellington stood a considerable part of the day, leaning against a beech, which an Englishman afterwards bought for two hundred francs. At the same time fell Sir Thomas Picton charging at the head of a regiment. Near this spot are the monuments of Gordon and the Hanoverians; at the foot of the pyramid is the plateau of Mont Saint-Jean, which would be about as high as the monuments which we have just mentioned, were it not that for the space of about two acres around this spot, a layer of ten feet of earth has been taken away in order to form the hill. It was on this point, on the possession of which depended the gain of the day, that for three hours the main struggle of the battle took place. Here took place the charge of the 1200 cuirassiers and dragoons of Kellermann and Milhaud. Pursued by these from square to square, Wellington only owed his safety to the impassability of his soldiers, who let themselves be poignarded at their post, and fell to the number of 10,000 without yielding a step; whilst their general, tears in his eyes, and his watch in his hand, gathered fresh hope in calculating that it would require two hours more of actual time to kill what remained of his men. Now in one hour he expected Blucher, in an hour and a half Night: a second auxiliary of whose aid he was certain, should Grouchy prevent the first ally from coming to his aid. To conclude, yonder on the plateau, and touching the high-road, are the buildings of La Haye Sainte, thrice taken and retaken by Ney, who had in these three attacks five horses killed under him.

"Now, turning our regards towards France, you will see on your right, in the midst of a

little wood the farm of Hougoumont, which Napoleon ordered Jerome not to abandon were he and all his troops to perish there. In the face of us is the farm of Belle Alliance, from which Napoleon, having quitted the observatory at Monplaisir, watched the battle for two hours, calling on Grouchy to give him his living battalions, as Augustus did on Verres, for his dead legions. To the left is the ravine where Cambronne, when called upon to surrender, replied, not with the words *La garde meurt* (for in our rage to poetize everything, we have attributed to him a phrase which he never used), but with a single expression of the barrack-room much more fierce and energetic, though not perhaps so genteel. In fine, in front of all this line was the high-road to Brussels, and at the place where the road rises slightly, the spectator will distinguish the extreme point to which Napoleon advanced, when seeing Blucher's Prussians (for whom Wellington was looking so eagerly) debouch from the wood of Frichermont, he cried, 'Oh, here's Grouchy at last, and the battle's ours.' It was his last cry of hope: in another hour that of *Sauve qui peut* sounded from all sides in his ears.

"Those who wish to examine in further detail this plain of so many bloody recollections, over the *ensemble* of which we have just cast a glance, will descend the pyramid, and, in the direction of Braine L'Allend and Frichermont, will take the Neville road which conducts to Hougoumont. It will be found just as it was when, called away by Napoleon at three o'clock, Jerome quitted it. It is battered by the twelve guns which General Foy brought down to the prince. It looks as if the work of ruin had been done but yesterday, for no one has repaired the ravages of the shot. Thus you will be shown the stone where Prince Jerome, conducted by the same guide whom he had employed before, came to sit: another Marius on the ruins of another Carthage.

"If the corn is down you may go across the fields from Hougoumont to Monplaisir where Napoleon's observatory was, and from the observatory to the house of Lacosto, the Emperor's guide, to which, thrice in the course of the battle, Napoleon returned from Belle Alliance. It was at a few yards from this house, and seated on a little eminence commanding the field of battle, that Napoleon received Jerome whom he had sent for, and who joined him at three in the afternoon. The prince sat down on the Emperor's left, and Marshal Soult was on his right, and Ney was sent for, who soon joined them. Napoleon had by him a bottle of Bordeaux wine, and a full glass which he put every now and then mechanically to his lips; and when Jerome and Ney arrived he smiled (for they were covered with dust and blood, and he loved to see his soldiers thus), and still keeping his eyes on the field, sent for three glasses to Lacosto's house, one for Soult, one for Ney, and one for Jerome. There were but two glasses left, however, each of which the Emperor filled and gave to a marshal, then he gave his own to Jerome.

"Then with that soft voice of his, which he knew so well how to use upon occasion, 'Ney, my brave Ney,' said he, *thouing* him for the first

time since his return from Elba, 'thou wilt take the 12,000 men of Milhaud and Kellermann; thou wilt wait until my old grumblers have found thee; thou wilt give the *coup de boutoir*; and then if Grouchy arrives the day is ours. Go.'

Ney went, and gave the *coup de boutoir*: but Grouchy never came.

"From this you should take the road to Genappes and Brussels across the farm of Belle Alliance, where Blucher and Wellington met after the battle; and following the road, you presently come to the last point to which Napoleon advanced, and where he saw that it was not Grouchy but Blucher who was coming up, like Desaix at Marengo, to gain a lost battle. Fifty yards off the right you stand in the very spot occupied by the square into which Napoleon flung himself, and where he did all he could to die. Each English volley carried away whole ranks round about him; and at the head of each new rank as it formed, Napoleon placed himself: his brother Jerome from behind endeavouring in vain to draw him back, while a brave Corsican officer, General Campi, came forward with equal coolness each time, and placed himself and his horse between the Emperor and the enemy's batteries. At last, after three quarters of an hour of carnage, Napoleon turned round to his brother: 'It appears,' said he, 'that death will have none of us as yet. Jerome, take the command of the army. I am sorry to have known thee so late.' With this, giving his hand to his brother, he mounted a horse that was brought him, passed like a miracle through the enemy's ranks, and arriving at Genappes, tried for a moment to rally the army. Seeing his efforts were vain, he got on horseback again, and arrived at Laon on the night of the 19-20th.

"Five-and-twenty years have passed away since that epoch, and it is only now that France begins to comprehend that for the liberty of Europe this defeat was necessary: though still profoundly enraged and humiliated that she should have been marked out as the victim. In looking too, round this field where so many Spartans fell for her; the Orange pyramid in the midst of it, the tombs of Gordon and the Hanoverians round about; you look in vain for a stone, a cross, or an inscription to recall our country. It is because, one day, God will call her to resume the work of universal deliverance commenced by Bonaparte and interrupted by Napoleon,—and then, the work done, we will turn the head of the Nassau Lion towards Europe, and all will be said."

If in future ages, when the French nation have played the part of liberators of the world (which it seems they *will* play whether the world asks them or not), it will be any accommodation to France, that the tail of the Lion of Nassau should be turned towards that country, according to Dumas's notable plan, there can be no harm in indulging her in so very harmless a fancy. Conqueror never surely put forward a less selfish wish than this. Meanwhile the English reader will be pleased, we think, with M. Dumas's lively

and picturesque description of the ground of this famous field: which is written too, as we believe, with not too much acrimony, and with justice in the main. As for the *déroute* of the English being stopped at the village of Waterloo, the tears of the duke as he was *chassé* from one square to another—these and other points stated we leave to be judged by military authorities, having here no call to contradict them. But what may be said honestly with regard to the author, without stopping to question his details, is, that his feeling is manly, and not unkindly towards his enemy; and that it is pleasant to find Frenchmen at last begin to write in this way. He is beaten, and wants to have his revenge: every generous spirit they say wishes the same: and the sentiment is what is called "all fair."

But suppose Dumas has his revenge and beats the English, let him reflect that the English will want their chance again: and that we may go on murdering each other for ever and ever unless we stop somewhere: and why not now as well as on a future day? Promising mutually (and oh, what a comfort would it be to hear Waterloo no longer talked of after dinner!) not to boast any more of the victory on this side of the water, and not to threaten revenge for it on the other.

Here we have another instance of absurd warlike spirit.

"The court of Berlin never allows an opportunity to escape of showing its envious and anti-revolutionary hatred of France. France on her side takes Waterloo to heart: so that, with a little good will on the part of the ministers of either country, matters may be arranged to everybody's satisfaction."

"For ourselves, who have faith in the future, we would propose to King Louis Philippe, instead of that ridiculous *pancarte* which is used as the arms of revolutionary France, to emblazon the escutcheon of our country in the following way:

"In the first quarter, the Gallic cock with which we took Rome and Delphi.

"In the second, Napoleon's eagle with which we took Cairo, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and Moscow.

"In the third, Charlemagne's bees with which we took Saxony, Spain, and Lombardy.

"In the fourth, the fleur-de-lys of Saint Louis with which we took Jerusalem, Mansourah, Tunis, Milan, Florence, Naples, and Algiers.

"Then we would take a motto, which we would try to keep better than William of Holland did his

"*Deus dedit, Deus dabit*, and we should have just the finest escutcheon in the world."

You rob a man of his purse: you are seized by a posse of constables whom the man calls, and obliged to give up the purse, being

transported or whipped very likely for your pains. 'Rome, Delphi, Jerusalem, Vienna,' and the rest, are so many instances of the system: but though religion is always commendable, it is surely in this instance misapplied; nor has the footpad who cries "Money or your life," much right to say *Deus dedit* as he pockets the coin. Let M. Dumas, a man of the pen, expose the vainglorious of these hectoring practitioners of the sword, and correct them as one with his great authority might do: correcting in future editions such incendiary passages as that quoted above, and of which the commencement, a manifest provocation to the Prussians, might provoke "woes unnumbered," were the latter to take the hint.

As soon as he enters the Prussian territory, our author looks about him with a very cautious air, and smartly reprehends the well-known tyranny of "his Majesty Frederick William."

"We arrived in the coach-yard just as the horses were put too. There were lucky places in the interior, which I took, and was putting my ticket into my pocket, when my friend M. Poulain told me in the first place to read it.

"For the convenience of travellers, it is written in German and French. I found that I had the fourth place in the coach, and that I was forbidden to change places with my neighbour, even with the consent of the latter. This discipline altogether military, acquainted me, even more than did the infernal jargon of the postilion, that we were about to enter the possessions of his Majesty Frederick William.

"I embraced M. Poulain, and at the appointed hour we set off.

"As I had a corner place, the tyranny of his Majesty the King of Prussia did not appear altogether insupportable, and I must confess that I fell as profoundly asleep as if we had been travelling in the freest country in the world. At about three o'clock, however, that is to say, just at daybreak, I was awakened by the stoppage of the carriage.

"I thought at first some accident must have happened; that we were either on a bank or in the mud; and put my head out of window. I was mistaken regarding the accident, nothing of the kind had happened. We were standing alone upon the finest road possible.

"I took my billet out of my pocket. I read it once more carefully through: and having ascertained that I was not forbidden to address my neighbour, I asked him how long we had been stationary.

"'About twenty minutes,' he said.

"'And may I, without indiscretion,' I rejoined, 'take the liberty to ask why we are stopping?'

"'We are waiting.'

"'Oh, we are waiting: and what are we waiting for?'

"'We are waiting for the time.'

"'What time?'

"The time when we have the right to arrive."

"There is then a fixed hour for arriving?"

"Everything is fixed in Prussia."

"And if we arrived before the hour?"

"The conductor would be punished."

"And if after?"

"He would be punished in like manner."

"Upon my word the arrangement is satisfactory."

"Everything is satisfactory in Prussia."

I bowed in token of assent, for I would not for the world have contradicted a gentleman whose political convictions seemed to be so firm. My approbation seemed to give him great pleasure, and emboldened by that, and by his polite and succinct manner of answering my former questions, I was encouraged to put some new ones.

"I beg pardon, sir," continued I, "but will you favour me by stating at what hour the conductor ought to arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle?"

"At thirty-five minutes past five."

"But suppose his watch goes slow?"

"Watches never go slow in Prussia."

"Have the goodness to explain that circumstance to me if you please."

"It is very simple."

"Let us see?"

"The conductor has before him, in his place, a clock locked up in a case, and that is regulated by the clock at the Diligence office. He knows at what hour he ought to arrive at this or that town, and presses or delays his postillions accordingly, so that he may arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle exactly at thirty-five minutes past five."

"I am sorry to be so exceedingly troublesome, sir; but your politeness is such that I must venture on one question more."

"Well, sir?"

"Well, sir, with all these precautions, how happens it that we are forced to wait now?"

"It is most probably because the conductor did as you did, fell asleep; and the postillion profited of this, and went quicker."

"Oh that's it, is it? Well then I think I will take advantage of the delay and get out of the coach."

"People never get out of the coach in Prussia."

"That's hard, certainly. I wanted to look at yonder castle on your side of the road."

"That is the castle of Emmaburg."

"What was the castle of Emmaburg?"

"The place where the nocturnal adventure took place between Eginhard and Emma."

"Indeed! will you have the kindness to change places with me, and let me look at the castle from your side?"

"I would with pleasure, but we are not allowed to change places in Prussia."

"Peste! I had forgotten that," said I.

"*Ces tiaples de Français, il être très pavadis,*" said, without unclosing his eyes, a fat German who sat gravely in a corner opposite to me, and who had not opened his lips since we left Liège.

"What was that you said, sir?" said I, turning briskly round towards him, and not over well satisfied with his observation.

"*Che né tis rien, ché tors.*"

"You do very well to sleep, sir. But I recommend you not to dream out loud: do you

understand me? Or if you do dream, dream in your native language."

We have given this story at full length, not because it is true, which it certainly is not; or because if it were true, the truth would be worth knowing: but as a specimen of the art of bookmaking, which could never have been produced by any less experienced workman than the great dramatist Alexander Dumas. The reader won't fail to see, how that pretty little drama is arranged, and the personages kept up. Mark the easy air which the great traveller assumes in putting his questions; the cool, sneering politeness, which, as a member of the Great Nation, he is authorized to assume when interrogating a subject of "his Majesty Frederick William." What point there is in those brief cutting questions! what meekness in the poor German's replies! All the world is on the laugh, while the great Frenchman is playing his man off; and every now and then he turns round to his audience with a knowing wink and a grin, bidding us be delighted with the absurdities of this fellow. He wonders that there should be a fixed hour for a coach to arrive. Why should there? Coaches do not arrive at fixed hours in France. There they are contented with a dirty diligence (as our friend, the *Naturforscher*, called it in the last number of this Review), and, after travelling three miles an hour, to arrive some time or other. As coaches do not arrive at stated hours in France, why should they in any other countries? If four miles an hour are good enough for a Frenchman, ought they not to satisfy a German forsooth? This is point one. A very similar joke was in the *Débats* newspaper in September; wherein, speaking of German railroads and engineers, the *Débats* said, "at least, without depreciating the German engineers in the least, they will concede that about railroads our engineers must naturally know more than they do." To be sure there is ten times as much railroad in Germany as in France; but are the French writers called upon to know this fact? or if known, to depreciate their own institutions in consequence? No, no: and so M. Dumas does well to grin and sneer at the German.

See how he follows the fellow up with killing sarcasms! You arrive at a certain hour do you? and what is this hour, *cette heure*, this absurd hour, at which the diligence comes in? He is prepared to find something comic even in that. Then he is facetious about the timekeeper: a thing that must be ridiculous, because, as we presume, a French conductor does not use one. And,

finally, in order to give the Frenchman an opportunity to show his courage as he has before exhibited his wit, a fat German placed expressly in a corner wakes just at the proper moment and says, *Il être très pavadrs le Franzés. Vous dites, MONSIEUR ?* says Alexander with a scowl, turning round *vivement* towards the German : and so, his points being made, the postillion cries *Vorwärts*, and off they go. It is just like the *Porte Saint Martin*. If the postillion did not cry forwards, or Buridan did not appear with his dagger at that very moment, the whole scene would have been spoiled. Of course, then, Buridan is warned by the call-boy, and is waiting at the slips, to rush on at the required moment.

No reader will have been so simple, we imagine, as to fancy this story contains a single word of truth in it; or that Dumas held the dialogue which he has written; or that the German really did cry out, *ce Franzé*, &c.: quiet old Germans do not speak French in their sleep, or for the purpose of insulting great fierce swaggering Frenchmen who sit with them in coaches: above all, Germans do not say *che affre*, and *il être*. French Germans do: that is, Brunet and Levassor speak on the stage so, when called upon to represent Blum or Fritz in the play: just as they say, "yase" and "godem" by way of English. Nay, so ignorant are the French generally of the German language, that unless the character were called Blum or Fritz, and said *che affre*, and so on, no one would know that the personage was a German at all. They are accustomed to have them in that way: but let not M. Dumas fancy that Germans say *che affre* in their own country, any more than that Kean (whose life he wrote in his tragedy, which he says was very popular in Germany), was banished to Botany Bay by the Prince Regent, for making love to his Royal Highness's mistress.

They say, and with some reason, that we have obtained for ourselves the hatred of Europe, by our contemptuous assumption of superiority in our frequent travels: but is it truth, or is it mere national prejudice? It has seemed to us, that the French away from home are even more proud of country than we; certainly more loud in their assertions of superiority: and with a pride far more ferocious in its demeanour. There can, however, be no harm for any young British traveller who may be about to make his first tour filled with prejudices, and what is called patriotism, to read well the above dialogue, and draw a moral therefrom. Let him remark how Dumas, wishing to have a most majestic air, in reality cuts a most ridiculous

figure: let him allow how mean the Frenchman's affectations of superiority are, his contempt for Jordan as compared with "Abana and Pharphar," and his scorn for the usages of the country which he is entering, for its coaches, its manners, and men: and, having remarked that all these airs which the Frenchman gives himself result from stupid conceit on his part, that he often brags of superiority in cases where he is manifestly inferior, and is proud merely of ignorance and dulness (which are, after all, not matters to be proud of): perhaps having considered these points in the Frenchman's conduct, the young Briton will take care to shape his own so as to avoid certain similar failings into which, abroad, his countrymen are said to fall.

From Aix-la-Chapelle the adventurous traveller goes to Cologne, and thence actually all the way up the Rhine to Strasbourg: visiting Coblenz, Mayence, Frankfort, Mannheim, and Baden. That he has not much to say regarding these places may be supposed: for not more than two or three hours were devoted to each city, and with all the "preparatory studies" possible, two or three hours will hardly enable a man to find anything new in places which are explored by hundreds of thousands of travellers every season. Hence, as he has to fill two volumes with an account of his five days' journey, he is compelled to resort to history and romance wherewith to fill his pages: now giving a description of the French armies on the Rhine, now amplifying a legend from the guide-book: and though, as may be supposed, he Frenchifies the tales, whatever they may be, we are bound to say that his manner of relating them is lively, brilliant, and amusing; and that the hours pass by no means disagreeably as we listen to the energetic, fanciful, violent French chronicler. For the telling of legends, as already shown in the notice of M. Dumas's book about Crimes in a former part of this Review, the dramatic turn of the traveller's mind is by no means disadvantageous: but in all the descriptions of common life, on which he occasionally condescends to speak, one is forced to receive his assertions with a great deal of caution; nay, if the truth must be told, to disbelieve every one of them.

We have given one specimen in the Diligence dialogue, and could extract many others as equally apocryphal. For instance, there is a long story to bear out a discovery made by M. Dumas that there is *no such thing as bread in Germany*. Now with all respect for genius, we must take leave to say that this statement is a pure fib: a fib like the coach-conversation; a fib like the ad-

venture at Liege, where Dumas says they would give him nothing to eat because they mistook him for a Flamand; a fib like the history of the two Englishmen whom he meets at Bonn, and whom he leaves drunk amidst fourteen empty bottles of Johannisberger and Champagne, and whom he finds on board the steamer on a future day, where he causes them to drink fourteen bottles more. The story is too long to extract, but such is the gist of it. One of the Englishmen he calls Lord B—, the other Sir Patrick Warden. He describes them as always on the river between Mayence and Cologne, always intoxicated, and drinking dozens of Johannisberger. It is only in novels that Johannisberger is drunk in this way; it is only great French dramatists that fall in with these tipsy eccentric Anglais: the wonder is that he did not set them boxing after their wine, as all French Englishmen do.

At Manheim there were historical souvenirs which were of no small interest to the French dramatist, and he records at great length the history of Sand. He visits the house where Kotzebue was killed; the field where Sand was executed; and comes provided from Frankfort with a letter of recommendation to a gentleman by the name of Widemann, who can give him a great deal of information on the subject.

What a delighted dramatist must Alexander Dumas have been! This M. Widemann, Doctor of Medicine, living at Heidelberg, was no other than the hereditary executioner of Baden! His father cut off Sand's head; the son has never been called upon to execute his office on any criminal, but showed Alexander Dumas the very sword with which Sand had been killed: there were spots of rust upon the blade where the poor enthusiast's blood had fallen on it.

"M. Widemann was a handsome young man of thirty or two-and-thirty years of age. His hair was black, his complexion dark, and his whiskers were cut so as to surround his whole face. He presented himself with perfect ease and elegance, and asked 'What had procured him the unexpected honour of my visit?'"

"I confess that for the moment I had not a word to say in answer. I contented myself by holding out the letter of M. D—, which he read, and then asked, bowing again, 'In what he could be useful to me? I am at your orders,' said he, 'to give you all the information in my power. Unluckily,' he continued, with a slight ironical accent, 'I am not a very curious executioner, having as yet executed no one. But, you must not, sir, be angry with me on that account: it is not my fault, it is the fault of those good Germans who do nothing deserving of death, and of our excellent Grand Duke, who pardons as much as he can.'

"'Sir,' said I, 'it is M. le Docteur Widemann that I am come to see; the son of the man, who in accomplishing his terrible duty on poor Sand, still exhibited towards the unhappy young man a respect which might have compromised those who showed it.'

"'There was little merit in that, sir. Every man loved and pitied Sand: and certainly if my father had thought any sacrifice on his part could have saved the criminal, he would have cut off his right hand rather than have executed the sentence. But Sand was condemned, and it was necessary that he should suffer.'

"'Thank you, sir,' answered I, 'for your politeness in receiving a visit which might have been otherwise met.'

"'There is one thing more, which must be in your possession, and which I would like to see, though in truth I scarcely know how to ask for it.'

"'And what is this one thing now,' said M. Widemann, with the same sarcastic smile that I had before remarked in him.

"'Pardon me,' said I, 'but you do not encourage me to make my demand.'

"'He at once changed his expression. 'Pray excuse me,' said he, 'what is it you desire to see? I shall have great pleasure in showing it you.'

"'The sword with which Sand was beheaded.'

"A deep blush passed over M. Widemann's face as he spoke; but shaking his head as if to shake the blush away, he said,

"'I will show it you, sir, but you will find it in bad condition. Thanks be to God, it has not been used for twelve years, and for my part this will be the first time I ever shall have touched it. Had I known that I was about to have the honour of your visit I would have had it cleaned: but you know, sir, better than any one, that this visit was quite unexpected by me.' With these words he quitted the room, leaving me much more embarrassed than he could be himself. However, I had taken the foolish part and resolved to play it out.

"In a moment M. Widemann returned, holding a large sword without a sheath. It was broader at the end than towards the hilt. The blade was hollow, and contained a certain quantity of quicksilver, which in precipitating itself from the handle to the point gave a much greater force to the blow. On several parts of the blade there was a good deal of rust, for, as is known, the rust almost always reappears upon the places where blood has stained.

"'Here is the sword that you asked to see, sir.'

"'I must make you new apologies for my indiscretion, and thank you once more for your complaisance,' answered I.

"'Well, sir, if you consider you owe me anything for my complaisance, will you let me fix one condition upon it?'"

"'And what is that, sir?'"

"'That is, that you will pray to God as I do, sir, that I may never have occasion to touch this sword, except to satisfy the curiosity of strangers who are good enough to honour with a visit the poor house of the executioner of Heidelberg.'

"I saw that the moment was come for me to take my leave, and giving M. Widemann the promise he demanded, I saluted and left him.

"It was the first time in half an hour's conversation I was ever so completely *floored* (*roulé*): not having found during the whole time, a single chance to take my revenge.

"Nevertheless I kept my promise to M. Widemann: and no doubt our *common prayer* was efficacious, for I have not heard that since my visit he has had occasion to take the rust off his sword."

With regard to the efficacy of the prayers of M. Alexandre Dumas it is not for us to speak. But we may question the taste of the individual who could go so far for the purpose of viewing so disgusting a relic; who could insult this unhappy gentleman (as the executioner appears to be), for the satisfaction of a curiosity which was neither more nor less than brutal; and who can talk with a sneer of praying to the Almighty that the poor executioner's hand might be kept from blood. It is a serious thing, O Dumas, to talk even in Melodramas or Impressions of Voyage about praying and killing. Even in fifth acts of plays there may be too much poetic murdering: whereby (to carry out the Alexandre-Dumatic metaphor) the brightness of the imagination is stained: *car la rouille comme on le sait réparait presque toujours aux endroits que le sang a taché*.

However, to do the dramatist justice, he is by no means so bloody-minded now as he was in earlier youth: and he has grown more moral too, and decent, so that ladies, skipping such Borgian temptations as are noted in a former part of this Review, may, on the whole, find it possible to read him. When time shall have further softened an emphatic bullying manner, which leads him at present to employ the largest and fiercest words in place of simple and conciliating ones; and he shall cease to set down as armed castles all the peaceful windmills of every-day life; it is probable that we shall be indebted to him for much amusing reading. Some we have had already, as our readers know. For he has both humour and eloquence, and in spite of his hectoring manner his heart is both manly and kind. And so schooled down as we trust he will not fail to be, we may look forward to his writing a couple of thousand volumes, even more interesting than those which he has at present produced.

ART. VII.—*Lettres de Marguerite d'Angoulême, Sœur de François premier, Reine de Navarre. Publiées d'après les Ma-*

nuscrits de la Bibliothèque du Roi. (Letters of Margaret of Angoulême; Sister of Francis I.; Queen of Navarre. Published from the Manuscripts in the Royal Library.) Par F. GENIN. Paris. 1841.

THE Literary Society, instituted at Paris in 1837, under the name of *Société de l'Histoire de France*, and composed of an unlimited number of members, among whose names we read those of Segur, Guizot, Augustin Thierry, and others as well known, proposes to itself the publication of original and curious documents relating to French history anterior to the States-General, held in 1789. It has already produced new editions of Gregoire de Tours, and Philippe de Commines, augmented and corrected from manuscripts in the Royal Library; the trial and rehabilitation of Jeanne d'Arc; the correspondence of the Emperor Maximilian with his daughter Margaret; and other works of like importance.* One of the latest is the volume now before us.

It contains 171 letters hitherto unpublished, written between the years 1521 and 1549; besides the analysis of various other notes or epistles less important; and an interesting sketch of Margaret's life and literary productions. About a dozen of these letters are addressed to her brother, King Francis; some few to his successor; to the Chancellor of Alençon; and to others of less note and name: but the greater portion to Montmorency, successively Marshal, Grand Master and Constable of France, the least grateful, and the most prized of her friends. Not one is written to her husband. During a forced

* We subjoin a list of the publications issued, or in contemplation.

L'Ystoire de li Normant, et la Chronique de Robert Viscart, par Aimé, moine du Mont Cassin: Histoire ecclésiastique des Francs, par Grégoire de Tours, texte et traduction en regard—Le même texte français seul:—Le même texte latin seul: Lettres du Cardinal Mazarin à la reine: Mémoires de Pierre de Féni: La Conquête de Constantinople, par Villehardouin: Orderici Vitalis Historia Ecclesiastica: Correspondance de l'Empereur Maximilien avec Marguerite sa fille: Histoire des Ducs de Normandie et des Rois d'Angleterre, suivi du Roman de Ham: Mémoires de Philippe de Commines, nouvelle édition revue sur les manuscrits de la bibliothèque royale: Œuvres complètes d'Eginhard, réunies pour la première fois et traduites en français avec notes variantes et table générale, texte et traduction en regard: Lettres de Marguerite d'Angoulême, sœur de François 1er, reine de Navarre: Mémoire du comte de Coligny-Saligny: Procès de condamnation et réhabilitation de Jeanne d'Arc: Annaux de la Société, pour les années 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841 et 1842.

Sous Presse.—Mémoires de Marguerite de Valois, femme de Henri IV.

absence of Henry of Navarre on the king's service she still communicates with him through Montmorency—ever the confidant of her joys and cares—the details of her heart and home. Embracing a period of which two great events were the war in Italy and the progress of Protestantism, her letters necessarily allude to both: but in the absence of the absorbing interest they find in her brother's capture, treat chiefly of the passing occurrences of the day:—her marvel that the Seigneur de Chateaubriant should "*user de main mise*," or in other terms, beat his wife, then the mistress of King Francis; the election of the Bishop of Senlis, who afterwards defended her own work before the Sorbonne; her mother's health, and her anxiety for her correspondent's:—and, saving the few epistles addressed to the Bishop of Meaux, they are easy in their style as friendly in their spirit. Sometimes playful, as when she writes from Fontainebleau: "Madame has left me here in care of part of her furniture. I mean her parrot and her fools" (there were female as well as male court fools), "which as it pleases her, likes me well:" earnest when she pleads, as in the letters to Montmorency, praying him to protect the reformers Berquin and Roussel, and to defray the debts of the poet Marot: deeply pathetic when her sun had set with the reign of Francis, and she is lone and weary, having, as she writes, "borne more than her share of the sorrow common to all well-born creatures." They have no literary pretension; show no pride of rank, no personal vanity; their tone is humble, when she is prosperous; resigned, when her own hopes and feelings are offered victims to some unworthy fear or selfish policy.

Eloquent when Francis is her subject, the most attractive of these letters concern his welfare, or are written from his side. There is a sincerity in her admiration, a timidity in her fondness, which wake sympathy for a spirit at once so strong and gentle. Interfering in political affairs only to serve him, seldom putting herself forward save to bring merit to light, or to stand between a punishment and its victim, we see her recommend to Montmorency "an indigent son of a faithful servant;" ask aid and forgiveness for some one "who hath been faulty and is amended;" propose, to fill vacant posts, men of merit, and "faithful in the king's service:" but throughout her correspondence hold aloof from court intrigue. Only once, when Francis had himself alluded to his suspicions of the Duchess of Etampes' treachery, she touches on the subject, but distantly and with deference; and the interests she advocates,

saving in the one instance when the pension necessary to her existence was withdrawn after her brother's death, are never her own.

Margaret of Angoulême, sister of Francis the First, duchess of Alençon and Queen of Navarre, imperfectly known has been unfairly judged by her biographers: rather on the authority of Brantôme (the first who calumniated her, and whose free pen and unbridled imagination spared none), and as the mere author of the *Nouvelles de la Reine de Navarre*, than on that of her contemporaries, or by her life and actions. These all show her devoted and single-hearted, protecting the arts and sheltering the persecuted. While she lived, indeed, no shadow of suspicion rested on her; and M. Genin fairly remarks that fear and respect would have failed to impose silence on those whom neither withheld, when she lay under the more serious imputation of heresy. In a letter addressed to her, and inserted in this collection, Erasmus, no mean authority, praises "her prudence worthy a philosopher, her chastity, her piety, her moderation, her invincible strength of mind, her marvellous contempt for the vanities of the world." As to the "*Nouvelles*," on which her equivocal reputation is based, we cannot with Monsieur Nodier ascribe to them another author; having had, for witness of their composition, the Seneschale of Poitou, Brantôme's grandmother, "who went ever along with her in her litter, being her lady of honour, and held the inkhorn whence she wrote as she composed these tales: the greater part thus travelling through the country: as, being arrived, she had graver occupations," and who told this to her grandson: but we may remark, that, left uncompleted when she died, the style changed by her editors is not her own; and the tone may be a little excused by the time in which that of the very preachers was as free: the more so, as while she allowed herself to portray the licentious manners of court and city with their coarse and congenial colouring—having resolved, as she says herself, to imitate Boccaccio, save on one point, which is "to set down naught untrue"—she seldom failed to inculcate a moral.

She was born at Angoulême, the 11th of April, 1492; daughter of that Louisa of Savoy whose prudence as Regent preserved France, whose avarice and falsehood sacrificed Samblançay, and whose woman's passion and wounded vanity persecuted the Constable de Bourbon for rejecting her tardy love, till she rendered him a traitor. It has been asserted that attachment to Margaret was the chief reason for his refusal of the Duchess of Angoulême; and the Constable's love ad-

mits of no doubt: but by her it never was returned. For himself, he was a man of proud and inflexible spirit, who would owe advancement to his merit only, and rejected a road to fortune, opened to him by an unsought marriage, as at once odious and ignoble. Severely educated, already remarkable at fifteen for serious tastes and rare talents, Margaret had all kinds of masters, and became a proficient in polite, or, as they were then called, profane letters. Theology her favourite study; a Greek, Hebrew, and Latin scholar; she had a lively wit and womanly grace which made her superiority more admirable in the eyes of some, while it induced others to forget and pardon it. At seventeen years of age,—her alliance having been sought by Charles the Fifth, and refused by Francis, from what motive is unknown,—she was retired in her duchy and town of Alençon; married to its last prince by some strange policy which gave her to a man who had neither personal nor moral recommendation: so null indeed as to have passed unnamed in history, but that at the passage of the Scheldt he was made an instrument to insult Bourbon; and by his cowardice at Pavia contributed to the loss of the battle, and the capture of the king. Between the year 1509, when she married, and 1515, when on the accession of Francis she first appeared at court, there is little known of Margaret's life: mostly spent, as it was, in study and retirement at Alençon.

Her correspondence with Briçonnet, Bishop of Meaux, of which the volume before us contains a few short letters, commenced in 1521. He was a celebrated man: as having been excommunicated by one Pope, and rehabilitated by another; and having adopted, like his father, the priestly robe when weary of secular enjoyment. When the reformed opinions first made way in France, the Bishop, then in his diocese of Meaux, received there its most celebrated promulgators: among them were Farel and Lefebvre d'Étaples: even Calvin. It is said that he strove to reconcile them to the Church; he certainly was accused of heresy. We forbear to quote from this correspondence. The epistolary style of the Bishop of Meaux is so loaded with metaphors which mask the sense, so unintelligible in its flights, that the most curious reader will hardly refer from the extracts given in notes by Monsieur Genin to the letters themselves: varying from fifty to a hundred pages in length, and fairly copied in a voluminous manuscript in the royal library. Margaret, whose strong good sense and simplicity of style seem to have been for a while misled by this strange model, strives vainly to equal her master.

She is still far distant in obscurity of sense and ridiculousness of manner: even though she learns to call God "the only needful;" and writes to the Bishop, of whom, though younger, she calls herself the mother, and who had inculcated a mysticism strangely material, "So act, that your old mother, grown old in her first skin, may by this gentle and ravishing word of life renew her old skin, and be so repolished, rerounded, and whitened, that she may belong to the Only Needful."

When Margaret arrived at her brother's court, the power she was to share henceforth vested in the hands of the Duchess of Angoulême, while the royal favour centred like a glory on the fair head of the Countess of Chateaubriant. Queen Claude possessed neither. She was a patient and saintly creature; born to bear the indifference of her husband, and the imperious treatment of her mother-in-law. She claimed nothing; regretted nothing, at least apparently; served God, assisted the unhappy, injured no one. She had no beauty, save in the expression of goodness so visible in all her features; but a slight lameness, as well as an indifferent figure. Her mother, Anne de Bretagne, had objected to her union with Francis, fearing his neglect and her unhappiness. Married after the death of Anne, she wore mourning at her nuptials by the king's will, and in token of his sorrow. It was a presage of her after life, which had little to break its melancholy: for she neither won affection nor possessed authority; and died at four-and-twenty. Her confessor said she had never committed a mortal sin; and after her decease, she was prayed to as a saint. One notable lady, long afflicted with fever, implored her intercession in this new capacity, and Bourdigné asserts that she obtained it. "She was esteemed," says Jean Bouchet, an author of the time, "the pearl and flower of the ladies of her country; a mirror of modesty, innocence, and sanctity; most courteous and charitable; loved by each, and herself loving all, and striving to do good to all; and having care only to serve God and pleasure the king."

Between this pale and gentle form, and that of the brilliant Countess de Chateaubriant, Margaret found her place ready. "There never was," say her historians, "friendship so just, so mutual, so faithful, as that between herself and Francis. They had the same love of letters and the arts; the same desire to please and power of pleasing. The nation looked on them as models as well as masters." He had named her "Marguerite des Marguerites:" but while Margaret's attachment remained unchanged, and throughout her life

sustained its frank and noble nature, that of the king was shaded by egotism; and whenever a political doubt could arise, he forgot that above all she looked upon him as a brother.

Clement Marot was at this period an ornament of the French court. Presented to the duchess on the part of her brother, he obtained a place in her household. The poet was at the time three-and-twenty, the princess three years older. He had a gay spirit beneath a grave exterior; a disposition imprudent and generous; charm of manner as well as genius; and could lay down the student to take up the soldier. But he attacked ecclesiastical abuses too openly and carelessly, and often needed the royal protection. Wounded at Pavia, where as in other actions he had behaved gallantly, on his arrival in France he was charged with heresy and cast into prison. Here he remained till the king's return. Laharpe, and Marot's commentators, style him a lover and a favoured one of Margaret. Monsieur Genin agrees with the Abbé Goujet in treating these loves as imaginary. It is true that she is the subject which inspires many of his amatory poems; but in his day, this was no unwarrantable freedom, nor on Margaret's part was it a breach of decorum to reply. She did so to other epistles couched in similar strain, but wanting the claim to notice due to the talent of Marot. The proofs of her attachment are mostly deduced from that correspondence: kept up so unceasingly, but at the same time so openly, as on the part of a woman of strong feeling would rather prove it unawakened. Margaret was no poet; her verses are mere prose marred by rhyme; cold and laboured, they want the diffidence of passion and have nothing of its depth. The correspondence was, perhaps on Marot's part, more probably on that of the princess, a mere poetical fiction, an unmeaning reminiscence of the old chivalric times.

The battle of Pavia was fought on the 25th of February, 1525. The poet had followed his master thither; the Duke of Alençon, Margaret's unworthy husband, held an important command, and decided the day by his misconduct. The French troops, shaken, were yet unconquered; when the duke, instead of bringing up the left wing (which was still fresh, not having been engaged) to the monarch's succour, commanded in his panic that the retreat should sound—determining the rout and the king's capture—and continued his own flight to Lyons. The news reached Paris on the 7th of March, and brought with it grief and terror. The town-gates remained closed during the night, with

the exception of five, which were strongly guarded. It was commanded that lanterns should be kept lighted throughout the city, and that no boat should traverse the Seine. The holy remains of St. Denis lay exposed on the altar. Arriving at Lyons, the unfortunate duke had found there the Duchess of Angoulême and Margaret. Loaded with their reproaches, and his own shame, he fell ill of fever; and having languished for some weeks, died. We hear little of the regret which Margaret could scarcely feel for one so far her inferior; and which her frank nature forbore to feign. She aided her mother to rule the kingdom and gain over the nobles. Had the Regent lacked fortitude or prudence at this juncture, all was lost; and it is but justice to her to say, that as she created the evil, she administered the remedy.

Prisoner to the Emperor, Francis wrote to his sister requesting her presence, to negotiate his freedom. He had been conducted to Spain in consequence of the escape of Henri d'Albret, prince of Bearn, and nominally King of Navarre, taken like himself at Pavia. They were confined together in the fortress of Pizzighitone; and as he was a gallant young man, some sympathy of character, and the fellowship of misfortune, made them friends. Lannoy, Viceroy of Naples, showed them the respect which was their due. It was he who when Francis yielded him his sword, gracefully presented his own, saying "it had spared French blood often." On the morning of Easter-day, 16th of April, 1525, the Viceroy's attendants presented themselves at the door of Henri d'Albret's chamber. It was carefully and silently opened by a domestic, who, treading with caution and a finger on his lip, pointed to the bed where his sick master lay. A feeble voice issued from within the curtains: the King of Navarre prayed to be left to repose. The messengers retired; and while the seeming prince turned his face heavily on his pillow, the real Henri d'Albret fled, in the dress of the generous page who devoted himself to his freedom. The stratagem had been discovered when success had been attained: Lannoy, admiring the youth's courage and its motive, forbore to punish him: but Francis was shortly transferred to Spain, in fear of a like enterprise. Monsieur Genin gives us Margaret's reply to the latter intelligence: it is dated May, 1525, and was perhaps written to fall into the Emperor's hands, as it speaks in praises largely. The safe-conduct has been (she writes) "demanded for the envoy to Spain:" she forbears to name who will fill this office. Detained till August, her letters breathe only her impatience. She then hurries on, braving fatigue;

embarked, careless of weather ; and thus closes the last letter written, on her arrival, to Montmorency, who, taken with the king, had remained his companion : "I cannot tell my joy to approach this spot which I have so desired, but believe that never till now knew I what it is to have a brother, and never thought I to love him so well." She embarked at Aiguemorte ; and landed in Spain, travelled in her litter with a numerous suite ; arriving at Madrid about the close of September. She found Francis at extremity, but mastered her own grief that she might the better minister to his : the true cause of his malady. At once she assembled the sharers of his captivity in the sick chamber where he lay in lethargy, unconscious of their presence and hers, and kneeled down among them. The prayer ended, the king aroused himself as the Archbishop of Embrun approached his couch, and, signing that it was his will to receive the sacrament also, said faintly : "God will restore me, soul and body." From this hour his convalescence began, and through the care and character of Margaret his health and his courage returned. In October she quitted Madrid to join the Emperor. "It is the best proof of the king's amendment," says La Bourdaziers in a letter to the Regent, "that the duchess abandons him to-morrow to journey to Toledo." Writing thence to Francis, she describes the Emperor's reception as cold and guarded : "He referred me to his council, and said that to-day he would reply ; and he led me to see the queen, his sister, where I stayed till late and she held me in fair discourse. True it is that to-morrow she departs, but I think more in obedience than by her free will, for they hold her in much subjection." When Margaret appeared before the Council, her harangue, according to Brantome, made a profound impression on men slow to move ; but did not serve her cause. At first a dupe to the apparent interest borne her brother, she was soon undeceived. "Had I dealings with right-minded folk, who knew what honour means, I should care little, but it is altogether the contrary." Charles insisted on the cession of Burgundy refused by Francis ; and seeing agreement on this point impossible, Margaret plotted her brother's escape. There was a negro-servant who brought wood to the royal chamber ; it was agreed, when he came at nightfall, to lay him in the king's bed, while Francis himself should go forth in his clothes, and with his face blackened. The plan resembled that which liberated Henri d' Albret, but this was divulged through the quarrel of the king's attendants. Chapin, the valet-de-chambre, received a blow from Monsieur de la Rochepot

and disclosed the plot in his anger ; so that the Emperor forbade the future admittance of the negro to the king's apartments.

Leaving Toledo, where she had vainly hung on the fair words of Charles, the Duchess of Alençon returned to Madrid, and travelled thence wheresoever the king's interests seemed to summon her. The Duke de l'Infantado had shown himself favourably disposed towards Francis, but he received from court a hint that himself and his son would do well in future to forbear converse with Margaret. "At least," she writes, "female discourse is not denied me ; to the dames I have access, and they shall hear doubly." We have said that Charles had placed her on a footing of intimacy with his sister Eleanor, widow of Emmanuel, the humpbacked king of Portugal. The shrewd and successful policy now occurred to her of proposing an alliance between her own widowed brother, the royal prisoner, and this lady : whom the offer, though she had refused the Constable Bourbon, found not unwilling.*

* Eleanor is described as very beautiful, with "a high forehead and a scarlet lip ;" a delicate complexion and laughing eye ; a gentle voice and modest presence. Frederick II., the brother of the Elector Palatine, being at the Spanish court some years before, was struck by her beauty ; and an affection was given and returned, which the years of both rendered natural. Upon this, two of Charles's ministers and the young man's enemies, became spies over Eleanor, and betrayed her to her brother ; who at once opened negotiations for her espousal with the old king of Portugal. Apprised of this, Frederick wrote a letter in the most passionate terms, styling her his beloved Eleanor, and speaking of concerting means to avoid this hateful alliance. A lady of her household revealed its reception to the king, and also that the princess, waiting an opportunity to conceal it elsewhere, had hastily hid it in her bosom. Charles sought his sister and conversed with her gaily till she was off her guard, when approaching nearer on some pretext he drew the letter from her vest. His anger rose to fury. He had well-nigh arrested Frederick ; and only the prudent intervention of the Princess of Orange induced him to be satisfied by his instant departure ; while Eleanor's marriage was concluded without delay or mercy. Two years changed the broken-hearted girl to the royal widow : she had returned to Spain, and Frederick had renewed his proposals in a private letter sent through one Hubert Thomas of Liege, from whom these details are borrowed. He reminded her that her position was changed ; that her brother's will bound her no longer : but it is probable her heart had altered also : for she replied that to consent would be to derogate from the rank she had attained unwillingly ; and that "she could descend from one throne only to mount another." Charles, meanwhile, again attempting to exercise his former sway, had promised her hand to the Constable Bourbon as the price and reward of his treason ; but Eleanor's pride recoiled from recompensing a traitor. Her own countrymen with their high notions of honour had been first to condemn his desertion ; and

The brilliant qualities of Francis seemed to shine the more for the gloom which had gathered round him. In advantages of person and grace of manner he was Bourbon's equal; and he had besides the open and affable expression which the other, dark and reserved, had ever wanted. The Constable himself offered no opposition; he hoped for the pardon of Francis and the hand of Margaret. Become bridegroom and bride, the King and Eleanor were notwithstanding parted after a brief interview. The demands of Charles were yet unsatisfied; he exacted Burgundy. The term assigned in Margaret's safeconduct then expired, she solicited a prolongation: and this denied her, departed; bearer of the act of abdication which made the Dauphin king; but journeying against her will and slowly; still trusting that good news might recall her; and so lingering by the way, that she once remained seven hours on horseback to travel but five leagues. Her first letter after her departure is dated Alcala, the 20th of November, and addressed as usual, to Montmorency. "For my health," she says, "the body is but too well; but for the spirit, I cannot deny that it minds most what it leaves; and know that, all night, I held the King by the hand, and would not wake that I might be so gladdened longer." A warning to hasten her march, proceeding, it is said, from the Constable, never indifferent to her welfare, suddenly roused the duchess from her security. Three days after her departure, treason or imprudence had revealed to the Emperor a copy of the act of abdication; the change it effected in the prisoner's importance was far from pleasing to him; but knowing his safeconduct near its close, and seeing Margaret's delays, he dissembled his annoyance. He made certain that the last hour would strike ere she passed the frontier, and determined on exercising his power to detain her prisoner. The duchess defeated his intentions; for she travelled in one day the distance allotted for four, and passed the Imperial boundary one hour ere the delay expired. Her letter to the Chancellor of Alençon tells how she had been denied, with a train but of three women, to bear the king company; complains of "dissimulating per-

sons, whose fair words change incontinently;" and how amid the toils laid for her she was obliged, during a month's time, to mount her horse at six at morn and so ride till dark.

But her presence had produced a favourable change for Francis. Become his captor's brother-in-law, he was allowed promenade and diversion, and to visit church and monastery. His communication with his bride was as yet carried on by letters only, but the time of his deliverance drew nigh. There exists a curious letter, written in Charles the Fifth's name, to the Regent on the subject of her son's freedom. Demanding for himself the Duchess of Alençon, he says that another match may be found for the Constable of Bourbon: so proving that he neither relinquished his old hopes of Margaret, nor was willing to yield her to his rival. It is strange that this demand should have been again rejected at a time when the consolidation of the peace between France and Spain was of paramount importance; but Francis, prisoner, had already claimed the aid and friendship of Henry VIII. of England; and in one of the letters before us, Margaret writes, "though his body be held by the Emperor, his heart and all that he hath are captives to the King of England." Perhaps some desire of revenge on Charles, for whom France and England united might prove too powerful, influenced the king; still smarting with his imprisonment, and groaning under its exactions.

The 20th March, 1526, he at last re-entered Paris after a year's absence; his ransom fixed at 1,200,000 golden crowns; his young sons by his first queen, Claude, remaining hostages for its payment. Hardly arrived within his palace-walls, he busied himself about the union of Henry of England with his sister; and though the negotiation failed, and Anna Boleyn, formerly in Margaret's service, received the crown to prepare her for the axe, it is certain that the Bishop of Grammont, who passed for an able diplomatist, was sent to London, with secret instructions to increase the king's scruples with regard to his brother's widow, and dispose him to espouse Margaret. A change, and one which had serious consequences, had now taken place in the court of Francis: the court where ladies first established a position; in which the profligacies as well as graces of later times had their origin; and whence the succession of female favourites who have ruled in France may be said to date. The favourite of Charles, his second marriage being already held about as valid as the other items of the Treaty of Madrid, was no longer Madame de Chateau-

the reply of the noble who was commanded to receive him within his walls rang through Spain: "I will obey, and fire my castle when he shall go forth: I repose not where Bourbon hath been harboured." To this Eleanor it was that Margaret now took the opportunity of proposing the hand of her royal brother; and the offer of the throne of France found no scruples in her.

briant.* A years' separation had weakened the king's love; it might perhaps have been revived, but that the Duchess of Angoulême, when she went to meet him at Bayonne, carried with her in her suite one demoiselle de Keilly, lately received into her household. She was not only seventeen years of age and beautiful, but had the sparkling wit and solid instruction so prized by Francis. Charles of St. Martha styled her "the wisest of the fair; the fairest of the wise;" and Clement Marot wrote

Dix et huit ans je vous donne,
Belle et bonne;
Mais à votre sens rassis,
Trente cinq ou trente six
J'en ordonne.†

This was the woman who now shared the king's tastes, or inspired him with hers: become duchess of Etampes, her influence lasted till he died: she is seen like a baleful cloud wrapping round, and making dim the years of his decline: unfaithful to him as a lover, betraying him as a king. There is an anecdote given by Brantome concerning the deserted favourite, which belongs to this time, and which we recall, as in it Margaret bears some share. Loving her brother too well, if not too wisely, to chide him in his weak and faulty hours, she had aided in the composition of the motto and device to adorn the jewels showered in the lap of the Chateaubriant during the days of her power. It would appear that the latter still remained at court, and that Francis, pressed to do so by the new made Deity, demanded these gems, on which were graven a thought which had passed away. She pretended illness, and prayed that the gentleman sent on this errand would return in three days' time. The time expired, he came again; and she presented him with the jewels demanded, converted by her order into ingots of gold. "Tell the king," she said, "that since it is his pleasure to revoke gifts freely made, I render them back thus: as to the devices, I have them so gathered and graven on my soul and hold them there so dear, that none other shall dispose of or enjoy

them." When the messenger had done his errand to the king, he bade him return. "Say to her," said Francis, "that I did not this for the jewels' value, which I would have doubled willingly, but for love of the devices they bore; which, since I lose, of the gold I will have none. She has shown in this," he added, with an injustice which the thought of Margaret should have silenced, "a courage and generosity which I believed not to belong to woman."

Clement Marot, delivered by the king's command from the prison into which he had been cast on charge of heresy, was in those days again at court: and a proof of how little credence should attach to the calumny which uses his name to stain hers, is the mutual affection of Margaret and Henri d'Albret: which the high and heroic qualities of the latter might well justify, and which Francis forbore to oppose. There was some disparity of years; but the duchess was still in the zenith of her beauty. They were married in January, 1527, lacking neither presents from the king, nor promises, afterwards ill kept and claimed vainly, in various letters of this collection addressed to Montmorency. Throughout life Francis proves a selfishness unworthy the chivalrous king towards these two, his devoted subjects; and here, having bound himself to oblige the restitution of the kingdom of Navarre, in the next proposals made to the Emperor for the liberation of the children, there is this passage! "The said King of France promises neither to assist nor favour the King of Navarre in conquering his kingdom; even though he hath espoused his well-beloved and only sister."

Henry had been married but a year when he rendered Francis an important service. The 1,200,000 crowns were to be paid; and the Pope permitted a tax on ecclesiastical revenues, which was yet far from sufficing. This is proved by the two letters cited by Mons. Genin from the Chancellor Duprat and the Cardinal de Tournon to Montmorency: the first declaring that "having tried all expedients at the banks and elsewhere, there is no man who doth not droop his ears;" the second, that "if the king and Madame do not look to their affairs well, they may lay the muzzle to the ground." In this necessity the king's advisers exacted what is amusingly called a gratuitous donation from the nobility. The persons taxed unanimously refused the additional charge, designated as voluntary; and Fontanieu quotes a consultation, signed by six lawyers, on the question, whether the nobles be bound to contribute to the king's ransom. The donation was ultimately, however, obtained; and entirely through the ex-

* Of whom Varillas tells the mournful tale which, though inexact in date, as she was living ten years after that in which he places her murder, is perhaps correct in substance. Suspicion certainly rested on her husband, and after her death he made a donation of all his lands to the rapacious Constable de Montmorency, probably to purchase silence.

† Which may be paraphrased:

Eighteen years your features bear
Good and fair.
Thirty-five or thirty-six
To your mind I must affix
Ripe and rare.

ertions of Henri d'Albret, in the more disaffected provinces.

We cannot agree with the editor of these letters that Margaret, merely tolerant, saw in the persecuted reformers "only learned men in peril;" and that the contrary opinion can be solely supported by appearances, wanting weight and value. Calvin praises her as "the instrument selected by God that his kingdom might come." Deeply read in theology; having studied Hebrew (her Greek lore not sufficing her to arrive at the true sense of the Bible); the universal protectress of letters; defraying the expenses of poor students in the schools of France and Germany, almost at the time when the monks preached in their sermons to the people to "beware of a new tongue of late discovered, called the *Greek*, and the mother of all heresies:" the inquiring nature of her mind, her unfavourable opinion of monk and priest, fitted her to be a convert. She protected Marot and others in her household from religious persecution, even after the death of Louis Berquin, in whose behalf she had written to Montmorency a letter given here. She sheltered in her kingdom of Bearn various reformers; Lefebvre d'Etaples, Gerard Roussel, at one time Calvin, whom Roussel's fate had terrified. Evidently she leaned to the Lutheran persuasion. The flame of the funeral piles, which the Sorbonne asserted, even in the eighteenth century, to be "the best light whereby to guide the erring;" the torture of heretics which the Jesuits in their rules select as the only punishment their pupils may look on; had inspired her with something more than sympathy. Not for the victims, but their persecutors, did her strong mind own the pitying and mournful tolerance of master spirits towards those not their equals. Motives of policy, consideration for her brother, might prevent her openly declaring for those whom she privately supported. Francis, indeed, had faith in his sister; but more in her devotion to himself than in the orthodoxy of her creed; for when Montmorency—grown so strong in the royal favour as no longer to need hers, which had never failed him, and thinking the hour come when ingratitude might bring profit—declared to the king that if he would extirpate Heresy by acting against Heretics, he would do well to commence by his sister: "Ha!" said Francis, "say naught of her, for she loves me too well. She will believe but according to my pleasure, and adopt no creed that might harm my realm." Was this suggestion of Montmorency made in the prudence of a man, of whom dangerous tales might be told? Several times in her letters, in the joy of her

success, Margaret alludes to some danger whence she has preserved him; and the key to this allusion is lost.

She was unsuccessful in her efforts to save Berquin. In April, 1529, having been first strangled, he was burned with his books in the Place de Grève. He was a nobleman and a lover of learning, who, won by the hardihood of the works of Erasmus, translated several. Accused of heresy at a period when its punishment was death, he was imprisoned at the solicitation of the Doctor in Theology, Noël Beda; and, daring to recriminate, he presented twelve propositions taken from a book written by his accuser, avowing them to be impiety and blasphemy, and calling on the Theological Faculty to prove them by Scripture or condemn them. This time protected by the king, Berquin escaped unharmed; but he failed to follow the advice which prudent Erasmus gave, to avoid in future the insults and rash translations which had started this animosity. Saved a second time by Margaret's interference, and still not warned, he was arrested once more, and condemned to do penance for his errors, and abjure them publicly; to have his tongue pierced; and to suffer perpetual prison. "When this sentence was read to him," says Erasmus in a letter, "he appealed to king and bishop; his judges were irritated, and declared that if he failed to submit to their decision, they would place appeal beyond his power: in fact the following day they condemned him to be burned."* Margaret mourned for Berquin: in her protection of Lefebvre d'Etaples she was equally earnest and more fortunate. "He had," says Charles of St. Martha, "translated and written commentaries on the

* "Dumont dared write to me what he witnessed only," pursues Erasmus; "He saw Berquin drawn in the cart to the Grève; he showed no emotion, not even in change of colour. One would have said he was in his closet at study, or in church meditating some pious matter. Even when the executioner pronounced his sentence, in a brutal voice, his countenance remained unaltered. Commanded to descend from the cart, he did so promptly and cheerfully. He had not the audacity and ferocity one sometimes sees in great criminals, but the calm which bears witness of a pure conscience. He spoke to the people; but none heard him for the noise the archers made; it was thought it had been so commanded. When he was strangled, no one cried 'Jesus,' though it be usual, even in cases of sacrilege and parricide; so odious had his enemies made him to the ignorant and simple. . . He was a stanch friend; gave much alms; observed the precepts of the Church without ostentation; was sincere and incapable of doing injury, but suffered no injustice. He had *Lutheranism in aversion*; it is assured that his heaviest crime was his hatred of certain intolerant theologians, and ignorant and ferocious monks."

New Testament ; a crime irremissible in the eyes of Noël Beda. His foes attempted to profit by the king's absence ; but Margaret, then Duchess of Alençon, wrote to her brother, and obtained his interference with the Parliament, so that the accused was saved."

The ransom now paid to Charles, the royal hostages were to return ; and Eleanor, the uncared-for wife of Francis, who had watched over them four years as their mother, was to bear them company. The King and the Duchess of Angoulême met them at Bayonne ; but the Queen of Navarre was detained at Blois, where she gave birth to a son, her second child. In 1528 had been born the future mother of Henry the Fourth, Jeanne d'Albret. The boy died when but two months old. Margaret was at Alençon : her sorrow was deep, but her resignation real, though exaggerated in its show. A *Te Deum* was sung by her order, and the verse from Job placarded in various parts of the town :

The Lord gave him, the Lord hath taken him away.

She bids her brother to remember his being in glory, without thought of her sadness ; but the heart of the mother finds voice sometimes, and she writes to Montmorency : "It seems that you help me to sustain the load, which, without the Lord's aid, would be harder to bear than I had thought." Now, while their grief was yet green, Francis took from her parents, and into his exclusive power, his little niece, Jeanne, and sent her to be educated at Plessis les Tours. It is said he feared her espousing Philip, Charles the Fifth's son ; and thus bearing along with her to Spain her right to Navarre. This royal foresight, so wanting in brotherly feeling, decided Henry and Margaret on retiring to Bearn, which they did this year. 1530 : and lived there tranquilly, occupied with the welfare of their subjects. The face of the country, by nature fertile, but lacking culture through the negligence of the inhabitants, soon changed beneath their care. They summoned persons versed in tillage from all the provinces of France ; embellished and fortified towns ; builded houses and castles ; that of Pau among the rest, with the fairest garden in Europe ; rectified Police and Laws ; and, "to guard from Spanish incursion, fortified Navarins with rampart, bastion, and demylune, according to the art in use."

But Margaret's sphere was not yet to be so narrowed. In the September of 1531, the Duchess of Angoulême, whose health had been some years failing, died at Gretz, near Nemours, of the plague which had succeeded famine : she was tended by her daughter, who, during her last illness, addressed various

letters to the king and constable.* The tie between Margaret and Francis was, in consequence of their mother's death, drawn more closely. He had already expressed his will, in the act drawn up during his captivity, that in case of the Regent's death, his sister should replace her ; and her letters prove her influence and intervention. Bearn her home still, she made frequent journeys to court, and to various parts of the kingdom, as the king's interests needed. It followed at this juncture that as Margaret's superiority was too manifest, it was also too dangerous to escape notice. A monk proposed to tie her in a sack and fling her into the Seine. The Principal of the College of Navarre, in 1533, perhaps to wipe off the imputation of heresy which hung about Navarre, dared to have performed by his professors and scholars, a wretched farce in which she was represented as a fury in hell. The angry king sent to arrest the actors ; when the principal, wearing his gown, and at the head of his troop, met the king's messengers, and, pelting them with stones, forced them to retire. But it was ill to dispute the king's authority ; and these offenders might have found escape from punishment no easy matter, but that Margaret, who then happened to be in Paris, cast herself at her brother's feet and obtained their pardon.

It was in the same year, 1533, that she published the *Miroir de l'ame pécheresse*. The writer of the article on Margaret, in the *Biographie Universelle*, denies its being censured by the Sorbonne, and asserts that it was only placed for a time among suspicious works, by the Curé of St. André des Arts, Leclerc. Mons. Genin, whose researches are much more complete, asserts that Noël Beda denounced to the faculty this poem ; classed as suspicious, since Margaret had mentioned therein neither saints nor purgatory : a proof

* The duchess had always feared death, and was averse to its being mentioned in her presence, even in a sermon, saying the preachers could only tell what all knew. Three days before she died, according to Brantome, her chamber, during the night, seemed all in flame ; and believing this extraordinary glare caused by the heedlessness of her women, she reproved them for it. They said it was the light of the moon, not of their fire, which produced this splendour. The princess having commanded to draw back the curtains, saw it was a comet. "Ha !" said she, "yonder is a sign which shines not for persons of low quality : God sends it for greater ones. Close the window, it announces my death : I must, therefore, prepare." Notwithstanding this, she was still so unwilling to die as to believe in her recovery, and still occupy herself with all affairs of import ; till Margaret, her daughter, having admonished her to place her thoughts elsewhere, she turned them to God.

she believed in neither : but this time the old doctor's malice was baffled by the strong sense and eloquence of Guillaume Petit, Bishop of Senlis, who pleaded before the Sorbonne the cause of book and author : and some time after, on a pretext not very clearly known, Noël Beda was imprisoned at the Mont St. Michel, "to teach him to calumniate the poem of a princess of the blood royal," and there died.

Of the date of 1534 we find a letter to Montmorency, written in intercession for Roussel. The protestant persecution was then at its height ; and Francis avenged, by burning and torture, the placards posted in the streets of Paris, and on the walls of his castle of Blois : Margaret was always mediatix, though too often vainly. It is said by Varillas, that the idea of a theological discussion had originated in her, when Francis, with a sudden change of purpose, which proved the spring of his actions to be less fanaticism than policy, wrote with his own hand to Melancthon to invite him to dispute on matters of the faith with the doctors at Sorbonne. In these letters we find her seeking Francis at Valence, where he was making preparations for war with Charles ; joining Montmorency at the camp of Avignon ; and afterwards writing from Amiens as to how Boulogne and Terouane are fortified.

A striking passage of her history then arrests us in them. In the month of December, 1537, the little Princess Jeanne was dying at Plessis les Tours. The news arrived at Paris on one of the shortest and darkest days of the year. It was four o'clock in the evening ; the rain fell in torrents ; and the queen's officers and attendants were dispersed in the city and its environs. She borrowed the litter of her niece Margaret, the king's third daughter, and departed without further preparation. Arrived at Bourg-la-Reine, where she was to pass the night, she went straight to the church, and said at the door to several persons gathered there, "My heart tells me I know not what, of my child's death ;" afterwards desiring to be left alone with her faithful attendant, the Seneschale of Poitou, she sunk on her knees, accusing herself of being by her sins the cause of her daughter's death. Opening the Bible after supper, her eye fell on a verse which she said was of happy augury. A postillion's horn sounded, and the sound rapidly increasing, proved his speed. All crowded to the door, Margaret rushed to the window, demanding "What news ?" No one replied, and she again cast herself down in prayer. At the close of some minutes the chamber-door was opened, and the Bishop of Seez entered.

The queen was kneeling on the floor, leaning against a low bench, her face stooped to the ground. "Ah ! Monsieur de Seez," she said, "come you to announce to a grieving mother the death of her only child ? I understand you, she is now with God." Some precautions were taken ere the truth was told her : she was out of danger. A letter dated Bourg-la-Reine, two in the morning, charges Montmorency to apprise the king of the child's safety, whom "death forbore to touch, since he called her his."

There is here a lapse of two years in the Queen of Navarre's correspondence. During the interval, Montmorency, hitherto Marshal and Grand Master of France, had been created Constable ; and quarrelled with his protectress, whose faith in him seems to have remained firm as her friendship, while self-deceit was possible. He accused her to the king of heresy, and this Margaret resented deeply and naturally. It is said also that the ill-offices he rendered in poisoning her husband's mind, were so efficacious as to oblige Francis to interfere ; but this seems doubtful. It was in this year, 1540, that the little princess Jeanne, not yet twelve years old, was married by the king's will, and against that of her parents, to the Duke of Cleves. Jeanne protested ; when, in consequence of her tender years, and her mother's interference, they were separated after the ceremony ; and the King of Navarre roused to resentment of this tyranny, the marriage was dissolved at his prayer, and by papal authority. It was at these nuptials that the change of the king towards Montmorency was first made manifest. "The day she was married at Châtellerault, it was necessary to carry her to the church ; inasmuch as she was so charged with precious stones and cloth of gold and silver, that from the weakness of her body, she could not walk ; the king commanded the constable therefore to take his little niece in his arms, and bear her thither, whereat all the court marvelled ; it being an office unsuited to a constable of France, and which might be given to another : but the Queen of Navarre was not displeased, and said, 'There is he who would have ruined me with my brother, now serving to carry my child.' The constable said, 'My favour is past away ; I bid it adieu.' So it happened ; for after the wedding-dinner and festival, his dismissal given him, he departed. I had this from my brother, who was then page at court, who saw and recollected all this well, for he had a happy memory."*

Her next letters are dated 1541, and ad-

* Brantome.

dressed to the Chancellor of Alençon, d'Izernay. She continued to reside in Bearn, where celebrated foreigners crowded to see her; and the friends ranged round her table, were chosen for their rank less than for their talents. Chiefly occupied with theological study she had not yet abandoned poetry nor withdrawn herself from the world, though retiring at times to the solitude of the monastery she had founded. But religious hatred sought Margaret even in the quiet she had chosen. It would appear that a certain Bishop Condom had attacked the king in his sermons; and with this offence to rouse her, she was neither patient nor tolerant. The priest was punished, but she was warned to hold herself on her guard, as poisons were much in use. "I have prayed the King of Navarre," she says, "so long as I shall stay here at Nerac, that such as belonged to the said bishop's household should be sent forth from the town; he hath done so gently, saying what opinion I hold of them, and has given order that no one shall enter our kitchens. It is said that the monks of this country practise the art of poisoning by incense; wherefore this feast of Christmas has been chanted in our great hall; and from my bed I have heard matins and high mass since we are come to lodge in Madame's chamber."

The poem called *Le Coche*, a debate on love, was composed at this time. In it Margaret is herself an actor. She has driven out to enjoy a summer evening, and alighting from her carriage, meets the three afflicted dames who hold the argument. A wood-cut represents this curious royal equipage: resembling an enormous waggon covered with an awning, a low door and a step in the centre of one of its sides. In this performance she describes her brother with her usual affectionate enthusiasm.

He is on earth as is the sun in heaven.

Margaret's poems, unlike her "*Nouvelles*," are generally of a grave nature, filled with thoughts of death and the existence beyond. It was in the more earnest aspects of her character always to blend earthly love with feelings of a higher devotion, and it was a tendency of mind that showed itself in her actions as well as in her words.*

* Captain John de Bourdeille (brother of Brantôme, whom we quote) "was destined for the church, and sent at the age of eighteen to study in Italy. He rested in Ferrara, where Madame Renée of France, the duchess, who loved my mother well, detained him at the university. But forasmuch as he was born unapt for study, he was courtier and lover more than scholar; so that he fell deep in love with a French widow called the *demoiselle de la Mothe*: and they loved one another so well that my

The last letter written to the king is dated 1542: she is on her way to join him at Fontainebleau, and excuses herself for her delay by her own ill-health and her having stayed to view his newly-built Castle of Chambord. She strives, she says, "to strengthen her sight, her heart, her understanding, to receive from him the only contentment she could or would hope from creature living." Bowled to the earth by the malady of which he died, Francis expiated the prosperity with which his reign began, by the disasters of its close. Except in the fruitless victory of Cerisoles, his arms were unsuccessful. He had seen his children drop away, one by one; his temper

brother was recalled by my father, who saw him unfitted for letters; and obliged to return. She who loved him and dreaded danger for herself, seeing that she leaned towards Luther, in vogue at that time, prayed my brother to bear her along with him to France and the court of the Queen of Navarre, to which she had belonged; and who had given her to Madame Renée, when she married, and went to Italy. My brother, who was young and inconsiderate, glad of this fair company, conducted her to Paris, where was the queen, who was glad to see her, for she had wit and was fairly spoken. He, having staid some days with his grandmother and mother, then both at court, returned to our father; but at the close of a brief time, utterly weary of study, and seeing himself incapable, he quitted him suddenly and went to the wars in Piedmont and Parma, where he acquired all possible honour." Five or six months after, Captain John de Bourdeille returned with the army, and went to Pau to seek his mother and salute the queen. The latter was at Vespers when he arrived, and following her to the church he met her issuing forth with her suite as the service was just ended; but taking the young man by the hand she turned back with him alone, and continued to walk up and down the dim church, discoursing with her usual affability on the news from Italy, the wars, and the part he had borne in them. The memory of his attachment and its object had faded from the mind of the young soldier. No mention of them was made by either. At last, having paced the aisle nigh two hours, the queen stopped suddenly and laid her hand on his arm once more. 'My cousin,' she said (we again quote Brantôme's words), 'do you feel nothing move beneath your feet?' 'No, madam!' he replied. 'Nay, cousin,' she rejoined, 'consider well.' My brother answered, 'Madam, I do consider, and am well advised that I feel no motion, for I tread on a solid and sealed stone.' 'Then,' said the queen—keeping him no longer in suspense—'I inform you that you are on the grave and above the corpse of the poor *demoiselle de Mothe*, buried here beneath, whom you so loved; and since souls have consciousness after this life, we may not doubt that this noble creature, lately dead, did tremble as you trode over her; and though you felt her not by reason of the thickness of the tomb, no doubt that she in her own person felt and quivered; and inasmuch as it is a pious office to show memory of the dead whom we have loved, I pray you bestow on her a *Paternoster* and *Ave Maria* and *De profundis*, and sprinkle the stone with holy water: so you will acquire the name of faithful lover and good Christian. I leave you to do so and depart.'

was soured and grown irritable; and his declining days went by sadly: almost in solitude, but for an unfaithful mistress: sold to Spain; separated from Montmorency, whom his misconduct had obliged him to exile; and far from the devoted sister whom he had too often treated unworthily. His wife Eleanor, so hailed at her coming, fair as she was true, and zealous in her desire to serve France and its king, "was not therefore better treated," says Brantome: and Hubert Thomas, already mentioned as contemporary and historian of Frederic, Count Palatine, tells us that the latter, having visited the French court in 1538, when about to quit it, took leave of the queen. They conversed together long: he reminded her of their past affection: the queen asserted that "she had never thought of marriage, not being of an age to reflect so deeply on what was a mere toy and giddiness of youth." She said she had been happy in Portugal. "But for this court of France," she added, "God knoweth how I am viewed here, and the king's treatment of me." It is strange that in the first funeral oration pronounced by the grand almoner after the king's death, which details the last circumstances of his life and his dying words to his children, no mention is made of Eleanor.

In failing health and bitterness of spirit, Francis therefore could have sought no solace at his wife's hands; but Margaret hurried to his presence on receiving a letter in which he reminded her of their early union, and prayed the consolation of her presence "ere he died." When she arrived he was seemingly better, and her presence cheered him. They visited Primatice, and Benvenuto Cellini; and the celebrated printer's, Robert Etienne: where conversations were carried on in the Latin tongue between the artisan and his noble guests, and the learned personages who accompanied them. It was at Chambord, which, like Fontainebleau, they inspected together, that while Margaret argued for her sex and against her brother, Francis, perhaps thinking of the Duchess of Etampes, wrote with his diamond ring on the window-pane the often cited lines,

Souvent femme varie,
Bien fol est qui s'y fie.*

In some measure tranquillized, the Queen of Navarre had returned to Bearn: when, one night in April, she dreamed that her brother appeared to her, sad and pale, repeating in a plaintive voice, "Sister, sister." She instantly despatched couriers to Paris, but no reply came. Sometime after she

dreamed the same dream again, and demanding news peremptorily, she was told that the king was well. He had been dead a fortnight, and they feared to inform her.

Anxious and unconvinced, she went to the church; but summoned to attend her on her way, her secretary, Thomas Courdelier; and while she spoke to him of a letter to be written to court for more certain information, she was disturbed by sobs and groans at the further extremity of the cloister: it was a poor insane nun, allowed to wander in liberty because her malady was harmless. The Queen spoke to her, "Why do you moan, sister?" "Alas, madam," said the maniac, "I deplore your ill fortune." Margaret turned to those who followed her, "You concealed the king's death," she said, "but the spirit of God hath revealed it to me through this woman." Passing to her chamber with no show of womanly weakness, she kneeled down and blessed God, "for his will accomplished whatsoever it might be." But the blow was given; her agony was the deeper for being at first restrained; and despite her seeming resignation, she never held up her head more. She passed the first forty days of her mourning in this same monastery; and during this time even composed some verses on her brother's death. They were her last: her adieu to life and poetry.

She writes to Henry the Second, on his accession, a brief and melancholy letter, for her heart was breaking; and the collection offers us two or three more to the Constable de Montmorency, to whom she found herself obliged to apply, painful as the necessity must have been, since Henry had recalled him to favour in contradiction to his father's will expressed on his death-bed. She prays of Montmorency the payment of a pension of 24,000 livres, granted her by Francis. Margaret with her usual carelessness of her own interests, being on the death of Francis his creditor, had abandoned her rights to the relatives of her first husband: but deprived of this royal succour, she represents that to entertain her household must prove impossible, and prays Montmorency for his intervention. "I beg you so to continue till the end of your old mother; and be the staff of her age as she was the rod of your youth. For you have had many friends, but remember you have but one mother who never will part with the name nor its effects in all she may do or desire for you and yours." Throughout this correspondence she styles him by turns, cousin, son, and nephew; mere terms of affection, since no relationship existed. The last pang Margaret felt was occasioned by her daughter's marriage with

* Women vary must,
Senseless they who trust.

Antoine de Bourbon; chosen by the King of Navarre, but without her participation. Henceforth weary of the world, she had abandoned her usual occupations, and no longer mingled in temporal affairs. Brantome says she was commonly retired in her convent of Pusson, where she sometimes performed the office of abbess, and chanted at vespers. Her presentiments returned, and this time they were personal. She dreamed that a beautiful female, robed in white, appeared before her, presenting a wreath of various flowers, and murmuring, "Soon." She said, that the crown was a symbol of eternal life, and that she was shortly to die. And though as yet in her usual health, she wrote to various persons, in order to ward off certain embarrassments which her death might cause.

At last she fell ill at her chateau of Odos, in Bigorre. Her malady lasted twenty days, during which she suffered with patience and courage. She lost her speech three days ere she died, and recovered it only in her last moments, when she exclaimed, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!" and expired. Her obsequies were celebrated in the church of Lescar with solemn ceremonial. It was customary to expose the effigy of the royal person deceased in a chapelle ardente, laid on a couch and robed in sables as if chief mourner at his own funeral; and the waxen portrait was moulded immediately after the decease, that the effigy might be lively and natural. At the foot of Margaret's likeness stood three gentlemen bearing the crown, the sceptre, and the hand of justice, the insignia which accompanied her to the verge of the grave. "Margaret de Valois," says Charles of St. Martha, "only sister of king Francis, was the stay and support of letters; the defence, refuge, and comfort of the wretched."

Monsieur Genin has included in his collection some letters of Francis himself: one of them a gay note after an unsuccessful hunt and supperless return on a frosty night, which shows the familiar footing on which king and courtiers stood; and another, a reply to Margaret, insignificant as ill spelled, for the wary writer entrusted a chosen messenger to communicate by word of mouth any important news or secret, and never noted it down. He has recovered also some Latin epistles of Erasmus and Melancthon: and the last exploring letter written from the Bastile to the king by poor Semblançay.

To such as are curious to know the customs of the time Monsieur Genin's researches offer some interesting documents. The marriage articles, for example, drawn up between Margaret and the King of Navarre, with the worth of jewels he is bound to bestow upon

her; and the order observed at her burial. We find also a detailed list of the "pensions, wages, and other sums" paid on various pretexts to Montmorency, amounting to 56,000 livres; an addition to his own immense fortune which yet placed no bridle on his rapacity. Monsieur Genin remarks that some have doubted the fact of the Count of Chateaubriant's having made a donation of his domains to the Constable of France, in order to put a stop to proceedings instituted against him after his wife's death;* and quotes against them a passage of a letter existing in manuscript in the royal library, wherein Montmorency mentions the donation made, and adds, "Monsieur de Chateaubriant is inclined to do better still." Montmorency was never difficult of access, at least by this road. A subsequent note tells us that the Duke of Guise bribed him with a hound, and that Delabarre, Provost of Paris, wrote from Madrid, "I sent my Lord a pair of boots *quite new* (tout neufs) that he may the better remember me." We read also on another page a letter from his aunt, Louise de Bourbon, a poor nun of Fontevrault, who implores the payment of a legacy which he has received and detained, as humbly as she would crave a charity. Monsieur Genin completes this characteristic portrait of Montmorency by a quotation from the Abbé of Longuerue. "He was a Cacique and Captain of Savages, hard and barbarous; so ignorant, that he scarce could sign his name; hated by every one; believing himself a great captain and being none; always beaten and often prisoner; whose catholicity did not prevent his joining the Coligny's when he found his interest in so doing."

Margaret's letters do not once touch on her occupations as an author; but we find an epistle in verse to Henry the Second when dauphin, hitherto unpublished; mere doggerel for the most part, though possessing some redeeming lines: and two or three short poems, more simple and touching, composed on her brother's death.

We have thus attempted to sketch the contents of Monsieur Genin's volume, and to illustrate by this means the chief events of Margaret's life. Doing justice to her, he has done more than a piece of dry justice to history. Her correspondence proves her kind heart, her disinterestedness through life, her devotion to her brother, her care of the poor, her protection of the persecuted. Let us hope that the 134 letters addressed to the king, vainly sought by Genin, but even more lately found in a corner of the royal library, will not be withheld from us. It is difficult

* See note, *ante*, p.

not to feel interest in all which concerns Margaret of Navarre: fair but not frivolous, gentle but not weak, warm and enthusiastic yet virtuous; using her influence to soften injustice and curb fanaticism; withholding the hand when it was raised to strike, guiding it when it bestowed reward: a star of her times.

A gentleness spread over a fair face
 Passing in beauty the most beautiful;
 A chaste eye in whose light there lies no stain;
 A frank discourse, so simple and so true
 That who should hear it thro' an hundred years
 Would never weary in that century;
 A lively wit; a learning which makes marvel;
 And such sweet gracefulness diffused o'er all,
 And ever present in her speech or silence;
 That fain I would my power did suffice
 To pen her merit on this paper down,
 Even as it is written in my heart.
 And all these precious gifts, and thousand more,
 Cling to a body of high parentage;
 And tall, and straight; and formed in its fair
 stature

As if it were to be at once adored
 By men and gods. Oh! would I were a prince!
 That I might proffer to thee my poor service.
 Yet why a prince? Is not the gentle mountain
 Often of aspect fairer than the crag?
 Do not low olive-tree and humble rose
 Charm rather than the oak? Is't not less peril
 To swim the streamlet than to stem the river?
 I know I levy and defray no armies,
 I launch no fleets whose prize might be a Helen's.
 But if my fortune had endowed me so,
 I would have died or else have conquered thee.
 And if I am in fact no conqueror,
 Yet do my will and spirit make me one.
 My fame, like that of kings, fills provinces.
 If they o'ercome men in fair feat of arms,
 In my fair verse I overcome in turn.
 If they have treasure, I have treasure also,
 And of such things as lie not in their coffers.
 If they are powerful, I hold more power,
 For I have that to make my love immortal.
 Nor this I say is vaunt, but strong desire
 That thou shouldst understand how never yet
 I saw thy match in this life of this world:
 Nor breathing being who the power owned
 Thus to make subject mine obedience.

So sang Clement Marot of Margaret of Navarre.

ART. VIII.—*Neapel und die Neapolitaner*.
 (Naples and the Neapolitans; or Letters
 from Naples Home). By DR. KARL AUGUST
 MAYER. 2 vols. Oldenburg. 1842.

We noticed the first volume of these amusing letters on its appearance two years ago, but in its complete form the work is deserving of more attention than

it received from our hands at that time. The pictures of popular manners in the capital of southern Italy are more varied and striking in the second than in the first volume; and the far-famed scenes in the environs are sketched with a masterly hand. Nor let it be supposed that the doctor confines his remarks within narrow limits. The "most opposite" topics are discussed in quick succession. Priests and religion are disposed of in the same breath, as though they were things connected by nature or sympathy; schools and convents are handled together, plays and poets dragged into the same letter; while holiday feasts and funerals, fiddlers and physicians, lawyers and opera singers, are rapidly and closely passed in review before the reader.

Several excellent letters are devoted to the priests and monks of Naples, of whom the doctor tells strange tales, but for whom, with all their little offences, he cherishes a friendly recollection. The Roman Catholic of Spain, he says, is a fanatic, but the Roman Catholic of Italy is not so. He anathematizes protestantism, indeed, to his heart's content, but he does the same of Islamism and Judaism, and has as little real knowledge of one as of the other two. To the individual protestant, meanwhile,

"he bears no ill-will; but on the contrary is full of *gentilezza* towards him, and indefatigable in showing him little marks of attention. Here, as in every other relation, the kindly and almost infantine disposition of the Italian shows itself, and neutralizes the intolerance so industriously instilled into him."

Among the mendicant friars or street preachers of Naples, are to be found men who exercise an astonishing influence over the *lazzeroni*. Of one of them, Rocco, a Dominican, a posthumous fame is preserved for witty sayings and happy allusions, which if collected would fill volumes. He was reckless whom he attacked, and often said things, which, upon any one less popular would have drawn down the vengeance of the public authorities: but Rocco was a man of whom even the police stood in awe. One day he was preaching to a crowd in the public marketplace: "This day," he said, "I will see whether you truly repent you of your sins." Thereupon he commenced a penitential discourse, that "made the hair of the hardhearted multitude stand upright:" and when they were all on their knees, gnashing their teeth, and beating their breasts, and putting on all imaginable

outward signs of contrition, he suddenly cried: "Now you who truly repent you of your sins, hold up your hands." There was not one present who did not immediately stretch out both arms. "Holy Archangel Michael," then exclaimed Rocco, "thou who with thy adamant sword standest by the judgment-seat of God, hew me off every hand that has been raised hypocritically." Instantly every hand dropped, and Rocco poured forth a fresh torrent of invective against the sinfulness and perversity of his audience.

Rocco was once engaged in a discussion with a Spaniard, whom he silenced by swearing that there was not a single Spanish saint in heaven. The Castilian was startled at so unexpected a declaration, but Rocco maintained the truth of it.

"A few were let in at first," he said, "but they smoked so many cigars, that the Madonna and the other holy virgins were fairly sick; so St. Peter set his wits to work to find out how he might rid them of such disagreeable guests. He sent a crier into every part of heaven, to proclaim that a bull-fight was to be held outside of the gate. Thereupon every Spanish saint without exception ran off to see the show; and when they were all out, St. Peter banged the gate too, and took care never to let a Spaniard in again."

Rocco lived to a good old age. Just before the Neapolitan Revolution, we find him mentioned by another German traveller, Rehfuës. Rocco, at that time, was eighty years old, and suffering severely from the gout; but his wit was unsubdued, and he said he was resolved to battle it with the devil to the last. Ferdinand I., who was fond of everything connected with the popular manners of his capital, showed great favour to Rocco, and used to talk to him from the windows of the palace.

The first hundred pages of Dr. Mayer's second volume are devoted to accounts of priests, convents, and religious processions: and many discourses quite as edifying as those of Father Rocco are duly registered. The doctor has, however, the candour, while he relates the follies of Neapolitan devotees, to admit that a stranger may find quite as good matter for ridicule in many of the Roman Catholic towns in Germany. If the church of Santa Chiara preserves among its relics a genuine sample of the Virgin's milk, Aix-la-Chapelle may be said to match the marvel: for there to this day is shown the Virgin's shift, and a stain of milk upon it

is carefully pointed out to the admiration of the pious.

From the churches our author passes to the theatres; and in so doing, according to his own account, only leaves one dramatic performance for another. Yet he is not a scoffer. The Neapolitan's religion, he says, in one place,

"is a religion of fancy and poetry. The invisible eternal God is too far away from him. The bleeding Christ upon the cross frightens him: familiarized though he is with the picture which meets him not only in church and chapel, but at the corner of each street and even in the solitude of the forest. The lovely Madonna, the virgin mother, she who unites in her own person all that is beautiful and amiable in woman; and the saints, once human like himself, but now so great, so blissful; these come nearer to him, as they smile upon him from their altars and niches. The painted wooden images, though rudely carved and coarsely daubed, are not without beauty for the unsophisticated peasant. He looks up to them with a kind of ecstasy, he prays to them with fervour, and with an almost infantine humility he pours out to them every sorrow that weighs upon his mind. They are dolls to amuse the piety of grown-up children. Even the bandit in his solitary mountain bares his head as he passes the picture of the Madonna: he crosses himself, murmurs his paternoster, and fails not to obey the injunction inscribed under the image;

O peregrin che passi per la via,
Non ti scordar di salutar Maria.

"I have often been sorry that the protestants do not kneel in their churches. It is a beautiful sight to see man humbling himself visibly before what is holy to him, and I know no spectacle more moving than that of a mother kneeling with her children. The little ones have no distinct idea perhaps of what they are about, but their minds are attuned to serious thoughts, and a divine spirit seems to breathe upon them, though they know not how or where."

The living poets of Naples are disposed of in a single page. Giulio Genoino's *Drammatica per l'Educazione della Gioventù*, consists of twenty plays, in ten volumes. This collection has obtained considerable success in Italy, but its morality is terribly dry, and anything but poetical. A romantic tragedy (*Manfred*), by Casanova, as the maiden work of a young author, is promising. Ricci and Giovanni di Martino have lately acquired some fame by their verses: particularly the latter, whose *Græcia Rigenerata*, published in 1835, is a light and agreeable poem, notwithstanding the liberties the author takes with history. The Baron Cosenza is a Neapolitan Kotzebue; very fertile in the production of light comedies, and occasion-

ally, like his German prototype, venturing to cobble up a tragedy.

Whatever travellers may have found to extol in Naples, all agree in placing it about the last in the list of all the lands of Christendom, as far as public education is concerned. Even Dr. Mayer has but little to say on this score in favour of his Neapolitans, who, he admits, are the most ignorant of all the Italians. For the humbler classes there are no means of education whatever, and the clergy, unable to judge of the value of instruction from personal experience, boldly declare mental cultivation mischievous to the poor. Those in easy circumstances are but little better instructed. Their education is in a great measure confined to the enforcement of a certain set of religious observances; to the acquisition of a few agreeable accomplishments, such as music and verse-making; and to an outward polish of manners. So long as all colleges and schools, public and private, are under the control of a *Giunta dell' Istruzione Publica*, composed almost exclusively of Neapolitan clergymen, an improvement of the system is hardly to be hoped for.

There are in Naples probably from ninety to a hundred thousand boys and girls between the ages of five and eighteen. Of these, from four to five thousand are supposed to receive some sort of instruction. In the provinces the proportions are even less favourable. Two thousand girls, Galanti calculates, visit some school or other; but of these two thousand, less than a fifth, he says, are even taught to read; their teachers, in many cases, being themselves unequal to the task of imparting this elementary branch of instruction. The children, in fact, are sent to school, merely to be out of their parents' way; and if they learn to knit and sew, it is generally as much as is expected.

There is in the whole kingdom of Naples but one school which even professes to prepare young men for the university; and this school, the *Real Liceo del Salvatore*, contains about one hundred and fifty pupils. The demands made upon a Neapolitan scholar are, however, extremely moderate. Greek is taught only nominally, and is not thought requisite even in a clergyman. In Latin the students acquire great fluency; a circumstance not to be wondered at when the affinity between the two languages is taken into account. Mathematics are also taught at the Lyceum with much success. History is in a deplorable position, being made en-

tirely subservient to theology. The Neapolitan Colleges are for the most part academies attached to monasteries, and superintended by monks. The *Collegio di San Sebastiano*, conducted by the Jesuits, enjoys by far the best name. It contains usually about five hundred pupils, and has a reputation for mathematics even beyond that of the *Liceo*. The Lyceums and Colleges of the provincial towns have rarely any existence but in the state calendar; inquire after one of them, and you seldom find anything but a mere elementary school.

The University of Naples was founded by Frederick II., in 1224; but according to tradition perpetuated by an inscription, the institution would appear to date back to a much more remote period: no less a man than Ulysses himself being said to have studied there! To this university fifty-two professors are attached; six for theology, fourteen for physical and mathematical science, sixteen for medicine, eight for jurisprudence, and eight for philosophy and literature. The small number of theological professorships is easily accounted for by the fact that the young men for the church are mostly educated at the archiepiscopal seminary, or *Seminario Urbano*. Theology, however, is wretchedly taught at both institutions. The teachers are watched with the most anxious vigilance; are obliged to confine themselves to a most rigid line of orthodoxy; and have no opportunity of varying their lectures except by an occasional invective against heretics, or a humorous account of certain imaginary tenets which they fancifully ascribe to the barbarous protestants of the north. The mathematical and physical sciences are sufficiently well taught. The same remark will apply to medicine: the various hospitals and charitable institutions forming excellent schools for the students. One abominable abuse, however, prevails: that, namely, of granting medical diplomas to ignorant monks, who have indeed to undergo an examination, but a much less rigid one than the lay students. History, philology, and philosophy are in a melancholy condition. There is a Hebrew professor attached to the university; and this man, anxious to have at least one pupil, is said for several years to have had a poor priest to attend his class. The fact is, Dr. Mayer assures us, that a clergyman suspected of reading the Scriptures either in Greek or Hebrew, is looked upon with great jealousy, and his orthodoxy is held to be none of the soundest.

Another German traveller (Lüdemann) gives a humorous account of one of the classes which he attended.

"We entered," he says, "to hear a Greek lesson. An old abbate, with the New Testament in his hand, strutted gravely up and down in front of his three pupils, for of more his auditorium did not consist. The lesson commenced. A long and noisy dispute as to who should begin to *spiegare* (to construe), occupied some time. This preliminary settled, one of the lads proceeded, with the aid of his copy-book, to explain a verse. His pronunciation was horrible, and his explanation worse; but the good abbate, who evidently was not very *exigant*, found everything excellent, and exclaimed continually, '*Da bravo!*' '*Eccolo!*' '*Bravissimo!*' quite proud, apparently, of so proficient a pupil. After a while the second was called on to distinguish himself in a similar way. *Tocca a voi* (it's your turn), *Signor Francesco!* but Master Frank very frankly owned his insolvency; and it was now the turn of the third Grecian, Signor Giulio, to display his erudition: but he, seeing the peril of his position, jumped from his place, and fairly '*bolled*' out of the room. The abbate was now left alone with his pattern pupil, whom he called on to begin again to *spiegare*; but it was easier to call spirits from the vasty deep, than to make them come when called. The lad owned he had gone as far as he was *prepared* to go, so the worthy professor had nothing for it but to lock up his book and dismiss his hopeful class."

The number of holidays are alone a sad interruption to every kind of study. Thursday is a holiday in all Italian schools, unless a church festival happen in the week. Then there is a vacation of three weeks at Easter, and one of four months in autumn, beginning on the 4th of July. However, public education, such as it is, costs nothing: which is about its intrinsic value. Each professor is bound to give one lesson daily. This lesson is public, and free to all who choose to come. The lesson lasts half an hour, and consists usually of a discourse held by the professor: the students listening with decorous silence, but without attempting to take any note of their teacher's remarks. At the conclusion of the lecture, the students applaud, clapping their hands or knocking with their books and canes. The professors are wretchedly paid. Fifty ducati (about ten guineas) a year they receive for their lectures, besides a trifling salary of three or four hundred ducati. Few have more than six hundred ducati in all for their public services. Upon such an income, of course, they cannot subsist. They are obliged to eke out their means by giving private lessons, and in these private lessons it is that the students receive the little instruction that falls to their share. The university is attended

nominally by twelve or fifteen hundred students; but professors and students are both equally irregular in their attendance, and nothing like an effective control is ever attempted. When the student comes to take his degree, the only point rigidly insisted on is a certificate of regular attendance at Church. On this subject of education we need only add that a military and a naval school exist at Naples, but are entitled in their way to very little higher praise than the *Università* or the *Liceo*.

Naples contains one hundred and fifty booksellers: a goodly number for a town in which neither authors nor readers can be said to abound: but of these 150 the greater part are mere venders of invalidated volumes, or speculators who buy learning by the pound, and dispose of it at a moderate advance to certain consumers who apply books to purposes more useful than intellectual. Printers, stationers, and bookbinders are likewise included in the list: and a shop with a tolerable assortment of books does not exist in the whole city. Publishers there are none. Authors, ambitious to see themselves in print and willing to be at the expense, must be their own publishers, and sell their publications the best way they can. More copies are generally given away than sold; and a stranger desirous of buying a new work may often inquire for it in vain at every bookseller's in Naples, unless the author has taken the precaution of leaving a few copies here and there on sale or return. The truth is that a rigid censorship, entirely in clerical hands, and a heavy duty on all foreign books, are serious impediments in the way of literature. Every octavo volume pays an importation duty of three carlini (rather more than a shilling sterling), every quarto volume pays six carlini, and every folio ten. Thus while the absence of all protection to literary property prevents booksellers from publishing the works of native authors, the priestly censorship lays its veto on the importation of every work of questionable orthodoxy either theological or political; and the few flimsy productions of the day that are allowed to creep in, are subjected to a duty much too high to allow a bookseller to import them as a matter of speculation. Such is the consequent mental stagnation at Naples, that even works of a religious and perfectly orthodox character have ceased to appear there; and the pious who desire to possess themselves of the edifying literature of the day, have to order their *trattati* and *discorsi* from Florence and Milan.

"The Catholic Church in Naples," observes our doctor, "sleeps a sound sleep, and her priests hold watch, that none may wake her."

The law is the profession which holds out the fairest prospects; and the consequence is that all the most enterprising young men at the university devote themselves to the bar. There are many able advocates at Naples; but their ability is seldom displayed in print, and then mostly in ephemeral pamphlets. Yet one-third of all that is printed in Naples in a year treats of the law. None of these works can have much interest for foreigners. Pasquale Liberatore published in 1834 a comprehensive work, in three volumes, on the Laws of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies; and Carlo Alfani di Rivera, in 1832, printed a statistical work of great merit, in which, with a degree of boldness scarcely to be expected, he exposed many of the abuses and defects of the existing government. He pointed out the neglect of the forests, the indifference shown to the growth of pestilential marshes, the want of seaports, lazarettos, canals, roads, and bridges. He goes so far as to speak in praise of what was done by the French, and to show that many of their reforms have very injudiciously been allowed to fall into disuse. It is much that the work should have been tolerated at all, but as yet it has produced no effect. None of the reforms recommended by Alfani di Rivera seem to be even thought of.

Among philologists Volpicella deserves an honourable mention, for his four books on Greek Tragedy. Basilio Purto has published an excellent translation of the speech of Pericles in the second book of Thucydides. Avellino's name is known among all the numismatics of Europe. And we happen at the moment to have before us some recent publications of Antonio Carillo, one of the most rising young lawyers in Naples, who has not been deterred by his professional studies from devoting a portion of his leisure to literary pursuits of a lighter character. His *Difesa della Poesia Lirica del Manzoni*, though only an answer to an attack on a favourite author, is the work of an accomplished scholar and a good reasoner.

Dr. Mayer gives us an excellent chapter on the Neapolitan dialect, and another on the popular ballads of Naples, many of which he has translated with great ability. *Das Festkleid* (The Holiday Dress) is beautifully turned in German, but the original is unknown to us. An important chapter in the modern

history of Italian cities has been passed over by most travellers, but has not escaped the notice of Dr. Mayer: we mean that which relates to the crowd of idle sight-seeing tourists who are annually turned adrift upon Italy, to the manifest discredit of their several countries, and least of all perhaps to the fair fame of our own. The doctor, however, addresses his rebuke chiefly to his compatriots, among whom he takes care not to forget the *Erz und Urphilister*, the *philistrissimus philistrorum* of travellers, Nicolai, whose work, *Italien wie es Ist*, made no little noise in Germany some seven or eight years ago. Some good advice, too, let us add, is given to tourists respecting the best way of travelling in Italy "with advantage to themselves, and without annoyance to others:" a chapter which Mr. Murray might do well to introduce into future editions of his far-famed guide-books: for the skill of travelling to advantage is not by any means one of easy acquisition.

Upon the whole, these Letters from Naples are by far the best that have fallen in our way for some time. The tourist will find the book an excellent guide; while the poor, place-tied, would-be traveller, whom Nature never endowed with the organ of stay-at-home-ateness, though Fate perversely chains him to his native spot, may derive from its cheerful pages some compensation for his involuntary abstinence.

ART. IX.—*Geschichte der Poetischen National Literatur der Deutschen*. Von G. G. GERVINUS. (History of the Poetic National Literature of the Germans. By G. G. GERVINUS.) 5 vols. Leipzig. 1840-42.

THIS is a very able and very original book, and though of too large a range to admit of due notice in the space we can at present afford to it, we are anxious to bring within view of our readers at once, a work so striking and important.

The writer is a person sufficiently remarkable to claim attention in himself. G. G. Gervinus was born at Hesse-Darmstadt: one of those small places scattered over Germany like the seed of Cadmus, to give forth their yearly produce of armed men and government employés, with hardly a shoot of literature at any time among them. The early life of Gervinus was new proof of what a man may do, with the help of real genius. From

the dingy and miserable shop of a German *épiciér*, where as an apprentice he passed his youth, he mastered for himself, in an incredibly short space of time, the way to a professor's chair at Gottingen. Gottingen was then in the flower of its literary reputation and influence, and neither of these suffered by the results of this appointment.

But alas! while Gervinus continued to give the fruits of his learning and genius to the students that crowded in his lecture-room, we gave Germany one more prince, in the person of King Ernest Augustus. It is hardly pleasant that our country should be even passively responsible for the sudden, sullen, and hateful storm, which, rising from our English shores, thus burst over unhappy Hanover. It threw down Gervinus at once from the peaceful seat he had occupied so ably and so long. Proscribed by the famous manifesto of his Hanoverian Majesty he left Gottingen; not the least illustrious of the Seven, who, like the ancient Greek philosopher *omnia sua secum portans*, preferred seclusion and exile to slavish obedience and shameful perjury. He went to Italy first; and ultimately settled in a beautiful villa near Heidelberg. He lives there now: not belonging in any way to the corps of the University, but solely given up to study. The book before us is the growth of that retirement: a rich, abundant, and wholesome produce.

It must not here be omitted that neither Gervinus, nor the leader of the Seven, Dahmann, are in any way, save by their superior intelligence, connected with what is called the liberal and progressive party in Germany. No German ever dreamt of calling them liberals. Both were on the contrary rather more than conservative in their political opinions: and universally known to be so by their countrymen. In their opposition to the King of Hanover, it is worth keeping in mind, they followed only the steady and conscientious dictates of upright and truehearted men. As in the tendency of certain learned pursuits, so in the purest type of honesty and honour, Gervinus will bear to be called the disciple of Jacob Grimm, the well-known restorer of the ancient literature and grammar of Germany.

Following Jacob Grimm and his brother, however, in the way of their pursuits, Gervinus arrived at quite different results. The Grimms, Jacob and Wilhelm, set themselves to work to re-create, as we have said, the grammar of the ancient German languages: they pierced to the deepest and most hidden roots of that wonderful tree, pursued it in its different branches, and as the issue of an enormous labour, have given life to the old dia-

lects, have sent forth invaluable editions of the earliest German literature, and completed all needful preparations for the great Lexicon or Dictionary of the German tongue, on which they are now engaged in Berlin. That great task, however, was only half of what was to be done: its supplement and completion we owe to Gervinus.

The work before us is the first history of German Literature, taken as whole, and considered in its relation to the nation and the several ages. We know of no similar work comparable to it in any other country. Gervinus has been the first to adopt, in writing a history of literature, the true historiographical method. The numberless attempts of this kind in his predecessors have been either merely biographical, annexing the history of literature to names and persons; or still worse compilations of bibliographical notices; of fragmentary criticisms marked by all the pedantry and prolixity German learnedness has been so proud of; stuffed out with endless quotations, and, by the effort to make themselves intelligible, hopeless of being ever understood. Gervinus's plan is simple: he starts at the earliest sound of German song, and steadily follows up the course of letters into the time of its highest perfection. This, being a true German, he holds to be an absolute perfection, never to be equalled or surpassed, and he finds it in the time of Schiller and Gothe. The highest reach of German genius is, according to Gervinus, in those two men. At that point we understand him to say, plainly and severely, the task of German poetry is done, and its work over. After Gothe, no more. It is to mislead the power of intelligence and genius to direct it to art and poetry thenceforward. The next duty of the German race is not æsthetical, but political: and in the ideas of State and Church other tendencies must become absorbed. We are stating opinions here: we are not admitting or contesting them.

This is why Gervinus has closed his work with the death of Gothe: only naming what is called the romantic school, Tieck, Schlegel, and their companions; and slipping over, perhaps with too adverse and scornful an air, the newest revelations of German mind. The part of his labour in which he is most diffuse, is at its outset; where, engaged on the earlier times, he gives minute account of the different phases German Poetry has passed through. He abolishes the old distinction of periods taken from political history. He overlooks his enormous materials from a higher point of view: one which, at the same time, enables him to show how the literary and poetical development must be ever deeply

connected with political life. And in relation to this it is one of his favourite ideas to attempt to prove, that the political disunion of Germany has been as favourable to literature as pernicious to the state and church. The singular merit of the work throughout, is its clear and subtle insight: Gervinus has at all times the whole subject-matter within its view, and is master of the secrets of the composition of German literature. And the sure and unfaltering hand with which, having sketched the outlines of his various characters and placed them in their respective times, he lightens and illustrates the one by the other, is satisfactory and beautiful. His parallels of Schiller and Göthe, Wieland and Klopstock, Lessing and Herder, are masterpieces. His description of the literary revolution of Germany that went on in Göthe's youth (1760—1790) is perfect even in style: not always the best side of Gervinus. His style, it must be admitted, for the most part wants ease and a natural movement.

The history is comprised in five volumes. An abridgement has been very recently issued (by Engelmann of Leipsic), and with extraordinary success. But this, which might have been most valuable to readers here, we are sorry that we cannot altogether recommend to them. Its arrangement is not very happy; and its profitable use is hardly likely to extend beyond those who either know the greater work, or are already extremely familiar with the subject of which it treats.

ART. X.—*Theocritus, Bio, et Moschus; ex recognitione Augusti Meinekii.* (Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus: from the text of Augustus Meinekius.) Berlin. 1836.

WITHIN the last half-century the Germans have given us several good editions of Theocritus. This, to which the very inferior and very different poems of Bion and Moschus are appended, is among the best and least presuming. No version is added: the notes are few and pertinent, never pugnacious, never prolix. In no age, since the time of Aristarchus, or before, has the Greek language been so profoundly studied, or its poetry in its nature and metre so perfectly understood, as in ours. Neither Athens nor Alexandria saw so numerous or so intelligent a race of grammarians as Germany has recently seen contemporary. Nor is the society diminished, nor are its labours relaxed, at this day. Valckenaer, Schrieber, Schaeffer, Kiesling,

Wuesteman, are not the only critics and editors who, before the present one, have bestowed their care and learning on Theocritus.

Doubts have long been entertained upon the genuineness of several among his Idyls. But latterly a vast number, even of those which had never been disputed, have been called in question by Ernest Reinhold, in a treatise printed at Jena in 1819. He acknowledges the eleven first, the thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and eighteenth. Against the arbitrary ejection of the remainder rose Augustus Wissowa in 1828. In his *Theocritus Theocriteus*, vindicating them from suspicion, he subjoins to his elaborate criticism a compendious index of ancient quotations, in none of which is any doubt entertained of their authenticity. But surely it requires no force of argument, no call for extraneous help, to subvert the feeble position, that, because the poet wrote his Pastorals mostly in his native dialect, the Doric, he can never have written in another. If he composed the eighteenth Idyl in the Æolic, why may he not be allowed the twelfth and twenty-second in the Ionic? Not, however, that in the twelfth he has done it uniformly: the older manuscripts of this poem contain fewer forms of that dialect than were afterwards foisted into it, for the sake of making it all of a piece. It is easy to believe that the Idyls he wrote in Sicily were Doric, with inconsiderable variations, and that he thought it more agreeable to Hiero, whose favour he was desirous of conciliating. But when he retired from Sicily to the court of Ptolemy, where Callimachus and Apollonius and Aratus were residing, he would not on every occasion revert to an idiom little cultivated in Egypt. Not only to avoid the charge of rivalry with the poets who were then flourishing there, but also from sound judgment, he wrote heroic poetry in Homeric verse; in verse no less Ionic than Homer's own; indeed more purely so.

Thirty of his poems are entitled IDYLS: in short all but the Epigrams, however different in length, in subject, and in metre. But who gave them this appellation? or whence was it derived? We need go up no higher than to εἶδος for the derivation: and it is probable that the poet himself supplied the title. But did he give it to all his compositions? or even to all those (excepting the Epigrams) which are now extant. We think he did not, although we are unsupported in our opinion by the old scholiast who wrote the arguments. "The poet," says he, "did not wish to specify his pieces but ranged them all under one title." We believe that he ranged what he thought the more important and the more epic under this

category, and that he omitted to give any separate designation to the rest, prefixing to each piece (it may be) its own title. Nay, it appears to us not at all improbable that those very pieces which we moderns call more peculiarly Idyls, were not comprehended by him in this designation. We believe that *εἰδύλλιον* means a *small image of something great*: and that it was especially applied at first to his short poems of the heroic cast and character. As the others had no genuine name denoting their quality, but only the names of the interlocutors or the subjects (which the ancient poets, both Greek and Roman, oftener omitted), they were all after a while comprehended in a mass within one common term. That the term was invented long after the age of Theocritus, is the opinion of Heine and of Wissowa: but where is the proof of the fact, or foundation for the conjecture? Nobody has denied that it existed in the time of Virgil; and many have wondered that he did not thus entitle his Bucolics, instead of calling them Eclogues. And so indeed he probably would have done, had he believed that Theocritus intended any such designation for his Pastorals. But neither he, nor Calpurnius, nor Nemesian, called by the name of Idyl their bucolic poems; which they surely would have done if, in their opinion or in the opinion of the public, it was applicable to them. It was not thought so when literature grew up again in Italy, and when the shepherds and shepherdesses recovered their lost estates in the provinces of poetry, under the patronage of Petrarca, Boccaccio, Pontanus, and Mantuanus.

Eobanus Hessus, a most voluminous writer of Latin verses, has translated much from the Greek classics, and among the rest some pieces from Theocritus. From time to time we have spent several hours of idleness over his pages: but the further we proceeded, whatever was the direction, the duller and drearier grew his unprofitable pine-forest, the more wearisome and disheartening his flat and printless sands. After him, Bruno Sidelius, another German, was the first of the moderns who conferred the name of Idyl on their Bucolics. As this word was enlarged in its acception, so was another in another kind of poetry, namely, the Pæan, which at first was appropriated to Apollo and Artemis, but was afterwards transferred to other deities. Servius, on the first *Eneid*, tells us that Pindar not only composed one on Zeus of Dodona, but several in honour of mortals. The same may be said of the Dithyrambic. Elegy, too, in the commencement, was devoted to grief as exclusively, like the *nania* and *threnæ*: subsequently it embraced a vast variety of matters, some of them

ethic and didactic; some the very opposite to its institution, inciting to war and patriotism, for instance those of Tyrtæus; and some to love and licentiousness, in which Mimnermus has been followed by innumerable disciples to the extremities of the earth.

Before we inspect the Idyls of Theocritus, one by one, as we intend to do, it may be convenient in this place to recapitulate what little is known about him. He tells us, in the epigraph to them, that there was another poet of the same name, a native of Chios, but that he himself was a Syracusan of low origin, son of Praxagoras and Philina. He calls his mother *περικλεττή* (illustrious,) evidently for no other reason than because the verse required it. There is no ground for disbelieving what he records of his temper; that he never was guilty of detraction. His exact age is unknown, and unimportant. One of the Idyls is addressed to the younger Hiero, another to Ptolemy Philadelphus. The former of these began his reign in the one hundred and twenty-sixth Olympiad, the latter in the one hundred and twenty-third. In the sixteenth Idyl the poet insinuates that the valour of Hiero was more conspicuous than his liberality: on Ptolemy he never had reason to make any such remark. Among his friends in Egypt was Aratus, of whom Cicero and Cæsar thought highly, and of whose works both of them translated some parts. Philetus the Coan, was another: and his merit must also have been great; for Propertius joins him with Callimachus, and asks permission to enter the sacred grove of poetry in their company.

Callimachi manes et Coi sacra Philetæ!
In vestrum quæso me sinite ire nemus.

It appears, however, that Aratus was more particularly and intimately Theocritus's friend. To him he inscribes the sixth Idyl, describes his loves in the seventh, and borrows from him the religious exordium of the seventeenth. After he had resided several years in Egypt, he returned to his native country and died there.

We now leave the man for the writer, and in this capacity we have a great deal more to say. The poems we possess from him are only a part, although probably the best, of what he wrote. He composed hymns, elegies, and iambics. Herman, in his dissertation on hexameter verse, expresses his wonder that Virgil, in the *Eclogues*, should have deserted the practice of Theocritus in its structure; and he remarks, for instance, the first in the first Idyl.

Ἄδω τι το ψιθυρίσμα καὶ ἄπιτος . . αἰπολε τῆνα.

This pause, however, is almost as frequent

in Homer as in Theocritus: and it is doubtful to us, who indeed have not counted the examples, whether any other pause occurs so often in the Iliad. In reading this verse, we do not pause after *πενες*, but after *ψιθυρισμα*: but in the verses which the illustrious critic quotes from Homer, the pause is precisely in that place.

Ποντω μὲν τὰ πρῶτα κορυssaται . . . αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα
Χερσὶν ῥήγγυμένων μεγάλα βρέμει . . . ἀμφὶ δὲ τ' ἀκρᾶς.

Although the pause is greatly more common in the Greek hexameter than in the Latin, yet Hermann must have taken up Virgil's Eclogues very inattentively in making his remark. For that which he wonders the Roman has imitated so sparingly from the Syracusan, occurs quite frequently enough in Virgil, and rather too frequently in Theocritus. It may be tedious to the inaccurate and negligent; it may be tedious to those whose reading is only a species of dissipation, and to whom ears have been given only as ornaments; nevertheless, for the sake of others, we have taken some trouble to establish our position in regard to the Eclogues, and the instances are given below.*

* Ecl. i., containing 83 verses.

Namque erit ille mihi semper deus . .
Non equidem invideo, miror magis . .
Ite meæ, felix quondam, pecus . .

Ecl. ii. 73 verses.

Atque superba fastidia . .
Cum placidum ventis staret mare . .
Bina die siccant ovis ubera . .
Heu, heu! quid volui misero mihi . .

Ecl. iii. 111 verses.

Dic mihi, Damoeta, cum pecus . .
Infelix, O semper oves pecus . .
Et, si non aliquâ nocuisses . .
Si nescis, meus ille caper fuit . .
Bisque die numerant ambo pecus . .
Parta meæ Veneri sunt muneta . .
Pollio et ipse facit nova carmina . .
Parcite, oves, nimum procedere . .

Ecl. v. 86 verses.

Sive antro potius succedimus . .
Frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina . .
Quale sopor fessis in gramine . .
Hæc eadem docuit cum pecus . .

Ecl. vi. 86 verses.

Cum cancrem reges et prælia . .
Ægle Naiadum pulcherrima . .
Carmina quæ vultis cognoscite . .
Aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege . .
Errabunda bovis vestigia . .
Huo cursu deserta petiverit . .

Ecl. vii. 70 verses.

Ambo florentes ætatibus . .
Vir gregis in se cader deerraverat . .
Aspicio; ille ubi me contra videt . .
Nymphæ noster amor Lebethrides . .
Quale meo Codro concedite . .
Setosi caput hoc apri tibi . .
Ite domum pasti, si quis pudor . .
Aut si ultra placitum laudarit . .
Si fætura gregem suppleverit . .

In Theocritus it is not this usage which is so remarkable; it is the abundance and exuberance of dactyls. They hurry on one after another, like the waves of a clear and rapid brook in the sunshine, reflecting all things the most beautiful in nature, but not resting upon any.

Idyl I.

Of all the poetry in all languages that of Theocritus is the most fluent and easy; but if only this Idyl were extant, it would be rather memorable for a weak imitation of it by Virgil, and a beautiful one by Milton, than for any great merit beyond the harmony of its verse. Indeed it opens with such sounds as Pan himself in a prelude on his pipe might have produced. The dialogue is between Thyrsis and a goatherd. Here is much of appropriate description: but it appears unsuitable to the character and condition of a goatherd to offer so large a reward as he offers for singing a song. "If you will sing as you sang in the contest with the Lybian shepherd Chromis, I will reward you with a goat, mother of two kids, which goat you may milk thrice a day; for, though she suckles two kids, she has milk enough left for two pails."

We often hear that such or such a thing "is not worth an old song." Alas! how very few things are! What precious recollections do some of them awaken! What pleasurable tears do they excite! They purify the stream of life; they can delay it on its shelves and

Solstitium pecori defendite . .
Populus Alcideæ gratissima . .
Fraxinus in sylvis pulcherrima . .

Ecl. viii. 109 verses.

Sive oram Illyrici legis æquoris . .
A te principium, tibi desinet . .
Carmina cœpta tuis, atque hanc sine . .
Nascere præque diem veniens age . .
Omnia vel medium fiant mare . .
Desine Mænaios jam desine . .
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina . .
Transque caput jace; ne respexeris . .

Ecl. ix. 67 verses.

Heu cadit in quemquam tantum scelus . .
Tityre dum redeo, brevis est via . .
Et potum pastas age Tityre . .
Pierides, sunt at mihi carmina . .
Omnia fert ætas, animum quoque . .
Nunc oblita mihi tot carmina . .
Hinc adeo media est nobis via . .
Incipit apparere Bianoris . .

Ecl. x. 77 verses.

Nam neque Parnassi, vobis juga . .
Omnes unde amor iste rogant tibi . .

Instances of the cadence are not wanting in the *Æneid*. The fourth book, the most elaborate of all, exhibits them.

"Tempora, quis rebus dexter modus".

And again in the last lines, with only one interposed.

"Devolat, et supra caput adstitit . .
Sic ait et dextra crinem secat."

rapids; they can turn it back again to the soft moss amidst which its sources issue.

But we must not so suddenly quit the generous goatherd: we must not turn our backs on him for the sake of indulging in these reflections. He is ready to give not only a marvellously fine goat for the repetition of a song, but a commodity of much higher value in addition; a deep capacious cup of the most elaborate workmanship, carved and painted in several compartments. Let us look closely at these. The first contains a woman in a veil and fillet: near her are two young suitors who throw fierce words one against the other: she never minds them, but smiles upon each *alternately*. Surely no cup, not even a magical one, could express all this. But they *continue* to carry on their ill-will. In the next place is an old fisherman on a rock, from which he is hauling his net. Not far from him is a vineyard, laden with purple grapes. A little boy is watching them near the boundary-hedge, while a couple of foxes are about their business: one walking through the rows of vines, picking out the ripe grapes as he *goes along*; the other devising mischief to the boy's wallet, and *declaring* on the word of a fox that he will never quit the premises until he has captured the breakfast therein deposited. The song is deferred no longer: and a capital song it is: but the goatherd has well paid the piper. It is unnecessary to transcribe the verses which Virgil and Milton have imitated.

Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga nam neque Pindi
Ulla moram facere, neque Aonia Aganippe.

Virgil himself, on the present occasion, was certainly not detained in any of these places. Let us try whether we cannot come toward the original with no greater deviation, and somewhat less dulness.

Where were ye, O ye nymphs! when Daphnis died?

For not on Pindus were ye, not beside
Peneus in his softer glades, nor where
Acis might well expect you, once your care,
But neither Acis did your steps detain,
Nor strong Anapus rushing forth amain,
Nor high-brow'd Etna with her forest chain.

Harmonious as are the verses of Theocritus, the Greek language itself could not bear him above Milton in his Lycidas. He had the good sense to imitate the versification of Tasso's *Aminta*, employing rhyme where it is ready at hand, and permitting his verses to be longer or shorter, as may happen. They are never deficient in sweetness, taken separately, and never at the close of a sentence disappoint us. However, we cannot but regret the clashing of irreconcilable mytho-

logies. Neither in a poem nor in a picture do we see willingly the Nymphs and the Druids together: Saint Peter comes even more inopportunistly: and although in the midst of such scenery, we may be prepared against wolves with their own heads and "*maus*" and "*privy paws*," yet we deprecate them when they appear with a bishop's; they are then an over-match for us. The ancients could not readily run into such errors. Yet something of a kind not very dissimilar may be objected to Virgil.

Venit Apollo,

'Galle! quid insanis?' inquit.

When the poet says, "*Cynthius aurem vellit et admonuit*," we are aware that it is merely a form of phraseology: but among those who, in Virgil's age, believed in Apollo, not one believed that he held a conversation with Gallus. The time for these familiarities of gods with mortals had long been over,

Nec se contingi patiuntur lumine claro.

There was only one of them who could still alight without suspicion among the poets. Phœbus had become a mockery, a by-word: but there never will be a time, probably, when Love shall lose his personality, or be wished out of the way if he has crept into a poem. But the poem must be a little temple of his own, admitting no other occupant or agent beside himself and (at most) two worshippers.

To return to this first Idyl. Theocritus may be censured for representing a continuity of action in one graven piece, where the girl smiles on two young men alternately. But his defence is ready. He would induce the belief that, on looking at the perfection of the workmanship, we must necessarily know not only what is passing, but also what is past and what is to come. We see the two foxes in the same spirit, and enter into their minds and machinations. We swear to the wickedest of the two that we will keep his secret, and that we will help him to the utmost of our power, when he declares (*φασι*) that he will have the boy's breakfast. Perhaps we might not be so steadily his partisan, if the boy himself were not meditating an ill turn to another creature. He is busy in making a little cage for the cicada. Do we never see the past and the future in the pictures of Edwin Landseer, who exercises over all the beasts of the field and fowls of the air an undivided, unlimited dominion? καὶ ποὺ ἐγὼ.

We shall abstain, as far as may be, in this Review, from verbal criticism, for which the judicious editor, after many other great scholars, has left but little room: but we cannot consent with him to omit the one

hundred and twentieth verse, merely because we find it in the fifth Idyl, nor because he tells us it is rejected in the best editions. Verses have been repeated both by Lucretius and by Virgil. In the present case the sentence, without it, seems obtruncated, and wants the peculiar rhythm of Theocritus, which is complete and perfect with it. In the two last verses are αἶδς χιμαῖραι Ὀδὴ μὴ σκυριασθε. Speaking to the she-goats he could not well say αἶ, which could only be said in speaking of them. Probably the right reading is ὦδς, although we believe there is no authority for it. The repetition of that word is graceful, and adds to the sense, "Come hither, Kissaitha! milk this one: but you others! do not leap about *here*, lest, &c." The poet tells us he will hereafter sing more sweetly: it is much to say; but he will keep his promise: he speaks in the character of Thyrsis. When the goatherd gives the cup to the shepherd he wishes his mouth to be filled with honey, and with the honey-comb!

IDYL II.

Is a monologue, and not bucolic. Cimætha, an enchantress, is in love with Delphis. The poem is curious, containing a complete system of incantation as practised by the Greeks. Out of two verses, by no means remarkable, Virgil has framed some of the most beautiful in all his works. Whether the Idyl was in this particular copied from Apollonius, or whether he in the Argonautics had it before him, is uncertain. Neither of them is so admirable as,

Sylvæque et sæva quierant
Æquora.

At non infelix animi Phœnissa; neque unquam
Solvitur in somnos, oculisque aut pectore noctem
Accipit: ingeminant curæ, rursusque resurgens
Sævit amor.

The woods and stormy waves were now at rest,
But not the hapless Dido; never sank
She into sleep, never received the night
Into her bosom; grief redoubled grief,
And love sprang up more fierce the more repress.

IDYL III.

A goatherd, whose name is not mentioned, declares his love, with prayers and expostulations, praises and reproaches, to Amarylhis. The restlessness of passion never was better expressed. The tenth and eleventh lines are copied by Virgil, with extremely ill success.

Quod potui, puero sylvestri ex arbore lecta
Aurea mala decem misi, cras altera mittam.

How poor is *quod potui*! and what a *selection* (lecta) is that of crabs! moreover, these were sent as a present (misi), and not offered in person. There is not even the ac-

tion, such as it is, but merely the flat relation of it. Instead of a narration about sending these precious crabs, and the promise of as many more on the morrow, here in Theocritus the attentive lover says, "Behold! I bring you ten apples. I gathered them myself from the tree whence you desired me to gather them: to-morrow I will bring you more. Look upon my soul-tormenting grief! I wish I were a bee, that I might come into your grotto, penetrating through the ivy and fern, however thick about you." Springing up and away from his dejection and supplication, he adds wildly,

Νῦν γινώσκων τὸν Ἐρωτα: βαρὺς θεὸς ἢ ῥά λαινὸς
Μῦσδον ἐηλάξας, ὄρυμα δὲ μιν ἐστρέφε ματρ.*

Now know I Love, a cruel God, who drew
A lioness's teat, and in the forest grew.

Virgil has amplified the passage to no purpose.

Nunc scio quid sit amor: duris in cotibus illum
Ismarus aut Rhodope aut extremi Garamantes
Nec generis nostri puerum nec sanguinis edunt.

Where is the difference of meaning here between *genus* and *sanguis*? And why all this bustle about Ismarus and Rhodope and the Garamantes? A lioness in an oak forest stands in place of them all, and much better. Love being the deity, not the passion, *qui* would have been better than *quid*, both in propriety and in sound. There follows,

Alter ab undecimo jam tum me ceperat annus.

This is among the most faulty expressions in Virgil. The words *tum me jam* sound woodenly: and *me ceperat annus* is scarcely Latin. Perhaps the poet wrote *mi*: the simple *e* was often written for the diphthong. There has been a doubt regarding the exact meaning: but this should raise none. The meaning is, "I was entering my ninth year." *Unus* ab undecimo would be the tenth: of course alter ab undecimo must be the ninth. Virgil is a little more happy in his translations from Theocritus than he is in those from Homer. It is probable that they were only school-exercises, too many, and (in his opinion) too good to be thrown away. J. C. Scaliger, zealous for the great Roman poet, gives him the preference over Homer in every instance where he has copied him. But in fact there is nowhere a sentence, and only a single verse anywhere, in which he rises to an equality with his master. He says of Fame,

Ingrediturque solo et caput inter sidera condit.

The noblest verse in the Latin language.

* We have given not the editor's but our own punctuation: none after *θεος*: for if there were any in that place, we should have wished the words were βαρὺν θεόν.

IDYL IV.

Battus and Corydon.* The greater part is tedious. But at verse thirty-eight begins a tender grief of Battus on the death of his Amaryllis. Corydon attempts to console him. "You must be of good courage, my dear Battus! Things may go better with you another day." To which natural and brief reflection we believe all editions have added two verses, as spoken by Corydon. Nevertheless, we suspect that Theocritus gave the following one to Battus, and that he says in reply, or rather in refutation, "There are hopes in the living, but the dead leave us none." Then, says Corydon, "The skies are sometimes serene and sometimes rainy." Battus is comforted; he adds but *θαλασσα*; for he perceives on a sudden that the calves are nibbling the olives. Good Battus has forgotten at once all his wishes and regrets for Amaryllis, and would rather have a stout cudgel. His animosity soon subsides, however, and he asks Corydon an odd question about an old shepherd, which Corydon answers to his satisfaction and delight.

IDYL V.

Comatas, a goatherd, and Lacon, a shepherd, accuse one another of thievery. They carry on their recriminations with much spirit: but the beauty of the verses could alone make the contest tolerable. After the fortieth are several which Virgil has imitated, with little honour to his selection. Theocritus, always harmonious, is invariably the most so in description. This is, however, too long continued in many places: but here we might wish it had begun earlier and lasted longer. Lacon says,

Sweeter beneath this olive will you sing,
By the grove-side and by the running spring,
Where grows the grass in bedded tufts, and
where

The shrill cicada shakes the slumberous air.

This is somewhat bolder than the original will warrant, but not quite so bold as Virgil's "*rumpunt arbusta cicadæ*." It is followed by what may be well in character with two shepherds of Sibaris, but what has neither pleasantry nor novelty to recommend it: and the answer would have come with much bet-

* The close of verse thirty-one is printed *ἄ τὴ Ζακύνθος*: in other editions *ἄ Ζακύνθος*. Perhaps both are wrong. The first syllable of *Ζακύνθος* is short, which is against the latter reading; and *τὴ* would be long before *Ζ*, which is against the former. Might not a shepherd who uses the Doric dialect have said *Δακύνθος*. We have heard of a coin inscribed *Δακύνθιον*. In Virgil we read *nemorosa Zacynthos*: but it seems impossible that he should have written the word with a *Z*.

ter grace uninterrupted. Comatas, after reminding Lacon of a very untoward action in which both were implicated, thus replies:

I will not thither: cypresses are here,
Oaks, and two springs that gurgle cool and
clear,
And bees are flying for their hives, and through
The shady branches birds their talk pursue.

They both keep their places and look out for an arbitrator to decide on the merit of their songs. Morson, a woodman, is splitting a tree near them; and they call him. There is something very dramatic in their appeal, and in the oburgation that follows. The contest is carried on in extemporary verses, two at a time. After several, Comatas says, "All my she-goats, excepting two, are bearers of twins: nevertheless, a girl who sees me among them says, 'Unfortunate creature! do you milk them all yourself!'" Lacon, as the words now stand, replies, "*Ῥέου! Ῥέου!*" an exclamation which among the tragedians expresses grief and anguish, but which here signifies *Psha, psha*. Now it is evident that Comatas had attempted to make Lacon jealous, by telling him how sorry the girl was that he should milk the goats himself without anybody to help him. Lacon in return is ready to show that he also had his good fortune. There is reason therefore to suspect that the name *Δαμων* should be *Δαμων*; because from all that precedes we may suppose that Lacon was never possessed of such wealth, and that Comatas would have turned him into ridicule if he had boasted of it. "Psha! psha! you are a grand personage with your twin-bearing goats, no doubt! but you milk them yourself: now Damon is richer than you are: he fills pretty nearly twenty hampers with cheeses, and

Τὸν ἀναβοῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποις.

This impersonation seems to us indubitable from the following speech of Lacon. Not to be teased any more after he had been taunted by Comatas, that Clearista, although he was a goatherd, threw apples at him, and began to sing the moment he drove his herd by her, Lacon, out of patience at last, says, "Cratidas makes me wild with that beautiful hair about the neck." There could have been no room for this if he had spoken of himself, however insatiable. For, in a later verse, Cratidas seems already to have made room for another.

Ἄλλ' ἐγὼ Εὐμήθευς ἐραμαι μέγα.

Finding Damon here in Theocritus, we may account for his appearance in Virgil. No Greek letters are more easily mistaken

one for the other than the capital Λ for Δ , and the small μ for ν . In the one hundred and fifth verse, Comatas boasts of possessing a cup sculptured by Praxiteles. This is no very grave absurdity in such a braggart: it suits the character. Virgil who had none to support for his shepherd, makes him state that his is only "*divini opus Alcimedontis*."

It may be remarked, in conclusion, that no other Idyl contains so many passages after the fourth foot, which Hermann calls bucolic: nearly half of the verses have this cadence.

Idyl VI.

This is dramatic, and is addressed to Aratus. The shepherds, Damætas and Daphnis, had driven their flocks into one place, and, sitting by a fountain, began a song about Polyphemus and Galatea. Daphnis acts the character of Galatæa, Damætus of Polyphemus. The various devices of the gigantic shepherd to make her jealous, and his confidence of success in putting them into practice, is very amusing. His slyness in giving a secret sign to set the dog at her, and the dog knowing that he loved her in his heart, and pushing his nose against her thigh instead of biting her, are such touches of true poetry, as are seldom to be found in pastorals.—In the midst of these our poet has been thought to have committed one anachronism. But where Galatea is said to have mistaken the game, when

φρυγὲς φιλέοντα καὶ οὐ φιλέοντα δῖωκει
καὶ τὸν ἀπο γραμμῆς κινεῖ λίθον,

...Seeks him who loves not, him who loves
avoids:
And makes false moves,

she herself is not represented as the speaker, nor is Polyphemus, but Daphnis. It is only at the next speech that either of the characters comes forth in person: here Damætus is the Polyphemus, and acts his part admirably.

Idyl VII.

The last was different in its form and character from the five preceding: the present is more different still. The poet, on his road to Alexandria with Eucritus and Amyntas, meets Phrasidamus and Antigenes, and is invited to accompany them to the festival of Ceres, called Thalysia. He falls in with Lycidas of Cidon, and they relate their love-stories. This Idyl closes with a description of summer just declining into autumn. The invocation to the Nymphs is in the spirit of Pindar.

Idyl VIII.*

The subject is a contest in singing between Menalcas and Daphnis, for a pipe. Here are some verses of exquisite simplicity, which Virgil has most clumsily translated.

Ego hunc vitulum, ne forte recuses, &c.
De grege non ausim quidquam deponere tecum,
Est mihi namque domi pater, est injusta noverca,
Bisque die numerant ambo pecus...alter et hædos.

It is evident that Virgil means by *pecus* the sheep only: *pecora* at this day means an ewe in Italian. Virgil's Menalcas had no objection to the robbery, but was afraid of the chastisement.

The Menalcus of Theocritus says, "I will never lay what belongs to my father; but I have a pipe which I made myself;" and according to his account of it, it was no ordinary piece of workmanship. Damætus, it appears, had made exactly such another, quite as good, and the cane of which it was made cut his finger in making it. They carry on the contest in such sweet hexameters and pentameters as never were heard before or since: but they finish with hexameters alone. The prize is awarded to Daphnis by the goatherd, who is arbitrator. He must have been a goatherd of uncommonly fine discernment: the match seems equal: perhaps the two following verses turned the balance.

Ἄλλ' ὅπο τᾷ πετρᾷ τᾷδ' ἀσσομαί ἀγνάς ἔχων τυ,
Συνομα μάλ' ἐσοφῶν, τὰν Σικελίαν ἐς ἀλά.

Of these, as of those above, we can only give the meaning: he who can give a representation of them can give a representation of the sea-breezes.

It never was my wish to have possessed
The land of Pelops and his golden store;
But only, as I hold you to my breast,
Glance at our sheep and our Sicilian shore.

Idyl IX.

Again Menalcas and Daphnis; but they must both have taken cold.

Idyl X.

Milo and Battus are reapers. Milo asks Battus what ails him, that he can neither draw a straight furrow nor reap like his neigh-

* The two first lines are the least pleasant to our ear of any in this melodious poet.

Δαφνίδι πῶ χαριέ|ντι...συνη|νητετο βουκόλι|ντ*
Μαλὰ νεμῶν ὥς φα|ντι, &c.

*Ὡς φαντι is found in all editions; but Pierson has suggested Διοφαντι. Diophantus was a friend of Theocritus, addressed in Idyl XXI.

bours. For simplicity none of the pastorals is more delightful, and it abounds in rustic irony.

IDYL XI.

is addressed to Nikias of Miletus, and appears to have been written in Sicily, by the words *ὁ Κυκλωπὸς παρ' ἡμῶν*. It describes the love of Polyphemus for Galatea, his appeal to her, his promises (to the extent of eleven kids and four bear-cubs), and his boast that, if he cannot have her, he can find another perhaps more beautiful; for that many are ready enough to play with him, challenging him to that effect, and giggling (*κίχλιζοντι*) when he listens to them. Virgil's imitation of this Idyl is extremely, and more than usually, feeble. The last verse, however, of Theocritus, is somewhat flat.*

IDYL XII.

We now arrive at the first of those Idyls, of which the genuineness has been so pertinaciously disputed.† And why? Because forsooth it pleased the author to compose it in the Ionic dialect. Did Burns, who wrote mostly in the Scottish, write nothing in the English? With how much better reason has the competitor of Apollonius and Callimachus deserted the Doric occasionally! Meleager, and other writers of inscriptions, mix frequently Ionic forms with Doric. In fact, the most accurate explorers must come at last to the conclusion, that even in the pastoral portion of these Idyls, scarcely a single one is composed throughout of unmingled Doric. The ear that is accustomed to the exuberant flow of Theocritus, will never reject as spurious this melodious and graceful poem. Here, and particularly toward the conclusion, as very often elsewhere, he writes in the style and spirit of Pindar, while he celebrates the loves extolled by Plato.

IDYL XIII.

is address to Nikias, as the eleventh was. It

* *ῥᾶον δὲ δι' ἧς ἡ χρυσὸν εἰδωκεν.*

"He lived more pleasantly than if he had given gold for it."

This is barely sense; nor can it be improved without a bold substitution.

ἧ χρυσὸν ἔχων τις.

Such terminations are occasionally to be found in our poet; for example,

Idyl 1. *ἀλλὰ μάχην μοι.* Idyl 2. *δοῦσον ἐγὼ δὴν.* Idyl 3. *εἰ φίλεις με,* and, three lines further on, *σοῦνι' ἐχὼ μιν, &c.*

† The title of this is *Sites*, which among the Thessalians was what, according to the poet in v. 13, *εἰσπείλιος* was among the Spartans: the one *παρα τὸν ἐρωμένον εἰσπείν*, the other from *εἰσπείν* *τοῦ ἐρᾶτα τῷ ἀγαπῶντι.*

is not a dialogue: it is a narrative of the loss of Hylas. The same story is related by Propertius in the most beautiful of his elegies.

IDYL XIV.

is entitled Cynisca's Love, and is a dialogue between her husband Æschines and his friend Thyonichus. Cynisca had taken a fancy to Lucos. At an entertainment given by Æschines, a very mischievous guest, one Apia, sings about a wolf (*λύκος*), who was quite charming. Æschines had had some reason for jealousy before. Hearing Cynisca sigh at the name of Lucos, he can endure it no longer, and gives her a slap in the face, then another, and so forth, until she runs out of the house, and takes refuge with her Lucos day and night. All this the husband relates to Thyonichus; and the verses from the thirty-fourth to the thirty-eighth, *θαλπε φίλον*, are very laughable. Thyonichus advises that so able a boxer should enter the service of Ptolemy.

IDYL XV.

The Syracusan Gossips. Never was there so exact or so delightful a description of such characters. There is a little diversity, quite enough, between Praxinoë and Gorgo. Praxinoë is fond of dress; conceited, ignorant, rash, abusive in her remarks on her husband, ambitious to display her knowledge as well as her finery, and talking absurdly on what she sees about her at the festival of Adonis. Gorgo is desirous of insinuating her habits of industry. There are five speakers: Gorgo, Praxinoë, Eunoë, an old woman and a traveller, beside a singing girl, who has nothing to do with the party or the dialogue. "Gorgo: Don't talk in this way against your husband while your baby is by. See how he is looking at you. Praxinoë: Sprightly, my pretty Zopyrion! I am not talking of papa. Gor.: By Proserpine! he understands you. Papa is a jewel of a papa." After a good deal of tattle, they are setting out for the fair, and the child shows a strong desire to be of the party. Gor.: "I can't take you, darling! There's a hobgoblin on the other side of the door; and there's a biting horse. Ay, ay, cry to your heart's content. Do you think I would have you lamed for life? Come, come; let us be off." Laughter is irrepressible at their mishaps and exclamations in the crowd. This poem, consisting of one hundred and forty-four verses, is the longest in Theocritus, excepting the heroics on Hercules. The comic is varied and relieved by the song of a girl on Adonis. She notices everything she sees, and describes it as it appears to her. After an invocation to Venus,

she has a compliment for Berenice, not without an eye to the candied flowers and white pastry, and the pretty little baskets containing mossy gardens and waxwork Adonises, and tiny Loves flying over,

‘Οἱ ἀνδρόθεες ἐφ’ ὅρατοι σκι δέντρον
Παύονται, πτερυγῶν περιωμένοι ἔχον’ ἀπ’ ἔξω.

Like the young nightingales, some nestling close,
Some plying the fresh wing from bough to bough.

IDYL XVI.

The Graces. Here Hiero is reminded how becoming is liberality in the rich and powerful; and here is sometimes a plaintive under-song in the praise. The attributes of the Graces were manifold; the poet has them in view principally as the distributors of just rewards. We have noticed the resemblance he often bears to Pindar: nowhere is it so striking as in this and the next. The best of Pindar's odes is not more energetic throughout: none of them surpasses these two in the chief qualities of that admirable poet; rejection of what is light and minute, disdain of what is trivial, and selection of those blocks from the quarry which will bear strong strokes of the hammer and retain all the marks of the chisel. Of what we understand by sublimity he has little; but he moves in the calm majesty of an elevated mind. Of all poets he least resembles those among us whom it is the fashion most to admire at the present day. The verses of this address to Hiero by Theocritus, from the thirty-fourth to the forty-seventh, are as sonorous and elevated as the best of Homer's; and so are those beginning at the ninety-eighth verse to the end.

IDYL XVII.

This has nothing of the Idyl in it, but is a noble eulogy on Ptolemy Philadelphus, son of Ptolemy Lagus and Berenice. Warton is among the many who would deduct it from the works of our poet. It is grander even than the last on Hiero, in which he appears resolved to surpass all that Pindar has written on the earlier king of that name. It is only in versification that it differs from him: in comprehensiveness, power, and majesty, and in the manner of treating the subject, the same spirit seems to have guided the same hand.

IDYL XVIII.

The Epithalamium of Helen. There were two species of epithalamium: the *κοιμητικόν*, such as this, and such likewise as that of Catullus, sung as the bride was conducted to her chamber; and the *εγερτικόν*, sung as she arose in the morning. The poet, in the first

verses, introduces twelve Spartan girls crowned with hyacinths, who sing and dance about Menelaus. "And so you are somewhat heavy in the knees, sweet spouse! rather fond of sleep, are you! You ought to have gone to sleep at the proper time, and have let a young maiden play with other young maidens at her mother's until long after day-break." Then follow the praises of Helen, wishes for her prosperity, and promises to return at the crowing of the cock.

IDYL XIX.

Kariocleptes, or the Hive-stealer, contains but eight verses. It is the story of Cupid stung by a bee: the first and last bee that ever stung *all* the fingers (*δακτύλα παντ’ ὀππευξεν*) of both hands: for it is not *χειρὸς* but *χειρῶν*. Having said in the first verse that the bee stung him, as he was plundering the hive, we may easily suspect in what part the wound was inflicted; and, among the extremely few things we could wish altered or omitted in Theocritus, are the words

ἀκράδῃ χειρῶν.

Δακτύλα πανθ’ ὀππευξεν. ‘Ο δ’ ἄλγιστε.

All the needful and all the ornamental would be comprised in

Κηρίον ἐκ συμβλῶν συλευμενον, ὅς χειρ’
εφυσσε, &c.

IDYL XX.

The Oxherd. He complains of Eunice, who holds his love in derision and finds fault with his features, speech, and manners. From plain downright contemptuousness she bursts forth into irony.

ὥς ἀγρία παισδεῖς

‘Ὡς τρυφερόν λαλεῖς, ὥς κωτίλα ῥήματα φρασ-
δεῖς, &c.

How rustic is your play!

How coarse your language! &c.

He entertains a very different opinion of himself, boasts that every girl upon the hills is in love with him, and is sure that only a *town-lady* (which he thinks is the same thing as a *lady of the town*) could have so little taste. There is simplicity in this Idyl, but it is the worst of the author.

IDYL XXI.

The Fisherman. Two fishermen were lying stretched on seaweed in a wattled hut, and resting their heads against the wall composed of twigs and leaves. Around them were spread all the implements of their trade, which are specified in very beautiful verse. They arose before dawn, and one said to the

other, "They speak unwisely who tell us that the nights are shorter in the summer when the days are longer; for within the space of this very night I have dreamt innumerable dreams. Have you ever learnt to interpret them?" He then relates how he dreamt of having caught a golden fish, how afraid he was that it might be the favourite fish of Neptune or Amphitrite. His fears subsided, and he swore to himself that he would give up the sea for ever and be a king. "I am now afraid of having sworn any such oath," said he. "Never fear," replied the other: "the only danger is, of dying with hunger in the midst of such golden dreams."

IDYL XXII.

This is the first heroic poem in Theocritus: it is in two parts. First is described the fight of Pollux and Amycus: secondly, of Castor and Lynceus. Of Amycus the poet says that "his monstrous chest was spherical." *σφαίρω.*

Omitting this, we may perhaps give some idea of the scene.

In solitude both wandered, far away
From those they sail'd with. On the hills above
Beneath a rocky steep, a fount they saw
Full of clear water; and below were more
That bubbled from the bottom, silvery,
Crystalline. In the banks around grew pines,
Poplars, and cypresses, and planes, and flowers
Sweet-smelling; pleasant work for hairy bees
Born in the meadows at the close of spring.
There, in the sunshine, sat a savage man,
Horrid to see; broken were both his ears
With cestuses, his shoulders were like rocks
Polisht by some vast river's ceaseless whirl.

Apollonius and Valerius Flaccus have described the fight of Amycus and Pollux: both poets are clever, Valerius more than usually: Theocritus is masterly.

IDYL XXIII.

Dyseros, or the Unhappy Lover. The subject of this is the same as the Corydon of Virgil: but here the statue of Cupid falls on and crushes the inflexible.

IDYL XXIV.

Heracliskos, or the infant Hercules. There are critics of so weak a sight in poetry as to ascribe this magnificent and wonderful work to Bion or Moschus. Hercules is cradled in Amphitryon's shield. The description of the serpents, of the supernatural light in the chamber, and the prophecy of Tiresias, are equal to Pindar and Homer.

IDYL XXV.

Hercules the Lion-killer. This will bear

no comparison with the preceding. The story is told by Hercules himself, and the poet has taken good care that it should not be beyond his capacity.

IDYL XXVI.

The Death of Pertheus. Little can be said for this also; only that the style is the pure antique.

IDYL XXVII.

Daphnis and the Shepherdess, has been translated by Dryden. He has given the Shepherdess a muslin gown bespangled. This great and vigorous poet too often turns the country into the town, smells of the gin-shop, and staggers towards the brothel. He was quite at home with Juvenal, mocking his scholastic strut, deep frown, and loud declamation: no other has done such justice to Lucretius, to Virgil, to Horace, and to Ovid: none is so dissimilar to Theocritus. Wherever he finds a stain, he enlarges its circumference, and renders it vivid and indelible. In this lively poem we wish the sixty-fifth and sixty-sixth verses were omitted.

IDYL XXVIII.

Neither this nor any one of the following can be called an Idyl. The metre is the pentameter choriambic, like Catullus's "*Alphene immemor, &c.*"

IDYL XXIX.

Expostulation against Inconstancy. The metre is the dactylic pentameter, in which every foot is a dactyl, excepting the first, which is properly a trochee: this, however, may be converted to a spondee or an iambic, enjoying the same license as the phaleucian. In the twentieth verse there is a false quantity, where *as* is short before *ζ*.

IDYL XXX.

The Death of Adonis. Venus orders the Loves to catch the guilty boar and bring him before her. They do so: he makes his defence against the accusation, which is, that he only wished to kiss the thigh of Adonis; and he offers his tusk in atonement, and, if the tusk is insufficient, his cheek. Venus pitied him, and he was set at liberty. Out of gratitude and remorse, he went to a fire and burnt his teeth down to the sockets. Let those who would pillage Theocritus of his valuables, show the same contrition: we then promise them this poem, to do what they will with.

The Inscriptions, which follow, are all of extreme simplicity and propriety. These are followed by the poems of Bion and Moschus. Bion was a native of Smyrna, Moschus (his scholar) of Syracuse. They are called authors of Idyls, but there is nothing of idyl or

pastoral in their works. The worst of them, as is often the case, is the most admired. Bion tells us that the boar bit the thigh of Adonis with his *tusk*; the *white thigh with the white tusk*; and that Adonis grieved Venus by breathing *softly* while the blood was running. Such faults as these are rarely to be detected in Greek poetry, but frequently on the revival of Pastoral in Italy.

Chaucer was born before that epidemic broke out which soon spread over Europe, and infected the English poetry as badly as any. The thoughts of our poets in the Elizabethan age often look the stronger because they are complicated and twisted. We have the boldness to confess that we are no admirers of the Elizabethan style. Shakspeare stood alone in a vigorous and vast creation: yet even his first-born were foul offenders, bearing on their brows the curse of a fallen state. Elsewhere, in every quarter, we are at once slumbrous and restless under the heaviness of musk and benzoin, and sigh for the unattainable insipidity of fresh air. We are regaled with dishes in which no condiment is forgotten, nor indeed anything but simply the meat; and we are ushered into chambers where the tapestry is all composed of dwarfs and giants, and the floor all covered with blood. Thompson, in the *Seasons*, has given us many beautiful descriptions of inanimate nature; but the moment any one speaks in them the charm is broken. The figures he introduces are fantastical. The *Hassan* of Collins is excellent: he however is surpassed by Burns and Scott: and Wordsworth, in his *Michael*, is very little inferior to them. Among the moderns no poet, it appears to us, has written an Idyl so perfect, so pure and simple in expression, yet so rich in thought and imagery, as the *Godiva* of Alfred Tennyson. Wordsworth, like Thompson, is deficient in the delineation of character, even of the rustic, in which Scott and Burns are almost equal. But some beautiful Idyls might be extracted from the *Excursion*, which would easily split into *laminae*, and the residue might, with little loss, be blown away.

In his smaller works this last distinguished poet has been followed by a host of imitators, whose futile compositions may be fairly represented by the pieces we subjoin. These will sufficiently show what many ladies and gentlemen, now flourishing in the field of poetry, call simplicity. We shall afterwards try whether we cannot give a certain semblance of that which appeared so to the ancients. For as few things are more essential to a correct judgment of poetry, than the right understanding of this much-abused term, *simplicity*, we cannot perhaps better employ a leisure hour.

Suppose a modern disciple of Wordsworth, for example, to have taken up such a subject as the Hive-stealer of Theocritus, and how dull the moral that would be our best relief at the close of a dull story!

'Twas in the year of ninety-five
(Last century) that Hannah Giles
Was stooping to turn out a hive,
And thoughtless Hannah was all smiles.

When a bee stung her in the finger!
On which what should poor Hannah do?
She dipt it in a cup of vinegar,
And put some oil upon it too.

Meeting her eight years after that,
Of this sole matter we did talk,
And thus I moralized our chat—
'Pity! you did not think of chalk!'

Or let us suppose another of the subjects of Theocritus: such as his *Catastrophe of the Sark*. Acknowledging that in his narrative he may have seized upon the more interesting event of the two, we nevertheless boldly offer ours.

1.

I very much indeed approve
Of maidens moderating love
Until they've twenty pounds;
Then Prudence, with a poet's praise,
May loose the laces of their stays,
And let them quest like hounds.

2.

Peggy, my theme, twelve years ago
(Or better) did precisely so:
She lived at farmer Spence's;
She scour'd the pantry, milk'd the cows,
And answer'd every would-be spouse,
'D'ye think I've lost my senses?'

3.

Until the twenty pounds were safe,
She tiff'd at Tim, she ran from Ralph,
Squire nodded—deuce a curtsy!
Sam thought her mopish, Silas proud,
And Jedediah cried aloud,
'Pray who the devil hurts ye?'

4.

But now the twenty pounds were got,
She knew the fire to boil the pot,
She knew the man to trust to.
I'm glad I gave this tidy lass
(Under my roof) a cheerful glass
(Of water) and a crust too.

5.

Although the seventeenth of May,
It was a raw and misty day
When Ebenezer Smart
(The miller's lad of Boxholm-mill),
Having obtained her right good-will
And prudent virgin heart,

6.

Led her to church: and Joseph Stead
(The curate of said Boxholm) read
The service; and Will Sands
(The clerk) repeated the response
(They after him) which utter'd once
Holds fast two plighted hands.

7.

And now they live aside the weir,
And (on my conscience) I declare
As merrily as larks.
This I can vouch for: I went in
One day and sat upon the bin
While Peggy hemm'd two sarks.

8.

I do not say two sarks entire,
Collar and wristband; these require
(I reckon) some time more;
But mainly two stout sarks, the tail
And fore-flap, stiff as coat of mail
On knight in days of yore.

9.

I told my sister and our maid
(Anne Waddlewell) how long I staid
With Peggy: 'twas until her
Dinner-time: we expect, before
Eight or (at most) nine months are o'er,
Another little miller.

In this style are written, but seriously, not sportively, poems which are now most popular. Few are suspicious that they may be led astray and get benighted by following simplicity too far. If there are pleasant fruits growing on the ground, must we therefore cast aside, as unwholesome, those which have required the pruning-knife to correct and the ladder to reach them? Beautiful thoughts are seldom disdainful of sonorous epithets: we find them continually in the Pastorals of Theocritus. Sometimes we see, coming rather obtrusively, the wanton and indelicate; but never (what poetry most abhors) the mean and abject. Widely different from our homestead poets, the Syracusan is remarkable for a facility that never draggles, for a spirit that never flags, and for a variety that never is exhausted. His reflections are frequent, but seasonable; soon over, like the shadows of spring clouds on flowery meadows, and not hanging heavily upon the scene, nor depressing the vivacity of the blythe antagonists.

In the poem we subjoin, we claim no merit of imitation. The subject was taken from a short note of the scholiast on Pindar; and our readers may wonder and regret that it attracted no earlier and abler pen. Our hope is that it will be found of that order of simplicity which is simple in the manner of Theocritus.

THE HAMADRYAD.

Rhaicos was born amid the hills wherefrom
Gnidos the light of Caria is discerned,
And small are the white-crested that play near
And smaller onward are the purple waves.
Thence festal choirs were visible, all crowned
With rose and myrtle if they were inborn;
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast
Where stern Athenè raised her citadel,
Then olive was entwined with violets

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Clustered in bosses, regular and large.
For various men wore various coronals;
But one was their devotion: 'twas to her
Whose laws all follow, her whose smile with-
draws

The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from Zeus,
And whom in his chill caves the mutable
Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king, reveres,
And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd
To turn in pity the averted cheek
Of her he bore away; with promises,
Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx itself,
To give her daily more and sweeter flowers
Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.

Rhaicos was looking from his father's door
At the long trains that hastened to the town.
From all the valleys, like bright rivulets
Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,
And thought it hard he might not also go
And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,
He knew not whose. The father called him in,
And said, "Son Rhaicos! those are idle games;
Long enough I have lived to find them so."
And, here he ended, sighed; as old men do
Always, to think how idle such games are.
"I have not yet," thought Rhaicos in his heart,
And wanted proof.

"Suppose thou go and help
Echion at the hill, to bark yon oak
And lop its branches off, before we delve
About the trunk and ply the root with axe:
This we may do in winter."

Rhaicos went;
For thence he could see farther, and see more
Of those who hurried to the city-gate.
Echion he found there, with naked arm
Swart-haired, strong sinewed, and his eyes
intent

Upon the place where first the axe should fall:
He held it upright. "There are bees about,
Or wasps, or hornets," said the cautious eld,
"Look sharp, O son of Thallinos!" The youth
Inclined his ear, afar, and warily,
And caved in his hand. He heard a buzz
At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear,
And then divided into what seemed tune,
And there were words upon it, plaintive words.
He turned, and said, "Echion! do not strike
That tree: it must be hollow; for some God
Speaks from within. Come thyself near."

Again
Both turned toward it: and behold! there sat
Upon the moss below, with her two palms
Pressing it, on each side, a maid in form.
Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash displayed
Berries of colour like her lip so pure,
Nor were the anemones about her hair
Soft, smooth, and wavering like the face beneath.

"What dost thou here?" Echion half-afraid,
Half-angry, cried. She lifted up her eyes
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step
Backward, for fear came likewise over him,
But not such fear: he panted, gaspt, drew in
His breath, and would have turned it into words,
But could not into one.

"O send away
That sad old man!" said she. The old man
went

Without a warning from his master's son,
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd,
And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.

Hamadryad.

And wouldst thou too shed the most innocent
Of blood? no vow demands it; no God wills
The oak to bleed.

Rhaicos.

Who art thou? whence? why here?
And whither wouldst thou go? Among the
robed

In white, or saffron, or the hue that most
Resembles dawn, or the clear sky, is none
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful
As that grey robe which clings about thee close,
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, toucht by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the river-side.

Hamadryad.

Lovest thou well thy father's house?

Rhaicos.

Indeed
I love it, well I love it, yet would leave
For thine, where'er it be, my father's house
With all the marks upon the door, that show
My growth at every birth-day since the third,
And all the charms, o'erpowering evil eyes,
My mother nail'd for me against my bed,
And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)
Won in my race last spring from Eutyclus.

Hamadryad.

Bethink thee what it is to leave a home
Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.

Rhaicos.

No, 'tis not hard to leave it; 'tis not hard
To leave, O maiden, that paternal home,
If there be one on earth whom we may love
First, last, for ever; one who says that she
Will love for ever too. To say which word,
Only to say it, surely is enough:
It shows such kindness! If 'twere possible,
We, at the moment, think she would indeed.

Hamadryad.

Who taught thee all this folly at thy age?

Rhaicos.

I have seen lovers, and have learnt to love.

Hamadryad.

But wilt thou spare the tree?

Rhaicos.

My father wants
The bark; the tree may hold its place awhile.

Hamadryad.

Awhile! thy father numbers then my days!

Rhaicos.

Are there no others where the moss beneath
Is quite as tufty? Who would send thee forth
Or ask thee why thou tarriest? Is thy flock
Anywhere near?

Hamadryad.

I have no flock: I kill

Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the
air,

The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful
(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source
Whence springs all beauty? Hast thou never
heard

Of Hamadryads?

Rhaicos.

Heard of them I have:
Tell me some tale about them. May I sit
Beside thy feet? Art thou not tired? The
herbs

Are very soft; I will not come too nigh;
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt.
Stay, stay an instant: let me first explore
If any acorn of last year be left
Within it; thy thin robe too ill protects
Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small
Acorn may do. Here's none. Another day
Trust me: till then let me sit opposite.

Hamadryad.

I seat me; be thou seated, and content.

Rhaicos.

Oh sight for gods! Ye men below! adore
The Aphrodite. Is she there below?
Or sits she here before me? as she sate
Before the shepherd on those heights that shade
The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.

Hamadryad.

Reverence the higher Powers; nor deem amiss
Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay...
Ask not how much... but very much. Rise not:
No, Rhaicos, no! Without the nuptial vow
Love is unholy. Swear to me that none
Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,
Then take thou mine; then take it, not before.

Rhaicos.

Hearken, all gods above! O Aphrodite!
O Herè! let my vow be ratified!
But wilt thou come into my father's house?

Hamadryad.

Nay: and of mine I cannot give thee part.

Rhaicos.

Where is it?

Hamadryad.

In this oak.

Rhaicos.

Ay; now begins
The tale of Hamadryad: tell it through.

Hamadryad.

Pray of thy father never to cut down
My tree; and promise him, as well thou mayst,
That every year he shall receive from me
More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,
More wax than he will burn to all the gods!
Why fallest thou upon thy face? Some thorn
May scratch it, rash young man! Rise up; for
shame!

Rhaicos.

For shame I cannot rise. Oh, pity me!
I dare not sue for love . . . but do not hate!
Let me once more behold thee . . . not once more,
But many days: let me love on . . . unloved!
I aim'd too high: on my own head the bolt
Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.

Hamadryad.

Go . . . rather go, than make me say I love.

Rhaicos.

If happiness is immortality,
(And whence enjoy it else the gods above?)
I am immortal too: my vow is heard:
Hark! on the left . . . Nay, turn not from me now,
I claim my kiss.

Hamadryad.

Do men take first, then claim?
Do thus the seasons run their course with them?

Her lips were seal'd; her head sank on his breast.

'Tis said that laughs were heard within the wood:
But who should hear them? and whose laughs?
and why?

Savoury was the smell, and long past noon,
Thallinos! in thy house; for marjoram,
Basil and mint and thyme and rosemary,
Were sprinkled on the kid's well-roasted length,
Awaiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last,
Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen,
With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.
"Thou seest but badly, coming from the sun,
Boy Rhaicos!" said the father. "That oak's bark
Must have been tough, with little sap between;
It ought to run; but it and I are old."
Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread
Increase by chewing, and the meat grew cold
And tasteless to his palate, took a draught
Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,
He thought not of until his father fill'd
The cup, averring water was amiss,
But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid,
It was religion.

He thus fortified,
Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abashed,
"Father, that oak is Jove's own tree: that oak
Year after year will bring thee wealth from wax
And honey. There is one who fears the gods
And the gods love . . . that one

(He blusht, nor said

What one)

"has promised this, and may do more.
Thou hast not many moons to wait until
The bees have done their best: if then there come
Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn."

"Zeus hath bestow'd on thee a prudent mind,"
Said the glad sire: "but look thou often there,
And gather all the honey thou canst find
In every crevice, over and above
What has been promised; would they reckon that?"

Rhaicos went daily; but the nymph was oft
Invisible. To play at love, she knew,
Stopping its breathings when it breathes most
soft,

Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.
She played on his: she fed upon his sighs:

They pleased her when they gently waved her
hair,
Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,
And when her absence brought them out they
pleased.

Even among the fondest of them all,
What mortal or immortal maid is more
Content with giving happiness than pain?
One day he was returning from the wood
Despondently. She pitied him, and said
"Come back!" and twined her fingers in the hem
Above his shoulder. Then she led his steps
To a cool rill that ran o'er level sand
Through lentisk and through oleander, there
Bathed she his feet, lifting them on her lap
When bathed, and drying them in both her hands.
He dared complain; for those who most are loved
Most dare it; but not harsh was his complaint.
"O thou inconstant!" said he, "if stern law
Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law,
Oh, let me know, henceforward when to hope
The fruit of love that grows for me but here."
He spake; and plucked it from its pliant stem.

Hamadryad.

Impatient Rhaicos! why thus intercept
The answer I would give? There is a bee
Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts
And executes my wishes: I will send
That messenger. If ever thou art false,
Drawn by another, own it not, but drive
My bee away: then shall I know my fate,
And, for thou must be wretched, weep at thine.
But often as my heart persuades to lay
Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,
Expect her with thee, whether it be morn
Or eve, at any time when woods are safe.

Day after day the Hours beheld them blest,
And season after season: years had past,
Blest were they still. He who asserts that Love
Ever is sated of sweet things, the same
Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days,
Never, by Zeus! loved he a Hamadryad.

The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps
The Hamadryads find them lone and dull
Among their woods; one did, alas! She called
Her faithful bee: 'twas when all bees should
sleep,

And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth
To bring that light which never wintry blast
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,
The light that shines from loving eyes upon
Eyes that love back until they see no more.

Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth:
Between them stood the table, not o'erspread
With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,
Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine; but there
The draft-board was expanded; at which game
Triumphphant sat old Thallinos: the son
Was puzzled, vexed, discomfited, distraught.
A buzz was at his ear: up went his hand,
And it was heard no longer. The poor bee
Returned (but not until the morn shone bright)
And found the Hamadryad with her head
Upon her aching wrist, and showed one wing
Half-broken off, the other's meshes marred,
And there were bruises which no eye could see
Saving a Hamadryad's.

At this sight
Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell
down,
A shriek was carried to the ancient hall
Of Thallinos: he heard it not: his son
Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.
No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,
The trunk was riven through. From that day
forth
Nor word nor whisper soothed his ear, nor sound
Even of insect wing: but loud laments
The woodmen and the shepherds one long year
Heard day and night; for Rhaicos would not
quit
The solitary place, but moaned and died.
Hence milk and honey wonder not, O guest,
To find set duly on the hollow stone.

ART. XI.—*Mémoires de B. BARÈRE.* (Mémoires of B. BARÈRE.) *Publiés par MM. HIPPOLYTE CARNOT, Membre de la Chambre des Députés, et DAVID (d'Angers), Membre de l'Institut.* Vols. I. and II. Paris. 1842.

UNDER the name of "Mémoires," a number of fragments from the papers of Barère have been collected by MM. Hippolyte Carnot and David, with the view of throwing some additional light on the all-important history of the French Revolution.

Barère, who always had the notion of publishing his memoirs, composed an immense mass of materials; but the existence of the "Mémoires" as a book seems entirely owing to the gentlemen, who with great industry had performed the task of arranging the *rudis indigestaque moles* into something like order. A series of manuscript-sheets, containing about 800 pages, closely written, and with marginal notes on almost every page; a large number of loose sheets, intended to be brought in; and six bulky bundles of fragments: such were the materials which MM. Carnot and David had to work upon, and which they enumerate in terms almost pathetic. It was necessary to compare the loose sheets; to avail themselves of some, and reject others, according to their completeness; and the *pièces justificatives*, which were found in the bundles, were worked into the narrative where it was possible. The two editors appear to have entered zealously upon their labours, and it is only to be regretted that after all their toil the organization that has resulted is not very perfect. As different papers often relate to precisely the same period, there is a re-

turn to the same events, which often becomes tedious: especially as the substance of the whole work, which is to be completed in four volumes, is anticipated by an historical notice of Barère, written by M. Carnot as an introduction. This historical notice is exceedingly well done; and having waded through the portion of disjointed autobiography (if indeed so it can be called), which is already published, we cannot help lamenting that M. Carnot, instead of reprinting a number of loose sheets, did not take upon himself the task of writing the life of Barère, of course introducing freely the more important pages of the manuscript. On the admission of the editors, it was necessary to make a choice; the papers of Barère could not be reproduced just as he had left them; and they need only have gone a trifle further to have composed a book infinitely more readable than the one before us.

Nevertheless the opinions of one who, like Barère, was in such close contact with all the principal personages of the Revolution, are highly valuable; and MM. Carnot and David certainly deserve the thanks of those who would observe from a new point the working of events, which are rendered obscure by their very modernness, by their immediate connection with the thoughts of the present day, and by the consequent partiality of every one who has come forward as an informant on the subject. Not that we would trust more to the impartiality of Barère than to that of any one else. On the contrary, his testimony is to be received with great caution, as his work is profoundly justificative of himself and the Committee of Public Safety. Still, as all these partial writers will supply the sources from which a real history of the French Revolution must be derived, in more impartial times than the present, when contending narrations and feelings will be dispassionately weighed, every new witness who has had an opportunity of extended observation is to be heard with attention.

Barère was not one of the great figures of the Revolution. He has an unfortunate reputation, as something excessively unprincipled and sanguinary, but he is not remembered as a monster on a grand scale, like Robespierre and Danton. An expression that he once dropped, "*Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas*," is repeated in the popular histories of the Revolution, and has become appended to him, just as in old caricatures an unlucky speech

was attached to the mouth of the speaker, as his characteristic. The leading persons in the Revolution have, above all others, been handed down to us by means of some *piquant* phrase, which they uttered in the heat of debate. But they are not alone in this particular. Hundreds of persons know Chancellor Oxenstirn, as the utterer of that famous opinion on the amount of wisdom that governed the world, who never knew a single act that he performed, or even the date of his existence. Another misfortune for the fame of Barère was, that he happened to be President of the Convention, at the trial of Louis XVI., and had to undergo all the odium of sitting in judgment on that weak but amiable monarch. He himself seems to consider this as a kind of evil destiny, which always placed him on the unpopular side. "By what fatality," says he, "was it under my presidency that Louis XVI. had to be examined?" This circumstance was of course sufficient to draw upon him all the hatred of the royalists, and his words, "*Louis, asseyez vous !*" are mentioned with execration by Madame de Staël.

But the hatred did not remain with the royalists. Barère was successively hated by those of every shade of opinion. In June, 1791, when a republic was proposed by the Jacobins, Barère was called a Jacobin; in 1793, when the Girondists were arrested, he was called a Girondist; after the reaction of the Thermidor he was called a Terrorist; he was exiled as a Robespierist, having been the leader of those who crushed the dictator; under the Directory he was branded as an Anarchist; under the Consulate as a Republican; and under Louis XVIII. proscribed as a Bonapartist! Whatever party was uppermost, poor Barère seems to have been considered one of the opposite side, and to have suffered accordingly. M. H. Carnot, his biographer, confesses that he expected to find him a mad demagogue, a fierce and sanguinary tribune; in short one of those monstrosities with which ancient nurses occasionally frighten their infant charges; but was pleasantly disappointed at finding a lively agreeable man, of a literary turn, with the elegant manners of the *ancien régime*. That a man so buffeted should fill up with his cramped writing those sheets which afforded such work for MM. Carnot and David, in the hope of justifying himself, is not to be wondered at: nor is it a subject for marvel that when, as M. Carnot says, a system has been constructed to exalt the Girondists, a system to justify

Danton, a system to deify Robespierre, and Barère remained without a defender, an apologising editor should at last have been found.

In justifying Barère from atrocity of character, the compilation and the biography before us, seem perfectly successful: though whether he is equally to be exculpated from the charge of time-serving, seems rather doubtful. Indeed, M. Carnot, who is very impartial for a panegyrist, cannot help admitting a certain weakness of character, which will serve to gloss over many little irregularities. Barère was really a man deeply attached to no party; and consequently, while he could avail himself of the benefits of more than one change, it was but natural he should come in for his full share of hatred. Naturally a goodnatured and benevolent man, he consented to the king's death; brought up with feelings of provincial freedom, and detesting Paris and centralisation, he nevertheless was one of the persecutors of federalism; hating Robespierre and St. Just, he was associated with them in the Committee of Public Safety. He was one of those men whose real character seems in perpetual contrast with their official functions, and who are obliged to sustain all the odium of the latter, while the former remains a secret from the world.

As for the two unfortunate circumstances which have chiefly caused Barère to be looked upon with a horror that his character did not merit, their effect will be removed by a glance at these "*Mémoires*." The expression "*Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas*," seems terrible indeed when applied, as it has been by historians, to the victims of the Revolution: and feeling that his character is principally stained by this phrase, Barère displays more than ordinary anxiety to explain its import. It seems, according to his own account, that when he learned that General Houchard had, at the battle of Hondscoote, spared the lives of some English soldiers, who afterwards in the capture of Valenciennes insulted the French representatives and officers, he uttered the indignant sentence which was destined to cleave to his name with such tenacity: meaning that if Houchard had not spared the English troops, these insults would never have been given. "I would rather," says he, "have broken my pen for ever, and my voice should rather have ceased to be heard at the tribune, than those words should have been uttered in the frightful sense which my enemies

and the journalists have given them." His conduct on the occasion of the King's trial he not only excuses, but takes great credit to himself for the humanity which he displayed, and which, he says, Louis himself acknowledged. On the king's entrance into the hall of the convention, many disrespectful voices were raised, but they were checked by Barère. "You owe respect," he said, in his character of president, "to august misfortune, and to an accused who has descended from the throne. The eyes of France, the attention of Europe, and the judgment of Posterity are upon you. If, as indeed I do not expect nor imagine, any signs of disapprobation, any murmurs, are heard in the course of this long sitting, I shall be forced at once to clear the tribunes, for national justice ought not to receive any foreign influence." These words had the desired effect, and the trial was conducted with great decorum. The King stood at the bar of the Convention; and the spectacle, it seems, so deeply moved the president, that he ordered two ushers to bring in a chair for the illustrious prisoner. The King still standing, Barère pressed him by means of the ushers to be seated; and the intercourse thus carried on excited the indignation of the more violent republicans against the president. In the interrogatories which had been formally drawn up, and on which Louis was to be examined, he was addressed as "Louis Capet." Barère knew that the word "Capet," the *sobriquet* given to the founder of the dynasty, was displeasing to the ears of the fallen monarch, and he therefore suppressed it. If these circumstances are true, it is indeed hard that Barère should be branded with cruelty for his conduct at the trial; and that the "Louis, asseyez vous" should be recorded with such peculiar horror. And that they are true, there is every reason to believe; for whatever doubts the *Mémoires* may leave as to the political character of the man, there is not a fact that would even lead us to suppose a stern, much less a cruel nature.

It was by his capacity of Reporter to the Committee of Public Safety that Barère was chiefly distinguished. Of the first committee, which was formed in April, 1793; and of the second, which was formed in July of the same year, and which lasted till the Thermidorian reaction in 1794; he was a most indefatigable member. It was his business to read over the letters received from the different armies, and to digest them into a report; which

he read to the Convention, and that with such eloquence, that his fame reached the frontiers, and "Barère à la tribune!" was the word uttered to excite the French soldiers. Next to the defence of himself, the defence of the Committee is the object of his writings. He would prove that it was the friend of order, the most formidable obstacle to the atrocities of the Commune of Paris, the patron of the arts, the saviour of France. The military genius of the famous Carnot, exercised in that committee, directed the energies of the French army; the embellishment of the city was among the objects of its consideration; and the zeal it showed to encourage the arts was sufficient to redeem it from the charge of vandalism which has been brought against it. Indeed, Barère observes that of all the persons who received benefits at his hands, and many it seems owed their lives to him, the artists alone evinced their gratitude. With the Committee Barère existed, and expelled from it he fell. Having distinguished himself in his native province of Bigorre, where he was born in 1755, as an advocate and a *savant*, his importance had commenced with the assemblage of the states-general, whither his province had sent him; and it ended with the Thermidorian reaction, which he had strenuously assisted, in the final struggle against Robespierre in the Convention. The result of this was his banishment to the island of Oleron. After eight months' imprisonment he managed to escape, but still lived in concealment, and devoted his time to the composition of a work on the "Liberty of the Seas" directed against England. His efforts to induce the Directory to recall him failed; and Bonaparte, as consul, first restored him to freedom. Again proscribed on the occasion of the restoration, the revolution of 1830 brought him back to Paris; and he died on the 13th of January, 1841, at his native place, Tarbes: having passed his last days in writing a paper on the future prospects of Europe, which breathes the bitterest animosity against this country.

The opinions of so experienced a man on his contemporaries are necessarily highly interesting: but at the same time they are often so utterly irreconcilable, that it is difficult to suppose they represent anything but the angry feeling of a moment. Barère's character was anything but a firm one; and if this is shown by his public life, it is shown still more by the record of his impressions. In his hatred of Danton, of Marat, and of the Commune of Paris, which

he believes was connected by a "thread of gold" to the cabinet of St. James's, he is consistent enough. But of Robespierre he talks in the most opposite terms. In 1795 he had said of him:

"What kind of tyrant was this—without genius, without courage, without military talent, without political knowledge, without real eloquence, without esteem for his colleagues, without the confidence of a single enlightened citizen, without affability for the unfortunate, without regard for the national power?"

This language is unequivocal, and it was written, no doubt, before the fever occasioned by the famous scene in the Convention, when "*A bas le tyran!*" echoed from its walls, had subsided. But years of banishment softened his resentment for some of his republican colleagues, and about twenty years after he had written the passage above, we find him talking in this moderate style:

"The face of Robespierre, which was pitted with the smallpox, was formidably pale. The same mind which had traced in his parchment cheeks a sardonic and sometimes ferocious smile, gave his lips a convulsive agitation, and animated his eyes with a veiled fire, and a gloomy penetrating glance. His eloquence was always premeditated; his propositions appeared studied, and sometimes enigmatical, obscure and wearisome, from the tone of menace and political distrust. His mind was of a cold and strong cast, his voice was deep and sometimes terrifying; he was very careful in his dress, notwithstanding the manners of the times; but his gestures were often *brusques*, and a little uncouth. His distrust of all the celebrated patriots, as well as of those who were only hypocrites in patriotism, was obvious in his conversation as in his speeches. Pride in the popularity which he enjoyed, was his distinguishing characteristic. Robespierre, with genuine, enlightened, and humane patriots, would have rendered great service to the cause of liberty: but he was only surrounded by those who were of the most exaggerated revolutionary ideas, and whose education among the lower classes of society was neither productive of wise views nor of good counsel. His fear and flattery had created for him a sort of guard comprised of ultra and exclusive revolutionary *sbirri*."

In 1832 his feeling towards Robespierre became still more favourable. David paid him a visit, and told him that he was going to execute the portraits of the most celebrated men of the Revolution. Barère, hearing him mention the name of Danton, rose upright in his bed, where he had lain indisposed, and cried out, "Do not forget Robespierre! he was a man of purity and integrity: a true republican. It was his vanity, his irascible susceptibility, and his

unjust distrust of his colleagues that destroyed him. That was a great misfortune!"

These being the conflicting opinions of one man, who had the same premises to judge upon at the time he uttered every one of them, are of themselves sufficient to prove that it is yet an almost hopeless task to arrive at a true estimate of the heroes of the French Revolution. The private feelings of Barère speak at every page of his work, rather than his reason: and who that was an agent in that most exciting period could long speak from any other source? Works of this kind furnish hints, valuable it is true, but nothing more than hints, for the work of the future historian.

ART. XII.—*The New York Herald: Journal of Commerce: American: Courier and Enquirer: Evening Post: and Atlas.* 1842.

The Boston Daily Advertiser: and Atlas. 1842.

The Washington Intelligencer: and Globe. 1842.

The Louisville Gazette. 1842.

THERE is something very striking in the fact, which we believe to be indisputable, that the country which can boast of a greater expenditure of Paper and Printing than any other in the world, is the country which can not boast of even an approach to a National Literature. All that is matter of trade in the literary art lives on the fat of the land in America. Everything intellectual starves as it can.

Some circumstances lately directing us to the Newspaper Press of the United States, we found it an instructive illustration of this particular truth, and in many ways richly worth attention. It is curious how little is known of these newspapers, out of the republic itself; and of what singularly small account they are held in this country, in any discussions of the men or the measures in America. Every packet brings us a column or so of eccentricities and outrages, for the most part imported from the southern and western States: these are read with some wonder and much laughter, and there an end. They are never thought of again but as anything else equally wild, ridiculous, and savage, is thought of: with the society, the manners, the civilisation of America, no one dreams of connecting them. The city of Boston, "stronghold of American arts and letters" as a distinguished witness has called it lately, the city of New

York, centre of American power and enterprise as all acknowledge it, how should they be mixed up with such unspeakable barbarism?

It is never an agreeable task to dissipate errors of this kind, but always right and needful to say what is true. It is bad enough that men should talk like brutes or buffoons in Missouri, but this is language that in our opinion fails of its full disgust till it is heard in Massachusetts. It is horrible when a savage ruffian on the floor of the state legislature of Arkansas, furiously stabs an antagonist savage as himself; but it is far more horrible that civilized ruffians should be able deliberately to earn their bread, by murdering the fame of honourable men in Washington or New York. In a word, the more respectable the city in America, the more infamous, the more degrading and disgusting, we have found its Newspaper Press.

And have you nothing of this nearer home? it will be asked. Sorrowfully we answer that we have: but with a difference, and a large one. The papers of that class are very few with us, wholly restricted to London, and of no other or higher account than as part of the social dregs and moral filth which will deposite somewhere in so large a city. Since the stamp-office regulations checked the systems of false returns, the circulation of these papers is proved to be miserably low: and that the writers fill their pages with slander of the estimable, whose virtues invite attack, is not more certain than that they fill their pockets with plunder of the weak, whose cowardice or conscience dreads it. We do not extenuate what is so deplorable; but it is known for what it is. It is a disease, and a rank one; but where it strikes it stops. The poison is nowhere in the system. When we speak with a just satisfaction of the Newspaper Literature of England, we know that no man dares to confound it with the literature of the London gambling-house or the London brothel. The degree of ability that enters into it may, with various thinkers, be matter of various dispute: but its writers are men of character and education; it has no ruffian vocabulary; the social charities and decencies are held sacred in it; with private life it wages no war; and whatever may be its prejudice or passion, it not unworthily represents a great and generous people.

On the other hand, what is it that first occurs to us when we turn to the Newspaper Press of America? If we wish to judge of popular taste by the paper in largest circulation, as in London we would ask for the *Times*, in New York we must ask for the *Herald*. This is a paper published daily, in

size more than a single sheet of the *Times*, and about a penny in price. Within the last month it has boasted of a sale of nearly thirty thousand copies, and strange as it is to detect it in anything approaching to a truth, there cannot in this be much exaggeration. It may be presumed, then, on a fair average to each copy, to have for its readers some hundred thousand citizens of the United States. "It circulates among all parties, all classes, all sects, all sexes." Its conductor is thus self-described and named in a very recent publication: "Owner, editor, proprietor, prophet, head man, head saint, head savior, or head devil, just as you please, J. G. Bennett."

Of the reported private conduct or character of this accommodating person, it is not our intention to speak. It does not interest us, nor would our readers care to know, how many times he has been called dog, spat upon, or beaten. Our business is with the broadsheet of lies and filth he daily issues to the public of the States: with the journal in largest circulation through the Union: with the popular print in whose columns some fifty or a hundred thousand free Americans enjoy the daily freedom of taking part in the loathsome slander of the most respected of their fellow-citizens: with the organ of public opinion which stabs at all that is eminent in station, in sex defenceless, or claiming reverence in age: with the foul mass of positive obscenity, to which families that would not for morality's sake set foot within a theatre will gladly subscribe, being touched by the superior excellence of its commercial news: with the ready and impartial assailant of every American statesman who has pretension to honour, or merchant who can lay claim to honesty: with, in a word, the convicted libeller of all that is manly and decent in that country, from the Judge on the bench, to the Citizen in his private home—which is yet, at this moment, supposed to enjoy the special patronage and singular favour of—the *President of the United States*.

To describe in any minute detail a publication of this nature, the reader will readily suppose to be something more than difficult; and to succeed in so describing it would be certainly less than pleasant. The quality of its writing seems to us at all times, and in all its departments, of the very lowest grade; and how Capt. Marryat, condemning the vile character of this print as became him, could possibly think it written in a very clever and very effective style, is to us incomprehensible.* There is a certain effect produced,

* The Political and Literary departments are seldom divided in these publications. You find their Literary, or Musical, or Theatrical reviews among

beyond question, when a man calls you thief, scoundrel, or liar: and no cleanly person will be at all inclined to doubt the effect with which it may be quite possible to pelt him with filth as he passes along the streets: but there is in all this as manifest a defect on the side of cleverness as on that of cleanness. The weapons of the *New York Herald* are of this order in every case. There is only one word that can describe the tone of every original sentence that appears in its columns, and this word we must be excused for using. It is *blackguardism*. The law of the whole establishment is that; its profits have that sole source. To say anything as it is said by decent men, to commit a single sentence of honesty in a tone of respectability, would be fatal to the *Snake* of newspapers. When it seems on rare occasions to be lapsing that way, it has a habit of recovering itself, before the sentence finishes, with astonishing ease. We know that the devil can quote scripture, and is understood to have self-respect enough to do it gravely: but this "head devil" of the *New York Herald*, as he aptly calls himself, does not dare to put his infamy so far in peril as to venture on even that. He was defending the other day a miscreant wretch, who, in his capacity of minister to the principal church in Rochester, had contrived the ruin of an artless child, and consummated the guilt by an unsuccessful effort to charge it on his own nephew; he of this *Herald*, we say, fellow-ruffian, in discharge of his ordinary duty was defending this atrocious miscreant; when, bethinking him that there was something to the point in a Book commonly revered by all men, he proceeded thus: "We can safely say to the pious clergy, 'he that is without sin among ye, pick up the first brick and let fly at him.'"

No bad specimen this little extract, in itself, of a style and tone of Literature enjoyed with its highest relish in the bar-rooms of America; read, though let us hope with more moderate liking, in her drawing-rooms; studied and smiled at in her cabinet at Washington; spread daily before her attentive senators and representatives in Congress; and, on grounds too credible for rejection, the subject of the

special patronage of her republican Chief-Magistrate. But this is a part of the subject we are not yet come to: desiring first to enable the reader, in American phrase, to "realize" a little more completely if possible, the every-day contents of the notable journal in question.

Its size we have stated, but it should be seen to convey any reasonable notion of the infinite unlikeness between it and our English journal, in everything but size. Its miserable whity-brown paper; its dingy, uncomfortable print; its perfectly ridiculous non-arrangement;* its jumble in one hopeless mass, of leaders and police-reports, advertisements and abuse and moral reflections,† puffings and

* In one of the more respectable papers we find, alternating with its leaders, such paragraphs as these:

"Fish, at No. 2, State-street, has the richest lot of oranges and figs ever offered in our market.—The oranges are juicy, of a delicious flavour, and well suited for parties or public entertainments.—Do not forget to give him a friendly call."

"No matter where you get your meals, provided immediately after you go to some reputable public-house and pick your teeth."

"Love is a heavenly feast, of which none but the sincere and honest partake. It is as impossible for a dishonest man truly to love, as for a hypocrite to go to heaven."

"The weather is remarkably warm lately, but who cares, as long as a plenty of the most delicious soda can be had at Nicholson and Paine's, or Stark-weather's, at three cents a glass."

† Here are a few taken from the leader department, with the same juxta-position as in the journal from which we take them: the moral reflections copied without the least acknowledgment (of course) from Mrs. Austin's *Fragments of German Writers*.

"LUXURIES.—Every man has his own idea of luxuries. Not a few men in this community think a choice cigar is a rare luxury. We think that a popular vote would carry the point beyond the shadow of a question. *We are writing at this moment with one of Anderson's 'King Regalias' in our mouth*, and we entertain the idea that its pleasant aroma and exciting influence has had a considerable effect upon the choice articles we have written. All you who would become satisfied with yourselves as we are, and with all, no, with the majority of the world, as we are, drop into Anderson's, at 2, Wall-street, or 221, Broadway, and provide yourselves with some of the same kind."

"There are souls which fall from heaven like flowers: but ere the pure and fresh buds can open, they are trodden in the dust of the earth, and lie soiled and crushed under the foul tread of some brutal hoof."

"BRAHAM.—This old covie, doubtless has been a singer of extraordinary merit, but is now superannuated, and scarce deserves to rank as third rate. Having amassed a princely fortune, he should before this have retired. His present 'strollings' illustrate the fact that music and meanness are inseparable."

"The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a good temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such a one we gladly exchange

their Political leaders: and these for the most part are brief, and in their way pointed. What follows is not an unfair specimen:

"NEW MUSIC.—'Woman,' a beautiful song, as sung by Mr. Braham with distinguished success, and respectfully dedicated to Mrs. James Gordon Bennett; the music composed by Alexander Lee. This is one of the sweetest songs recently published, and is printed on beautifully-perfumed paper. It can be got at 201, Broadway. Atwill is the greatest publisher in this city in his line. *Music on perfumed paper is all the go now.*"

bankruptcies, comicalities and crimes,* politicians at Washington and paupers in England† and pickpockets at the Tombs:‡ these are points it has in common with every newspaper in the United States. In none of them is the least effort at arrangement observable: in none does the mere interest of the reader for a single instant appear to take place of the convenience or profit of the editor. A lengthy advertisement, stupid or gross as the case may be, will at any time displace the topic of the day: and even the virulent onslaught on whig or democrat, expected ever with such greedy and anxious appetite, will be found to have given way to the editorial lament over non-payment of subscriptions, or the editorial triumph for some victory of the cash press over the credit press, or the Wall-street over the cash press. Not of course that this would find toleration with any, were it not sure of a large amount of sympathy with all: an American's feelings in whatever affects the pocket being sensitive exceedingly, and disposing him in such cases to the instant and strongly countervailing reflection, that his editor is at any rate one of those smartest of

the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker."

* In one and the same journal such things as these present themselves side by side with what is meant for grave political discussion:

"ANOTHER ELOPEMENT.—The Springfield papers record another instance of conjugal affection. James Willis, an Englishman, has gone off with the wife and daughter of another man, under circumstances of guilt and shame, leaving his own family destitute. The brute—the wretch—the 'unfeelin' critter.'"

"A great leg upon a woman, if well proportioned, is luxurious and beautiful, and grateful to the sight of man. Pretty widows are aware of this."

"THE GENTLE SEX.—The Mobile Herald contains an account of a most uncommon interview between two ladies of that city. A lady, boarding in a respectable house, actually cowhided the landlady until her ear pendants were torn from her person, and her body cruelly lacerated. Well, that is going it strong."

† The Poverty of England is a great topic, continually presenting itself in papers of every class and every opinion. We give one specimen:

"THE PEOPLE of England are in a state of the greatest misery—thousands are absolutely starving—and their distress, appalling as it is, is daily increasing in intensity. The SOVEREIGN of England is spending thousands of pounds, (which should be bringing bread to the lips of the famishing labourers), in entertaining the king and queen of Belgium, who are visiting her."

‡ The police reports are commonly in this light and witty form:

"THEATRE ROWDIES.—Miss Louisa Watson, a young lady of doubtful reputation, took a drop too much in the Saloon of the Chatham Theatre on Friday night, and Miss Louisa also picked up a nice young man, named Joseph Rogers, and as the happy pair got rather rowdier, they were both dropped into the Tombs, by way of mending both their morals and their manners."

men who is never to be caught asleep to the main chance of life,—money, money, money, the great and final business of existence.

But while in these respects the *New York Herald* shares only the general characteristics of its brethren through the States, it has, with the marks of infamy we have indicated, some peculiarities of its own. It appears, by means of course of its evil gains, to have organized throughout the country a very extraordinary and complete system of correspondence, so that, in every chief city of the Union, it has a resident representative. And these are labourers worthy of their hire: being all such reckless libellers of everything decent, and such impudent dealers in everything vile, that the "head devil" himself must be often hard put to it to keep his scandalous supremacy. The cue universally is—"Spare no one. Thrust yourselves into whatever house you can get, and everywhere leave your slime. In no direction fail to abuse. Let fly at all: the more eminent your game, the more atrocious the falsehood we want; but fly low as well as high, for the praiseworthy thirst of every free citizen to know his neighbour's affairs, extends to the affairs of every other free citizen without frivolous social distinction. Never think a scandal can be too malignant. It is to furnish bitterness for a hundred thousand tongues, and what would be anything scant or small towards satisfaction of so many? To be satisfactory, say everything but what is true, and above all things nothing that is kind"—Nor is it counsel uttered, at any time, in unwilling or inattentive ears. Its last clause is ever most especially cared for. A recent and emphatic announcement of the principle of abuse contained in it, had reference to a distinguished writer of our own. "Boz," said the *Herald*, in its offhand agreeable manner, "Boz will return to Cockneyland, kiss his young Cockneys, write a book about the United States, praise the Country and the People most shockingly, and then be laughed at for a Fool or a Flat. Cut up and you are liked. Lard only makes one sick at the stomach!"

Such being the rule of conduct with the *Herald* and its writers (for we cannot stop to inquire if our famous countryman is likely to bring down upon himself these complimentary imputations), it was naturally a somewhat startling circumstance when, in the beginning of the present year, one illustrious exception was suddenly discovered. All parties in the States, we need hardly tell the reader, were taken by surprise on the sudden accession of Mr. Tyler to power: and all parties in turn, not a little for that reason, have worried and persecuted poor Mr. Tyler. With the

Whigs, or, as we should say, Conservatives, whose exertions and sacrifices unintentionally placed him where he is, he soon became the special object of suspicion and dislike: and the Democrats have bullied or borne with him, only in proportion as his credit rose or fell with their opponents. None, of any side, have ever trusted him. By Federalist and Loco-foco, by Slave-driver and Abolitionist, alike despised, buffeted and abused, this hapless dignitary can hardly have had a quiet hour since he took up his unenviable abode in the President's House at Washington. But he himself so well described this state of things in the beginning of the year, in a letter which has yet attracted no notice on our side the Atlantic, that his pitiable case is best given in his own words. He is writing to some friends of his administration to excuse himself on the score of harassing affairs from attending a dinner they had got up in Philadelphia in honour of the birthday of Washington; and he invokes the memory of the Father of his Country to contrast with his own condition. "A president," he says,* "elected by the people, comes into office at the head of a triumphant party. His will is, for the most part, the law which governs his party. Responsible, under the constitution, for the administration of public affairs, he recommends his measures and adopts his line of policy with every assurance of support. Not so, however, with a vice-president, who succeeds to the presidency by the demise of the president. His name has mixed but little with the canvass, and has been selected more with reference to supposed sectional or local, than to general influence. He has no party at his heels to sustain his measures, or to aid him in his exertions for the public good. Instead of being a leader, he must be a follower of party, and he is required either to be a piece of wax, to be moulded into any shape that others may please, or denunciations the loudest and boldest are in store for him. Has he long cherished opinions which stand in the way of party measures, whether those measures be good or bad, wise or the opposite, they must be surrendered. Honour, conscience, everything esteemed sacred among men, must be yielded, or the thunders break over his head and threaten annihilation. It is a fit occasion for the prevalence of faction, and the reliance of one thus situated can alone be on the patriotism and discernment of the people." And so, the poor harassed party-deserted President, having no refuge but the patriotism and discernment of the people, seems to have bethought him of the hundred

thousand readers of the *New York Herald*, whose daily food was slander and abuse, purely popular, and with no distinction of party!

The compact was announced by another of our newspaper heroes, whom we must now bring forward: one whose journal is among those distinguished by Capt. Marryat as "equal to many of the English newspapers." This editor describes himself as Colonel Webb, of the United States Army: and his friend of the *Herald* tells us he is "a frank, manly blackguard, a fine-looking, burly, honest kind of savage." After patient and not very pleasant examination of the *Courier and Enquirer*, the paper he presides over, we are bound to say that with the exception of the manliness and honesty (as respectable people understand those words), the second description may be correct enough. This warlike editor has the apparent excuse of political warmth for what he says; his motives to slander seem hardly so gratuitous as those of Mr. Bennett; perhaps he is really less fond of filth for its own sake. But in filth he is an equal adept, when political opponents are to be pelted with it: he scorns, with that slight reservation, the claims, the decencies, the charities of private life; and among those who wage war against the sacred rights and happiness of home, he is on the whole entitled to a much higher commission than that he affixes to his name. Quite a respectable paper, notwithstanding, is this *Courier and Enquirer*: and a popular Whig organ. The man has often changed his politics, but it is for them that lose him to object to that: he was bankrupt the other day for a large amount, but all America is bankrupt; he is said to recover himself by bribes, but every man must have money somehow; he libels his most distinguished countrymen (Mr. Cooper was the last), but small damages cover that; one of his recent inventions was a letter to embroil the president with his cabinet, but the secretary ought to have written such a letter if he didn't; he accuses members of congress of selling their votes for so many thousand dollars a piece, but they are lucky members to make so much of their votes, and far too reasonable to find fault with a mere tribute to their smartness. Altogether, therefore, a most smart man himself is this colonel; fighting duels, in addition to his other accomplishments; and when he receives a wound, converting it to stock in trade. For then will he appear, surrounded by his friends, on the exchange at New York; and the careful exposure of one arm in a sling will remind his enemies, that they had better be called thieves and liars through the city in the pages of the

* The letter is dated the 19th of February, 1842.

Courier and Enquirer, than have chance of a bullet through the brain from the pistol of Colonel Webb.

The announcement of presidential patronage to the *Herald*, this person offered with elaborate circumstantiality as "the last effort of Captain Tyler." We can only take one or two passages, and these (for we cannot fill our pages with rubbish), must serve as samples, but too respectable, of the manner in which the paper is written, and of the least shocking and repulsive tone of its warfare against the President of America. "We learn," says the *Courier and Enquirer* of last March, "from a

source which admits of no question, that the Acting President [only acting President!] of the United States, is about maturing an arrangement, which he, with his usual foresight, considers perfectly certain to secure his election to the Presidency in 1844.

"We have all the details of this movement before us, together with the names of the parties who have assented to the arrangement; and our readers will very soon become apprised of a copartnership between the editor of the *Herald* in this city, and a well-known individual, which will open their eyes to the truth of what is now in contemplation. The *Herald* of Saturday last, contained the first notice of a sale of Public Lands ever advertised in this city; and this large advertisement of a Land Sale in Illinois is ordered to be published for the period of three months! This worthy organ of Tylerism, with its usual impudence, accompanied its first insertion with a leading article, calling the attention of European capitalists to the sale; and in a semi-official tone informs them that 'in consequence of the delay in Congress in providing for the deficiency in the Treasury by the imposition of Taxes, the Government of the United States is almost without funds,'—that 'it wants money, and must have it. It therefore throws into the market a large quantity of its valuable real estate.'

"We will not, in the present crowded state of our columns, pause to dwell on the deep disgrace which Mr. Tyler thus brings upon the country. Every reader will feel that this proceeding presents a spectacle of humiliation such as has never before been witnessed. But where is the remedy? The curse is upon us, and there is no escape for the next three years.

This last resort of Tylerism is not only destined to be a signal failure, but those who pretend to be Mr. Tyler's friends, and have some little knowledge of the people, will tell him that it was conceived in folly and madness; and that it will not secure him an additional supporter among the people. As it is, nothing but disgrace will be reaped by the projector of so silly a movement."

If all which had rested on the authority of the *Courier and Enquirer*, we should not have believed a word of it: or if it had rest-

ed on the fact of the government advertisements appearing in the *Herald*, as to the disgrace of government they have since appeared, we might have tracked the disgrace to some member of the Washington cabinet,* more powerful than the poor chief at Washington. But the proof, to us irresistible, was in the fact of the "President and his accomplished Administration" having suddenly become the single exception to the *Herald's* wicked outrage of everything estimable in the country. "Faction and cliques," said Mr. Bennett, the day after the article in the *Courier and Enquirer*, "have hitherto attempted to trammel and trample over the *Press and the Presidency*; but in the muta-

* Some such attempt was made at the time, in some of the more decent of the journals, but quite failed. "It would seem," says one of them, who, though not hostile to the President, gives in reality a worse version of the business than the *Courier and Enquirer*, "that there is yet some unexplained mystery in relation to the precise manner in which Mr. James Gordon Bennett has been enabled to insert his fingers into the public purse. It is not surprising that nobody is anxious to share the infamy of the diversion of the people's money for the support of this man in his evil doing; but it is certain that he has, at this moment, an office in operation, executing a portion, and that, too, of the most lucrative description, of the public printing." . . . The journalist briefly sketches his brother journalist's character as one quite notorious, and then proceeds. . . "That such a man should receive government patronage is a wrong to our national character unendurable. That he does receive it is a fact as shameful as it is undeniable. Whether his system of black mail has operated upon the Collector of this port, who fees him with the people's money to escape his personal abuse, or whether the 'mousing owl' has hawked at higher quarry, and obtained an influence in Washington; in whatever way he has obtained the toll upon which he is fattening, is of little moment, except to the parties implicated. If Mr. Curtis has used the influence of respectable men, and the aid of reputable Whig journals, to attain his present place; but to prostitute its perquisites in this way, there are no terms of reproach to severe to apply to him. We are informed, however, that Bennett executes printing for other branches of the public service also, as well as for the revenue department. Now these separate sops all come from one general head, as we intimated last week, or this pest of society holds a poisoned dagger at the throat of more than one of the government officials in this city. Gentlemen are bound to clear their skirts, or to acknowledge that terror of this moral assassin has compelled them to subsidize him into silence. . . Either Mr. Tyler has caused the appointment for some unexplained reason; or the presence of Mr. Bennett's reporters in Washington has operated as a terror upon some members of the cabinet; or the New York officials have been awed into the throwing of a bone to a troublesome dog. Mr. Tyler, we are assured, has nothing to do with it. The matter lies among other hands. Who can show clean hands? Who is it that fears that his eccentricities may be dished up, in New York, in the peculiar style for which the *Herald* is famous?

tions of party, and in the Providence of Heaven, a man has been elevated to the Presidency, contemporaneous with the new development of the press, which is *calculated to inspire hopes* in the mind of the *patriot and Christian*: this singular and *heaven-directed* approximation of the Presidency and the independent newspaper press, on the same great principles affecting the currency and other public measures, is only, therefore, a natural event in the progress of the present age." And ever since has Mr. Tyler received the support of this Patriot and Christian! And repaid it by supporting him in turn!

Some little time before this, the Patriot and Christian had libelled two judges of New York in a manner so peculiar and disgraceful, that as a mere decent claim for some protection to the forms of justice, it was thought necessary to institute a prosecution. Mr. Bennett, as the known and avowed author, was accordingly tried and convicted; and that we have not in any manner overcharged our account of this man or of his journal, let the remarks of an honourable and distinguished person in the course of his trial, Judge Kent, bear witness. He said that he could "conceive no greater curse to the community than a paper so cheaply published, as to be brought under the eye of everybody, and yet dealing in falsehood and scandal *from day to day as its accustomed occupation*: from the malignity of which no man was free: the columns of which were open to the gossip of every one base enough to act the part of an informer: from the assaults of which *neither age, nor sex, nor occupation, nor profession was exempt*: which had *its emissaries scattered in the large towns and villages of the whole country*, sending their communications to its columns like the informations dropped into the 'Lion's mouth' in Venice: *disclosing the secrets of the family circle, assailing the most sacred professions, and seeking to bring into contempt the sanctuary of justice itself.*"

Of this last, and perhaps worst charge, the Patriot and Christian now stood convicted. He had outraged justice in her sanctuary, and the appointed dispensers of justice were called to make a signal example. It was not possible to imagine a stronger case; the presiding judge had denounced it from the bench in language worthy of his office; every father, mother, and husband in America, had an honest interest in the check that might now at last be given to this dishonest miscreant's career; he was to appear next day to receive his punishment; and who could doubt that the law would abate no jot of its power to punish? *Who could doubt it!* There was not a man in New York that did not know

the libeller would escape. With a hundred thousand readers at his back, he had only to snap his fingers at all the law and justice of America.

"Laws," observed, some month or two since, another of the journals that appear at the head of this article,—"*Laws are a dead letter where public feeling is against them. The grand jury have refused to find an indictment in the case of State v. Norra and others, for killing a man in a duel, although the strongest evidence of murder, under the laws, was adduced. Laws, we say, are a dead letter where public feeling is against them.*"*

To convict a man in America, therefore, *unless he happens to be a negro*, is by no means a necessary prelude to his punishment. A murderer, whether of life, or of character without which life is worthless, has infinite chances if he has a white face. Again let us turn to one of the papers before us, speaking, as a mere matter of course, of what it calls *a confirmed murderer*. "Kirby, the murderer of Mrs. Hunter, has been sentenced to be hung near Sparta, Tenn., on the 1st of July. The Nashville Banner says, 'In pronouncing death upon the prisoner, the Judge remarked, that now for the *FOURTH OR FIFTH* time it had been his solemn duty to pronounce the sentence of death upon this man Kirby.' " Ay! and though we have seen no mention of the matter since, we will venture to say that the second of last July saw Kirby lively as ever, and that yet a sixth and a seventh, and an eighth time, will the "confirmed murderer" receive *nothing but "solemn sentence."* In January last there was a murder in New York, with every circumstance of aggravation against the miscreant that committed it, excepting two. Mr. Colt, that was his name, had influential friends, and was not a man of colour. The odious details appeared in our own journals, and seeing nothing more at the time, we fancied the gallows had had its due. But again and again has this blood-stained villain been convicted, and still succeeding in his application for new trials, he burdens the earth to this hour with his unexpiated crime. In the last notice we saw of him, the convict-libeller of justice whose case has led to this digression, after a melo-dramatic account of the

* Instances to the same purport crowd upon us from the papers on our table. Here, for example, in the opinion of almost all, is the perfect model of a State Governor. "Gov. Gilmer, of Virginia, has resigned his office, because the house of delegates adopted a resolution censuring his conduct in *refusing to deliver up a fugitive from justice*, who had been demanded by Gov. Seward, of this state.—*Good spunk!*"

trial and sentence,* only less disgusting than the guilt it made a raree-show of, ended with a series of questions perfectly natural in

* In these Minor Theatre Exhibitions of criminals of the most atrocious sort, our own country has sinned sufficiently: but it may be curious to furnish from the articles above referred to a specimen (and it is the most moderate we could find, or in these pages it could not have been inserted at all) of American taste in these particulars. The following was one of the most prominent large type leaders of the *New York Herald* on the morning which succeeded the first day of Colt's trial:

"Altogether this has been one of the most singular trials that ever took place in this or any other country. It throws the Peter Robinson affair far into the shade. There the wife of the murdered Sydam was not brought into court. But here, first we have the widowed wife of the murdered Adams placed upon the stand; then the dead man's coat, cut to pieces, held up before her to be identified by her. Then the wedding-ring taken off the dead man's finger is put into her hand, and she is called upon to identify it, and does so by trying it on her own finger. Next we have the box, the murdered man's coffin; and the awning, the dead man's shroud; brought into court, reeking with putrefaction; and turned over and measured, and shaken, and deliberately displayed before the jury; whilst the lid of the coffin, soaked in blood, is burnt up to light the fire in the watch house. Next we have the victim of seduction, the wifeless mother of Colt's scarce breathing infant, placed on the stand to tell how her seducer looked, and slept, and ate, after he had killed his fellow man. As if this was not enough, we have a horrible array of doctors disputing about the half-a-dozen holes in the skull of the murdered man, and some swearing he was killed by a bullet, others by a hatchet. And as if this could not suffice, we have the murdered body of Adams dragged from a charnel-house at noonday, the head cut off from the shoulders, and the skull, the horribly mangled skull of Adams, wrapped up in a newspaper, carried coolly under a doctor's arm into court, and placed upon the corner of the judgment seat, a ghastly witness for his former friends and foes to gaze upon with horror and dismay. Last scene but one, we have part of the clothes and contents of the pockets of the dead man at the time he was killed, dug out of the ***** into which they had been thrown at the time of the murder; keys, half-dollar, pencil case, and all; brought into the court, and handed round for the inspection and edification of the jury. Lastly to cap the climax of this 'strange eventful history,' the prisoner's counsel rises at the last hour, and reads a full confession of the whole affair, written by Colt himself. [It was such a defence as those of Greenacre and Good, alleging quarrel and violence on the part of the deceased.] And well-dressed ladies crowding into court by dozens to see and hear the whole affair. If this be not the strangest trial ever known, then have we yet to learn the fact: and yet the counsel on both sides talk with well-feigned astonishment of the excitement in the city."

And on the morning which followed the close of the proceedings so filthily set forth, the prominent leader of the *Herald* thus referred to the circumstances of the delivery of the verdict:

"The closing scene of this extraordinary drama, exceeded in interest every other act of it. The jury went out about six at night, and remained out ten hours. During that time a large mob collected

America, but to the usage of any other civilized country so abhorrent as to be hardly credible. "Now comes, then, the most exciting part of the drama. Will he be hung? Will a new trial be granted? Or will the Governor dare to pardon him?"

The English reader is now perhaps better prepared for what befell the convict of the *Herald* when brought up for sentence. The American public were quite prepared for it. It happened, appropriately enough, that on the same day, the fellow convict, Colt, had to attend for sentence after one of his trials: and thus was the issue foretold in a *New York* journal of the less indecent class:

"COLT AND BENNETT.—These vagabonds, for such they are, (the first a murderer of men's bodies, and the second a murderer of men's characters), will be paraded for sentence tomorrow morning. The sentence will be arrested as far as Colt is concerned, but as regards the

around the City Hall, and knots and groups of persons assembled all about the Park, discussing the probable verdict, and all the facts in the case.—Hour after hour passed by, and the interest increased. All sorts of rumours were afloat as to the position of the jurors, and the scenes in the jury room. The officers listened at the keyhole and reported progress, and it spread like wildfire through the crowd, that the jury stood seven for murder, three for manslaughter, and two for excusable homicide. Then, after discussing it an hour, they stood seven for murder and five for manslaughter. Then they discussed it another hour and they stood ten to two; and there they seemed likely to stand. There were, in short, all sorts of rumours about the vote in the jury room, but nothing certain. In the mean time the Judge had returned, waited till midnight, and then gone back home. Groups of anxious persons lingered about the court room. The prisoner tired and worn out, gave way to the impulses of nature, laid down on a bench, threw a handkerchief over his face, and slept soundly while the jury were deciding the fate of his existence. The time—the place—the circumstances—the solemn stillness of the night—all combined to form a scene not easily forgotten. At last when the verdict was agreed upon, the Judge was sent for, and it was soon whispered about that it was fatal. The prisoner was awake, and his countenance fell. The Judge and jury at last faced each other for the last time—the prisoner was told to look upon the jury, and when to the 'How say you, gentlemen?' of the clerk, the words 'Guilty of Murder'—fell from the lips of the foreman, Colt appeared horror-stricken. His counsel, Mr. Morrell, ordered the jury to be polled, and as they answered, one or two burst into tears. The prisoner's heart almost died within him. Morrell then applied to the court for time to present their exceptions, and the court agreed to meet this morning at ten o'clock to hear them. Colt was then removed to prison. Now comes, then, the most exciting part of the drama—will he be hung; or will a new trial be granted? Or will the Governor dare to pardon him?"

The *Herald* thought the Governor would not dare: but thought it with the mild sympathy of a fellow murderer "for this unfortunate young man," and the certain knowledge of the influence of his powerful friends.

other fellow, Bennett, no mercy will be shown. And now, gentle reader, you who have an amiable wife, smiling children, and a happy homestead, what, think you, will be the fate of the vagabond, that like the devil in paradise, would intrude, break through all household laws, slander the beings you love best, and make home a curse instead of a blessing? Why he will be mulcted in a few hundred dollars; he has the countenance of President Tyler, himself the father of beautiful daughters, for we have looked on them; who patronizes the slanderer of honesty, and the murderer of virtue. Yes, a few dollars will extricate him, and now where shall justice be found? The man who takes the life of another, meets his doom on the gallows, and he that robs more than life, murders more than the dear love of existence, is to be fined a few dollars."

With what truth foretold, what exquisite exactness of truth, let another journal, in which we find the details summed up, thus simply relate:

"Bennett, the editor of that infamous sheet, the New York Herald, was indicted for two gross libels on Judge Noah, of the court of Oyer and Terminer. The libels were heinous, and the libeller had his trial and was convicted. The court consisted of the standing Judge, Kent, and two of the city aldermen, Lee and Purdy. A majority rules in the decision. Judge Kent, a man of eminent personal and juridical integrity, thought the crime a heinous one, and that the libeller deserved the severe punishment of imprisonment. But Aldermen Lee and Purdy, loco-foco demagogues, through fear of the lash of Bennett's piratical, blackguard paper, and to appease the ire of the vampire, decided that the punishment should be a small fine, and the unprincipled libeller was fined about 300 dollars, for which he drew his check, and walked out of the court house, bidding defiance to courts of justice. It has since been stated by the New York Commercial Advertiser, that it was a concerted plan to get Bennett acquitted. The whole jury-pannel was exhausted to select a jury who would not convict. District-Attorney Whiting manifested marked indifference in the case; and Alderman Lee was got on to the bench by trickery. In the regular order of things, Alderman Benson would have sat in the case, and he would have coincided with Judge Kent."

And why were Aldermen Lee and Purdy afraid of the lash of "Bennett's blackguard paper!" Because Aldermen Lee and Purdy were about to become candidates for that popular suffrage wherewith the sober exercise of the solemn duties of the bench is not held incompatible.* And why did District-Attorney

Whiting manifest marked indifference? Because District-Attorney Whiting was not without sanguine hope of sitting some early day in Congress as representative for the City of New York.*

Thus it is, and in the most populous and most important community in the States! A paper has nothing to do but disgrace civilisation, to make itself at once of more account than all the civilisation in the world. It was predicted by a wise writer and a good man, one who adorned and elevated even that great revolutionary time of America, from which her society, her manners, and her intellect, have since degenerated; that the *experimen-*

and not by their conduct upon this trial, we entertained much respect, are political men. They have been candidates for the popular suffrage, and they will be again. *The convict holds in his hands the power of annoyance, which he has not scrupled to apply to the best and wisest in the land.* He is implacable in his enmities, and recognizes no principle of honour, or of justice, and no law, human or divine, which would interfere to prevent the exercise of his malignity, or the grasp of his avarice. Messrs. Purdy and Lee will stoutly deny that any reflection upon his known character, any remembrance of the way in which he has invariably pursued the victims of his malice, operated upon their minds in making up the sentence of the convict, the whole responsibility of which rests upon them. We doubt not that they believe this themselves."

* On this part of the case may be quoted the remarks of the *New York Sunday Morning News*, made in anything but a hostile spirit to Mr. Whiting, and in themselves worth attention: "We cannot of course know the motives by which Mr. Whiting is actuated, but they must be strong and all-pervading. It cannot be pecuniary considerations, for he is a man at once of integrity and wealth; it cannot be to maintain his official position, for that he has for two years longer, when he will lay it down willingly; it cannot be to increase his private practice, for that is already larger than he can attend to. If not these, is it not ambition? Does not the District Attorney want to flourish in the legislative halls of the nation? This fact is admitted, and here is a fair solution! To assist him he wishes to secure the supposed influence of the 'Herald' and its base editor. He wants the holder of a ribald pen, to praise him and tell the people of New York how extremely well Mr. Whiting would shine in the House of Representatives." And this, pursues the same journal, is the reason why District-Attorney Whiting, a man of integrity, wealth, and independence, did not scruple, by wilful neglect of his own solemn duties, to "show the American people that a man, steeped to the very eyes in everything that is low, malicious, mean and dishonourable; whose whole career has been a moral leprosy; who has broken into the precincts of the family circle; ruthlessly flung down the household penates; despised the delicacies and decencies of the female sex; and fattened upon the wages of corruption; could defy and set at naught the laws and the courts." And why not, we say, exhibit this to the American people? It is nobody's work but theirs, and they are entitled to full enjoyment of it. Poor Mr. Whiting would have done his duty had he not known that their rank breath would only follow that of this foul-mouthed political guide!

* One of the journalists, no enemy to these gentlemen on other grounds, thus sufficiently explains it: "Messrs. Purdy and Lee, with the particular shade of whose politics we have nothing to do, and for whom, judging them by other points in their course,

tum crucis of the new form of government would be the election of the President.* The fifty years he set apart for its trial are not expired; but with the continued counteraction of influence here exhibited, the result becomes plain, as it will be sad and sorrowful. It is for those who would do their best to avert it, to bestir themselves in time. It is not the least evil that the presidential election has been so affected by these vile and wicked agencies, that every duty and function in the State ranks now no higher than an election bribe: and the commonest, as the most sacred appointment, is but some reward for past or retainers for future service. What is it we discover, when we look more closely into the case before us? That Judge Noah (whose character all admit to be most high), had himself, as a preliminary to his judicial elevation, been editor of a New York newspaper; and that he had himself done in that position, what every American functionary in every position must do to make it profitable or lasting, taken part in the passions of the people, and used language none of the mildest.† In other words

* "This," said Chancellor Kent, "is to test the goodness and strength of the constitution; and if we shall be able for half a century hereafter to continue to elect the chief magistrate with discretion, moderation, and integrity, we shall undoubtedly stamp the highest value on our national character; and recommend our republican institutions, if not to the imitation, yet certainly to the esteem and admiration, of the more enlightened part of mankind."

† We quote from the counsel's speech in defence of the Herald:

"Judge Noah had been an editor of a newspaper in this city, and as such, had used great freedom of discussion about the merit of other papers, which often results in a discussion of individuals and closes in a private controversy. This was the case with Bennett: there had been a newspaper warfare between them as rival editors, and when Mr. Noah was raised to the bench, Bennett thought he might give him a fair hit, and did not stop to discriminate between his character of judge, and of a newspaper editor." (!)

Most frightful, in consequence of reasons of this nature, and of the peculiar judiciary tenure in America, is the present condition of the Bench through the entire land. The newspapers before us are full of deplorable instances. These, with no trouble of selection, are the first that come to hand.

"THE REJECTIONS BY THE SENATE.—The recent rejections by the United States Senate, of Mr. Barker for Comptroller, and Judge Bradford for the place of Judge Hopkinson, are but the foreshadowing of some very curious events. It is highly probable, as we think, that Mr. Tyler may not nominate any other person to the vacant Judgeship, in which case there will be a terrible flare up. *Several hundred bankrupts all Clay men—will thus have their hopes frustrated for want of a judge to pass on their case. They want their affairs settled, the delay will enrage them; and we should not be surprised to see them unite with another body of their fellow-citizens, and form a strong administration party in Pennsylvania.* At all events, these rejections seem to be the first of a series of movements that are destined to create a

he had helped to increase the popular distrust of every one engaged in the popular service, which is the Newspaper Law of America, and from which he afterwards suffered in its worst shape at the retributive hands of the Herald. For the ruling maxim of the life of Mr. Sampson Brass's father, *Suspect Every Body*, is now the dominant fashion of the Republic. On the side of the People, it sprang from their too close proximity to the election of their chief magistrate; from that of the President, it received in some sort justification and means of growth, by that too immediate contact with popular breath which dims the most stainless reputation: but it is the Newspapers that, through every smallest function of the State, have made it what it is. No man now takes power of any kind, great or little, without the certainty that he surrenders into the hands of ribald assailants the claims of character, and the sacredness of home; and no party succeeds in America, without a conviction that from the instant of success they may begin to date their fall. The Democrats are carrying the State elections once more, and they will place the next President in power.

We say, then, that the very root and living nourishment of all this frightful restlessness and active hatred, which with everything good and enduring now wages continual war, we find to be these Newspapers. The common people of America were in that half-educated state which could not dispense with literary nourishment of some sort; and with what cost them least, of money, of understanding, or of time, they were of course prepared to sympathize. But had any effort been made to encourage any other kind of Literature, who shall say that some happier result might not have presented itself than this we now behold? A Country less enlightened, less truly liberal, less pleasing in its manner, less observant of the proprieties of

great commotion, and perhaps ultimately smother the Clay party in the smoke."

"WHAT'S TO BE DONE?—Last week the Grand Jury presented a judge, without a name, to the Court of Sessions, as one who had been accused upon strong testimony, brought before them, of making justice a mockery and the laws a farce, by aiding and abetting in getting scoundrels free—securing them from the punishment due to their crimes, and letting them, wholesale miscreants as they are, loose upon society, by the power of *habeas corpus*."

"Justice Wiley has been convicted in New York of receiving stolen money, knowing it to have been stolen, and recommended to mercy by the jury. The punishment is a fine of 250 dollars and six months' imprisonment in the county jail—both or either at the option of the court—or imprisonment in the state prison for a term not less than five years."

"Samuel M'Henry, late Chief Justice of Harrison County, Texas, was recently tried and committed for stealing nineteen slaves from Nachitoches."

life, and less mindful of its honesties and rights, after nearly fifty years of independence, than it was as a mere colony of Great Britain, harassed, insulted, and oppressed! Were any effort now made to encourage opposite tendencies: were there statesmen and writers bold enough and strong enough, meeting on the common ground of proved and unquestioned patriotism, to undertake, though at some graver cost than that of mere personal discomfort, to instruct their countrymen to look to a Future as well as to a Present; to give them the inducements and the means to do so; to shape their tangible interests to the belief, that that form of Pursuit is not necessarily the highest in which the most money is made, nor that Liberty the purest in which there is the least self-restraint; above all to get them to understand that because a man receives public money for public service, he is not perforce a scoundrel or a thief; and in fine that nothing great or generous will last in this world without mutual trusts and mutual faith and generous reliances: were some beginning made, we say, to such an effort as this, who would not be sanguine of answerable results, sooner or later?

And to whom is it not of the deepest importance that this great experiment of a Republic should be fairly made: among Englishmen most of all? We boast that it is from ourselves, from our common English stock, that Americans have derived all that they should hold most dear and worthy of cherishing; including the spirit which, at the time of their great Revolution, resisted our own injustice. It is nothing so much as the attachment to True Freedom, which should indispose men to admire or tolerate the present prevailing forms of American society. The travellers who have gone there best qualified to judge, because they have gone without the perhaps too natural disposition of Englishmen to carp and cavil at what is of common origin with themselves, and who have gone, too, with the persuasion that of all forms of government, the Republican is best fitted to develop the political independence and happiness of mankind—such men as the accomplished Gustave de Beaumont and the profound Alexis de Tocqueville—have returned to tell us that the American Institutions are good, but that the American People are not; and that it is quite possible for the purest political machinery to work very impure results in half-civilized hands. We know the answer that is so easily made. It is a new country; refinement and literature come with maturer age; its present mission is to people its boundless space, to fell

the forest, to clear the swamp; wait till that is done. An easy answer, we say, but one that we would freely admit for all that it is worth, did we see some moderating and regulating power somewhere at work concurrently. That is nowhere to be discovered, and without it the argument is dangerous in the extreme. It is, with a vengeance, *propter vitam causas vivendi perdere*. It is, in that isolated state, an argument for a land of Yahoos, and not of Rational Men.

One of the wisest of the movers of the Revolution always dwelt on the instability of the Laws, as what he feared would prove the "greatest blemish in the character and genius of the American Governments." But he hoped that the influence of Manners would gradually correct it. Could he have lived till now, we may imagine his despair. Laws—Manners—the great improvers of civilisation in every other land that has pretence to either: supporting each other, correcting and moderating each other, and lifting the people that they serve, gently but surely, in the rank of nations—what is their condition in America! We say that neither can coexist with a Newspaper Literature such as we have described; so accessible, so supported, and so utterly unchecked by one single encouraging tendency to the literary talent of the country to exert itself in a different direction. We have not described it unfairly. There are men of character, and of great ability, we know, connected with some of the American journals: we gladly recognize, without reference to party or to circulation, the claims of such prints as the *Washington Intelligencer*, the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, the *New York Evening Post*, and the *New York American*: but we also know that in every case respectability has to fight against the want of popularity, and that the most estimable and accomplished of these men, like Judge Noah when in that position, have to sacrifice much that in private life they would most dearly esteem. Party—Party—Party—that is still the cry which drowns every voice less loud, and to which every consideration less involved with daily existence *must* give way. Such a man as Mr. Bryant would scorn to invent a calumny, but he is driven by his party to give circulation to it: and to the universal law of Universal Distrust he is obliged, high-spirited and independent as he is, to make himself a slave. Governor Clinton made no distinction of the peculiar kinds of party when some years since he told the New York legislature, that at their last election party-spirit had invaded the tranquillity of private life, had violated the sanctity of female character, had visited with severe inflictions the peace

of families, had spared neither elevation nor humility, nor the charities of life, nor distinguished public services, nor the fireside, nor the altar. For in truth all this we take to be but the maxim of *Suspect Every Body* in its worst and most licentious form, which, in its more decent, all papers are driven to adopt. Its highest living embodiment is in the infamous *New York Herald*, which, worthily followed, as we have seen, by others only less infamous than itself, now traverses the length and breadth of America—read by every one, quoted by every one, patronized by the President, in favour with his Government, patted gently by the Judges—rampant, reckless, triumphant, without one restraint to its unbridled villany.

Can it still be said that we exaggerate in the view we take of the miserable results that await such a state of things? We will give one instance more: and it shall be from a paper thus warmly and unreservedly praised by Capt. Marryat in his book about America. "*The best written paper in the States*," he says, "*and the happiest in its sarcasm and wit*, is the *Louisville Gazette*, conducted by Mr. Prentice of Kentucky." Happy Mr. Prentice, to be so witty and so sarcastic! Being strongly opposed to the present government he seems to have bethought him, some few months since, that he might exercise this wit and sarcasm on Mr. Webster; and he published a leading article descriptive of a little anecdote of the American prime minister, the exquisite wit and sarcasm of which consisted in the allegation, whereto everything sacred was pledged, that this eminent statesman had attempted to commit an unpardonable outrage on a beautiful young lady, the wife of one of his clerks. "The Secretary of State," said this master of wit and sarcasm, "was called on by the lady to solicit a more lucrative situation for her husband, when his honour invited her into a private room, and after getting her in, then closed the door, threw his arms about her person, and said, *Madam, this is one of the prerogatives of my office.*" The graceful and credible anecdote flew like wildfire through every paper of the Union.* But, the English reader

will say, Mr. Webster himself condescended to take no notice of it? unless, perhaps, to punish the writer as a malicious dealer in lies instead of wit and sarcasm? Oh no! as we have seen, that is difficult in America: and in America, every man will believe anything against a servant of the state. So Mr. Webster is obliged to go to a justice of the peace and make solemn oath that he is innocent!† and, to support his own oath, he is obliged to publish the oaths of fourteen clerks in his office!‡ and to support his clerks' oaths, he is obliged to offer to back *them*, if necessary, by the oaths of the messengers!!! "Although," he writes to the postmaster-general, in desiring him to make these affidavits public, "I have not been much in the habit of taking notice of newspaper slanders, yet this publication is so gross and infamous, and circumstances are stated so much in detail, for the obvious purpose of giving credit to the story, that I have thought it my duty to take such notice of it as it is at present in my power to do. I enclose, therefore, my own affidavit, denying the truth of the statement in every particular, and averring that it is, from beginning to end, a naked, base, and malicious falsehood; and this affidavit, as you will see, is supported by the oath of every clerk in the office. The testimony of the messengers can be added if deemed useful." What a view of the state of society in America does all this present to us!

But let the reader glance at what we have subjoined in a note: specimens of the manner in which this libel, thus solemnly discredited,

* "DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA,
County of Washington,
To Wit:

"Be it remembered that on the fifth day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two, before the subscriber, a justice of the peace, in and for the county aforesaid, personally appeared Daniel Webster, Secretary of State of the United States, and made oath on the Holy Evangel of Almighty God, that a certain article in the *Louisville Journal*, of January 25, 1842, a newspaper purporting to be printed and published at Louisville in the State of Kentucky, by Prentice and Weissinger, which said article is entitled, '*Anecdote of Daniel Webster*,' is wholly and utterly false, in each and every particular thereof; that at no time did any such interview or interviews as those described in such article entitled '*Anecdote of Daniel Webster*,' ever occur; that at no time did any incident ever occur which could give the slightest colour for the statement in said article contained; and that in fine, said article is, from the beginning to the end, a naked, wilful, and base falsehood.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

"Sworn and subscribed before

N. CALLEN, JR., J. P. [SEAL]."

† For these we cannot make room: and it is not necessary that we should: our readers will credit Mr. Webster.

* What we have said of papers in the most respectable party interests lending themselves ever to such calumnies as this, was abundantly proved on the occasion in question. We quote a respectable journal:

"The Independent, a newspaper devoted to the interests of Henry Clay, is giving up a considerable portion of its columns to attacks upon Daniel Webster. It even countenances the filthy slanders which have been rife of late, concerning the Secretary of State's moral character."

and withdrawn even by its witty and sarcastic author, still continued to be repeated and aggravated day after day* by Mr. Webster's

* First the solemn affidavits are discredited for these reasons :

"The Louisville Journal had it upon the most respectable authority.

"We know from many sources that it was for several weeks a matter of common scandal in Washington.

"We know that the story, weeks before we published it, was told in that city in nearly the same terms in which we stated it.

"We think that Daniel Webster's notorious profligacy of character is such, as to make him capable of any kind of outrage, where a woman is in the case.

"And our private advices from Washington are such as to assure us that just such an affair did happen, and is susceptible of proof, though the man whose wife was insulted may not have been a clerk at the time, but was only in Washington applying for some employment."

Then the execrable libeller, not content with this, will thus daily return to, and aggravate the charge :

"Is Mr. Webster's moral character so spotless as to render it impossible that he would have been guilty of such an outrage? or is he to throw the mantle of his high official station around him, and plead 'Not guilty,' swear to his innocence, and ask the world to place implicit and unhesitating confidence in his denial? Will he deny, too, that he has exercised the power and influence of his office to reward particular favourites, to pay off old debts, to seal lips that might disclose other disagreeable truths, and for the furtherance of base and selfish views? Will he deny that since he has been in his present office he has abused his power, and degraded his station, in a manner which will justify every honest man in the country to demand his instant expulsion from the cabinet, which is disgraced and degraded so long as he continues a member thereof? Will he deny that he has bartered away the offices connected with the custom-house of this city for 'considerations,' and that even the collectorship was given to the present incumbent to heal a certain wound, as it is said, of a delicate nature, inflicted by the premier? There are charges enough, Heaven knows, well founded, too, to sink Mr. Webster into the lowest depths of moral infamy, from which even his brilliant talents and gigantic intellect cannot save him.

"Politically, his fortunes are desperate; and he must play a desperate game to save himself. He sees the 'handwriting on the wall,' and at all hazards he will endeavour to arrest the impending ruin. He cares not for friends—he cares not for country: SELF is the idol of his ambition, and it matters not to him at what sacrifice he advances his own interest.

"His extravagance has made him bankrupt; and he levies a tax for new supplies, which are speedily obtained through those who seek office for themselves or friends. His creditors are numerous—debts contracted for the support of his double household—that where he entertains his guests, and that where he seeks relaxation from the toils of office, and the vexations of political manœuvring. We speak by the card—we speak boldly and fearlessly, as we always have done—as we always shall do—with TRUTH for our guide.

"These are not idle rumours—they are facts that

low and malignant enemies in this wicked, unpunished, and unpunishable Newspaper Press of the United States. We are no very huge admirers of Mr. Webster. We have nothing of the natural enthusiasm of Mr. Evans "of Maine," who at the Ashburton Dinner* the other day, talked of his "gigantic intellect, his noble talent, his stupendous patriotism." We cannot even respond to the milder enthusiasm of Lord Ashburton himself, who thinks him a truly great man; that "great in every sense of the word he undoubtedly is." But that he is certainly an able man; with a wonderful wordy capability; quite clear of the scandalous imputations of his assailants; and on the whole perhaps the best of prime ministers for America, as America now is; can hardly be disputed. We do not, for example, believe any part of these slanders to be a whit less exaggerated than Mr. Evans's praise: but both do their work for the time, and both so long are believed. "No American," said Mr. Evans (with taste questionable, if national, since the festivity was in honour of Lord Ashburton, and might have suggested, for that night only, some

are openly and notoriously spoken of in Washington—facts that are known in this community, where, but a few days since in Wall-street, the notes of Mr. Webster (which, by the way, are floating all over the country), were offered for sale at a heavy discount.

"Yet this man—distrusted by the President himself—doubted by his friends—despised for his utter want of moral principle by the people at large—is permitted to retain the highest seat in the cabinet. Mr. Tyler will never be easy in his administration until Mr. Webster has 'leave to retire,' and he will not retire until driven therefrom by the honest indignation of the people, which will, ere long, manifest itself in a manner which cannot, and will not be misunderstood or disregarded."

* The speech in the most execrable bad taste at that dinner was the speech of an Englishman, of Mr. Colley Grattan, the consul at Boston. This gentleman seems to think that the Ashburton Treaty has completely cured all the evils of the world, and secured for a lifetime at least a British consulship at Boston. But we notice it at all, merely to show the tone that every man *must* take to get flattering reception from an American audience. He spoke with a Maine enthusiasm, interlarded with a most Irish blarney, of the noble Treaty, the important Document, the Arrangement so just that it had saved the world; but yet, being all this, "the Document, which, although it might have gone through all its official forms, received the sanction of the president, been stamped with the seal of Mr. Webster, is not truly ratified till hallowed by the voice of POPULAR APPLAUSE:" here, the report tells us, loud bursts of cheering interrupted the speaker: "and, sir," continued the excited orator, "never was any public act more certain of that glorious consummation." It is the favourite maxim we have illustrated. Give us a number of voices sufficient to raise a "popular" yell, and we snap our fingers at decency and Law.

postponement of the triumphs of American diplomacy to the claims of American hospitality),—"no *American* will find a blush on his cheek when those important and able state-papers on the boundary question which have emanated from *that man's* pen (Mr. Webster's), shall be read to the civilized nations on earth. There is no man in *this land* who loves his country, and who regards the duty which he owes to God and his fellow-men, but will feel, when he reads those documents, prouder of the land which gave him birth." And the Americans who heard this, and welcomed it with "tremendous cheers," will, in another month, in all probability, receive with as great though less noisy a satisfaction, some new imputations against Mr. Webster's character: some fresh charge of his having embezzled public money, some popular accusation of his having outraged female decency.

We have referred to De Tocqueville. One of the wisest remarks of his book is that too little importance is attributed to Manners in their effect on democratic institutions. He says that if the three great causes continually at work were to be classed in their proper order, physical circumstances would be counted as less efficient than the laws, and the laws as very subordinate to the manners, of a people. Does the effect of what we have been attempting to describe in this paper, "on the manners of a people," require illustration? Are there any who imagine that disgraceful personal encounters are limited to the half civilized States of the South and West, any more than the libels of the infamous Press are confined within such limits? If there are, to them we address the one or two brief anecdotes with which we now conclude. They are taken from the papers before us: in which, to select them, we have silently passed a hundred atrocities in the Slave Districts, here with equal faithfulness recorded. For of that more direct kind of Slavery that concerns the coloured population, we will confess that we have less care at present, than for the moral and intellectual slavery, hardly less degrading, in which the men of our own complexion are so deeply involved. It is a question we have on that account purposely avoided. There must be real freedom among the whites, before the blacks at their hands have a chance of freedom.

At the beginning of the year, Lord Morpeth being present in the House of Representatives during a commotion raised against Ex-President Quincy Adams for having said something against slavery, that venerable and distinguished old man was, in his own hearing, horribly

insulted, and called a *black liar and traitor*. His most eloquent denouncer was a Mr. Wise, who interlarded his furious tirade with insults to England. "Lord Morpeth," says the correspondent of the *New York American*, "occupied the chair of one of the members, and was apparently the person to whom Mr. Wise directed all his swaggering, bullying abuse of the British nation and government. Whenever he said anything abusive, he always turned to the Viscount, and pointed significantly at him, apparently delighted to insult a stranger and a lord, without the possibility of a reply." And the only reception given to all this was tumultuous applause.

In the Senate, at the close of February, Mr. Tallmadge was interrupted by Mr. Benton's calling him a liar. Mr. Tallmadge reiterated his statement, and Mr. Benton repeated the lie. The following then passed: "Mr. Clay hoped the Senator would be compelled to take his seat. Mr. Benton: The Senator is in his seat. Mr. Clay: The Senator has no right to speak while he is in his seat, and if he speaks to me, he shall receive such language in reply as his conduct deserves. Mr. Benton: I hope that *language* will be followed by corresponding *action*." No one took the least notice of this gross insult to by far the ablest and most accomplished of all the American statesmen.

At about this time, in the House of Representatives, Mr. Clarke called Mr. Holmes a "granny" and a "jackass," and politely promised to "kick him for sixpence." "Mr. Holmes," says the correspondent of the paper in which we find this, "appeared to be much excited, but how the affray may end cannot as yet be conjectured." We hear no more of it.

Soon after this date, according to the correspondence of *The New York Journal of Commerce*, a Mr. Arnold, of Tennessee, was addressing the House of Representatives, when "Mr. Raynor called Mr. Arnold to order, peremptorily, several times. Mr. Arnold said it was a malignant interruption. Mr. Raynor replied: 'You are a blackguard.' Mr. Arnold went on and said: '*You see, Mr. Speaker, they call me a blackguard; and that is no more than what they have said of you this morning.*' Words continued to pass between Mr. Arnold and Mr. Raynor. Mr. Raynor at length said, if the blackguard wants to attack me, let him do it in the street—instead of making a scene here for the diversion of the galleries." The same Mr. Arnold is one of the heroes of an equally pleasing scene which occurred somewhat more lately, in which General Dawson, of Louisiana, ("tall and thin, but muscular," as his party

paper describes him, "one of the most graceful and gentlemanly men in Congress, for no man is uniformly more courteous, better bred, or more observant of the rules"), told Mr. Arnold that he was a coward and a blustering fellow: in short, rising into his most graceful and gentlemanly elevation, that he was "a d—d blackguard, and a d—d scoundrel, and if he didn't behave himself better, he would cut his d—d throat from ear to ear." Of which we afterwards hear no more than that Mr. Arnold happens to be an extremely patient man, and only replied, we think very sensibly, that he had no taste for fighting, and that his complimentary friends might "go and fight the Seminoles if they liked, or somebody who was fonder of it than he was."

Our last instance, as our first, shall be of Mr. Wise. This gentleman is Chairman of the committee of Naval Affairs, and his adversary in the polite encounter we are about to relate, was Mr. Stanley, Chairman of the committee of Military Affairs; as highly appropriate representatives of quarrel, therefore, as our Secretary at War and First Lord of the Admiralty would be. Mr. Stanley began. Being an anti-administration man, he was talking of beheading Captain Tyler (politically), and then (we quote the correspondent of the *American*) gracefully compared him to an "ass," which "resting on a railroad may overthrow the locomotive cars, passengers and all." "Mr. Stanley added that Mr. Wise had bull-dogged Mr. Whitney, referring to a statement of Mr. Wise's, that if Mr. Whitney's arm had moved an inch he should have died on the spot. Mr. Wise: Does the gentleman say I bull-dogged Mr. Whitney. Mr. Stanley: I made the remark in reply to what you said about dogging the commissioners. Mr. Wise: I ask the gentleman from North Carolina again if he meant to say I bull-dogged Mr. Whitney before the committee. Mr. Stanley: I say again distinctly I made the reply about bull-dogging for the gentleman from Virginia, and intended it for him and him alone: let him take it. Mr.

Wise: That is exactly such a reply as I should have expected from a COWARD. Mr. Stanley: I expected all that. It is an old trick. This seat will testify who was a coward at the extra session; we all know who got the worst of that. Let the gentleman try me. He shall see who is a coward. He has mistaken his man. I was not born yesterday. I know his unworthy acts to get the advantage, but he will not succeed. The question" simply adds the *American's* correspondent, "now naturally arises: if a duel is to ensue, who is to send the challenge?"

But no duel ensued. Mr. Stanley was quite quiet, and went to make himself merry at the Washington races, some few days after. Mr. Wise went there too, and then occurred the following notable scene. We derive it from the respectable authority, already quoted, of a few days' later date. "Mr. Stanley, who was on horseback, in riding by Mr. Wise (also mounted), jostled him: accidentally, Mr. Stanley says, in consequence of the refractoriness of his horse. As soon as Mr. Wise recovered his seat, he rode after Mr. Stanley and struck him over the head with a rattan with such force as to break the rattan in pieces. Mr. Stanley said, 'I brushed against you unintentionally.' 'Then you are excused,' answered Mr. Wise. 'Do you strike a gentleman behind his back,' asked Mr. Stanley. 'Damn you!' was the reply of Mr. Wise: 'Take the blow with the coward I gave you the other day and make the most of them.' Persons then interfered and separated them, telling them that was no place to settle the quarrel: and they went home. Mr. Stanley's face was badly cut. THIS AFFAIR MUST RESULT IN A DUEL." No, no! Again this simple correspondent prophesied badly. No duel has yet taken place. Friends met, and, it is said, 'arranged' the matter: and very probably, for the thing occurred as far back as May, Mr. Wise and Mr. Stanley, at this moment, while we lay down our pen, are on terms of renewed and affectionate intimacy.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Das Untersuchungsrecht. (The Right of Search.)
VON FRANCIS J. GRUND. Leipzig. 1842.

WE notice this publication, only that we may quote from it one passage, in illustration of what we remarked in our last number of the General Cass tribe of American politicians. The author is already known by two shallow and declamatory volumes about America, published in this country four or five years ago; in return for which, and to reward the loathsome puffery they contained, the American government appointed Mr. Grund Consul for the States at Bremen. The man's argument is beneath contempt, and if it were possible to say a worse thing of his style, it ought to be said: but we quote the passage purposely without a word, to show the impudence and baseness that now recommend themselves to our brethren across the Atlantic.

After briefly depicting the dangerous maritime supremacy of England, and passing a few highly coloured encomiums in the Bunker's hill style of declamation on the American War of Independence, he analyzes the motives which actuated England in her "*humane*" policy of slave liberation, proves her to be false and hollow in every one of them, and then undertakes to show what a lively interest Germany *should* take in this question.

"Should America be forced to embrace any side in Europe, ITS NATURAL ALLIES ARE FRANCE AND RUSSIA. With a French alliance are associated the recollections of the War of Independence. The flags of France waved on the battlements of Yorktown conjointly with those of the Union. France, in a word, is the old, tried, chivalrous ally of the Union, and its material interests are identical with those of the Free States. Russia possesses, it is true, no sympathies in America, and cannot, therefore, easily work upon the legislative body or public opinion; but *Russia and America are nowhere opposed to one another, and both lands are from their greatness and power elevated above all petty jealousies*; and as regards the principles of government in both, their very diametrical opposition, as in physical nature, forms the strongest means of attraction. It is not in the principles which the French have at various times preached, but in the national character of Frenchmen, that the Propaganda exists. England has inculcated the same principles for the last two centuries, but has as yet made but few proselytes. Russia, whose moral power is based on RELIGION [nothing of the murder of Poland, O repub-

lican and liberty-loving Grund?] and *Sclavonian nationality, needs as little to shun contact with American democracy* [that is true!!] *as America the influence of Imperial Ukases*; everything depends on the common end in view; and we can easily conceive a case in which this common object might be for both lands a national one. But whether Germany—or rather its two great representatives, Austria and Prussia—act wisely in precipitating this natural gravitation of America towards France and Russia, instead of severing the United States from the two latter empires, is a question which we of course leave diplomatists to decide."

Modest M. Grund! And oh! happy republic that is so served, and that will only be too glad yet further to reward such service!

Ueber das Schielen un die Heilung desselben durch dei Operation. (On Squinting, and the Manner of its Cure by Operation.) By J. F. DIEFFENBACH. Berlin. 1842.

It is not often that we are tempted to extend our notice to foreign medical works, but the operations of Dieffenbach for the cure of squinting have obtained so universal a fame, that we cannot allow the appearance of a work like the present to pass, without briefly apprising our readers of the nature of its contents.

Dieffenbach, as many of our readers are no doubt aware, is the inventor of an operation for the cure or relief of squinting (*strabismus* is the new and more learned word); and this operation consists in dividing the internal rectus muscle of the eyeball, which is done by a proper scissors, without externally wounding the eyelid. The subject has been much written and talked of within the last two or three years, but this is the first time that Dieffenbach himself has deemed it proper to favour the world with a work on his discovery.

Since the 26th of October, 1839, Dieffenbach has performed 1200 operations on squinting patients, and in most cases with perfect success. Considering that, while the great master has been thus busy with the ocular obliquities of the good people of Berlin, his disciples have not been idle in other parts of Europe, the marvel is that there should still remain a phenomenon of the kind to work upon.

Dieffenbach throws out a hint, towards the

close of his preface, that some of his disciples have carried the operation too far; but he is not apprehensive that the failures that have ensued, in consequence of the "immoderate exercise" of his system, can bring any permanent discredit upon it. He opens his work by some general remarks on squinting, its causes, its kinds, and its degrees. The theoretical portion of his treatise is disposed of with exceeding brevity; but the author, even before he applied himself to the cutting of the eyestrings of his friends, was famed as a man of few words, and one much more ready with his knife than his speech. He gives a minute description of the instruments he makes use of, and of the nature of the operation, with its relation to the six muscles of the eyeball. The subcutaneous incision recommended by Guérin, is rejected altogether by Dieffenbach. Accidents during and after the operation are detailed, and illustrated by various anecdotes of patients, including the case of the Countess Hahn Hahn. Our author is decidedly opposed to any operation on a child of less than six years old, and decides in the negative the question whether the operation ought ever to be performed on both eyes at once.

Anything like an analysis of a work like this, lies altogether beyond our sphere. We only wish to apprise the English public of its appearance, leaving to others the task of a critical investigation of its merits.

Briefe aus London. (Letters from London.) By Dr. WOLDEMAR SEYFFARTH. 2 vols. Altenburg. 1842.

THESE letters were originally written for a German periodical (*Das Morgenblatt*); and, though far from faultless, were quite good enough to deserve to be published in a more permanent form. They were written at brief intervals from Aug. 1834, to June, 1836, and furnish a deal of amusing gossip of the doings and sayings that occupied public attention in England in the course of those years. The author speaks of everything as if he had seen it himself, yet he describes scenes of which it is more than probable he never was a witness. Often he misunderstands what he sees or hears, and sometimes has either been misinformed, or has not exactly understood what has been told him. The consequence is, that, though his descriptions of London manners are in substance tolerably correct, in detail they are at times ludicrously inaccurate.

At the Custom-house, on his first arrival, this adventure occurs to him:

"In my trunk," he says, "was a lady's cap in a small box. I had bought the unsubstantial article in Berlin for six dollars, and had brought it with me by way of a joke, intending it as a present for—. I had no idea that the thing was liable to duty, and was astonished to hear the officer dictate 'fifteen shillings' to the man who was writing down an inventory of my possessions. 'Fifteen shillings!' I exclaimed. 'According to the tariff,' said he. This I thought would be rather too much for my joke, which, to say truth, had seemed dear to me, when I gave six dollars for it in Berlin, so I refused to pay.

'Then we must keep the article,' said he of the Customs. 'I can't help it,' was my answer. Hereupon he proposed that I should pay twelve shillings, and in the end he came down to three, which I offered him, when he had met me at the intermediate station of nine. As I cannot suppose that the officer made this reduction of duty on his own responsibility, I blush in my soul for those who empowered him to make it."

Now, any one at all acquainted with the Custom-house formalities on these occasions, will be at no loss to understand the whole affair. The cap was liable to an *ad valorem* duty, and it was the doctor's business to say what he considered his cap worth. If it cost him six dollars in Berlin, the duty in London in 1834 ought to have been about six shillings; and had he valued his cap at the Berlin price, that would have been the duty demanded of him. If he paid only three shillings duty, the officers must have adopted a valuation equal to about half the cost of the article at Berlin. The whole was evidently a misunderstanding, owing to the doctor's ignorance of the formalities of the place. We grieve to admit at the same time that it is a place from which courtesy and decency are too often banished.

Many of the doctor's stories, avowedly little more than transcripts from the newspapers of the day, and our criminal trials and police reports, afford abundant opportunities to interweave specimens of the horrible into his kaleidoscopic picture of English manners. But the book has clever touches. The description of a public charity dinner is done with a comic force that might even disturb the gravity of the chairman whose long speeches are ridiculed. The proceedings of the two houses of parliament are tolerably described, and the ancient forms, as still adhered to, are quite as absurd as our author represents them. He is not accurate in all the details, but the prominent parts of the picture are sketched not only with humour but with truth. Like most foreigners, the doctor is unable to sympathise with the English in their reverence for the Sunday. "The manner in which the day is enforced," he says, "demoralizes the lower classes, and begets a habit of hypocrisy among the higher." "Do not imagine," he says in another place, "that the people at large are led by a religious feeling to observe the Sunday in the way they do. If it were so, the majority would not desecrate the day by stuffing and drinking. Even among the richer classes many a one selects the Sunday for his table excesses. Among the masses, where you see one man drunk in the week, you will see three on a Sunday. The churches, to be sure, are tolerably full; but they would be full to overflowing, if those who have not their seats reserved for them were not compelled to pay for their admission, in the shape of a fee to the pew opener. If a man goes into a church, and does not look like one from whom a sixpence may be expected, he will have a long time to wait before he is shown to a pew." He continues in this sarcastic vein for a page or two: saying some things overcharged and false, and others but too true.

A free press in England has the effect of constantly directing public attention to a multitude of

social evils and abuses, which exist not the less in other countries, and perhaps even to a greater extent than in our own, though no tongue be wagged and no pen put into motion to point public indignation against the iniquities of an established system. Party motives, or a morbid craving after popularity, lead public men sometimes to exaggerate these evils, and exaggerations pass with foreigners for truths. Dr. Seyffarth, like many others, has been led thus astray. But throughout he shows a solicitude to arrive at the truth; and it would please us well were all foreigners who write about us as honest, and on the whole as correct.

Wanderungen durch Europa und das Morgenland. (Wanderings through Europe and the East.) By P. D. HOLTHAUS. Barinen. 1842.

WE have here the adventures of a journeyman tailor, who, without anything but his needle to rely upon for his travelling expenses, started from his native village in Westphalia, and spent six or seven years in wandering through Germany, Poland, Hungary, Wallachia, Constantinople, Syria, Greece, Egypt, Italy, France, and Belgium, and then returned to his *Heimath*, married his old sweetheart, and settled quietly down to reform the time-worn, or to renew the outworn, habiliments of his neighbours. So far the author's own story; but we have heard a different tale; namely, that our friend Holthaus has not been cured of his wandering propensities, but has started on a new pilgrimage. Now this we do not quite approve. As bachelors, let journeyman tailors wander as long as they like; but after keeping a sweetheart waiting seven years at home for him, it is hardly fair for a man to turn *Reisender Handwerksbursche* a second time, and to run out into the wide world again before his first year of wedlock is well over.

The little work is neither better nor worse than the greater part of the books of travels and tours which annually come forth upon the public. It is written in a plain and unassuming style, not deficient at times in humorous description, but without anything calculated to awaken the least doubt of the author's veracity, or to suppose that he has any wish to make himself out a greater hero than he is. He does not pretend to have seen the inside of a Turkish harem, or to have been engaged in a love adventure with any of the fair *Odalisques* of *Istamboul*; he enlarges not upon the withers of Arabian steeds, and has not a word to tell us about beautiful Abyssinian slaves. He was never balloted for at a fashionable club, nor ever sat down to smoke a social pipe with *Mehemet Ali*; yet he did meet the old pasha once, when they were both taking their pleasure in the streets of *Alexandria*.

The ancient city of Athens is distinguished in our author's book as the place where he gained most money by the exercise of his profession—a useful hint for travelling tailors that may feel desirous of emulating his achievements. Of the antiquities and classical associations of the capital, where once dwelt *Pericles* and now reigns

King *Otho*, the book, as might have been expected, says nothing. The author started but with a small share of antique lore, and travellers rarely enrich themselves unless they carry a tolerable capital when they set out. Had we looked for information from *Master Holthaus* we should have been disappointed; we looked only for amusement, and that we found.

1. *Travels in Kashmir, Ladak, Iskardo, the Countries adjoining the Mountain Course of the Indus, and the Himalaya north of the Punjab.* By G. T. VIGNE, Esq. In Two Volumes. London. 1842.
2. *Kashmir und das Reich der Siek.* (Kashmir and the Empire of the Sieks.) By CHARLES BARON VON HÜGEL. Vol. III. Stuttgart. 1841.

THE two first volumes of Baron von Hügel's account of his wanderings in Central Asia were noticed in this review about a year ago. The present volume is chiefly occupied by an account of *Runjeet Singh*, his government, and his court, and some valuable remarks on the British empire in India. No new information is given respecting the interesting province whose name forms so attractive a title to the whole work, and, though the travelled baron's narrative can scarcely be read by any one with indifference, the great events that have changed the face of things in Central Asia have thrown the former politics of the court of *Lahore* so completely into the background, that few of our readers would thank us were we to occupy any considerable space with anecdotes of the late sovereign, or of the ministers, *fakheers*, astrologers, and other vagabonds, from the west as well as the east, that formed his court.

In the concluding chapter of this volume, Baron von Hügel pays a handsome tribute to the present lords of India. It is not for us to say whether the tribute is merited or not; we will content ourselves with quoting a few passages in his own words.

"The noble inheritance of England, bequeathed to her by her adventurous sons, has a natural boundary on each side except towards the west. On the south it is fixed by the ocean, to the east and north it is determined by stupendous mountains and impenetrable forests, and along the greater part of the western line by the *Thurr*, the Indian desert, leaving only a small strip to the north-west where the question becomes at all doubtful.

"To a mere geographer nothing appears more simple than to adopt a large river as a national boundary; but the north-western boundary of British India must be something more; it must be a military position, for it is the only point on which the empire can be assailed by a foreign enemy. A river may form an excellent line of defence, but can never form a line to separate one people from another. On the contrary, a river forms at all times a connection between the inhabitants of its opposite banks. I know of no river in the world, where the inhabitants of the opposite banks are not of the same race, or where they do not speak the same language. It requires, therefore, a little more consid-

ration than may appear necessary to a superficial reasoner, to determine whether the Indus offers a suitable boundary for the Anglo-Indian empire.

"From the mountains to the sea, it is the Indus that gives life to the whole country. Along its banks lie narrow strips of fertile land; beyond these lies desolation. On the right bank the sandy desert commences almost immediately, and stretches far away to the west; on the left bank the strip of cultivable land is somewhat broader, but from the Rann, itself 150 miles broad, the desert gains rapidly on the country, till, under the 28th degree of latitude, it occupies a breadth of 360 miles.

"From its mouth to its confluence with the streams of the Punjab, the Indus cannot be used as a defensive line of operation, for the army occupying it would have nothing but a desert to retreat upon. On the other hand, an attack is scarcely to be apprehended in that quarter, for though the first Mahometans from Kandahar and Ghuznee pressed forward by this route to Guzerat, they did so only by small parties, their main armies always crossing the Indus at Attock.

"The circumstance that Attock must necessarily be the principal point of attack, leads many to adopt the idea, that the Indus would be the most suitable boundary; but a frontier, to be a desirable one, ought to be of difficult access to our enemy, and of easy access to ourselves. The Indus, however, is of much more easy access from the west than from the east. In fact, from the Indian side the Indus is almost inaccessible to troops, and a military force stationed there would not be able to keep up its communication with Bombay otherwise than by sea.

"Modern historians have marvelled at the sagacity of Alexander the Great in attacking India precisely on that point by which it was most easy of attack; but there is nothing more marvellous in this than in the sagacity of an honest journeyman-mechanic who finds his way on foot from Vienna to Paris. Even in Alexander's time, the produce of India found its way to Persia and Greece, and the merchant who carried it thither, chose, not merely the *easiest*, but the *only* road by which it was possible for him to convey his merchandise. Many writers have marvelled even more to find that all the subsequent invaders of India should have chosen the same route as Alexander; but here is as little cause for marvel as in the former case; they chose this route only because they had no choice; there is no other by which it is possible for an army to march.

"Were the Indus the boundary of India, it would be the height of madness for any general to hazard a decisive battle on its banks. A finer field for a battle indeed could not be chosen than the plain of Attock, which stretches away 15 or 20 miles in every direction; but should the defenders of India gain the battle, what would be the consequence? The enemy would retreat upon the strong positions in his rear, through a country whose roads no rain can impair, and whose resources cannot easily be exhausted. There the invaders might remain for a year, while the rainy season would effectually cut off all supplies from the victorious army. What would be the consequence, however, to the English army, if it suffered a reverse? Why it would have to retreat over some of the most difficult and barren land in the world, and one day's rain might make it impossible to save either artillery or baggage. On the Jylum would be the first point where the retreating army could rally; but behind it, the rivers lie so closely together, and are liable to such sudden and extensive inundations, that a second reverse would be attended with the inevitable loss of whatever material might remain. Between the Indus and the Sutlej, every

disadvantage is for the retreating army; every position may be outflanked, yet there is but one route by which an army can march."

Baron von Hügel in another part of his work, discusses the question whether the Sutlej would not offer a stronger and more desirable boundary for British India. Wherever that boundary may be, it is in the plains of Sirhind, he says, that the battle must be fought which is to decide the fate of Hindostan.

"In those plains," he goes on to say, "every advantage is on the side of the defenders of India, while to the invaders the loss of a battle is immediate destruction. If England is impelled, as she will be, by the force of circumstances, to extend her frontier to the Indus, she cannot choose, but must go farther, and must establish her line of defence between Cabool and Herat, perhaps even at Herat."

A fourth volume, which may shortly be expected to appear, will complete the baron's travels.

Mr. Vigne's work has in some measure been anticipated by the publication of Baron von Hügel's two first volumes. They travelled over nearly the same ground, and often in each other's company. Their narratives, therefore, bear often on the same events, and on the same adventures, and though for the English public at large, this circumstance can in no way deteriorate from the value of Mr. Vigne's interesting volumes, to us they lose much of their freshness, appearing, as they do, a twelvemonth after our notice of the adventurous baron's account of Kashmir.

Mr. Vigne left England in 1832, and after passing through Asia Minor and Persia, embarked at Bushir for Bombay. He left his own country without meditating an absence of more than twelve or fourteen months, but one object after another drew him on, till his travels in the East occupied a period of seven years. His overland journey to Bushir is disposed of in a few pages, and it is only with his entrance into the hill states, on his way to Kashmir, that his narrative may be said to commence. To the valley of Kashmir itself the chief attention of his readers is directed, and to those who have not had an opportunity of perusing Von Hügel's work, we can promise much enjoyment from Mr. Vigne's amusing pages; to the more experienced reader the only part of Mr. Vigne's book which is really of value, is comprised in his account of his travels to Iskardo, the capital of Little Thibet, which had never before been visited by any European.

"It was previously to my first departure for Kashmir," he says, "that I received from Captain Wade at Lodiana, a hint or two which encouraged me to make the attempt, of my own accord, to continue my journey through the valley of Iskardo, the capital of Little Thibet. He read me a letter he had received from Ahmed Shah, or Gylfo, of that country, in which he expressed his anxiety that some English Sahib should visit him, and my mind was of course made up in a moment."

The Sikh authorities endeavoured to dissuade him. Attempts were made to bribe and intimidate his servants, who were told by the jemedar,

"that there were Jews at Ladák, whose favourite food, among other horrors, was human flesh." These artifices on the part of the Sikhs appear not to have been without their effect, but our author's attendants were soon induced, by a promise of double wages, to banish the fears with which they had so industriously been inspired.

Ahmed Shah, the Gylo of Iskardo (*gylo*, by the by, we are told is derived from two Bult words that signify, a powerful man), received Mr. Vigne in the most friendly and hospitable manner. The old mountain chief had long wished to see a European, and this desire being gratified, he now expressed himself anxious only to see a Hubshi (an Abyssinian negro), that he might then comfort himself with the assurance of having seen a specimen of every nation on the earth.

The most remarkable object in the valley of Iskardo is the capital or stronghold of the little state, and is admirably delineated by the author. The sovereigns of little Thibet or Tibet, as it is here written, have generally been supposed to claim a descent from Alexander the Great, but Ahmed Shah assured Mr. Vigne, that he knew of no foundation for the tradition. Land in Little Thibet seems to be everywhere held by a kind of military tenure, the holders being all sepahis,

"who are bound to perform all the duties of knight service, frank tenement and copyhold united, and cannot in fact refuse to assist in any public work they may be called upon to perform. If a Thibet sepahi dies, his widow takes half his property, and the rest reverts to the Rajah; if there are one or more children, she retains all, and perhaps some is added by the Rajah."

Our author gives very elaborate instructions how to make tea in Thibet fashion, with the assistance of butter, soda, salt, and cream, the whole milled up together into a substance, something of the consistency of chocolate. After a little time, he says, he found it quite as palatable as tea made in the ordinary way, and far more nourishing.

The glory of the valley, however, is the magnificent glacier at the end of it.

"The width of the lofty wall of ice, in which it terminates towards Arindo, is about a quarter of a mile; its height is nearly a hundred feet. The only way in which I can account for the quantity of soil and rock on its upper surface (on which I gathered several plants) is, that it must have been collected partly by the effect of winds, and partly by the avalanches of ages past, which fell upon it, and deposited a detritus, when as yet, from the narrowness of its bed, it was more within the range of their descending forces. I have never seen any spectacle of the same nature so truly grand, as the debouchure of the waters from beneath the glacier. The ice is clear and green as an emerald; the archway lofty, gloomy, and Avernus-like. The stream that emerges from beneath is no incipient brook, but a large and ready-formed river, whose colour is that of the soil which it has collected in its course, whose violence and velocity betoken a very long descent, and whose force is best explained by saying, that it rolls along with its enormous masses of ice, that are whirled against the rocks in its bed, with a concussion producing a sound like that of distant cannon."

Upon the whole, much as we have been enter-

tained by Mr. Vigne's book, we are not quite satisfied to find our traveller little more than a well read, gentlemanly, agreeable, travelling companion. Our curiosity is excited more than gratified by a sketchy narrative, in which there is neither plan nor skilful grouping, and though Ahmed Shah and his son Achmet Ali Khan may be very excellent personages (their portraits, be it said in passing, are admirably characteristic, and no doubt good likenesses), yet these eternal accounts of the great, with so little about the people, are not what we wish most to hear from one who explores unknown regions.

Of the map which accompanies the volumes it is impossible for us to say more than that it is beautifully executed. Of its correctness we are of course unable to judge. Some of its localities, we believe, do not agree with those of Von Hugel, but that is no reason why Mr. Vigne may not be quite as correct as his friend. Perfect accuracy it would be absurd to look for in a map, drawn by a traveller, of a country visited for the first time by any one capable of making a map at all. In any case, Mr. Vigne has made valuable additions to our store of geographical knowledge.

Norway and her Laplanders, in 1841: with a few Hints to the Salmon Fisher. By JOHN MILFORD. London. 1841.

STEAMBOATS and railroads are rapidly bringing Norway and Asia Minor within the compass of London's suburbs. Constantinople and St. Petersburg are of more convenient access now than Birmingham was a century ago. Nay, within easy recollection, a trip to Margate, by one of the old boys, was a more formidable undertaking than a voyage to Hamburg is now: now that a fleet of splendid steam-frigates keep up the communication between the Elbe and the Thames, and allow the merchant, in fine weather, to calculate to half an hour the time it will take him to transport himself from the exchange of London to that of Hamburg or Vienna. Already a man can travel by steam from London to Berlin, and next year he will probably be able to go by steamboats and railroads to Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople, St. Petersburg, and almost to every port on the Baltic and the Black Sea. Forty-three hours often take the traveller from London to Hamburg. In two days and a night a steamboat carries him up the Elbe to Magdeburg, and, from Magdeburg, the railroads already finished will carry him in three hours and a half to Leipzig, in about six to Berlin, and in less than six to Dresden. From Berlin to Stettin a railroad is in construction, and already open half the way; and from Berlin to Vienna there will also before long be a continuous line of railroads. *Vogue la galère!* The middle-aged may yet live to travel to Kamschatka by steam, and to have villas in Lapland or in the Himalaya.

Norway has for several years been within steamboat reach of us, and has lately come much into favour with tourists. Tourists beget tours, and where these are unpretendingly put forward, they are very agreeable books to kill a few hours

with. A tourist, though he bring not with him the knowledge of one syllable of the language of the people he visits, may yet give an amusing if not a very philosophical account of the peculiarities that strike him as he passes along. A man may leave a country in as perfect ignorance of its laws and institutions as when he entered it, yet have shot ptarmigans, and caught salmon to his heart's content, and may tell of his achievements in a style that shall be very interesting to those who sympathize with his diversions; but if he goes into a country ignorant of its language and its laws, and makes himself acquainted with neither while he is there, he must be a bold man if he take upon himself after a two months' stroll, to give to the public an account of the country and its inhabitants. A tour may be a more amusing composition than an ethnographical description of a country, but the latter is a work which requires much learning and much subsequent laborious inquiry, while the other may be written by any sensible man of ordinary education who happens to possess good spirits and a readiness of observation.

These Mr. Milford possesses, and he has written a very amusing and pleasant book, though not one that justifies his grand title. His object in visiting Norway was change of scene.

"A heavy sorrow," he says, "had clouded my home with recollections of unhappiness; and I was anxious by change of scene, and the excitement of travelling, to divert my thoughts from their sad channel."

This motive led him to embark at Hull for Christiansand, where he seems to have arrived about the last day in July. He then went about, shooting, fishing, and looking at the country, till the first week in October, by which time we find him at Copenhagen on his way back to England *via* Hamburg. The two months of his excursion, we are glad to think, were spent with advantage to himself. The magnificent scenery of the country is graphically described, and the narrative of his wanderings from one end of Norway to the other, is interspersed with a multitude of amusing and characteristic anecdotes of what he heard, saw, and tasted. The book will do the reader the sort of service which its author sought and found in the travel it describes.

Geschichte der Ilchane; das ist, der Mongolen in Persien. (History of the Mongolians in Persia.) By HAMMER-PURGSTALL. Vol. I. Darmstadt. 1842.

We cannot allow the appearance of a new work on oriental history from the pen of so distinguished a scholar, to pass over without at least a brief notice of the fact. Any critical examination must wait the appearance of the second and concluding volume. The period which Von Hammer proposes now to illustrate, comprises about a century. The empire of the Ilkhans was founded by Hulagu, in the middle of the thirteenth century, and during the eighty following years there reigned nine Ilkhans. After

that, the dignity was disputed by eight candidates, and amid their struggles the once flourishing state crumbled into ruins, or lingered forth in the sickly existence of three separate dynasties.

The work begins with a general review of the Mongolians, of which the separate tribes are named. The author has so completely orientalised himself, that he often writes as if he looked for his readers among Turks and Persians, rather than in the soberer regions of Germany. Thus in a true oriental style we find him describing all the solemnities observed in the circumcision of a prince, and all the family connexions of the royal harem. The Mongolians, he tells us, in the flowery style of the East, are a race who "combine all the qualities of the twelve animals of the Zodiac: for they are as thievish as mice, as strong as bulls, as rapacious as panthers, as cautious as hares, as cunning as snakes, as terrible as dragons, as fleet as horses, as docile as sheep, as fond of children as monkeys, as careful to provide for their families as hens, as faithful as dogs, and as dirty as hogs." He then relates as briefly as possible the times of Ogotai, of Turakina, of Guyuk, and of Mengku, whose brother Hulagu founded the Mongolian Empire in Persia. When Hulagu is about to enter upon the scene, our author reviews with a minuteness, almost fatiguing, all the dynasties then existing in Central Asia. In the second book begins the history of Hulagu himself, with a long list of his wives and concubines, and their several children and collateral relations: a matter that can scarcely be supposed to excite much interest among accidental readers. Next follows the history of the great Persian war, and of the destruction of the Assassins, and their castles in Persia. Here much of what had already appeared in the History of the Assassins, is corrected or more fully narrated.

The destruction of the khalifate of Bagdad, and the causes which led to it, are detailed with Von Hammer's customary minuteness, and opportunity is taken to introduce a complete history of the Khalifs. This is by no means the least interesting part of the book. The fall of Bagdad is told in a manner worthy of such a subject. Hulagu was succeeded by Akaba, whose reign occupies the fourth book. The fifth book gives the histories of the three succeeding Ilkhans: Teguder, Arghun, and Kengiatu: whose reigns are filled by a series of domestic troubles and civil wars, that can have but little interest for modern Europe. Teguder was the first who openly avowed himself a convert to Islamism; Arghun, on the contrary, showed great favour to the Jews and Christians, and was even supposed to meditate a fresh change of faith.

In the second volume, the author intends to enter upon the reign of Ghassan, the greatest among the Ilkhans of Persia, to whom the entire books are to be devoted.

1. *Die Russische Grenzsperre.* (The Russian Frontier Cordon.) A Print. Berlin. 1842.

2. *Der Deutsche Michel.* (The German Michael.) A Print. Berlin. 1842.

IN consequence of a recent notification on the part of the Prussian Government permitting the publication of prints and engravings, if wholly unaccompanied by letter press, without their previous submission to the scrutiny of the censor, a new, and in Germany, altogether foreign species of artistic design—the political caricature—has made its appearance, and H.B.ism takes up its abode beside the other isms of this philosophical land. It is very difficult to understand the policy or motives which one day command the *Königsberg Gazette* to abstain from all discussion of the evils accruing to Prussian commerce from the Russian prohibitive system, and next day invites a pictorial representation of the odious and degrading effects of this system; but the probable result is not so hard to foresee. Our German correspondent has not obscurely hinted at it.

But few days passed after the Government intimation before we were presented with two political subjects: the dumb, but very intelligible exponents of much more than their authors intended: though neither their conception nor execution evinced any great degree of talent or proficiency in the art of catching the ridiculous side of human action. The first represents a Cossack in the act of permitting some German smugglers to pass the Cordon "for a consideration." The second exhibits the German "Michael" (corresponding to the English John Bull) in a very apoplectic state—the abdominal regions of his capacious stomach being subdivided into thirty-eight compartments, typical of the corresponding number of German "Princes, Potentates, and Powers:" the remains of that numerous class, which *Kaiser Joseph* said "should be numbered like the cabriolets." On either side stands France and Russia in the act of blood-letting; whilst the philosophic and lethargic "Michael" seems decidedly uncomfortable in his position between Gaul and Muscovite.

On neither print does a word or letter appear. And as there is as yet but little beyond tradition to guide the masses in this occult science of unriddling the artifices of the caricaturist, we suspect that many Germans will not take the trouble of going to Russia and France for solutions of these diagrams without title, but content themselves with referring to the *morale* conveyed, to systems and subjects much nearer home. This were a just and not improbable retribution.

Fürst Moritz von Anhalt-Dessau. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des siebenjährigen Kriegs, von LEOPOLD VON ORLICH. (Prince Maurice of Anhalt-Dessau. A Contribution to the History of the Seven Years' War.) Berlin. 1842.

THIS work consists chiefly of the correspondence, now published for the first time, between Frederick the Great and his Field-marshal, Prince Maurice of Anhalt-Dessau. The publication has taken place by the wish of the reigning Duke of

Anhalt-Dessau, and the manuscripts, hitherto preserved in the archives of Dessau, have been printed under the superintendence of Captain von Orlich, the able editor of several compilations of a similar character.

Maurice was the youngest son of Prince Leopold of Anhalt Dessau, a man whose name will ever stand among the foremost of the military worthies of Prussia, but who is better known in Germany, even now, by the familiar appellation of *Der alte Dessauer*, given to him by his soldiers. Maurice, not fated to run so long a career of glory as his father, died in 1760, at the age of 48, of the wounds received in the preceding year at the battle of Hochkirch. He had, however, already established his fame as a brave soldier and a discreet general, and the present work affords abundant proofs of the high confidence reposed in him by Frederick.

To the majority of readers, this collection of original letters can have little interest, except as they serve to portray the character of the king. Frederick was in the habit of writing to his favourite generals, and to Prince Maurice among the rest, with a certain courteous familiarity indicative of kindness and good will: but this did not prevent his majesty from assuming at times, even with his greatest favourites, a severity of style that must have been anything but agreeable to those honoured with the royal correspondence. In the summer of 1757, Prince Maurice was ordered to cover Dresden and Pirna with a small corps, while Frederick himself was in Upper Lusatia, in an almost hopeless position. The prince had abandoned the ground, and Frederick, made more irritable by his own difficulties, writes to his general thus: "Ich kan mich ohnmöglich mit alle Ihre Schreiberei abgeben, ich bin hier nicht zu schreiben. Sie müssen Pirna und Dresden souteniren damit guht, komt Ihnen was zu nahe So gehen Sie die leute auf den Hals und prügeln Sie ihnen das Leder fol und haben Sie gedult das ich hier fertig werde." A little farther on he says, with more asperity:—"Ich hatte mir nicht eingebildet das nach meinem expressen befel Cota nicht zu verlassen Sie doch alda Wek marschiret waren, Laudon hat kaum 2,500 man, ich bin gar nicht mit ihrer conduite zufrieden, gehen Sie die churken auf dem Halse und agiren offensive oder unsere Freundschaft hört auf, hier ist keine complance vohr den printzen Sondern der General mus seine Schuldigkeit thun Sonsten hört alles auf."† The postscript to the letter, however, is the bitterest of all: "Woher ist die Ehre der Preussen vohr 2,500 mann laufen ein general von der Infanterie mit 14 battalions und 20 escadrons

* "I cannot possibly occupy myself with all your scribbling. I am not here to write. You must guard Pirna and Dresden. That's enough. If any come too near you, attack them, and give them a thrashing, and await patiently the time when I shall set things right here."

† "I did not imagine, after my positive command not to leave Cota (near Dresden), that you would have marched away. Laudon has scarcely 2,500 men. I am not at all satisfied with your conduct. Attack the scoundrels. Act on the defensive, or our friendship is at an end. This is no time to stand on ceremony with the prince. The general must do his duty, or every thing is at an end."

zurück zu ihm. Ihr Vater dieses im Grabe hörte. So würde er sich um kehren."*

Frederick's royal contempt for the vulgar restraints of grammar and orthography has long been matter of notoriety, and calls for no remark on the present occasion. Prince Maurice was naturally incensed at the severe terms in which he was addressed, and lost no time in offering his resignation. Frederick's anger appears to have cooled in the interval, and he fairly begs the general to pardon him and be friends again.

As the seven years' war proceeded, the king's confidence in Prince Maurice seems to have been on the increase, and several letters occur in the collection, where Frederick asks urgently for his general's advice as to the line of conduct that ought to be adopted in this or that emergency. In the field of Leuthen, immediately after the battle, the prince was raised to the rank of a field marshal, and in none of the subsequent letters do we find Frederick writing to him in any but the most cordial and confiding terms.

The most interesting letter perhaps in the whole collection is one written by Frederick from Brandeis immediately after the battle of Kolin. It is in the hour of reverse that the hero appears to greatest advantage. "Notwithstanding the great misfortune of the 18th," he says, "I broke up from Prague at three o'clock, with drums playing, and as proud as ever, and here I have arrived without meeting an enemy. To repair our misfortune, we must put as good a face upon it as we can. Only write to me which of the unfortunate regiments are still in fighting condition. My heart is torn, yet I am not dejected, and I shall know how to efface this blot on the first occasion that presents itself. Adieu. Salute all the officers in my name."

The editor has not given many of the prince's letters, and the notices of his life are few and far between. The work upon the whole, therefore, may rather be looked upon as a new collection of Frederick's letters, than as a biography of the general whose name is placed on the title-page.

Ulrich, Herzog zu Württemberg. (Ulric, Duke of Wurtemberg. A Contribution to the History of Wurtemberg and the German Empire, during the Period of the Reformation). By Dr. LUDWIG HEYD. 2 vols. Tübingen. 1841.

THE history of Duke Ulric is full of remarkable vicissitudes. Himself an usurper at the age of eleven, he lived to be driven in his turn from the throne, at a maturer age; and, after having been re-established, partly by military aid, and partly by the zeal which his conversion to the protestant faith had awakened in his favour, it was only his death that saved him from the mortification of a second expulsion.

Ulric was the son of a madman, and whether insanity was hereditary in his family, or whether his subsequent conduct resulted from the in-

judicious education he had received during his minority, it must be admitted that his conduct in after life was frequently calculated to awaken doubts as to the soundness of his own intellect. Those who had placed the child upon the throne, sought to strengthen him there by betrothing him to the Emperor's niece, the Princess Sabina of Bavaria; but this alliance became one of the chief causes of his misfortunes. With his own hand he slew Hans von Hutten, whom he suspected of too great familiarity with the duchess; and this act not only excited the resentment of the powerful family of the deceased, but involved him in an irreconcilable quarrel with the emperor and the other relatives of Sabina, who fled from her husband's court and became an active instrument in his ruin.

Ulric might have avoided the gathering storm by a prudent abstinence from fresh grounds of offence; but prudence was at no time a virtue of Ulric's. Some citizens of Reutlingen, an imperial city, had slain one of his officers. The duke seized upon the pretext, surprised the townspeople, declared the city his own by right of conquest, and annexed it, without more ado, to his own dominions. Such an outrage was not to be tolerated from one who had just narrowly escaped the ban of the empire. The Swabian confederation took up arms against him, and Ulric, unsupported by his own nobles, who were still incensed against him on account of the murder of Von Hutten, was driven out of his dominions in a few weeks, and the duchy of Wurtemberg was sold to the house of Austria.

Even before the commencement of his domestic misfortunes, Ulric had been involved in a war with his own subjects. It was in 1514 that the well-known insurrection of Poor Conrad broke out; and it was only by great concessions to the insurgents, that the disastrous troubles could at length be appeased.

Ulric continued an exile till 1534, residing mostly at the castle of Hohentwiel, or at Mömpelgard, almost the only property that he had been able to retain. He sought to interest Francis I., of France, and Philip the Magnanimous, Landgrave of Hesse, in his cause; and the growing power of Austria had in the mean time awakened so much jealousy among the German princes, that a feeling began to manifest itself in favour of the banished Duke of Wurtemberg, who, by his conversion to the reformed faith, had associated his own cause, in some measure, with that of the protestant party. France was induced to afford a pecuniary support; while Philip the Magnanimous assembled an army, and advancing suddenly into Wurtemberg, gained a victory at Laufen, on the Neckar, and restored the banished duke to his dominions, after an exile of fourteen years.

At Caden, in Bohemia, a treaty was shortly afterwards concluded, through the mediation of Frederick of Saxony. By this treaty the restoration of Ulric was confirmed, but his dominions were to be held as an Austrian fief. This relation to Austria, to use a familiar expression, kept the duke in hot water for the rest of his life. He succeeded, nevertheless, in introducing the protestant religion into his dominions. As a member of the Smalcaldian league, he furnished

* "What has become of Prussian honour? A general of infantry, with fourteen battalions and twenty escadrons, runs away before 2,500 men! If your father could hear this, it would make him turn in his grave."

a contingent to the allies in 1546; and on the disastrous turn which the war took, Wurtemberg was the first country against which the resentment of the emperor was directed. A process was instituted against the rebellious vassal, who, this time by a judicial decree, was on the eve of being again expelled from his dukedom, when death stepped in to avert the disgrace.

The history of Ulric can of course be looked upon only as a fragment of provincial history; but as an illustration of the state of society in Germany during the 15th and 16th centuries, a better period could scarcely have been chosen. The author has displayed much industry and research; has diligently pored into all the manuscripts and archives of the time; and not without success: for he has thrown much light upon political events; though his style is often rude, and unimportant circumstances are sometimes dwelt upon with a prolixity that must be wearisome to any but a Wurtemberger. For instance, the festivities on the occasion of Ulric's marriage with Sabina, are detailed with painful minuteness. The insurrection of Poor Conrad is well told, and the conflict of parties, the constitution of the several bodies in the state, and the motives of the chief actors, are placed in a clear and attractive manner before the reader. In this part of the work no one will blame the author for the minute details into which he has entered.

What is perhaps least to be pardoned in Dr. Heyd's work, is the evident solicitude to extenuate the offences of Ulric, whose conduct would, even in his own fierce times, have brought any private man to the gallows. The murder of Hans von Hutten was the more atrocious, as the widow and the widow's father remained at the duke's court, where the lady is supposed to have been quite as familiar with her husband's murderer, as Von Hutten had been suspected of being with the duchess. Dr. Heyd seeks to make Ulric's treatment of his wife less odious, by industriously displaying her faults; but though she may have been, and no doubt was, as spoilt and as irritable as her historian represents her, Ulric's conduct in beating her even in the honeymoon, and obliging her to run into debt for years together to get common necessities for herself and children, could hardly fail to rankle in the heart of a proud and justly offended woman, till at last a sanguinary catastrophe drove her in terror to seek shelter with her brothers.

Ulric's residence at Mömpelgard is told at great length; but the insight so given into the domestic life of the German gentry of that day, compensates for the extension of the narrative. Here also, however, the desire to place every act of Ulric's in the most favourable light, is far too evident. To suppose, for instance, that such a man could be actuated by conscientious motives to quit one faith for another, is neither more nor less than an absurdity. It was his interest to become a Protestant, and he became one; it was afterwards his interest to continue one, or he would not have been the man to shrink from a second apostasy. Wurtemberg may owe her religious emancipation to Ulric, as England, in a great measure, owed hers to Henry; but

the duke was, not the less, even a more reckless instrument than the king.

The above remarks were already written, when we learnt the death of the author. The work is incomplete, the second volume bringing us only to the restoration of Ulric, after the battle of Laufen. With all its defects, even in its fragmentary form, the book is a valuable acquisition to the historical literature of Germany, and it will be matter for just regret if the publishers should not succeed in meeting with a writer willing and able to bring the historical fragment to a close.

Glossen und Randzeichnungen zu Texten aus unserer Zeit. (Texts of the Times, with Notes and Illustrations.) Four Lectures delivered in Königsberg by Ludwig Walesrode. Fourth Edition. Königsberg. 1842.

SHORTLY after the accession of the present Prussian monarch to the throne, loud and at times angry voices demanded a constitution as a debt by virtue of a royal promise, and freedom of the press as a right. Neither of these demands has been as yet complied with; but as a concession to popular clamour, which threatened to become serious in the extremities of the Prussian monarchy, instructions were given to the censors to act with lenity. Elsewhere under Foreign Correspondence, this is referred to. The present work is one of its fruits, and a perfect curiosity in its kind. It is written in a strain of sarcastic irony; and the fact of four editions having appeared within as many months sufficiently attests its popularity. The German has truly become much more of a politician than of old, and bids fair, with unexpected speed, to realize the anticipations of our earnest correspondent from that country.

Ludwig Walesrode sketches a censor thus:

"A censor is in appearance like other mortals, but his office is something superhuman. He gives directions to genius and thought; and holds in his hands the scales which belong, of right, to eternal justice alone. In the literary world he is appointed to execute the Pharaohic Law, that all masculine literary offspring be slain, or at the least Abelardized. The censorship of ancient Rome consisted in a tribunal, which took strict cognizance of the morality of the citizens of the Republic; it ceased when, as Cicero informs us, it could effect nothing beyond making men blush. Our censorship, on the other hand, will not cease until the whole nation, to a man, blushes at its existence."

The celebration of anniversary festivals is also admirably satirized. Ludwig reproaches his laborious countrymen with not having as yet succeeded in discovering the day of the week and month on which the world was created. In this charge he is however unhappy: as, according to divers and sundry calculations, it seems beyond a doubt, that the 15th of May, corresponding to the 28th of the Julian May, is the birthday of the world!*) Few of the salient absurd-

* Compare Chronique d'Abou-Djafar Mohamed Tabari. Paris. 1836. G. Seyffarth, *Astronomia Egyptica*. Leipzig.

ities of the day escape him, and with the help of his whimsical illustrations he has produced an amusing book.

The Mabinogion. Parts I., II., III., & IV. London. 1839—1842.

THESE are four ancient Welsh tales, translated into English by Lady Charlotte Guest, who has added many valuable notes to her translation; and for the able manner in which she has acquitted herself of the task, she is entitled to the thanks not only of the literary antiquarian, but of the philosophical historian. The tales are interesting in themselves, and of their antiquity and genuineness we believe there is little doubt; but the chief value in the eye of a judicious reader, must be the insight they afford into the manners of the wild and lawless times in which the scene is laid. In this respect we may particularly direct attention to the fourth part, which contains the history of "Kilhwch and Olwen," a tale probably of greater antiquity than any to be found in the range of English literature, and one which presents us with a lively picture of the boisterous doings of our Celtic ancestors.

A History of the Church of Russia. By A. N. MOURAVIEFF, Chamberlain to his Imperial Majesty, and Under Procurator to the Most Holy Governing Synod, St. Petersburg, 1838. Translated by the Rev. R. W. BLACKMORE, Chaplain in Cronstadt to the Russia Company, and B. A. of Merton College, Oxford. Oxford. 1842.

THE Russian Church will probably be called on to act a more important part than it has yet act-

ed in the history of mankind, and English readers should feel indebted to Mr. Blackmore for translating this book. Rome is not inattentive to the encroachments of the Russian Church, but those encroachments are likewise directed against the Protestantism of the Baltic provinces, and though protestant prelates may not feel themselves authorized to thunder forth their allocutions against the autocrat apostle of Eastern orthodoxy, it behoves them to watch what is going on in Russia with a careful eye.

Sixteen hundred thousand Russian subjects have, within the last few years, been induced to sever their connection with Rome, and adopt the national faith. Such wholesale conversions have not indeed taken place in those provinces where the protestant faith prevails; but there also Russian congregations have been established, and are gradually increasing under the protection of the government.

Respecting the present condition and prospects of the Russian Church, the work before us affords not much information. The affairs of our own times belong rather to the department of politics than to that of history, and Mr. Mouravieff shows just as little inclination as his translator, to venture into a field in which frank discussion would inevitably be surrounded by a multitude of perils. The history of Mr. Mouravieff goes down only to the year 1721, and passes over, consequently, all the occurrences of the last century. He gives also but little information respecting the negotiations, by means of which several successive popes endeavoured to draw the whole Russian nation into the Roman fold, negotiations which on more than one occasion seemed to promise success. The work in these circumstances is necessarily an imperfect one; but with all its imperfections we welcome its appearance with pleasure, as affording information on a subject that will be altogether new to a vast majority of its readers.

TABLES OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE Table we now give affords a Chronological Survey of the whole of a Literature, relative to which scarcely anything is yet known, and even that only partially and fragmentarily. The present Table will serve to make manifest that there are other names besides those of Lomonosov and Sumarokov, Karamzin and Pushkin, which claim notice in biographical works. If indeed only those authors who continue to be read were to be recorded in literary history and biography, no very large volume would be required for the purpose. A century makes dreadful havoc everywhere with literary reputations and celebrities, and in the case of Russia it could not well be otherwise, for the language itself has undergone a very considerable change. The writers even of the "age of Catherine" can now be considered as little more than pioneers, or as having rough-hewn and shaped out the *matériel* of a literature. Not only have they become more or less antiquated in style, but old-fashioned in matter as well as manner, owing to a system of imitation, more artificial than artistical. Nevertheless, they are too essential to the literary history of Russia to be omitted in our table of it.

As far as this country is concerned, *The Foreign Quarterly* has done perhaps more than any other publication, in communicating intelligence relative to Russian Literature and Art; the Table has been therefore made to serve in some measure as an Index to the articles of that kind which have appeared, reference being made in it to those where fuller information will be found. Much scattered information is thus brought into a single point of view. We will only add, that with respect to the orthography of the names, that of the original language has been adhered to—as far as the difference of its alphabet and characters from those of our own permit, without attempting to accommodate them to pronunciation or our own usual mode of spelling. Some discrepancy will in consequence be found between the same names as they appear here, and as they were rendered in an article upon Russian Literature at the very commencement of our Review (vol. i.,) where they were more or less disguised by the French mode of orthography.

RUSSIAN LITERATURE.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

DIED.		BORN.	
1744, March 31	{ Kantemir, Prince Antioch { Dmitrievitch.	{ Constantinople, { 1708, September 10 .	{ The first of the secular writers of Russia: the one with whom its <i>literature</i> commences, and not the last in talent. Though antiquated in style, his Satires possess a force and originality that still recommend them.
1750	{ Shishkin, Ivan Vasili- { vitch, . . .	{ 1722	
1755	{ Krashenninikov, Steph. { Petrovitch, . . .	{ Moscow, 1713	{ Left only a small number of poetical productions, but these gave promise of great excellence.
1755	{ <i>The Moscow University</i> { <i>Founded.</i>		
1760	{ Popovsky, Nikolai Ni- { kitish, . . .	{ About 1730 .	{ Poetry. Translated Pope's "Essay on Man."
1763, April	{ Volkov, Phedor Grigorie- { vitch, . . .	{ 1729, February	
1764	<i>Academy of Fine Arts.</i>	St. Petersburg	{ Celebrated Actor. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xvi. { (First established, 1758) Charter granted to.
1765, April 4	{ LOMONOSOV, Mikhail Vas- { silivitch, . . .	{ 1711	{ The "Father of Russian Poetry." { See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxiii.
1766	Karin, Alexander .		{ Poetry and Comedy.

DIED.		BORN.	
1767, July 30	Sietchenov, Demetrii	1708, December 6	Metropolitan of Novgorod, a distinguished preacher.
1768	{ Barkov, Ivan Semenovitch,		Translated Horace's Satires, Holberg's "Universal History," &c. &c.
1769, August 6	{ Trediakovsky, Vassili Kirilovitch	{ Astrakhan, 1703	A Poet of unfortunate celebrity.
1770	{ Kozlovsky, Prince Phedor Alexiev	{ Feb. 22,	Some Lyric and Dramatic pieces.
1771	{ Kakorinov, Alex. Philipovitch	{ About 1748	Architect; built the Academy of Fine Arts at St. Petersburg.
1773	Voltschov, Sergei		Secretary to the Academy of Sciences. A great many Translations.
1775	{ Losenko, Anton Pavlovitch		Historical Painter.
1777	{ Sumarokov, Alexander Petrovitch	{ 1718	The rival of Lomonosov, a voluminous writer in every department of Poetry and Literature, but most celebrated as a dramatist.
1777, March 24	{ Berezovsky, Maxim Sozontovitch	{ About 1745	Musical Composer.
1778	{ Maikov, Vassili Ivanovitch	{ Yaroslavl, 1725	Two Comic Poems, Tragedies, Fables, &c. A humorous but coarse writer.
1778	Bersenev, Ivan	{ About 1740	Engraver.
1779, March 30	{ Teplov, Grigorii Nikhlaevitch		Philosophy, &c.
1784	{ Khemnitzer, Ivan Ivanovitch	{ 1744	Celebrated Fabulist, called the Russian La Fontaine.
1784	{ Ablesimov, Alexander Anisimovitch		The first writer of Comic Operas in the language: Tales, &c.
1789	Starov		Architect.
1790, Dec. 12	{ Teherbatov, Prince Mikhail Mikhailovitch	{ 1733, June 22	"History of Russia," and various historical memoirs.
1791	{ Sokolov, Pet. Ivanovitch	{ Moscow, 1766	Translated Ovid's "Metamorphoses," &c. &c.
1791, January 14	{ Kniashnin, Yakov Borisovitch	{ Pskov, 1742, Oct. 3	Dramatic Writer: his Comedies rank next to those of Von Visin.
1791	Karamzin		Begins his Literary career, with the Moscow Journal.
1792	{ Skorodumov, Gavril Ivanovitch		Engraver.
1792, Oct. 1	{ Von Visin, Denis Ivanovitch	{ Moscow, 1745, April 3	Of classical reputation as a Dramatist and Miscellaneous Writer.
1795	{ Verevkin, Mikhail Ivanovitch		Translated "Sully's Memoirs," &c. &c.
1796, December 9	Kostrov Yermil Ivanovitch		Translated part of Homer's Iliad, Apuleius, Ossian, &c.
1799, Sept. 22	{ Yelagin, Ivan Perphilievitch	{ 1728	Dramatic pieces and translations. Sketch of Russian History, &c.
1799, August 2	{ Bazhenov, Vassili Ivanovitch	{ Moscow, March 1, 1737	A celebrated Architect. Made designs for re-building the Kremlin at Moscow, but the project was abandoned. Translated Vitruvius. 4 vols. 4to.
1799	{ Petrov, Vassili Petrovitch	{ Moscow, 1736	Distinguished Lyric Poet.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

DIED		BORN.	
1801	Velten, Yurii		Architect.
1801, March 12	{ Golikov, Ivan Ivanovitch }	Kursk, 1735 .	"History of Peter the Great," 18 vols.
1802, April 6	Lepekhn, Ivan .	About 1739 .	Geography, &c. Translated portions of "Buffon's Natural History."
1802	{ Pleashev, Sergei Ivanovitch }	Moscow, 1752	View of the Russian Empire, &c.
1803	{ Volkov, Phedor Ivanovitch }		Architect: built the Tauridan Palace, &c., St. Petersburg.
1803	{ Kozlovsky, Mikhail Ivanovitch }		Sculptor. Among his Bas-reliefs, those of Regulus and Camillus the most noted.
1803, January 6	{ Bogdanovitch, Hippolit Phedorovitch }	Dec. 23, 1743 .	One of the most admired Russian Poets of his time. His "Dushenka," esteemed a masterpiece.
1804	{ Yephemiev, Dmitrii Vladimirovitch }		Dramatic Writer.
1804	{ Makharov Petr. Ivanovitch }	About 1765 .	Criticism, Translation, &c.
1804	Klushin, Aleksander		Comedies. Periodical Literature, "Zritel." (Spectator.)
1806	Shubin, Phedor		Sculptor.
1805, Sept. 17	Pnin, Ivan Petrovitch	1773 .	Miscellaneous Writer, both of Poetry and Prose.
1806	{ The Kharkov University opened. }		
1806	{ Inokhodtzev, Petr. Borisovitch }		Astronomy.
1807, Sept. 27	{ Kheraskov, Mikh. Matvievitch }	Oct. 25, 1733 .	Two Epic Poems, the "Rossiada," and "Vladimir," besides many dramatic pieces, Odes, &c. &c.
1807, July 29	{ Muraviev, Mikhail Nikitish }	{ Smolensk, Oct. 25, 1757 . }	Poetry and various moral, philosophical, and historical pieces in prose.
1808	{ "Society of Russian Literature," established at Kazan. }		
1809, July 6	{ Bulgakov, Yakov Ivanovitch }	{ Moscow, 1743, October 15 }	Chiefly Translations. Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," &c. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxiii.
1809, Nov. 30	{ Benitsky, Alex. Petrovitch }	1780 .	Miscellaneous Literature. Tales, &c. Admired for the elegance of his style.
1810	{ Dashkova, Princess Ekaterina Romanovna }	1754	Some Comedies, and other literary productions.
1810	{ Karpinsky, Nikon Karpovitch }	1745	Medical Writer.
1810	Bobrov, Semen .		His Khersonida, a didactic, descriptive-romantic Poem of considerable merit.
1810	{ Burinsky, Zakhar Aleksievitch }		Poetry, Translations, &c.
1811	{ Kriuskovsky, Matvai Vasilievitch }	{ St. Petersburg, November 16, 1781 }	"Pozharskoi," and other Tragedies, &c.
1811	{ Imperial Public Library, St. Petersburg, opened. It now contains upwards of 337,000 printed books and MSS. }		
1812, Nov. 11	Platon (Levshin) .	June 29, 1737 .	The celebrated Metropolitan of Moscow: wrote besides a vast number of Sermons and Discourses (16 vols.) various other works.
1812	{ Rumovsky, Stephan Yakovievitch }	{ Oct. 29, 1734 }	Mathematics. Translated Euler's Letters, and Tacitus.

DIED.		BORN.	
1812, June 8	{ Brankevitch, Mikhail } { Stepanovitch }		{ Some Humorous and Satirical Publications.
1812	{ Plavilshchikov, Petr. } { Alexeivitch }	1760	{ Actor and Dramatic Writer, author also of several poems and pieces in prose.
1813	{ <i>Russian Bible Society, established at St. Petersburg.</i> }		
1813, July 31	{ Podshivalov, Vassili Sergeivitch }	{ Moscow, 1765, } March 2 }	{ Miscellaneous Writer.
1813	{ Marin }		
1814	{ <i>The Kazan University opened, July</i> }		
1814	{ Nakhimov, Akim Nikolaevitch }	1782	{ See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , volume xxix.
1814, August 15	{ Akimov, Ivan Akimovitch }	1754	{ Historical Painter.
1814, Jan. 10	{ Bantiësh-Kamentaky, Nikolai }	1738, Dec. 16	{ Numerous works relative to Russian History and Archaeology.
1814, Feb. 21	{ Voronikhin, Andrei Nikiphorovitch }	1760	{ Professor of Architecture, built the Kazan Cathedral, St. Petersburg, and several other edifices at Peterhof, &c. &c.
1815	{ Tchebotarev, Khariton Andreevitch }		{ "Elementary course of Russian History," &c. Founded the "Society of Russian History and Antiquities."
1816	{ Ozerov, Vladislav }	1770	{ Celebrated Tragic writer.
1816, June 22	{ Lopukhin, Ivan Vladimirovitch }	1656, Feb. 24	{ Various Moral and Didactic works.
1816, Aug. 31	{ Ivanov, Phedor Phedorovitch }	1777	{ Dramatist.
1816, July 6	{ DERZHAVIN, Gabriel Romanovitch }	{ Kazan, 1748, } July 3 }	{ The most eminent Lyric Poet of Russia.
1817	{ Mussin-Pushkin, Ct. Aleksei Ivanovitch }	1774	{ Russian Archaeology, &c.
1818, May 26	{ Velyanshev-Volientzev, Dmit. Ivan. }		{ Mathematics, &c. "Theatrical Journal"—transl. Lessing's "Dramaturgie."
1818	{ Batiuskov, Constantine }	1787	{ Whether still actually living or not, this writer's literary and mental existence now terminated. For some account of his productions, and a translation of his "Dying Tasso," see <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. ix.
1818, Feb. 8	{ Glinka, Grigorii Andreevitch }	1774	{ Translations, and Historical and Miscellaneous pieces.
1818, July 31	{ Novikov, Nikolai, Ivanovitch }	1744, April 27	{ Miscellaneous Literature. " <i>Zhiznopselz</i> " (The Painter), a Satirical Journal; Specimen of a Dictionary of Russian Authors, &c. &c.
1820	{ Valberg, Ivan Ivanovitch }	1776	{ Dramatic Writer.
1821, Sept. 24	{ Goriushkin, Zakhar Anikievitch }	1748	{ Jurisprudence.
1821	{ Milonov, Mikhail Vassilievitch }	1792	{ Poetry, Satires, Epistles, &c.
1823	{ Dolgoruki, Prince Ivan Mikhailov }	{ Moscow, 1764 }	{ Lyric Poetry, Epistles, &c.
1823, Oct. 28	{ Kapnist, Vassili Vassilievitch }		{ Banks high as a Lyric Poet. Some Dramatic Pieces.
1823, August 9	{ Glovatchevaky, Kyril }	1735, May 27	{ Portrait Painter.
1824, Nov. 29	{ Gortchakov, Prince Dmitrii Petrovitch }	1756	{ Operas and other Dramatic pieces. Satires and Poetical Epistles, &c.
1824, Nov. 11	{ Aleksaev, Phedor Yakovlevitch }	1755	{ Painter. Called the Russian Canaletto.
1825, June 11	{ Lvov, Pavel Yurievitch }	1770	{ Tales, &c.
1825, Sept. 28	{ Bortniansky, Dmitrii Stephanov }	Glukhov, 1751	{ Celebrated Musical Composer.

DIED.		BORN.	
1826, June 3	{ KARAMZIN, Nikolai Mikhailovitch .	{ Simbirsk, 1765, Dec. 1	{ A writer of European celebrity as an Historian. Besides History, cultivated General Literature, Criticism, Poetry, &c. &c.
1826, July 26	Riliev, Constantine	1795	{ "Dumai" or National Traditions and Ballads: "Voinarovsky." —See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. ix.
1826, Jan. 3	{ Rumiantzov, Ct. Nikolai Petrovitch .	{ 1754	{ Caused to be printed numerous works relative to Russian History and Archæology. Founded the RUMIANTOVSKY MUSEUM.
1827, January 17	Grammatin, Nikolai Phedorovitch	1786, Nov. 17	{ Miscellaneous Literature, Criticism, Poetry, &c.
1827	Kudriatshv Petr. Mikhailovitch	1801	{ Poetry.
1827, February 20	Ozeretakovsky, Nik. Yakovlevitch		{ Science and Natural History.
1827, June 27	Italinsky, And. Yakovlevitch .	1743	{ Archæology, Grecian Antiquities, &c.
1828	Griboiedov, Alex.	1793	{ See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xvi.
1828, Feb. 10	Prokophiev, Ivan Prokophievitch	{ St. Petersburg, 1758, Jan. 25}	{ Eminent Sculptor.
1829, Aug. 8	Beketov, Nikolai Andreevitch .	{ 1790, May 22	{ History, Geography, &c. Translated Klopstock's Messiah in prose, &c. &c.
1829	Izmailov, Vladimir	Moscow, 1773	{ Miscellaneous Writer, and editor of several periodical works.
1829	Neledinsky - Meletzky, Yurii Alex. .	{ 1751	{ Lyric Poetry. His songs much admired.
1829, July 26	Krilov, Alexander	1798	{ Elegiac Poetry.
1829, Nov. 1	Golenitshtshv-Kutusov, Pavel Ivanovitch	{ St. Petersburg, 1767 .	{ Translated Pindar, Hesiod, &c.
1830, Dec. 27	Bronevsky, Semen Bogdanovitch .	{ 1763	{ "Geography and History of the Caucasus," &c.
1830, July 26	Mersliakov Alexei Phedorov .	{ Dalmatova, 1778 .	{ Eminent Critic: Lectures on Russian Literature. Translations and Imitations of Classic Poets.
	Izmailov, Alex. Yephimovitch	{ Moscow, 1799, April 14	{ Fables and an Essay on Fable-writing. Miscellaneous Literature.
1831, Jan. 16	Delvig, Baron Anton Antonovitch .		{ Poetry, Literature, &c.
1831, Feb. 27	Kozlovsky, Osip Antonovitch		{ Eminent Musical Composer.
1831, June 29	Golevnnin (Capt.) Vassili Mikhailovitch .	{ 1776, April 8	{ Narrative of various Voyages and Marine Expeditions.
1833, Feb. 3	Gneditch, Nikolai Ivanovitch .	{ Poltava, 1784 Feb. 2 .	{ "Birth of Homer." Lyrical Poem in two Cantos. Translation of "Lear" from Shakspeare, &c.
1834, Dec. 21	Berg, Vasilii .		{ Several Historical Works.
1835, April 17	Martos, Ivan Petrovitch .	{ About 1754	{ The most eminent Russian Sculptor, See <i>For. Quart.</i> vol. xvi. and vol. xx.
1835	Bunina, Ana .	1774, Jan. 4	{ Religious Poetry, &c. Translated Blair's Sermons.
1835, Feb. 7	Zvietjaev, Severin Aleksievitch	Moscow, 1777	{ Jurisprudence.
1835	Kavostov, Ct. Dmitrii Ivanovitch .	{ St. Petersburg, 1757, July	{ Poetry and Drama.
1835, April 7	{ Bronevsky, Vladimir Bogdanovitch .	{ 1784	{ "Letters of a Russian Naval Officer"—"Southern Coast of the Taurida,"—"Journey from Trieste," &c. &c.
1836, Oct. 20	Kiprensky, Orest		{ Historical and Portrait Painter.
1836	{ Beketov, Platon Petrovitch .	{ Simbirsk, 1761	{ Edited and published many works.

DIED.		BORN.	
1837, Jan. 29	PUSHKIN, Alex.	1779, May 26	The most celebrated of all the Russian Poets of the present century. For an article on his "Poltava" and some other productions, see <i>For. Quarterly</i> , vol. ix.
1837, Feb. 23	Bolkhovitinov, Eugenii	1762, Dec. 18	Metropolitan of Kiev. An exceedingly industrious writer in history and other departments, author of two works on Russian Literary Biography,—one of Theological, the other of Secular authors.
1837, Oct. 15	{ Dmitriev, Ivan Ivanovitch . . .	1760	Poetry. His Fables and Tales in verse rank very high.
1837	{ Bestuzhev, Alex. (Marlinaky) . . .		Romantic Tales, "Amalet Bek," &c. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xvi.
1837, Dec. 4	{ Orlovsky, Boris Ivanovitch . . .	1793	Sculptor, statues of Kutusov and Barclay de Tolly, &c.
1837, March 15	{ Venevitinov, Dmitrii Vladimirov . . .	Moscow, 1805, Sept. 14	Ranks high as an Elegiac Poet.
1837, Oct.	Ilitchevsky, A. Dem		Poetry.
1837	Lebedev		Landscape Painter.
1838, Sept.	Kokoshkin, Phedor	Moscow, 1773, April 20	Dramatic Writer.
1839	Svinin, Pavel . . .		Topography and Fine Arts.
1839, June 28	{ Voiekov, Alex. Phedrovitch . . .	Moscow, 1773, Nov. 15	Didactic and Descriptive Poetry; Satires, Epistles, &c. Translated all Virgil's works.
1841, April 9	{ Shishkov (Admiral) Alex. Semenovitch . . .	1754	Criticism, Philosophy, &c.
1842, May 19	{ Katchenovsky, Mikhail Trophimovitch . . .	Kharkov, 1775	Rector of the Moscow University. Archæology, Criticism, &c. Edited the "Vestnik Europei" (European Herald).

LIVING AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

	BORN.	
Aleksandrov		An admired Poet.
Bakhturin		Popular writer and Tourist: "Otcherki" (Sketches of Constantinople), "Bosphorus," &c.
Baratinsky . . .		One of the best Novelists.—His "Kholmsky Family" has gone through several editions.
Bazgitchev . . .		Poetry.
Benedictov . . .		Painter.
Briulov, Karl . . .		Eminent Architect.
— Alexander . . .		Historical Painter, &c. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xx.
Bruni, Phedor Antonovitch		A very popular and clever writer, as a Novelist and painter of manners. An account of some of his productions given — <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. viii.
Bulgarin, Thaddeus . . .	1789 . . .	Popular Poet, &c.
Davidov, Denis . . .	1784, July 16 . . .	Lately published a magnificent work on the remains of Greek Architecture.
Davidov . . .		Dramatic writer. Translated Young's "Night Thoughts."
Glinka, Sergei Nikolavitch . . .	{ 1774 . . .	Miscellaneous Literature, "Letters," "Allegories," &c. &c.
Glinka, Phedor Nikolavitch . . .	{ 1778 . . .	Musical Composer.
Glinka, Mikail . . .		Architect.
Glinka . . .		"Arabeski," &c.
Gogol, Ivan . . .		

	BORN.	
Gretch, Nikolai	1787, Aug. 7	{ "Historical Essay on Russian Literature," Criticism. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. viii.
Grigoriev, Vassili		{ Fine Arts, &c.
Ilyin, Nikolai Ivanovitch	1773	{ Dramatic Writer.
Kamensky, Pavel Pavlevitch		
Katenin, Pavel Alexandrovitch	1792, Dec. 11	{ Tragedy and Poetry.
Khomakov	1804, May 1	{ Poetry and Drama.
Ketcher		{ Translator of Shakspeare.
Khmelnitsky, Nikola. Ivanovitch	1791	{ Dramatic Writer.
Kozlov, Ivan		{ Poetry. Translations from Moore, &c.
Krilov, Ivan Andreevitch	1768, Feb. 2	{ The celebrated Writer of Fables.
Kukolnik, Nestor		{ Writer on the Fine Arts.
Kukolnik, Nestor Vassilivitch		{ Dramatic Poetry, "Tasso," "Leizewitz," &c.
Lazhetnikov		{ Historical Romance.
Maikov, Apollo		{ Painter and Poet.
Massalsky, Constantine Petrovitch		{ Poetry and Romance.
Mikhailov, Andre		{ Eminent Architect.
Muraviev-Apostol		{ His Travels in the Taurida, a classical work.
Narceshny, Vassili Trophimov	1781	{ Tales and Novels: "Slavonian Evenings," &c.
Odojevsky, Prince		{ Fiction and Romance.
Panaev, Vladimir Ivanovitch		{ Poetry and Prose Fiction.
Pissarev, Alexander Alexandrovitch	1782	{ Criticism and Fine Arts.
Pavlov		{ Poet and Novelist.
Philomov		{ "Obied," a poem on the Art of Dining.
Podolinsky		{ Poetry. His "Deev and Heri," a very superior production.
Pogodin, M.P.		{ Tragedies.
Polevoi, Nikolai		{ Editor of the "Moscow Telegraph." "History of the Russian Nation," &c. &c.
Polevoi, Xenophon		{ Novelist. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxiii.
Senkovsky, Osip Ivanovitch		{ ("Baron Brambeus") Caustic Satirical Writer.
Shakova, Elizabeth		{ Poetry.
Shakovsky, Prince Alex.	1777, April 24	{ A very fertile Dramatic Writer. See <i>For. Quart.</i> vol. i.
Snegirev, Ivan		{ Literary History and Biography.
Sushkov, Dimitrii		{ Poetry.
Tchernigov, the brothers		{ Landscape and Architectural Painters.
Thon, Constantine Andreevitch		{ Distinguished Architect. See <i>For. Quart.</i> vol. xx.
Tolstoi, Count		{ Numismatology. Celebrated as a Medalist.
Ushakov, Vassili		{ "Kirgis Kaisak," and other Romances.
Ustrialov, Nikolai Gerasimovitch		{ Historical Writer.
Veltman Alexander		{ Poetry, "Iskander," "Strannik," Novels, &c. See <i>For. Quart.</i> vol. xxi.
Viazemsky, Prince Petr. Andv.	Moscow, 1792, July 12	{ An elegant writer. Literary Biography, Criticism, Poetry, &c.
Vostokov, Alex. Christophorovitch	1781	{ Poetry, Philology, &c.
Yasikov, Nikolai		{ Poetry.
Zagoskin, M.N.		{ Dramatist and Novelist. See <i>For. Quart.</i> vol. xi.
Zhukovsky, Vassili Andr.	1783	{ Eminent Poet. Translations from Schiller, Goethe, Byron, &c. Prose, Essays and Criticism.
Zilov, A.		{ Poetry, Fables, &c.
Zotov, Raphael Mikhailovitch		{ Novelist. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxi.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MEETING ON THE RHINE: GERMAN MOVEMENTS AND PROSPECTS.

Frankfort, September 15.

Ils sont passés ces jours de fête! The Rhine, lately overrun with crowned heads of steamers and monarchs, and trembling with the continual fire of most peaceful cannon, is returned to its ordinary and quiet course. The first stone of the new cathedral has been laid by the royal hand of Frederick William, called the German; the military reviews and *parades-en-gala* are happily past, and every-day life resumes its busy and noisy track. Our German nation is very original and strange in things of this kind. Others are celebrating holidays and festivals when a national task has been done; we do so when it is begun, without knowing when or whether it will be finished. The official joy of the German newspapers, praises with a sorry vein of humour the national character and importance of this *fête*, which is the first, they say, where German princes and German nations (you see we are yet in the happy plural) have met in a true and large fraternity, for a great and universal purpose. They who like to cast a look behind the curtain, assure us that King Frederick William did not come to Cologne only to give three blows with a silver hammer to a great stone, or to about here and there a happy toast. The King of Hanover, the Dukes of Nassau, the Archduke John of Austria, Prince Metternich, a numberless and nameless set of German princes, dukes, and counts,—did all these really come together with the pious design of hearing a mass in a cathedral? I dare say they did not. Every party, every opinion, substitutes and supplies its own sympathies and wishes to this occasion and its vast assemblage. The liberals dream of a general German amnesty, projected between Austria, Prussia, Hanover, and Bavaria. The aristocracy, particularly the gentry from the shores of "the free and German Rhine," look to these days of Cologne as a beginning of a new feudal and chivalrous time. The constitutional party stirs again with its old and always new desire: its "denique censeo:" *Prussia must have a constitution*. So they say, and the king smiles and shakes his head and shoulders, nodding his refrain: *Not yet, my children, the time is not yet come*.

The inhabitants of Cologne, a clever and in-

dustrious sort of people, made the best of all these demonstrations, acclamations, and declamations. They took, and with full hands, I can assure you, the money from their guests; not considering whether they were kings or beggars, countrymen or foreigners, aristocrats or republicans. Two Englishmen, innocent strangers, who had dropped into this bustle and noise without the least inspiration, paid to the general enthusiasm forty francs per night for one room and two beds. Observe, too, that they, not being able to find an hotel to remain in, found this most generous and disinterested hospitality in the house of an honest patrician, High-street, No. 40. It must be confessed, at any rate, that Cologne is not the town for a great and national solemnity. Nowhere in Germany is the feeling of exclusive and isolated selfishness driven to so disagreeable a point as in that place. Cologne does not know anything higher and more solemn than its *gurzenich*, its town-hall; and no *fête* grander than its carnival. So here they had dressed up the old and venerable ruin of their cathedral like a schoolboy in holidays; like the *bauf-gras* of *Mardi-gras* at Paris. Flowers, ribbons, standards! the mean-looking procession, the wearisome illumination! that was all. And such a thing they call the first national *fête* and the commencement of a new German era!

Of all the sayings and doings which are really going on in Prussia, indeed, one does not know what is likely to come. There is nothing, certainly, of the old staid character in his Majesty Frederick William. In a stirring and continual excitement—now the godfather of an English prince, and then a wedding-guest of the Russian emperor; stung and driven by a restless desire of novelty, of action, and of glory; popular in his speeches, and monarchic in his inclinations; progressive when he thinks, more than conservative whenever he acts—this king throws himself into so many complicated questions, and tries so much, that in the end he will see himself obliged to *do something* he is now not thinking of. Austria looks, from the green and romantic hills of *Johannisberg*, at all his movements with a most attentive and careful eye. Not the least inclined to follow this leader of the modern age in his dangerous tendencies, utterly incapable of struggle with him in his popularity, she must nevertheless be herself content to move, and, out of breath by the unwonted exercise, keep to his side as close as possible, if she would not lose

her own position in German affairs. Prince Metternich, who a few weeks ago did not think of leaving Konigswarth, his castle in the recesses of the Bohemian forest, came only to Cologne at last, to counterbalance in some degree, by his potent presence, the influence of so meddlesome and dangerous a king, particularly amongst the catholic part of the Prussian gentry, who, to the time of the difference with the archbishop, had been always such welcome guests at Johannisberg. There was, I am very sure, not one stranger, not one guest of the *fête*, so much *ennuyé* as Prince Metternich. In the soft and mild eye of the great statesman, I saw a glance which reminded me of a sunset. This great genius must know that his time is over. That is why he already gives way, and yields to some tendencies, to some institutions, which are not all in accordance to his old system. Austria gives railways, reforms the post-office, tries some renovations in the customs-system, and no longer shuts up her frontiers to the thoughts or to the merchandise of other countries. Why, then, here we have no more the Austria of 1815. The fresh and cool breath of a new dawn already blows over the mountains of the finest and richest land in Germany. It must grow into full day, and it will.

If there is a political and national future for Germany,—and who would deny or doubt it?—its conditions lie not in a Prussian constitution merely, or a customs-union; nor in the liberty of the press, the first fruits of which are now permitted to this paper and now to that; nor in the settlement of the dynastic dilemma in Hanover; nor in the union of all the "*disjecta membra*" in one body, covered with the uniform of a Prussian general or minister. No, there is another co-operation needed to so large and grand a result. Germany is nothing, and will never be anything in Europe; neither a nation by itself, independent from Russia, or from England, and safe against France; nor indeed a political and material unity of any kind; as long as Austria does not give up the isolation, the hermetic separation, in which she has kept aloof from German progress. Austria and Prussia, not Austria, or Prussia; that is the question. They separated from, and lost each other at *Ratisbon*; let them meet again at *Frankfort*.

It is not the spirit or the disposition of the nation that resists this: it is the tenacious and obstinate habit of the governments, the rotten and foul systems of diplomacy, which set themselves against a longed-for union. For the German nation begins to awake, and to look around with her own eyes. A political sense, an interest for public life, a feeling of the want of nationality, are making themselves understood at last as hard as ever they can. That old feverish fright of policy, that sacred reverence for names and shadows, they begin to disappear like misty clouds of night at the break of morning. For it is not only in philosophy and literature, but in political realities, in the interest of a common wealth, trade, and commerce, that a new and never-before-known-of quickness spreads itself all over Germany. The centre of these movements is not, where foreigners commonly believe it to be, on the Rhine, at the west frontiers of

the country; but for Prussia, it is rather in the provinces of the East, in Silesia, and East Prussia; and for the rest of Germany, in the quiet and silent hearts of our forests and mountains. At Heilbronn near the Neckar resides the man, who, with two volumes, thrown out by a juvenile hand, has struck with a daring power, admitted by his best opponents, against the whole building of the ecclesiastical system, Frederic David Strauss. His most zealous and bold followers, Feurbach and Bauer, go on the same way; banished by the government from their cathedrals, but surrounded with the whole nation as an undisturbable auditory. These men in one half of their notions may be more false than true, more dangerous than safe; but in the other half they mark the breaking away of the old landmarks, and for that I refer to them. Ruge at Dresden carries the ensign of this forlorn-hope detachment; he struggles with an incredible courage and boldness against the governments of Prussia and Saxe, and his task is, to make popular and practical the great innovations of philosophy and literature, as far as a German journal (*Deutsche Jahrbücher*) can do so. What Strauss, Feurbach, Bauer and Ruge are thus doing from one side—the scientific—is pursued by the poets and authors of the modern school at the other one—the æsthetical. Gutzkow, Moser, Laube, and others, whose names are not known beyond the frontiers of Germany, although they well deserve to be known, are busy mastering the stage for the new ideas. Herwegh, Hoffman, Dingelstedt, Prutz, with their free and loud songs, send forth tidings of the new spring of political life and liberty. These tendencies, in a word, are no longer the property of some learned men, or the idealistic dreams of a few exalted poets; they are founded in the consciousness of the entire nation. What a philosopher or a poet thinks and sings in the little asylum of his garret or his cell, a Prussian statesman, the minister Schön at Königsberg—glory and honour to his name!—says in plain and hard words to the ear of his royal master. It resounds throughout all the chambers of deputies in Germany; Karlsruhe, Stuttgart, Darmstadt, Cassel, give echo to these complaints and reclamations; and the nation astonished at first and perplexed, itself takes up the work at last, makes it its own, and pursues it with more or less happiness, far as the juncture of present affairs and the bounds of an opposition, yet loyal as it is decided, will allow.

I attempt to give you here, in slight outline only, an idea of what is going on in our country. France and England—we know it but too well! do not take as great a notice of such endeavours and beginnings as they ought to do. Too much occupied by their own interests—England is only aware of the industrial and commercial movements in Germany, as far as they are or may one day grow dangerous to her own power and dominion; and France looks still upon us as upon a fantastic and idealizing people of poets and thinkers, very little fitted for a political mission or position. Yet it would be well for both to know, and to have some interest in knowing, that the excitement I have described, and which occupies the whole country without regard to custom-houses and passport-offices, is indeed a

national excitement. It will not bring forth a heavy and decisive Catastrophe; never will it end in what is called a Revolution: for this neither the political complications are so threatening as in France, nor the social as in England. Providence leads the German nation a softer way, though it may be a much longer and slower one. But you should not leave us in this track we are pursuing without your brotherly attention and assistance. English and French know little of our German literature but to the times of Old Göthe or Father Lessing. A few names, Tieck, Novalis, Hoffman, Körner, all very unconnected, have found their way across the Rhine, and in the English Review as well as in the French Feuilleton we see ourselves generally judged by things which, having borne their fruits amongst us, are themselves passing away. Tieck and the Romantic School had their great merits and they enjoy a well-merited reputation; pensions of German Princes, while they are living, and necrologies of German biographers, when they are dying. Uhland, the German love-bird; Bückert, the oriental nightingale; Freiligrath, the eagle of the desert: they have had their times: but they are mute now, and their sweet songs, uttered in melancholy nights, their complaining shrieks and sighs, only flutter away like the voice of the evening's wind on a silent lake. Other sympathies, other wants, raise themselves in the midst of the changed and renewed nation. They seize upon even the most peaceful manifestations of life and genius. Painters desert from the Madonnas and the Holy Families. At Dusseldorf, Lessing gives as Huss at the Council, a great and powerful composition, full of modern strength and free ideas; at Munich, Kaulbach draws in a true romantic style his destruction of Jerusalem, the downfall of the old, and the rising life of the new.

Perhaps you may think I boast too much of too small and too uncertain a beginning. Let me be candid and not forget the dark side of my picture, full of bright hope as I yet claim it to be. But that gloomy side, such as it is, is not to be found, where you in France and England seek it. The "reactionnaire" tendency, believe me, has not any powerful or active stronghold in the place where Anastasius Grün (Count Auersperg) raised the very first song of liberty and bold opposition; not in that great metropolis where Cornelius for the fifteenth time paints his doomsdays, satans, and demons; where Schelling pours forth his oracles of mystic philosophy, and Stahl his principles of firm and absolute statesmanship. No, neither Vienna nor Berlin are the centres of retardative tendencies. But look at those small, dusky, dirty, poor, and miserable little places, called residences of German dukes and princes! look at those men who never saw anything in their lives but the walls of their college, and then the walls of their bureaux, shops or casinos! look at those courts and constitutions, and governments, and administrations, and armies, all in duodecimo! look at those lackeys in general's dress! *Hic hæret aqua, hic Rhodus, hic salta.* That is the heel of Achilles. Poor Germany, who does not yet know what the wise man teaches, that it is not well to take the bread from the children of the house and to give it to the dogs!

THE TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHERS OF SWEDEN.

Stockholm: September 1, 1842.

ONE of the signs of these times is the spread of all kinds of societies for the advancement of all kinds of knowledge. It is not surprising that the north should obey the common impulse, and that a Scandinavian society for the furthering of physical science should have been founded, holding an annual meeting in the cities of Stockholm, Copenhagen, Christiania, and Göteborg, by turns.

If it is fair to measure the prosperity of these gregarious bodies by the number of heads, the meeting held in July last at Stockholm must have surpassed the most ardent wishes of its supporters. Not to mention the tribes of indigenous Swedes who attended it, the government steam-vessel, *Heckla*, placed at the disposal of the Danish savans by the King of Denmark, brought a large cargo of wisdom from Copenhagen, headed by Conferenz-råd Orsted, the first mathematician of Denmark; while troops of Norsemen, led by Professor Hansteen, also a great mathematician; thronged the steamboats on the lakes, and poured down over the Fells. The meeting, though open to all wise men from all parts of the world, was not well attended either by English or Germans; of the former, a solitary but sufficient specimen presented himself, Professor Johnson of Durham; of the latter great things were expected, and it was confidently hoped that the veteran Humboldt would gladden the eyes of the assembly. But alas for science! the "silberne Hochzeit" of the Emperor Nicholas happened in the same week as the Scandinavian gathering, and the Philosopher, who is also a Geheime Rath, being bidden to the marriage feast at Petersburg, either could not or would not come. The example of the great man was followed by many little ones in Germany; for be it remembered your German is not like alligators and Englishmen, amphibious; on the contrary he is for the most part decidedly hydrophobic, and the waters of the East Sea are salt and rough enough to fill him with a fearful anticipation of sea-sickness and shipwreck. If, however, the quality of the meeting was not so high as had been hoped, its quantity as we have said, was undeniable. So that when the bands from Copenhagen and Norway had joined their brethren at Stockholm, there were found to be nearly 500 members ready to brandish (to borrow the expression of the president of another society nearer home) "the torch of science in its nomadic course."

The arrangements of the provisional committee at Stockholm, superintended by Baron Berzelius, were excellent, and the greatest attention was paid to the comfort of the visitors. The king and the prince royal behaved in the most gracious way. The House of Nobles was appropriated to the sections and general meetings, and the palace of Prince Carl given up as a place of evening resort. In these favourable circumstances the incongruous mass of physicians, geologists, chemists, naturalists, botanists, &c. &c., resolved itself with very little loss of time into various sections, in the labours of which, together with three general meetings for the sake of the public, rather

more than a week was to be consumed. In several of these sections, especially in those for medicine and geology, many papers were read and much work was, it is said, done: but without denying the worth of the crops thus reaped off these several fields in the great domain of natural science, it may be doubted whether the true benefit gained by these rushings together of labourers to the harvest, does not consist less in any set essays, crammed and conned over months before to be spouted out in these sections, than in quiet hints and genial conversation; and in the vividness, almost amounting to revelation, with which a true man of original mind, who has thought deeply and devoted his life to one branch of science, imparts his convictions in unpremeditated words to a knot of believing hearers, not *ex cathedra* in the section-room, but it may be in a garret, or when walking abroad beneath the blue sky among the woods and fields: while on the other side the acquirements of many a man, whom, drawing on the stores of a good library, and not from his own head, we had fancied to be a giant when afar off and personally unknown, turn out to be those of a pigmy or cunning imitative ape when confronted with us face to face.

As for the general meetings of such societies, no actual work is done in them, being for the most part the mere outward shows and bodily shape of wisdom, displayed that the vulgar may gaze upon so many shining lights, and, returning home with hard words ringing in its ears, descant on the blessings of natural philosophy with a comfortable conviction of its own and the world's enlightenment. Such a state of mind the first general meeting was well fitted to beget. Conferens-råd Orsted opened the proceedings with an intensely abstruse paper in Danish, "on the application of mathematics to the conveyance of all other kinds of truth." Few of the uninitiated were fortunate enough to understand even the drift of the discourse, and some asserted at the end that it was a "paper on clocks;" because there were mysterious pendulums and dials, on some diagrams handed round. The desirable state of bewilderment having been produced, the popular part of the day's work followed, Professor Berzelius reading a paper "on the rise of the coast in the Scandinavian Peninsula," which he attributed to the cooling of the earth's centre. In the course of his discourse he also combated the Glazier theory of M. Agassiz, showing satisfactorily its insufficiency as regards Sweden; and finally sent the good people away in the belief that they had learned a great deal.

By far the most remarkable, if not the most successful paper, was one read on one of the following days, by a high functionary, no less a person than his excellency Count Björnstjerna, Swedish minister at the court of St. James, "On the primitive abode of the human race," which he placed, to the wonderment of all his hearers, among the wastes of Siberia! The train of argument by which the noble count supported this view was not very clear; but it was said he based his deduction on the paper read by Baron Berzelius, in which it had been proved scientifically, "that the earth cooled first from the poles," and Siberia being very far north, the count thought he might as well shift the seat of

Paradise thither. All things considered, the scientific world may think itself lucky in not being forced to believe that our first parents were created, and fell from eating the apple, in the sunny clime of Boothia Felix. This paper, which, though it has increased the notoriety, has not added to the fame of the noble author, gave rise to much merriment at the time, and a certain wag was wicked enough to declare that the thing arose from the count's having made a mistake between the two Poles, north and south, and the millions of the people bearing the same name; so that, hearing the earth cooled from the Poles, he instantly bethought him of the philanthropic efforts of the Emperor Nicholas toward colonizing Siberia, and thereon founded his theory of Paradise. It would be well if all the world, and especially the wretched exiles themselves, were under the same delusion as the noble count.

With regard to the unscientific part of the proceedings, nothing could be more satisfactory. The society dined together at the Bourse most merrily, and on one occasion were bidden to a banquet at the palace, where they were received by the king in person: thus presenting a very favourable contrast to his Majesty of Denmark, who had sent one of his chamberlains to preside at a dinner which he gave to the society at Copenhagen, not deigning to eat with them himself. In this way the time passed quickly by, and after a pleasant expedition to Upsala, the foreigners departed in the very best humour.

Before leaving this subject, it may be as well to say a few words on an idea seldom openly expressed, but not the less deeply cherished by very many thinking men in the north, who see in this society the first step gained towards attaining that great Scandinavian League which they are so eager to bring about. The failure of the Calmar Union is forgotten by these modern philosophers (though the tradition of its wrongs is alive in the hearts of the Swedish people), the more so as the necessity of such an alliance seems to become more imperative from the overbearing preponderance of a near neighbour. But the impossibility of any immediate realization of this idea is plain from the vagueness of the term Union, which scarce ten of those who proclaim its necessity would agree in defining; it is a chimera which will suit all minds alike, and we may say to these idealists in the words of Mephisto—

"Das ist die Zauberei, du leicht verführter Thor!
Denn jedem kommt sie wie sein Liebchen vor."

Yet supposing these theorists to agree among themselves, there are others whose consent to any such union must first be gained. The prejudices of three peoples are to be overcome. The Norwegian hates the Dane on the one hand, as his former oppressor, as much as he despises the Swede on the other, as the slave of an aristocracy. The Dane in his turn hates the Norwegian, because from a dependant he has become an equal; and, as he looks over the Sound, cherishes the old grudge against Sweden, and chafes as he thinks of the days when the southern Swedish provinces were Denmark. The Swede loathes the Norwegian partly as an old foe, part-

ly as placed by a ridiculous freak of fortune in a state of greater liberty than himself; and with regard to Denmark, still lives in the old time, and remembers the tyranny of the Danish kings, and their glorious expulsion. This popular feeling was well shown in a speech made to one of the Danes who attended the meeting, by a Swedish peasant. They were both being ferried across the Malar, in a boat rowed by athletic Dalecarlian maidens in their quaint dress. "What port of Sweden do these girls come from?" asked the Dane. "From Dalarna" (Dalecarlia), was the reply, "and it was their forefathers who thrashed the cruel Danes out of Sweden." Until this hatred has cooled down, and old prejudices become much more worn away, any union, however beautiful theoretically speaking, must fail in practice.

SISMONDE DE SISMONDI.

Our last number had scarcely issued from the press, when we learned through the medium of the public papers, the death of Sismonde de Sismondi, the great historical writer. He was born at Geneva, May 9, 1773, and died at his villa, in the immediate vicinity of his native city, on the 26th of last June, in the 70th year of his age. In 1792, when the government of Geneva was overthrown, Sismondi fled with his father to England. On their return to France, two years afterwards, they were thrown into prison by the revolutionary tribunal, and when, on obtaining their liberty, they repaired to Tuscany, they were again arrested. In France they had been imprisoned as aristocrats; in Italy the crime laid to their charge was that they were Frenchmen: Geneva having in the mean time been incorporated with the French republic. It was not till the year 1800 that he recovered his freedom, when he returned to Geneva, and devoted himself thenceforward to the study of history, politics, and literature. The cross of the Legion of Honour, offered him by Napoleon, was respectfully declined; but Sismondi took, not the less, throughout the whole course of his life, a lively interest in the politics of France, and did not hesitate to give a large portion of his valuable time to the public affairs of his native city, where he held the dignity of a member of the Representative Council. He was likewise a corresponding member of the Academy of Inscriptions of Paris.

The family of Sismondi was originally from Tuscany. In the 33d canto of Dante's "Inferno," Ugolino speaks of the Sismondi as among the powerful houses of Pisa. In the sixteenth century the family emigrated to France, and thence to Switzerland; but the subject of the present brief notice seems to have retained a great attachment for the country of his ancestors, for at a later period of his life he purchased an estate between Florence and Lucca, where he resided for many years, and where the materials for his great work on the Italian republics were chiefly collected.

The first volume of the *Republiques Italiennes* appeared at Zurich, in 1807. The second

edition, considerably enlarged, was published at Paris in 1809, and in 1825 and 1826 a new edition was published in sixteen volumes. He is not supposed to have availed himself, to any great extent, of either public or private archives in preparing this work, but every printed book from which he was likely to derive information was carefully examined. The popular and attractive style of French historians pervades the work; but he is honourably distinguished from the great majority of them, by a conscientious endeavour to adhere to truth. At the same time, much that Sismondi has advanced upon the authority of ancient, and even of contemporary writers, has since been disproved by the researches that have been made into the archives of the several Italian states; researches, however, to which there is little doubt that the work of this distinguished historian had imparted the first impulse. The most defective part of the work, perhaps, is that in which he describes the development of the republican constitutions, and the modifications experienced by them in the progress of time. For this portion of his subject Sismondi was not possessed of the requisite statutory and legal information. The work, moreover, was written under the influence of extreme opinions, which led the historian at times to pronounce a partial judgment on persons and events, as in the case of Cosmo I., of Medici, to whom it can scarcely be said that justice has been rendered. Sismondi was not seldom intolerant, from a feeling the very reverse of that which produces this quality in inferior men.

In 1830 he was induced to prepare an abridgment of his great work for *Lardner's Encyclopedia*, and a French edition of this abridgment appeared at Paris, in 1832, under the somewhat far-fetched title of *Histoire de la Renaissance de la Liberté en Italie*. This abridgment is a work of merit, but within limits too circumscribed to afford more than a very superficial idea of Italian history.

It was not until 1818 that Sismondi brought his history of the republics to a close. Shortly afterwards he commenced his *Histoire de Français*, a still more comprehensive work, which it was not at first his intention to have brought down to a later period than the Edict of Nantes, the point at which he considered the middle ages to terminate in France. When, however, he had carried his history thus far, and had terminated the twenty-first volume, he was induced to add a sequel, but on a smaller scale, down to the period of the revolution. This continued to occupy him till the close of his life. When he died, he had just corrected the last proof-sheets of the twenty-eighth volume, which has since been published, and which brings the history down to the year 1750. The remainder of the work is said to be complete in a manuscript form, and if so, it will, of course, be soon before the public. Of this work an epitome was published in Paris in 1838, under the title of *Précis de l'Histoire des Français*.

Another historical work by Sismondi remains to be mentioned, namely, his *Histoire de la Chute de l'Empire Romain et du Déclin de la Civilisation*.

tion de l'an 250 à l'an 1000. It was published in 1835, and did not add to the fame of its author.

De la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe was printed at Paris in 1813, and a third edition, in four volumes, was published in 1829. It was at first his intention that this work, which owed its existence to a series of lectures delivered by the author at Geneva, should comprise a history of the literature of every nation in Europe. In the more limited form in which the book has been given to the public, it comprises an introductory history of the decline of the Latin tongue, and of the gradual formation of the Romanic languages of southern Europe; and after a review of the literary productions of the Arabs and the Troubadours, carries down the history of Italian, Spanish and Portuguese literature to the close of the eighteenth century. This work is written in a popular style, but is hardly entitled to occupy a very high rank, as Sismondi is not supposed to have had much direct knowledge either of Spanish or Portuguese literature, but to have derived the greater part of his information respecting them from the compilations of Bouterwek and Schlegel. With the writers of Italy he was familiar, and every line upon that part of his subject shows how well he was able to estimate all their beauties.

The foregoing comprise all the historical writings of Sismondi, if we except his *Julia Severa*, an historical novel, printed at Paris, in 1822, in which he endeavours to describe the condition of Gaul during the mighty events that were agitating the empire of Rome. The novel is written in imitation of Sir Walter Scott's style.

The *Tableau de l'Agriculture Toscane*, printed at Geneva in 1801, is supposed to have been the first published work of Sismondi's. Two years afterwards appeared *De la Richesse Commerciale, ou Principes d'Economie Politique appliquée à la Législation du Commerce*. The latter work was afterwards completely remodelled, and was published in 1819, under the title of *Nouveaux Principes de l'Economie Politique*. As the author advanced in life, his fondness for the study of political economy is said to have constantly increased. He was in the habit of saying to his friends, that after occupying himself for years with dry historical investigations, it was a relief to him to give himself up to inquiries that went so deeply into the relations of man to man, and furnished the true standard

by which to judge of the causes to which society owed its weakness or its strength.

Etudes sur les Sciences Sociales, in three volumes, published at Paris in 1836, was a collection of articles that had previously appeared in various periodicals. In this work Sismondi combats the principle of universal suffrage, and seeks to show that to admit the masses at large to a share in the government, serves only to place power in the hands of a few, since the majority, unable to judge for themselves on public questions, become the tools of a small number of designing men.

With the exception of detached papers in various periodicals, such as the *Revue Encyclopédique*, the *Revue Universelle*, the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, &c., and with the exception of some pamphlets of a merely temporary interest, we believe we have enumerated all the works that have been given to the public with Sismondi's name. His politics were those of liberalism, with a decided partiality for the republican institutions of his native city. It was not, however, merely as a distinguished writer that he was esteemed in the circles to which he was personally known. His amiable character, and the ready zeal with which he devoted himself to the service of his friends, or to the furtherance of what he deemed a good cause, contributed quite as much as his literary fame, to make him an object of esteem and affection to every circle that had once enjoyed the advantage of his acquaintance. To the poor he was liberal of his gifts as far as his means reached, and to his friends he was liberal of what was to him of more value than money,—his time. His custom was to devote nine or ten hours every day to work, and he studiously avoided all engagements likely to interfere with his habitual application; yet where a friend was to be served, misfortune to be aided, or sorrow to be consoled, he never hesitated to interrupt his customary avocations.

The illness of which he died was a cancer of the stomach, from which he had suffered during the last two years of his life. He had no idea, however, that his end was so near; for having brought his history of France to a close, he contemplated a removal to Pescia, where with his wife, an Englishwoman, he intended to pass the evening of his days in the society of the surviving children of his sister. Towards the end of May, only a few weeks before his death, he wrote to a friend at Florence, that he was on the eve of setting off for Tuscany, and had already sent his book on before him.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

BELGIUM.

THE city of Liège has just been erecting a statue of Grétry, who was born there in 1741. The statue was exposed to public view, for the first time, on the 18th of July, which was kept as a public holiday. Three living composers were on the occasion proclaimed as Knights of the Order of Leopold; and in the evening Grétry's opera of *Richard Cœur de Lion* was performed at the theatre.

The Belgian Chamber of Representatives, after a prolonged discussion, adopted, on the 11th of August, the principle of the law for the establishment of elementary schools in every commune of the kingdom. Those communes only are to be excused, who can show that the necessity of an elementary school is superseded by the existence of efficient private schools.

Of the original works published during the last twelve months in Belgium, a third were written in the Flemish language.

DENMARK.

At a late meeting of the representatives of the Society for the Promotion of the Liberty of the Press, it was resolved to petition the States for a further extension of the liberty of the press. The debates were highly interesting. Orla Lehman spoke for the first time since his release from prison, and powerfully urged the necessity not to await the king's answer to the States, but to send in their petition immediately.

GERMANY.

A metrical translation of Pope's works is now, strange to say, for the first time presented to the German public. It is the joint production of Adolph Böttger and Theodor Oelkers; the former the successful translator of Byron, the latter of Moore. The execution is creditable.

A literary society consisting of persons more immediately connected with literary pursuits has been formed in Leipzig, and already numbers ninety members, among whom are several men eminent in letters. The objects of the society are maintenance of copyright—protection against piracy—relief of distressed literary men—and legal resistance of censorial abuses. Several professors of the university are members, and amongst others Biedermann, the editor of the "*Deutsche Monatschrift*."

An imitation of the English penny-postage system has been in part introduced in Austria and Bohemia, but has proved anything but beneficial. The similarity which the Austrian measure bears to the English scheme consists in the postage for short distances being equalized with those for long ones; but the counterpart of the

scheme, namely, the reduction of the high rates to the lower ones, has been unhappily in a great measure overlooked. The results of a policy so injurious are loudly complained of, especially by the trading portion of the community.

A new drama, in five acts, entitled, "*Der John der Wildness*," from the pen of Baron Munch-Bellinghausen has met with much success on the German stage. The author's *nom de guerre* is F. Halm.

Ludwig Tieck has resolved, as it seems, to exchange Dresden for Berlin as his permanent place of residence. During the twenty-four years passed by him in the former city, his presence shed a lustre on the German Florence, the absence of which will be severely felt by foreigners, to whom he was proverbially courteous and affable.

The history of Tell has been critically examined by Dr. Münnich of Leipsic. The result of his investigation, which he has conducted with much science and profound judgment, and in which he has compared the Swiss tradition with that of the Danish Toko, is, that the historical foundation of the legend is defensible.

Of Hoffmeister's Supplements to Schiller's works four volumes have appeared at Stuttgart. They contain many various readings, the original drafts of many of his dramatic pieces, and a chronological table of the different productions of the poet. It is our intention to refer to this work hereafter in greater detail.

A publisher at Leipsic is printing a series of English novels at the price of 12 groschen or 1s. 6d. a volume, containing the complete work published in England at a guinea-and-a-half. Bulwer's *Zanoni* has just appeared in this form.

A statue of Jean-Paul Richter has lately been erected in the square of the Gymnasium at Baireuth. It rests on a beautiful granite pedestal, and was erected at the expense of the King of Bavaria.

A new comedy by the Princess Amalia of Saxony was brought out at Dresden in the first week of August, and another, upon which Her Royal Highness is at present engaged, is expected shortly to appear.

In the middle of July there appeared at Weimar, under the title of *Zeit Registrande*, the first number of a new periodical, which, if carefully conducted, can scarcely fail to be highly useful. It is intended to be a kind of Index to all the newspapers of Germany, so that a person wishing to refer to any public document, or to put himself in possession of the details of any public event, may immediately know the name and number of the Journal in which he can find the information he is in search of. A number of

the Registrande is to appear about the 15th of every month.

GREECE.

On the 8th of July, while the great eclipse of the sun was at its height, the first stone of an astronomical observatory was laid at Athens, on the Hill of the Nymphs. The building, it seems, will be erected and stocked with instruments at the expense of the Baron von Sina, Greek Consul-general, at Vienna.

A number of young Athenians have embraced the resolution of reproducing on the modern stage the great productions of the old Greek tragedians, with as close an observance of the canons and customs of classical antiquity, as is, after such a lapse of ages, possible. The idea is chivalrous and noble, but from the representation we have ourselves witnessed of the *Antigone* of Sophocles in Tieck's not very correct translation, we fear that the performance of dramas so primeval, and, in a measure, repugnant to modern ideas, will call for a very considerable share of patience and patriotism in the auditory.

ITALY.

A museum is to be erected at Trieste, as a monument to the memory of Winckelmann, who was murdered there in 1766, by an Italian of the name of Arcangeli. The museum, which will contain chiefly remains of the antiquities of Trieste and its environs, is to be opened on the 8th of June, 1843.

The duty on the importation of books into the kingdom of Naples has been reduced one-half, by a royal decree published in the last week of June. The duties at present are 1 l. 2 carline on an octavo, 3 carlines for a quarto, and 6 for a folio.

Letters from Naples state that the government has granted the necessary permission for the construction of a railroad to Terracina, and that the house of Rothschild has undertaken to provide the capital required for the undertaking.

A lawsuit has just been decided at Rome, in the issue of which the public of that city, natives as well as foreigners, had for a long time taken a very lively interest. The litigation had already lasted more than six years. The Prince of Sirmium, it seems, had ordered a number of pictures, of apparently little value, to be privately disposed of. Among them was one which was purchased for 15 scudi, by the picture-dealer Vallati, who took it to be a copy of Correggio's celebrated picture of the Magdalen, which was bought, about a century ago, for the Dresden gallery, for 13,000 zechini. The supposed copy having been cleaned by a skilful hand, presented a work of art of which the richest gallery might justly have been proud, and Vallati thought so highly of it, that he refused an offer of 7000 louis d'or made him by an English collector. The Prince of Sirmium immediately caused the picture to be placed under sequestration. A committee of approved judges declared unanimously that the picture was not a copy of the Dresden gem, but an original by the same hand. A judicial decision declared the prince entitled to the property of the picture. From this decree, Vallati appealed to

the superior tribunal of the Rota, which has confirmed the former sentence, but has ordered the Prince of Sirmium to pay Vallati 2000 louis d'or, in consideration of his having detected the value of the picture.

The abandonment at Rome of the design of publishing a collective and uniform edition of the works of the Fathers of the Church, from the apostolic period to the 13th century, and of the most eminent writers in patristic theology, has caused general regret. The plan was first proposed in 1839, by Spiridione Castelli of Venice, well known as a learned historian. He had then every prospect of success. The necessity of such an edition had been long acknowledged; he obtained the sanction of the pope, with the promised assistance of the most eminent cardinals and influential clergy; and the liberality of Lord Shrewsbury, the Prince Borghese, and others, would have greatly tended to defray the expense. It was his intention to reprint in full not only what has been carefully edited by the labours of the Benedictines, Sir Henry Saville, and others, but also much important matter still in manuscript. The French and German press had also highly recommended the promised edition to the public. But the design failed owing to the want of sufficient assistance from the learned men of Italy to aid in the compilation and arrangement of the details.

RUSSIA.

A picture recently finished by Hensel, (*the Duke of Brunswick on the eve of the battle of Waterloo*) is spoken of in the highest terms in the Berlin papers. The picture has been painted for Lord Francis Egerton, and is intended to enrich the gallery of Bridgewater House, where it is to be placed as a companion to Delaroche's celebrated picture of Charles the First. The subject is borrowed from Byron's well-known lines:

"Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear"...

The Duke of Brunswick is seen standing at an open window in the position of one listening intently with his right hand and left ear turned to the point whence the distant sound appears to come. A cloak lined with purple falls from his left shoulder, and contrasts gracefully with his black uniform. Some masks and fancy dresses lie in the foreground, and a roll of paper inscribed "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*." In the background a door opens into the brilliantly illuminated ball-room, at the entrance of which is seen the Duke of Wellington, who appears to be leaving the gay assembly, in order to satisfy himself in a less noisy apartment whether he has really heard the sound of distant artillery. The Prince of Orange and the Duchess of Richmond, the latter in the costume of Victory, are looking at the Duke of Wellington, and seem anxious to divine the cause of his sudden emotion.

Professor Moser, of Königsberg, is said to have obtained Daguerreotype impressions in a room

completely darkened. In a letter from Alexander von Humboldt (lately printed in the *Wiener Zeitung*) the process is briefly described, as the most marvellous discovery of modern science.

The election of a rector for the University of Berlin, which took place during the first week of August, occasioned considerable excitement, as the contest was looked on by many as a struggle between the retrograde and the progressive party. Professor Frederick von Raumer was elected, and his election was generally considered a triumph of the progressive party. Five or six years ago the same gentleman was elected to this dignity, but the late king refused his sanction. Nothing of that kind is now apprehended.

In a recent French work (*Amand Saintes*, on the Philosophy of Spinoza, and its supporters in Germany) a letter of Neander's is quoted, according to which five works from the pen of Schelling may be expected; and in these works, it is further stated, a complete development of his new system will be contained. The first is to be an introduction, in the form of a History of Philosophy since the time of Descartes; the second, Positive Philosophy; the third, the Philosophy of Mythology; the fourth, the Philosophy of Revelation; and the fifth, Natural Philosophy. A writer in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* says that the first of these works is already finished, but will not be published till the other three are ready to appear at the same time. The fifth, it seems, is not to be given to the public till after Schelling's death.

The Leipsic *Allgemeine Zeitung* furnishes the

following information from a correspondent at Berlin—"According to an order just issued by the Minister of the Interior, the president of every province is desired to make a return of the number, tendency, and character of every periodical published within his jurisdiction, in order to judge of the state of education of the provinces."

RUSSIA.

The annual report of the Minister of Public Instruction affords us a few literary statistics for the year 1841. The original works published in Russia and Poland during that year were 717, the translations 54. Ten years ago the translations more than doubled the original works. The foreign books imported during the year amounted to 540,000 volumes, being less, by 60,000 volumes, than in either of the preceding years. The pictures, engravings, maps, pieces of music, &c., were in number 996,935. Of foreign works, previously unknown, 1230 were examined by the several committees of censorship in different parts of the empire, and of 90 of these works the importation was prohibited, while of 110 the importation was allowed, subject to the effacement of certain passages. In Poland the censorship had examined 326 MSS. written in the country, of which 296 were allowed to be printed, and 39 were ordered to be suppressed. 28 Periodicals appeared in Poland, 6 of a political, 22 of a scientific and literary character.

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No. LX.

FOR JANUARY, 1843.

ART. 1.—*Schiller's Leben, Geistesentwicklung, und Werke im Zusammenhang.* (Schiller's Life, Mind-development, and Works in Connection). By Dr. KARL HOFFMEISTER. Balz: Stuttgart. 1837—1842.

THERE is a steady determination apparent in this very voluminous work. We can see that Dr. Hoffmeister resolved not to err on the side of incompleteness: that his sins, at any rate, should not be those of omission. The big book shot up its first germ in 1837, and from that period to within a very few months did it go on increasing, till the reading public must have feared that, like the Bonassus, it would never attain its proper growth. The sundry little notices which the publisher gave to his readers on the paper covers of successive parts (*Lieferungen*) show that he had some misgivings as to the length of time their patience would endure. An assurance or an apology was occasionally thrown out, to keep hope alive; and as far back as 1839 did the author himself vouch for a speedy completion. But what with one mischance and another, the epoch of perfection did not arrive till 1842; and here we have five as bulky volumes as ever were filled with substantial matter and Gothic type. If the German has a propensity to book-making, he satisfies it in a manner not at all like that of the Englishman. A wide margin, wide spaces between the lines, are the helps of which the Briton avails himself when he would spin out his customary three volumes: but not so the German when he would manufacture his five or six: small is his margin, and close are his lines. It is by adding to

the bulk of his matter, not by diminishing its density, that he achieves his task; and if he gives his public the same thought over and over again, he is at any rate so far conscientious that he gives reading enough for his money.

We would not exactly call Dr. Hoffmeister a book-maker: we will believe that, burning with a true German enthusiasm for his idol, he thinks he cannot spend too long a time in his worship; but still a little of the spirit of abbreviation would not have been misplaced. Dr. Hoffmeister has no notion of condensation. In the many materials which he has for a complete life of Schiller, some of which were obtained privately through an intimacy with the poet's family; in the various correspondences and less perfect biographies; he does not see stuff wherefrom he must distil, but massy fragments that he must keep together in their own undiminished bigness, that his Babel may tower to gigantic height. Schiller's letters to Göthe, to W. Humboldt, to Dalberg; the history of his flight from Stuttgart by Streicher; his life by Döring, Carlyle, and Frau von Wolzogen; contribute vast quantities of matter to a book, which is further increased by Dr. Hoffmeister's very elaborate criticisms on Schiller's works, and his constant illustrations of them, one by another, which he gives with all the prolixity of a Dutch commentator on a Latin classic. Every work, large or small, is to illustrate some particular phase in Schiller's mind or feelings; every play offers the laborious task of finding a parallel idea in a lyric poem or a novel; and when we see the number of threads which Dr. Hoffmeister has collected, we scarcely know which to ad-

more most, the industry that found them, or the ingenuity that tied them together. Had Schiller been a whit less important than he is in the history of his country's literature, Dr. Hoffmeister's book would have been absolutely intolerable: but as he reached to a pinnacle of eminence rarely attained by writers in a modern age, as his appearance was one of the greatest phenomena which the modern world has seen, we accept the book with thankfulness, and suppress a yawn while we acknowledge our obligations. Besides, Dr. Hoffmeister has been most prolix in that part of his work in which, above all others, minuteness is most pardonable: in the history of the development of Schiller's mind. If he has gone too far in his illustrations, and has occasionally attached too much importance to some trifling manifestations, still the acumen he has shown in making out a psychological history from the most scattered materials cannot be too much admired. The events of Schiller's life were already pretty familiarly known, and on this subject there was perhaps little of importance to say; but a complete record of his mental progress, of the connection between the external and the internal, the corporeal and the spiritual, was reserved for the pen of Dr. Hoffmeister; and there are not many who could have performed so well a task so difficult. He has a real genius for organization, and has been able to reduce all the writings of Schiller into a perfect system: to point out a plan for each of them, and assign the cause of its growth. The only question is, whether he has not carried the spirit of systemizing too far, and been too ready to assign a serious purpose to some little effusion, that might have been the mere effect of chance, if, indeed, such a word can be applied to the sportive operations of the mind. The results of his whole investigation he has summed up in a masterly manner in the concluding chapter of his book; and this chapter we recommend to those of our readers who are tolerably familiar with Schiller's writings, and who have not the leisure or inclination to digest the whole of Dr. Hoffmeister's bulky tomes. There are but few in this country who will peruse the entire work, but many, we are sure, will thank us for pointing out a mode of attaining the psychological result with a small expenditure of trouble.

Certainly, if there be one literary life more fitted for psychological study than another, it is the life of Friedrich Schiller, which was always reflected in his works, in spite of himself. However he might try to reach the purely artistical region, to render his works independent of his own impulses, however

he might feel the effects of a Goethe influence, and however he might succeed for a time in producing that distinctness of the artist from his creations, to which his countrymen give the name of "objectivity," still the man Schiller always forced himself upon the author Schiller, and the rights of "subjectivity" could never be wholly set aside. The stage was the pulpit of Schiller, into which he ascended and expressed his own convictions, and the history of those convictions is the history of his dramas. The same may be said of his intellectual as of his moral culture. Schiller's whole life was a course of education, and the extension of his views was commensurate with the appearance of his poems. He started with a limited cultivation, and enlarged it with difficulty; his mighty genius did not flash forth at once, but a strenuous exertion of the will was requisite for its progress. Ill-fortune and ill-health combined to check his career, but he defied both adversaries; he fell on the road to perfection, which he had marked out for himself, since his tragedy of 'Demetrius,' left unfinished, was expected to be the highest of his productions. If a familiarity with those collisions which are the very essence of tragedy, which are shadowed forth in the conquest of an Oedipus by his fate, of an Antigone by the civil law, be the right education for a tragedian, certainly Schiller was most fitly trained for the position Dr. Hoffmeister assigns to him, that of the tragedian *par excellence* of modern times. Mr. Carlyle's biography of Schiller has already exhibited to us the author's works in connection with his life, but many materials have been furnished since that was written, and *lacunæ*, which have been inevitably left by the English biographer, are filled up by the more elaborate work of Dr. Hoffmeister.*

The beginning of Schiller's career was most distinctly marked by his education at the military school, where he was placed by the Duke of Wirtemberg, of whom his father had the misfortune to be a favourite. Schiller had in his boyhood felt an ardent longing for the theological profession. His disposition was naturally a religious one, and remained so in after life, as might be seen from his earnestness and his exaltation above earthly considerations in spite of the heterodoxy of his maturer years. It was with a painful effort that he tore himself from his early predilections, and it was only the consideration that he was performing a duty to his parents, that induced him to submit to a regimen so uncongenial to his temperament as that of the military school. The duke seems to have been a worthy sort of man enough,

and his name is perhaps execrated more than it deserves, from his having been the persecutor of one whose name is honoured by all who speak the German language. But the duke was a man of rule and precision, and such a man was of all others the most unfit to manage Friedrich Schiller, who in his youth was impatient of restraint, and in whom, in more advanced years, the organ of order never greatly predominated. All was narrow in the Stuttgart school. To his mind there was nothing in it but a barrier, against which he delighted to kick. He could only snatch at German poetry as Pelham did at Pope's 'Essay on Man,' when at Eton; the works of his own language were a sort of contraband under the dominion of the Frenchified duke; but therefore had German poetry the greater relish. Klopstock, afterwards lightly esteemed, was then a favourite; Uz and Haller were delightful. They were not the most natural authors in the world, but so much the better; they were sentimental, and they seemed to nourish the feeling he harboured for a freedom from his prison. The description of this school is curious as a record in itself, and also as showing the sort of discipline which our tragedian had to endure.

"Friedrich Schiller, in his fourteenth year, at the end of 1772, or at the commencement of the following year, entered the military seminary, with the design of studying jurisprudence; but he did not begin his legal studies till 1774, pursuing in the first year the ancient tongues, and being instructed in French, geography, history, and the elements of the mathematics.

"The institution to which our young friend now belonged was then only in progress, and did not attain till afterwards a more firm and perfect organization.* All the pupils were divided into two classes, or rather castes, of which the noble class was chiefly composed of officers' sons, and the lower class of the children of private soldiers. The former were called Cavaliers, the latter *Eleven* (pupils). Afterwards, when the total number amounted to 300, each of these classes was every half year measured out and divided, mostly by the duke himself, in what was called the *Rangirsaal*. The fifty tallest formed the first division, the following fifty the second, and the remaining fifty the third. Every one of these was quartered in a separate dormitory. At first even the superintendents were sergeants, and these exercised such an authority that scarcely any one ventured to breathe in their presence; but when, afterwards, a captain with two sub-officers were set over each of the six divisions, and each of the two classes was put under a major, while the whole academy

was under a colonel (then Von Seeger), this reign of terror was gradually mitigated.

"The *Eleven* were generally made artists and handicraftsmen, painters, sculptors, architects, stucco-makers, gardeners, musicians, and even tailors and shoemakers; but soon all the sciences, with the exception of theology, were adopted into the institution: last of all, medicine. Fifty professors and teachers were gradually appointed, and the pupils, according to the scientific or technical objects of their studies, were separated into twenty-four divisions, of which the jurists formed the first, the military the second, the financiers the third, the medical the fourth, and so on. Thus the institution combined a trade school, a gymnasium, an academy for art, a school for cadets, an university, and, in short, nearly all the classes of instruction which in our time are divided among separate establishments.

"The military form prevailed throughout this artistically constructed state. The word of command, 'march!' led the pupils to the breakfast-room, where 'halt!' was heard; at the call 'front!' they turned to the board; at the order 'grace' they raised their folded arms to their mouths; and then at a given sign drew their stools with a thundering noise to the table. In a similar manner, a symmetrical order was appointed for their entrance into the rooms appropriated to instruction. The relation of the professors to their pupils was all according to order."

Thus was the freest of men obliged to strut along in a given routine, and to pursue his medical studies, which do not otherwise seem to have been disagreeable to him, according to the word of command. Schiller had in his boyhood been of a daring character, like his own Karl Moor; and it was not wonderful that on the appearance of Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*, he felt an interest at beholding the old club-law struggling against modern restraint. Heretical as it may be to us Englishmen, his dislike of Shakspeare at this period was not more wonderful. The succession of comic to tragic, in the plays of our immortal dramatist, seemed to the boy Schiller to betoken a strange want of feeling. The quality in Shakspeare, which Schlegel afterwards called "irony," was the reverse of attractive for one who loved an earnest purpose, and whose tendency was thoroughly polemic. Even when this polemic tendency had completely subsided, it is doubtful whether he ever really revered Shakspeare. If he had, he would scarcely have sought to improve the witches in his version of Macbeth.

He went through his medical studies with more credit than might have been expected, obtained an appointment as physician to a regiment, and wrote a treatise 'On the Connexion between the animal and spiritual Nature of Man,' which was considered a superior work of the sort. This treatise is important in a history of Schiller's culture, as it is in im-

* Though we have called it the Stuttgart school, it was during Schiller's scholarship that it was first moved to Stuttgart.

mediate conjunction with the materialism of his youthful period: a materialism which even in later days, when he became a disciple of the Kantian philosophy, did not entirely forsake him, but formed a kind of counteraction against the "categorical imperative" of the Königsberg philosopher. In this treatise, Schiller set forth that it is equally one-sided and fallacious to seek for man solely in his body or solely in his mind. If our body is unhealthy, the fact is communicated to our minds by pain; and in the contrary case we feel pleasure. Thus we learn to choose one state and avoid the other, and our will is impelled to action. It is next shown that the animal feelings awaken the mental life, and give the first impulse to its expression. The mental feelings, that is, those which arise from our moral and intellectual nature, are accompanied by the animal feelings, which the author proves by the action of mental joy or sorrow on the corporeal machine, and the reciprocal action of the body on the mind. As mental agitations are accompanied by certain external phenomena, Schiller considered he found a hint towards the foundation of a rational system of physiognomy. "A physiognomy," he said, "of organic parts, as for instance, referring to the size and form of the nose, the length of the neck, and so on, is perhaps not impossible; but it cannot make its appearance very soon, even if Lavater should go on dreaming through ten quarto volumes."

The tendency of this treatise throws important light on the first great work of Schiller, 'The Robbers,' which was composed while he was at the military school. Schiller had originally been an orthodox Lutheran, his mother was of an exceedingly religious turn, and a prayer written by him, and published in the 'Swabian Magazine' in the year 1777, shows that he began to feel that contention between his early religion and the scepticism of his age, and that misery at the loss of the former, which he afterwards so pathetically described in the person of Julius in his 'Philosophical Letters.' The French materialists gained the ascendancy over his mind: and thus we find the youth, who, a few years before, was almost broken-hearted because he could not become a clergyman, step forward as the avowed enemy of all priests, catholic and protestant. It is in connection with the material tendency of Schiller that the character of Franz von Moor acquires a new importance. The first impression on the reader of 'The Robbers' is, that this character is a mere villain: a sort of tragical Blüf opposed to a tragical Tom Jones: that Karl is the fine daring fellow whom Schiller loves, and that Franz is merely the monster whom the knight-

errant is to destroy. But Dr. Hoffmeister very properly observes, that while the heart of Schiller was with Karl, his head was with Franz. While the evil calculating miscreant Franz was explaining away all moral obligations by deducing them from physical causes, his creator Schiller, then a medical student, was showing how the affections of the mind were caused by those of the body. If the thundering Karl was a revolutionist, Franz was a revolutionist too, and one of the true French breed: a genuine plant of the 'Système de la Nature.' Though they seemed to hate each other, the two brothers were both in a tale. There was Karl with his immense Titanic club beating down the edifice of modern society, and roaring forth his declamations against civilized man, priests and princes; while Franz was working away at the foundation of the building, and quietly contriving its downfall. When the two met in Hades they might have rushed into each other's arms, and with a hug of reconciliation have exclaimed, "Brother, brother, we were both in the wrong."

Grave, steady people, did not like 'The Robbers,' and no wonder. The reconciliation with society which Karl Moor effects by delivering himself up to justice, does not in reality turn the tendency of the whole piece, which Dr. Hoffmeister is acute enough not to defend in a moral point of view. It is little matter what the robber does in the last scene; he has had the audience with him throughout, and, what is more, he has had the author with him, who uses him as a mouthpiece whereby he may address the public. An observation which Mr. Carlyle makes with reference to 'The Robbers' is not borne out by the facts of which we are now in possession, and which were probably inaccessible to the English biographer. "One charge brought against him," says Mr. Carlyle, "must have damped the joy of literary glory and stung Schiller's pure and virtuous mind more deeply than any other. He was accused of having injured the cause of morality by his work." Now in the first place we do not believe that the accusation wounded him in the least, and in the second, we do not think that his mind was at this particular period of his life remarkably pure and virtuous. His expression to his friend Scharffenstein, "We will make a book that must be absolutely burnt by the hangman," shows that he was not remarkably thin-skinned with respect to charges of immorality; and as for his purity, Dr. Hoffmeister has taken great pains to show the stormy sensuality which prevails in the works of his first period, both lyrical and dramatical. Though an idolater of Schiller, he is by no means a blind idolater; and he even looks upon Amelia in

'The Robbers' as a very equivocal sort of personage, and thinks that the delight she expresses at the "paradisiacal feeling" of Karl Moor's kisses sounds oddly in the mouth of a maiden lady. "Schiller's love at that time," says the sagacious Hoffmeister, "was a sensual glow, raised to its greatest height by a boundless imagination."

The Germans of the last century were not remarkable for the beauty of the outward form of their books, but the singular ugliness of the first edition of 'The Robbers' seems to have astonished even them. A rampant lion glared on the title-page, with the appropriate motto, "In Tyrannos." In a subsequent edition, two lions appeared, one of which was tearing the other to pieces. "The first edition," says Schiller's friend, Scharffenstein, "the paper of which was scarcely better than blotting-paper, looked like the ballads and accounts of murders which are hawked about the streets." Dr. Hoffmeister never saw this first edition; but as he saw a second and "improved" one, he concludes that the misprints in its predecessor must have been most appalling.

The length that 'The Robbers' occupied in acting, must have been almost without precedent. It was produced at Mannheim in January, 1782, under the auspices of Baron Dalberg, a correspondence with whom furnishes material for the biography; and its performance lasted from five to ten o'clock. The inhabitants of the neighbouring towns poured in to witness it, and waited at the door of the theatre for hours before it was opened. Their expectations were not satisfied by the three first acts (it was divided into six, to facilitate the changing of the scenes), but the other acts even surpassed their hopes. Iffland, afterwards so celebrated as an actor at Berlin, and the author of several pieces in the Kotzebue style, was at Mannheim. He was then about twenty-six years old, and made the greatest impression in Franz Moor. It was this performance that introduced him to Schiller, to whom he proved a most valuable acquaintance. Frequently do we see him, at the latter end of Schiller's life, appear as a sort of good genius; and enlighten his friend, superior in every other respect, with his own superior knowledge of the world. Schiller was present at the first performance of his 'Robbers'; he had privately left Stuttgart for Mannheim without leave of his superior officer, to witness it. Such was the effect it had on him, that in a letter to Dalberg he said, "I have observed much and learned much, and I believe that if Germany ever finds a dramatic poet in me, I must date the epoch from last week."

It is not our purpose to dwell at any length

on those events of Schiller's life which are not immediately connected with his works. Such events have long been before the public of every civilized nation in some shape or other, and it is chiefly as giving additional light on the history of Schiller's mind and writings that we regard with interest the work of Dr. Hoffmeister. The Duke of Württemberg and Schiller could not agree by nature. A satirical expression in the 'Robbers' had offended his highness, but it is questionable whether he was not equally offended at its departure from the French style, of which he was a declared admirer. The composition of all works excepting on medicine was prohibited, and the young dramatist was strictly enjoined to have no communication with any foreign country. A second visit to Mannheim violated the latter of these orders, while the growing passion of an author rendered obedience to the former impossible. The flight from Stuttgart was resolved on, and carried into effect. Schiller fled in company with his friend, the young musician Streicher, who has written an account of this most painful period of the poet's life. It is a history of privations as great as man could undergo, further embittered by the disappointment of the poet at not meeting with a reception which he thought he had every right to expect. Dalberg, who had been a warm friend before he had lost the duke's favour, found sundry excuses to avoid patronising a fugitive, and Schiller was in constant alarm lest the government of any state into which he might wander should deliver him up to Württemberg. Under all this weight of affliction his productive genius was unimpaired. He completed his 'Fiesco,' which he had commenced at Stuttgart; and having planned his 'Cabal and Love' at a moment of the greatest misery, he completed that also. Between the composition of these plays and their production on the stage, Schiller's life had become more happy. A noble-minded lady, Frau von Wolzogen, (not the authoress of 'Schiller's Life'), allowed him to reside at her estate at Bauerbach, where he passed his time so pleasantly, that in after-life he often spoke of it with regret. He fell in love with one of the lady's daughters, but this passion led to no other result than inasmuch as it is supposed to have had an effect on his poetry. The fear that Schiller would be persecuted by the duke gradually subsided, and Dalberg, who to conceal his motives had made all sorts of frivolous objections to his 'Fiesco,' became once more his friend. To this renewed acquaintance was owing the production of 'Fiesco' and 'Cabal and Love,' on the Mannheim boards. 'Fiesco' was not a lucky piece. In the

reading Schiller had marred it by his Swabian dialect, and he afterwards found the actors could not move in it easily. They had been accustomed to domestic dramas, in which the dialogue never rose above the conversation of common life; and the language of 'Fiesco,' notwithstanding it was in prose, was too exalted for their comprehension. The storminess of 'The Robbers' had carried the actors along, but there was not that same amount of impetuous passion in 'Fiesco.' The notice to the public on the first performance of his historical play, which Schiller composed and printed with the bills, we give entire.

"Properly, the picture should speak for the artist, and he ought to wait behind the curtain for the decision. It is not now my purpose to bribe the judgment of the audience for my style, nor is the thread of my tragedy much obscured. Nevertheless I value too highly the attention of my spectators, not to save them the few moments which it would cost them to find it.

"Fiesco is the chief point of this piece, towards which all the actions and characters tend, as streams to the ocean: Fiesco, whom I can introduce with no better recommendation than by saying that J. J. Rousseau bore him in his heart: Fiesco, a great, fertile mind, who under the deceitful veil of an effeminate Epicurean indolence, in still, noiseless obscurity, like the creative spirit over chaos, alone and unheard, hatches a world, and assumes the empty smiling mien of one altogether worthless, while gigantic schemes and impetuous wishes are fermenting in his burning bosom: Fiesco, who long mistaken at last steps forth as a god, places his completed work before astonished eyes, and stands a quiet spectator while the wheels of the great machine move inevitably towards the intended goal: Fiesco, who fears nothing but to find an equal; who is more proud at the conquest of his own heart than at that of a formidable state: Fiesco, who at last with a divine victory over self, flings away the seductive glittering reward of his labours, the crown of Genoa, and finds more pleasure in being the happiest citizen among his people than in being their prince.*

"It will perhaps be expected that I shall justify the liberties, which in this modified form of Fiesco, I have taken with historical truth, and even with my first version. According to the former as well as the latter, the Count labours for the subversion of the republic, and in both he perishes in the midst of the conspiracy. The historical objections I think I can soon set aside; for I am not an historian, and the great emotion which I might awaken in the heart of my spectators by a bold fiction, overbalances with me strict historical accuracy. The Genoese Fiesco need give my Fiesco nothing more than his name

and his mask—the rest he may keep to himself. Is it my fault if he thought less nobly? if he was more unhappy? Why should my audience be the sufferers for this disagreeable turn in affairs? I admit that my Fiesco is a spurious one; but why should I care, if he is greater than the real one, and my public is pleased with him? Why I have contradicted my first version, which made the Count fall a victim to his ambition—that is another question. Perhaps at the time when I designed it, I was more conscientious or more timid: or perhaps I purposely wrote for the quiet reader who can unravel the most tangled thread with circumspection, otherwise than for the hasty listener, who must enjoy at the instant: and certainly it is more agreeable to rush into the waves with the great man than to be instructed by a punished criminal.

"The moral tendency of this piece no one will doubt. If, unfortunately for mankind, it is of such frequent occurrence that our most divine impulses, that our best germs for the great and good, are buried under the oppression of ordinary civil life; if little-mindedness and fashion mar the bold outline of nature; if a thousand ridiculous conventions impair the great stamp of divinity; surely a play cannot be purposeless, which holds before our eyes the mirror of our entire strength, which kindles anew the dying spark of heroism, which calls us from the narrow, dull circle of every-day life into a higher sphere. Such a play, I hope, is the Conspiracy of Fiesco.

"Ever holy and solemn to me is the still, the mighty moment in the theatre, when the hearts of so many hundreds tremble according to the fancy of the poet, as at the stroke of a magic wand; when, torn from all his masks and lurking-places, the natural man listens with open senses; when I hold the reins of my spectator's soul, and can fling it like a ball to heaven or hell: and it is high treason against genius, high treason against man, to miss this happy moment, in which so much can be won or lost for the heart. If any one of us learns for the benefit of his country to cast away that throne, which it is in his power to grasp, then is the moral of Fiesco the greatest that life affords.

"I could not say less to a public, which by the very kind reception of my 'Robbers' animated my passion for the stage, and to which all my future dramatic works are dedicated."

It is questionable whether this long appeal does not show that Schiller, while he had the best opinion of the disposition of his audience, formed but a limited estimate of their discernment. The document, which is not re-printed in the collection of Schiller's works, completely illustrates the view he entertained at the time of the stage being a moral institution, which was to occupy a place in conjunction with the school and the pulpit. He had not gained that purely artistical position, from which the artist merely regards the beauty of his work irrespective of its tendency, which he took in after life, or rather thought he took. The declamatory style, often bordering on the ridiculous, in which the address is written,

* It should be observed that 'Fiesco' was so altered for the Mannheim stage that the hero's criminal attempts at supreme power were omitted, and he was made a sincere patriot. The original version of the play, in which private ambition is made a motive, is the one reprinted in Schiller's works.

forms a complete parallel to the pompous and turgid energy of his early prose dramas. The doctrine that historical truth might advantageously be sacrificed for the benefit of a work of art, was one which he retained in his maturer years. "It shows," he said in his essay 'On Tragic Art' first published in 1792, "a very limited notion of tragic art, and of poetry in general, to bring the tragic poet before the tribunal of history, and to require information from one who, by his very name, only obliges himself to produce emotion and pleasure."

As we have already said, 'Fiesco' was not a lucky play. The audience of Mannheim had been no more accustomed to anything beyond domestic dramas, than the actors. A conspiracy, and that at Genoa, presented them with a region, the very atmosphere of which they had not learned to breathe. Their whole critique on it was summed up in the one proposition, "that the piece was too learned for them." At Berlin and Frankfort, however, it was played with greater success. As we might surmise from the character of the Mannheim people, 'Cabal and Love' met with a far better reception than 'Fiesco.' Here was a domestic story fitted for the capacity of everybody; and what made it especially delightful, it advocated the humble city life against the corruptions of the court; and hence had the same materials for success with many pieces of our own time, in which all the poor people are made good, and all the rich people bad. Schiller, with his friend Streicher, attended its first performance. He is described as sitting quietly and cheerfully, uttering but few words, while he awaited the rising of the curtain. When the performance began, if any passage failed, the play of his lips and the contraction of his eyebrows marked his annoyance, and his eyes flashed with animation when a speech produced the desired effect. Not a word escaped his lips during the whole of the first act, at the end of which he simply exclaimed, "It is going well!" The second act produced such a sensation, that when the curtain descended, the audience shouted applause, and clapped their hands in a manner which was then unusual. Perhaps before Schiller's time there was no call for such demonstrations. He was so much taken by surprise, that he rose and bowed to the public, expressing by his mien and deportment a mixture of pride and gratitude.

Schiller's fame was now pretty generally established. His friends urged him to present himself at the court of Weimar, then at the height of his glory, and the result was, that he attained the title of Councillor of the Duchy (*Herzoglich Weimarerischer Rath*). But it was not till his residence at Leipzig and Dresden

that he came in pleasant contact with the world; that he began to feel a social tendency instead of one merely polemic. It is to the residence at these cities that we are indebted for his 'Song to Joy,' that noble out-breathing of the sublimest philanthropy, and for the completion of his tragedy of 'Don Karlos,' which was first published in portions.

With this tragedy concludes what is called the first period of Schiller's life, the period of "youthful natural poesy," which extends to the year 1786, when Schiller was about twenty-seven years of age. The productions of this time were the four plays we have mentioned, a few essays, and a considerable number of lyrical poems; and its characteristic is that hostility to the existing order of things, so prevalent among young enthusiasts, at the first breaking-out of the French Revolution.

Educated in the most confined manner; limited in his means of acquiring knowledge; snatching all information, beyond that immediately required for the medical profession, by a determined act; feeling that the cultivation of his mind was in itself almost rebellion; it is no wonder that Schiller looked upon the whole world as one vast foe, with which he alone had to grapple. The strength which he displayed in combating his antagonist was truly wonderful. That a youth secluded from all experience of the world should be able to form one of his own, peopled with such muscular personages as the Robber Moor and his band, was astounding. It was the voice of a mighty nature rousing itself, and asserting its rights against the whole fabric of conventionality. A rough crudity, a ferocious sensuality, occasionally bordering on the disgusting, marked the first expressions of the great poet: but where was he to learn refinement—where was he to acquire instruction, but from his own imagination, and from his own violent passions? Many higher works of art did Schiller produce before his early death, but in none of them is the element of power displayed to such an eminent degree as in the works of the first period. Having written on his banner, "Whatever is, is Wrong," his different plays were but so many series of attacks. By making a robber the central point of interest, in *Karl Moor*, he set at defiance all law and order; in the character of Ferdinand, in 'Cabal and Love,' by making a young nobleman form an attachment to a fiddler's daughter and brave all family considerations, he opposed one of the narrower forms of conventionality; in delineating *Fiesco* conspiring against the Dorias, he introduced artfulness against his foe; society, instead of mere force. The character of Lady Milford in 'Cabal and Love,' the

only good person at court, *although a prince's concubine*, was a proclamation against the law to which females are subjected in civilized society. Schiller at this period had nothing in him of the mere artist, but calling himself by turns Karl Moor, Ferdinand, and Fiesco, he marched into his own plays, and boldly delivered his violent opinions. Hence his tendency at that period is rightly called a "moral-political" tendency, by which it is meant, that all the works of this time are devoted, not to the expression of the sublime and beautiful, but to that of certain views of politics and morals: if indeed the desire of subversion can be styled a "view." As for morality, in the accepted sense of the term, there is but little of it in Schiller's works of the first period. Not only in his plays did he recklessly declare war against every institution, however wholesome; but in his lyrical poems he spoke even more openly. In his poem of 'Freethinking from Passion' (*Freigeisterei aus Leidenschaft*), only a small portion of which appears in the collected edition of his works under the title of 'The Combat' (*Der Kampf*), he boldly opposed marriage; and the tragedy of 'Don Karlos' is not altogether free from a similar tendency. Strength is the character of the lyrical pieces as well as of the dramas of the first period: a strength which is often struggling with the difficulties which the young author felt in moulding his language to his purpose; for facility was no attribute of Schiller, and he was forced to strive for whatever he would attain. Much misdirected was this power, but its very existence was a marvel. Even in the absurdities of Schiller's youth, there was something mighty and Titanic. The small wits of the Anti-Jacobin might indulge in a laugh at the 'Robbers,' but the play was no more a subject for ridicule than the deformed Typhon who scared the gods from Olympus.

'Don Karlos,' which is enumerated among the pieces of the first period, does not so much belong to it, as it forms a sort of transition to another state of mind. The important distinction is drawn by Dr. Hoffmeister, that while the first three pieces are of a tendency purely *destructive*, 'Don Karlos' is on a *constructive* principle. The heroes of the early dramas were merely knocking down existing institutions; but the Marquis Posa, who is Schiller's representative in his fourth play, is an impersonation of pure reason, who would construct an ideal republic. The author, by adopting blank verse in this tragedy, instead of prose, abandoned that crude reality to which he had before adhered; but still it is a work not so satisfactory of its kind

as the 'Robbers.' The author had not yet risen to the artistical state in which he composed his 'Wallenstein,' and had lost the rough muscular strength which he had exhibited at Stuttgart. The Marquis of Posa is a character highly uninteresting: now a mere essay lifted out of the sphere of humanity, now a go-between to the prince and his mother-in-law, with a strong tincture of faithlessness that renders him almost disgusting. King Philip is the only character in the piece for whom we can feel an interest; and in spite of the admiration which many entertain for 'Don Karlos,' we can only value it as a transition-piece from one state to another.

The second period of Schiller's life, which lasted from 1786 to 1794, was the period of intellectual cultivation, when the poet studied most, and produced least of a poetical character. No dramatic work was written during this period; but the few short romances, at the head of which stands the 'Ghost-seer,' some important philosophical essays, the histories of the Revolt of the Netherlands, and of the Thirty Years' War, besides several smaller historical pieces, and some lyrical poems, form the result of the eight years' labour. It was at this period that the wild, restless youth settled into a steady member of society. He married a lady of family, Charlotte von Lengefeld; he obtained from the Duke of Weimar the professorship of history at Jena; and a stipend from two generous admirers of his works, the Prince of Augustenburg and Count Schimmelmann, kept him for a while in a state of comparative comfort. The mental culture which he was forced to undergo at this period was of the utmost importance for his future career. The opinion has been uttered, that he was possessed of much general information while at the military school; but this opinion, there is every reason to believe, is erroneous. Schiller had all the uncertain feeling of a half-educated man; he could take no sure position; his views were limited, and his early faith had been shaken by the prevalent French philosophy. So little was he qualified for his historical professorship by previous study, that it is said his lecture often contained what he only knew the day before. His mind was not qualified to enter into the minute details of history: it was his nature to grasp at general conceptions rather than dive into particularities; and there is little doubt that he learned quite as much as he taught while he occupied the professorial chair.

Anything like orderly study was irreconcilable with his disposition, but his appointment had placed him in a situation in which he was forced to acquire knowledge. There

his mind became gradually well stored, though he never became learned, in the accepted sense of the term. The necessity of writing Latin at the military school had doubtless rendered him a proficient in that language, but that he knew scarcely anything of Greek is proved by the fact that his version of the 'Iphigenia' of Euripides was translated from the Latin, and that he availed himself of the French of Brumoy. At one time he had a desire of acquiring a knowledge of Greek, but neither he nor Göthe were ever well acquainted with the language, and Herder, startling as it may appear, was, according to Hoffmeister, but an indifferent Hellenist. This last assertion, however, we would receive cautiously.

Among the studies which Schiller followed at this period, there was none that he pursued with more earnestness and assiduity than that of Kant's philosophy, which had now begun to make its way through Germany. From the 'Philosophical Letters' between Julius and Raphael, it is probable that a notion of Theosophic Pantheism prevailed in Schiller's mind for a short time, probably something resembling the system of Schelling. The last letter of that series is a warning against speculation, and an exhortation to action within the confined limits assigned to man; and in the admirable novel of the 'Ghost-seer,' the Prince, who afterwards becomes a convert to Catholicism, is made the organ of similar opinions, though he gives them with an epicurean design. Man, according to the Prince, is a being at each end of whose existence there is a drawn curtain, beyond which conjecture is useless: and therefore all he has to do is to grasp at the present moment. The doctrine of Kant, which would confine all our theoretical knowledge to the objects of experience, while the supersensual ideas are converted into practical postulates, was therefore particularly acceptable to Schiller; while that freedom which occupies so prominent a part in the practical doctrine of Kant, and which stands above the sensible world, exactly accorded with one who had carved out a path for himself in defiance of opposing circumstances. The freedom of the will which Kant sets at the head of morality, was what Schiller especially laboured to assert throughout his life. The explanation of history as to the evolution of a grand Providential design, was not part of his scheme; but it was in man alone that he sought for the springs of action, and it was not till long afterwards that a supernatural power was recognized in his poems. The horrors of the French revolution had disgusted him with Gallican republicanism, but still it was for

man asserting his freedom that he wrote. Hence the Dutch Protestants resisting Spain were the objects of his affection in his history of the Netherlands revolt; and hence Gustavus Adolphus, the champion of Protestantism, was his favourite in the Thirty Years' War. Protestantism was dear to Schiller as a resistance to a power which usurped dominion over human reason, and from no other point of view—since with its doctrines he had nothing in common. It is vain to hold a veil over the truth, which is most clearly put forth by Dr. Hoffmeister, that Schiller belonged to no recognized religious sect whatever, although in after life he abandoned that violent hatred against the priesthood which he had entertained in his youth. Catholicism was too usurping, Protestantism too prosaic, and all he could do was to hope for some improved form of church worship which should be free from both objections. His aversion from the prosaic form of Protestantism which prevailed in Germany at the end of the last century is completely illustrated by his poem the 'Gods of Greece,'* in which he unscrupulously regrets the loss of heathenism, as well as the progress of science. In the 'Ghost-Seer'—that powerful novel which is unsurpassable for the appearance of truth with which the progress of the story is followed out—he represents the Catholic church in the blackest light, adopting the most unscrupulous means to draw the weak but well-meaning Prince into its pale, and finally succeeding.

Having once adopted the doctrines of Kant, Schiller remained a Kantian for the rest of his life. The limiting tendency of Kant's theoretical, and the highly moral tendency of his practical philosophy, were alike pleasing to Schiller. But while he admitted the purity of the Kantian morality, he was desirous of bringing into the system another moral element: that of æsthetical culture; and the introduction of this element is the purpose of his philosophical essays. The precept of morality, the "categorical imperative" as it is technically called, was with Kant of such an uncompromising character that it remained in constant opposition to natural inclination. Moral good was to be done on principle alone; and an inclination towards the right path from a love of good, was not in the slightest degree encouraged. Schiller stepped in as a kind of mediator between this rigorous morality and the natural affection. As, when a medical student, he

* It should be observed that the form in which this poem appears in the collection of Schiller's works is much softened from its original shape.

had pointed out a harmony between the soul and body, so did he now essay to prove that an agreement between the reason and inclination was unnecessary for the perfect man, and that a state in which the former was a mere ruler, and the latter a mere slave, was one of imperfection. That spontaneous good, which does not arise from a conquest over the evil passions, but from a "beautiful soul" (*schöne Seele*), which is not dissimilar from what we should call a "good heart," was what Schiller hoped to elicit, and for the cultivation of the "beautiful soul" he looked upon the fine arts as admirably adapted. It was not now that he desired a particular moral to be conveyed by a particular work, but the moral effect was to be produced by the contemplation of the sublime and the beautiful. For a complete exposition of Schiller's philosophical views with respect to art we refer our readers to his essays 'On Grace and Dignity' and 'On Tragic Art,' and to his 'Letters on Æsthetical Cultivation:' works which we have reason to suspect are but little studied in this country, but which are admirable testimonials of the versatile talent of Schiller, and of his ability to treat of abstract subjects in a manner comparatively popular.

The works which Schiller wrote on philosophical subjects are confined more or less to one branch of philosophy: viz., æsthetics, or the science of the sublime and beautiful: so that Schiller seems less to have devoted himself to philosophy for its own sake, than to acquire a firm basis for his operations as an artist; conceiving that having clearly defined the objects and purposes of art, he would be able to proceed with firmness and confidence. It will be readily imagined that this method of poetic culture was not approved by Göthe, who relied so much on immediate perception, and who in one of his conversations with Eckermann treated the philosophical labours of Schiller as so much loss of time. Schiller himself, when he had abandoned this study, spoke of it as of little worth in the cultivation of an artist. Kant was the only one of the German philosophers whom he regarded, and a critique on the mind was all that he asked for from the metaphysician. Hence he was particularly averse from that speculative tendency of German philosophy which almost immediately followed the publication of Kant's works; and hence the science of Fichte, with whom he was brought into contact, was particularly obnoxious. Indeed he was not commonly just to that acute thinker, the first who really essayed to define the nature of science; and the satires he published on the famous "Ego and Non-Ego," were rather worthy the mind of an Augustus Kotzebue

than that of Friedrich Schiller. Whatever Dr. Hoffmeister, who is a Kantian of some sort, and who evidently applauds Schiller's disaffection from all Kant's successors, may think, it was utterly impossible that the human mind could be contented with such unsatisfactory results as those of the 'Critique of Pure Reason,' even with the 'Critique of Practical Reason' as a supplement. Fichte clearly saw that there was something wanting to complete philosophy, he was the first who attempted to bring science into one grand system based on a single proposition, and however he might have failed in carrying out his theory, there was so much grandeur in the attempt, and such sincerity in the man, that we can scarcely regard with patience the efforts of Schiller to turn him into ridicule. With Göthe, who disliked speculation altogether, the case was different.

The whole of this second period was but a sort of preparation to the works of the third, which lasts from 1794 to Schiller's death in 1805. It is called the period of "mature artistical poetry:" and it might with propriety be termed the period of Göthe's influence. The two poets had met long before, but they had rather felt a dislike for each other than otherwise, and it was not till Schiller had attained the age of thirty-five, and Göthe that of forty-five, that they began to exert an influence reciprocally beneficial. Göthe had temporarily ceased from poetical production, and the enthusiasm of Schiller for art was useful in calling him back to activity; while his own strongly objective mind was equally serviceable in bringing down Schiller from a sphere of abstraction to the regions of reality. Working together as they did for the Weimar theatre, their pursuits became almost identified, and it is impossible not to recognize almost the hand of Göthe in some of the "mature" works of Schiller.

The progress of Schiller's lyrical poems, which Hoffmeister follows with hair-splitting acuteness, and with a most refined system of order, may be defined in a word, as a progress from ideality to reality. Of the first poems of the period, which were the immediate result of the metaphysical studies, the well-known 'Ideal and Life' may be named as a specimen. Here the subject is purely supersensual, and does not descend to the earth at all. The very tendency of the poem is to recommend a life not in the actual world, but in the world of appearances: that is, in the æsthetical world: so that the poem may be considered as a sort of supplement to the 'Letters on Æsthetical Culture.' On the other hand, the poem called the 'Ideal,' which is still little known, has at least so far a reality that it ex-

presses an actual feeling—a regret for the period of youthful faith, similar to that expressed by the complaints of Julius in the ‘Philosophical Letters.’ The ideal tendency of Schiller at this particular time had led him into strange errors, particularly the almost unpardonable one of cutting up poor Bürger in a memorable critique, for not coming up to his (Schiller’s) standard of ideality. He was evidently becoming an advocate for that most illiberal sort of criticism, which does not test a work of art by its own intention, but by a rule which the critic himself lays down. The most ideal of Schiller’s poems are those which were naturally the least acceptable to Göthe, and it is curious to observe, in the communications of him and W. Humboldt with Schiller, how the one approves more as the other approves less, from the different notions of excellence which they entertained. Göthe’s influence was of course the strongest, and hence we find Schiller gradually come down from his merely ideal position, and grow more and more earthly, till at last he produces his ballads, the subjects of which are substantial stories. The collection of epigrams published by the two poets under the title of ‘Xenia,’ in which they satirized without mercy nearly the whole of their contemporaries, is regarded by Dr. Hoffmeister as a step into actual life which was peculiarly beneficial to Schiller.

Great as was the influence of Göthe and Schiller upon each other, much as their pursuits were carried on in common, it will appear somewhat singular that they were never friends in the proper sense of the word: and yet that this was the case, we have from Göthe’s own mouth. “My connexion with Schiller,” he said in a conversation with Eckerman, “was so completely unparalleled because we found the noblest tie in our common efforts and there was no need of any especial friendship.” This he mentions in contrast with the friendship of Jacobi, who had a personal regard for Göthe, without taking any particular interest in his pursuits. It is observed by Hoffmeister, that in the letters from Schiller to Göthe, which are far more open than those from Göthe to Schiller, interest for the works is much more displayed than interest for the man. It was not unlikely that such a connexion should be disturbed by occasional jealousies: and hence a plan of the contemptible Kotzebue, who entertained a pique against Göthe, to create a division by celebrating Schiller in public as the first poet in Germany, did not altogether fail in its effect, while Göthe’s conduct on the occasion was anything but creditable. Unity of purpose had, however, rendered the poets so ne-

cessary to each other, that Göthe probably felt a greater blow at the death of his fellow-labourer than at the loss of a dear friend. The greatest personal attachment could not have occasioned a deeper sensation of bereavement.

The work of Schiller’s in which the influence of Göthe is most apparent is the trilogy of ‘Wallenstein,’ especially ‘Wallenstein’s Camp.’ In this one little piece Schiller was almost as objective as Göthe; the artist nowhere appeared, but all was plastic, rounded off and complete in itself. Göthe took the greatest interest in bringing ‘Wallenstein’ upon the stage, and it seems to have been suspected that he had some share in the authorship. This, at a later period, he expressly denied; but so powerful was his influence on ‘Wallenstein’s Camp,’ that Hoffmeister’s phrase, that “Schiller’s mind after a gradual approximation fell into one with that of Göthe in this poem,” perfectly expresses the truth. It was in the play of ‘Wallenstein,’ that Schiller returned to the stage after an absence of many years, and a very different person had he become since the time he had abandoned it. The Schiller of the first period was a wild youth of limited attainments, with a hatred of restraint, and a lawless love of liberty, who used the theatre as an organ for his own violent sentiments. The Schiller of the third period had laid in a large store of historical knowledge; if his personal experience had been narrow, the reading incident to his professorship had made him familiar with men of every age and clime; a severe course of philosophical study, if it had produced no other effect, had at any rate created a habit of deliberate thinking; and a familiarity with the Greeks, if not in their own language, at least through the medium of such excellent translations as Voss’s Homer, had taught him to revere the forms of art, and to believe that there was something higher than the crude expressions of passion. If the first effect of his studies was merely a poetizing among abstractions, Göthe came as the good genius to bring him back to the world, which he now trod not as a boisterous declaimer, but viewed with the experience of a historian and the calmness of a philosopher. Those opportunities of acquaintance with the outward world which Göthe enjoyed, never fell to the lot of Schiller: his eye never wandered over an extended region, but his knowledge of man was chiefly derived from books and from self-contemplation. Hence the power with which he has been able to call up distinct images of objects which he could never have seen, has been a constant theme of admiration. The

exact representation of the raging whirlpool in his poem* of the 'Diver,' the impression he conveys of an iron-foundry in 'Fridolin,' are cited as instances of that power; and his perfect apprehension of Swiss life in the play of 'William Tell,' has caused the greatest wonder.

An anonymous Swiss writer in a Zurich periodical, speaking of that work shortly after it was written, said: "We can scarcely understand how a man who had never seen Switzerland, could by his genius alone individualize the mode of thinking of each of these men (enumerating the characters), how he learned their language, and obtained the images they make use of, partly from their domestic life, and partly from their political constitution." His 'History of the Thirty Years' War,' had made him perfectly familiar with the most important events in the records of his country, and with a firm grasp of his subject was he enabled to compose the tragedy of 'Wallenstein:' the greatest tragedy unquestionably of modern times: and to reproduce on the German stage the deeds of the seventeenth century. The only place which Schiller reserved for his own rhetoric was the episode of Max and Thekla, which is the delight of his youthful readers, and a blemish in the eyes of his maturer critics.

There is one feature in the tragedy of 'Wallenstein' which should not be passed over, and which is discussed by Hoffmeister with even more than his usual acuteness. This is the appearance of Fate as a tragical motive. There was one hint of a Fate in 'The Robbers;' but generally Schiller's men had been perfectly free and never seemed aware of the control of a superior power. In 'Wallenstein' there is a distinct fatality, symbolized by the duke's belief in astrology; and hence Hoffmeister considers this as the first of his religious dramas: meaning thereby that it implies the recognition of a superior power; that it does not merely consider the dark curtain, as the prince in the 'Ghost-seer;' but recognizes a mysterious something behind it. At the same time, by a laborious criticism of the details of the drama, which is too prolix to follow, Hoffmeister discovers that the element of Fate is at variance with the historical element in Wallenstein; and hence he most ingeniously assigns the origin of the play to two distinct periods of Schil-

ler's life. Schiller's historical works were, he observes, written completely in the spirit of his juvenile dramas; and therefore he believes that Wallenstein, the foe to Austria, was originally intended as a man relying on his own strength, and opposing social order: in a word, as a more real Marquis of Posa. In the meanwhile, however, the interest of Schiller for political objects had declined, and the subject which he had chosen at an earlier period of his life was modified accordingly before it was written. His acquaintance with the Greeks had first introduced him to Fate as a tragic motive: and this was ingrafted on a subject with which it had no proper connection. This theory of Hoffmeister's, which we give thus briefly here, and which, in all its detail, is fully worthy of the most careful attention to those who would really make a study of Schiller's works, will serve to clear up many discrepancies which the reader may discover in the tragedy of 'Wallenstein.' Still more curious, but equally well carried out, is Hoffmeister's theory, that the character of Wallenstein is intended for—Goethe! The portrait of a "realist" in contradistinction to an "idealist," which appears at the end of Schiller's work on 'Naive and Sentimental Poetry,' and which there is no doubt is meant for Goethe, leads him to make the singular parallel. The idealist, who would fashion the world in spite of obstacles according to the dictates of his reason, is, of course, Schiller, who, though he does not take the lead in his own drama, as in Karl Moor or Ferdinand, allows his views to be shadowed forth in the person of Max Piccolomini. In opposition to this idealist stands the realist, Wallenstein, whose plans all have a real tendency, who has a sound practical knowledge of mankind, who has a convenient subservience to circumstances, who asks the question *Cui bono?* when an act is to be performed, and who is more charitable in his judgment of mankind, because his standard is less high. Such a character as this, Hoffmeister considers was presented to Schiller in the person of Goethe; and he even thinks that Wallenstein's irritability, when astrology is slighted, answers to Goethe's indignation when his theory of colours was attacked! The parallel here is, to be sure, somewhat wiredrawn; but the reader who is offended thereat can know but little of the subtleties of German criticism. Even to this length we are willing to go with Dr. Hoffmeister: but when he begins to explain to us why Schiller's ballad, in the legend of the Hellespont, is called 'Hero' and 'Leander,' instead of 'Leander and Hero,' we cannot help exclaiming, "Hold! enough!" With

* The best English version of this poem is in one of the recent numbers of Blackwood's Magazine. The translator appears to be going through the whole series of Schiller's poems and ballads, and his collection, when complete, promises to be not unworthy of the great German.

respect to the parallel between Gothe and Wallenstein, there is one point of resemblance omitted by Hoffmeister, which the author could not have intended, and which is most remarkable. The grief which Wallenstein expresses at the loss of Max corresponds as nearly as possible to that which Gothe displayed at the death of Schiller.

That Wallenstein may be considered the first important fruit of Schiller's period of culture, of his acquaintance with actual man, there is no doubt. To show how much Schiller's tendency towards realizing the information obtained from books prevailed at this period, a curious manuscript has been reprinted by Hoffmeister, in which there are hints for a nautical drama. Books of travels formed an amusement of Schiller's leisure hours; and we already find, in the correspondence with Gothe, that he considered the life of a circumnavigator, like Cook, would be a good subject for an epic poem. Gothe's rejection of the subject was highly characteristic: "he would not venture it," he said, "because an immediate intuition of it was wanting." The proposition and the answer exactly represent the position of the two poets: the one trusting to his personal experience alone—the other feeling a power to embody that of which he had only heard from others. The subject thus proposed for an epic Schiller afterwards thought might serve for a drama, though he felt the breadth of subject as embarrassing for a dramatic as it had appeared attractive for a narrative form. Still he entertained the scheme for some time, and the rough notes he left give us a notion of what the tendency of the play would have been. In these Schiller says,

"The task to be accomplished is a drama, in which all the interesting motives of sea-voyages, of non-European situations and manners, and of the situations and destinies connected therewith, shall be skilfully combined. A *punctum saliens* is therefore to be found, from which everything can develop itself, and round which all can be combined: a point where Europe, India, trade and navigation, ship and shore, wildness and culture, art and nature, may be exhibited: also the discipline and government of a ship, the characters of a mariner, a merchant, an adventurer, planter, an Indian, a Creole, must appear in a determined and living form."

The different situations which the subject would afford are, as it were, dotted down on the margin thus:

"Landing and setting sail—Storm—Sea-fight—Mutiny on ship-board—Maritime justice—Collision of two ships—Wreck of the ship—Crew exposed—Provisions—Taking in water—Trade—Sea-charts—Compass—Longitude—Watch—Wild beasts and savages—Foreign natives ap-

pear in the piece: Chinese, natives, Moors—Coral, sea-birds, sea-weed."

Several of these notes were probably only intended for allusions, to be uttered by the *dramatis personæ*. Schiller had even a crude notion of the purpose for which his materials were to be used in his mind.

"There must be a sailing off and a remaining behind. There is in both something mournful, but the joyous preponderates. Among those who are left behind is an European, who settles with joy and hope, or one who was alien to Europe, and here finds his country. He has learned to hate the abominations of European manners, and because he has lost all that was dear to him in Europe, he embraces his new fatherland with hope. Could not the revolution be woven in? The ship must excite a lively interest; she is the only instrument of connection, and is a symbol of the extension of navigation over the world by Europe. England stretches a net of voyages of discovery round the globe, and encompasses all the seas."

The notes thus preserved are not only valuable as showing Schiller's tendency in the choice of a subject at the time which is chiefly represented by the play of 'Wallenstein,' but also as showing the truly conscientious laboriousness with which he set to work to make himself master of all that was connected with his theme. The story of a drama once chosen, no pains were spared to acquire all the information which could be brought to bear on it, and which would seem to give the particular work the stamp of individuality. The very slight personal experience of Schiller was probably one great cause of his industry in working out for himself that reality which circumstances had not afforded him. He had completely to *make* his world, and it is to the labour with which he pursued this task, that we are doubtless indebted for that singular reality in describing things unseen, which we have already mentioned as one of this poet's great characteristics. Some notes, which at a later period were made by Schiller in "reading up" for his 'William Tell,' and which have likewise been preserved, form another interesting monument of the same industry. The following extract from these notes shows how hard he laboured to force himself into that familiarity with Swiss life, which was afterwards the cause of much astonishment.

"The Swiss dwell on the greatest heights of the European world. Mountains stand on mountains. A new ridge of rocks again upon these. From them flow many rivers into all the four streets* of the world. Mountain vegetation (that

* This expression occurs in the short 'Mountain Song' (*Berglied*), which was written about the same time with 'Tell.'

underneath) always sprouts at the beginning of May, and the cattle is first driven to it. The vegetation of the middle parts of the mountain is short, and is the strongest of all. At the end of June the cowkeepers (*Senner*) go to these high alps, where their cottages are. About St. Bartholomew's-day they descend. There are mountains (glaciers), which consist entirely of ice, and are called *Firnen*. They shine like glass, and preserve their isolated conical figure by melting in summer. All the four seasons often appear close upon one another: ice, flowers, fruit. Clouds are produced in the mountain cliffs; they hang on the mountains and hence the prognostications of weather. The view from above, when one stands over the clouds. The place appears like a great lake before one. Islands project from it. If the clouds open anywhere we can look down into the inhabited vale upon the houses and churches. Waterfalls everywhere upon the mountains; mists and rainbows, or rather rain-circles. He who does not see them always stands on the edge of the circle which goes round his feet. *Gräten*, or high mountain ridges—*Grathier*. The chamois is a social animal. The refuge among clefts in the rocks. *Lämmergein*, heath-cock (*Hasel-huhn*), mountain-fox, wolf, bear, marmot."

'Wallenstein' might properly be called a "history," and not only an historical play. In this work the author sought to take in all the feelings of an epoch at one grasp. In the study of history, he had always been impatient of detail; and the grand ideas of the progress of liberty and civilisation had ever been to him the great attractions. That very ideal Lecture on universal history, which is published in his collected works, and is, of its kind, a masterpiece, will exactly show what was Schiller's mind with reference to history: and this was exactly the mind of an historical poet. The causes which produced 'Wallenstein' are further illustrated by those poems of Schiller to which Dr. Hoffmeister gives the very German and very appropriate name of "culture-historical poems." The principal of them are four in number, 'The Walk' (*Spaziergang*), the 'Eleusinian Feast,' the 'Four Ages of the World,' and the immortal 'Lay of the Bell.' All these poems have one subject: the progress of civilisation. In the first, the objects that present themselves during a walk suggest the gradations of society; in the second, which is mythical, civilisation is traced from agriculture, and Ceres appears as its friend; in the third, the epochs of the indolent golden age, the heroic age, the civilized Greek age, and the Christian era, are concisely exhibited; and in the fourth, which pursues human life from the cradle to the tomb, order, "holy order," as the basis of society, is apostrophized. What a change from the wild youth of the first period! Friedrich Schiller, who had entered life as the professed

opposer of all conventionalities, now appears as the poet of existing institutions. If 'Wallenstein' was originally designed for another Karl Moor; if the work of destruction in which he was engaged was originally to have been considered as a holy work; who cannot feel that the advice of old Piccolomini to his son, in which he exhorts him to revere the ancient forms, represents the altered mind of Schiller? When in the 'Fight with the Dragon,' the Grand Master reproves the brave young knight, even for doing a good action in violation of the rule of his Order, it may be seen that he speaks with the sanction of Schiller himself. For a long time political liberty ceased altogether to be his theme, and when at last he returned to it in 'William Tell,' the liberty was quite of a reverse order to that which he had sighed for in his younger days. The Swiss were neither destructives like Moor, nor founders of an ideal republic like Posa: they were the champions of the ancient order of things, and their love of liberty was displayed in their resistance to innovation. Schiller, who had once placed Liberty and Social Order in opposition, arranged them on the same side shortly before the close of his life. 'William Tell' was obviously anti-jacobinical, and a fragment in his last work, 'Demetrius,' is of a character completely aristocratic.

Having once set his foot firmly on historical ground, Schiller was not afterwards generally disposed to leave it; though he occasionally departed from it, as in the case of 'The Bride of Messina.' A vast field of subjects was opened before him, and he could move freely and select at pleasure from any age or country. His 'Maria Stuart,' his 'Maid of Orleans,' his 'William Tell,' and his projected dramas of the 'Maltese,' 'Perkin Warbeck,' and 'Demetrius,' show how he successively directed his attention to England, France, Switzerland, Malta, and Russia. But that objective reality, which was in perfection in 'Wallenstein' and which was afterwards revived in 'Tell,' was by no means so prominent in the three "lady-dramas," all of which have more or less a lyric character. At the same time, all of them have that acknowledgment of a superior power to humanity, which was symbolized in 'Wallenstein' by astrology. In 'Maria Stuart' the Catholic church has a prominent place, and that, as the divine support of the heroine, not, as in 'Karlos,' the mere human institution to be decried; in the 'Maid of Orleans' the inspiration of the heroine is the supernatural presence; and in the 'Bride of Messina' the ruling power assumes an antique form, and destiny marks out for destruction a princely house, as a punishment

for an early crime committed by the heads of the family. The introduction of this supernatural influence, the notion of man being the sport of some great Invisible, is a most important phase in Schiller's mind, and apt illustrations among the lyric poems may be found for it in 'The King of Polyocrates' and 'The Road to the Iron-foundery.' Much of Schiller's hostility to the church ceased at this time, and in a letter to Zelter, he mentions a reform of the music in churches as the best course towards the cultivation of the art in general. It is this acknowledgment of a superior Being, this conviction of the instability of earthly things, which now so much distinguished the works of our poet, that have obtained him the appellation of the "most Christian poet" from Dr. Hoffmeister. But it is quite as well to define the meaning of this term, for the doctrines really entertained by Schiller can scarcely be called Christian in any accepted sense of the term, even the most liberal. In 'Tell,' Schiller returned to his purely human motives.

The plays thus enumerated formed the chief occupation of Schiller's third period. Struggling against an illness which contained the seeds of his death, and which often completely prostrated his faculties, he nevertheless seems to have felt assiduous labour necessary to his existence. The subject of 'Wallenstein' had filled the thoughts of many years, and when he had rid himself of the task, and his play was a finished work, he seems to have had an uneasy sensation of vacuity: a vast blank, which his industry must fill: and accordingly he was at once prompted to seek other subjects, and to dramatise them. His rest from these severer toils was but a lighter kind of labour. He and Göthe had agreed to form a repertory of stock dramas for the Weimar theatre, and the alteration of German plays, and the translation of foreign ones, formed a kind of amusement for his active mind. As the Germans are the most cosmopolitan of nations, so was the Weimar theatre to be the most cosmopolitan institution in Germany. Göthe had introduced upon it a play of Terence, and among the results of the efforts of him and Schiller in forming the repertory were his own versions of Voltaire's 'Mahomet' and 'Tancréd,' and Schiller's adaptation of 'Turandot' from Gozzi and of 'Macbeth' from Shakspeare, and his translation of the 'Phædra' of Racine. This last work was done at the special instance of the Duke of Weimar, who was a great admirer of the French drama. And here we may observe, that at this period Schiller himself was not so very much averse from the drama of Racine and Corneille, the regular form of which seems to have given him a gratification,

which the plays of Shakspeare could not afford. Another strange alteration in the mood of Schiller! The author of 'The Robbers,' as chaotic a mass as ever was hurled forth by any dramatist (with the exception of the mad Lenz)—one of whose crimes against the Duke of Wirtemberg seems to have been, that he violated the French rules of taste—this author now assists in introducing Racine and Voltaire to the Weimar stage, and that, not merely at the word of command, but with evidently a predilection for the task. Göthe read and admired Voltaire's poetry to the day of his death, and it seems that the French influence, which was so great in the time of Frederic II., was not entirely lost during the whole of the last century, and that even though the German authors had boldly struck out an independent path, and had boasted that they had cast aside their Gallic shackles, still there were quiet moments in which they sunk back to the language and literature which they had been taught in youth to consider the representatives of civilisation.

The cosmopolitan tendency of our poet did not always lead to success. This was particularly the case with his 'Turandot,' which was an attempt to familiarise the Germans with the masked drolls of Italian comedy. Schiller's name had led the public to expect something different from a work of this sort, however well it might be executed, and in the disapprobation that was expressed on the subject, might be traced a feeling that the poet had not been employed in a manner worthy of himself. One of the Schlegels has remarked that "the society of the Germans is serious, their comedies and satires are serious, their criticism is serious, their whole *belles lettres* are serious." This character for seriousness was fully preserved by the audience of 'Turandot,' who could not enter into the humour of the masks. Schiller received an anonymous letter on the subject, which is a good specimen of the veneration for his genius, and the prevailing distaste for the particular work. The writer said,

"Never could I have believed that so trivial a production owed its existence to a Schiller! I am a great admirer of art, and as such I ask you what must be the tendency of such pieces, which remind us of the days of Punch and Judy? Cannot you find in history infinite matter for your creative genius, and for pieces of more serious purpose, that you must thus condescend to dish up old tales for the delight of the Schlegelianer, and to miseducate the people who have scarcely begun to think? In the name of a large portion of the public, in the name of sound reason, I respectfully entreat you to carry this attempt no further—for that it is no more than an attempt, I am convinced—but to give us pieces which are worthy of yourself and your age."

It has not transpired, we believe, who was the author of this letter; but whoever he might be, he evidently knew the secret of addressing Schiller effectively. If there were any character Schiller would have shunned rather than another, it would have been that of a caterer to the Schlegel school. The two brothers had at first been friendly to him, but the friendship had gradually changed to hostility. In a letter to Göthe, Schiller had stigmatised Friedrich Schlegel as "unknowing" (*unwissend*), for having falsely attributed a work to Göthe. By this word "unknowing" Schiller meant no more than to convey a notion of superficiality, want of judgment, or something of the sort, but it was just such a word as Augustus Schlegel could turn to his purpose. He wrote a severe epigram against Schiller, in which he asked him whether, while he called Friedrich Schlegel "unknowing," he called himself learned? Hoffmeister sneers at the epigram; but when we reflect that Schiller was by no means a learned man—that all he acquired was by a course of "cramming"—while the attainments of Friedrich Schlegel are beyond a doubt, we cannot help thinking that Augustus hit him on a tender point. To deify Göthe at the expense of Schiller was the aim of the Schlegels after the rupture; and from what we know of the laboriousness, and the earnest purpose of Schiller, we can easily see where he was placed by the *dictum* of the Schlegels, that unconscious production was necessary for a poet.

But to return to 'Turandot.' The anonymous letter was no isolated instance of the feeling of disapprobation; but the sentiments therein expressed were seconded by a letter from Iffland, then at the Berlin theatre. There it had been produced with the greatest care, and at an expense of 1500 dollars; but, though the young had shown greater satisfaction than the old, it did not generally please. Iffland said,

"I cannot speak in favour of the introduction of Italian masks. The German actors cannot represent them. Only the flexible Italian language, the life and being of the Italians, the jargon of their actors, which has in it a certain acknowledged comic melody, only the realm of masks, which is quite at home in Italy, can give these masks a living and piquant interest. I love art; I chose it from a passion for it; I consider and further its progress with attention, care, and order. We are by no means so far advanced with the German stage, that we can introduce anything, which, in the hands of actors and authors without genius, could make us retrograde. Can you blame me, that Schiller is more to me than Gozzi? Is not the wish natural, that we like to feel Schiller himself; not him to

whom he lends himself? Why should the genius who created for us the true, hearty, living musician Miller, and 'Wallenstein's Camp,' refuse us a comedy, a German comedy? Your works have so much feeling, besides the genius of a great man, that they address themselves to all humanity. This is not the case with many works of merit, where knowledge, learning, and the play of the understanding alone appeal to man, without ever grasping him."

In fixing upon the character of Miller in 'Cabal and Love,' and the 'Camp of Wallenstein,' as the signs of a comic talent in Schiller, Iffland was perfectly right. Schiller did not often display a tendency to comedy, but here there was something of that delineation of character in less serious collisions than those of tragedy, which comedy requires. Nevertheless, whatever might have been his capabilities, an original German comedy was never written by Schiller.

But if Schiller's Italian drollery did not suit the general public, his Greek earnestness nearly led him from the path of success. It was equally curious with many other changes which we have seen, to find the poet, who, in his youth, had in the rudest manner addressed himself to the sympathies of the most uncultivated audience, now attempting a tragedy with a chorus approaching the Greek style—we shall not pause here to consider its distance from the real antique—and holding forth in the preface to the 'Bride,' the advantage of this chorus in bringing a certain rest into the action. "For amid the most stormy passion," said Schiller, "the mind of the spectator should retain its freedom, should not be the prey of impressions, but, ever clear and serene, should distinguish itself from the emotions which it suffers." We have already seen how the destructive poet became the bard of order and social institutions; but that alteration is not more curious than the one we find here. The dramatist, who, some fourteen years before, endeavoured to carry along his audience by a stream of passion and declamation, now insists on a certain calmness, which is to be superior to every emotion. This antique form of drama was to have done great things. The introduction of the chorus was to have been a decisive step, the chorus to have been the "living wall," drawn by tragedy around itself, that it might be perfectly separated from the actual world, and preserve its own ideal soil. Schiller was soon obliged to drop from this high ideal position. The reception of the 'Bride of Messina' at Weimar was enthusiastic; but Iffland's letter from Berlin, although couched in terms of high approval, by the single expression, "It is not written for the multitude,"

which appears amid utterances of the most unbounded admiration, convinces us that he looked upon it neither as a 'Maria Stuart' nor as a 'Maid of Orleans.' Schiller, like many of the present day, had got a dramatic crotchet into his head. The stage was to be a Greek stage, and an adaptation of the *Edipus of Sophocles* was to be the crowning work of the high art. Without reluctance we insert the letter of Iffland to Schiller on this subject. There is something to us exceedingly beautiful in these letters of the actor Iffland to the poet Schiller. At the very commencement of the poet's career he had been his friend; he had lived in a constant admiration of his genius; he had felt increasing delight at his gaining fame; but he was not blinded. There is a practical wisdom most respectfully conveyed; a mild firmness in warning the poet from what he conceived to be a wrong path, and a warmth in exhorting him to a right one; which must have rendered his communications invaluable. On the subject of the '*Edipus*,' he wrote in his character of Berlin theatrical director as follows:

"'Tell' is the subject for me, not only as a tradesman, but from other motives. 'Ion,' 'Regulus,' 'Coriolanus,' are all proscribed: 'Eugenia' is adored by a small number: comedy is declining; and opera, unless it exhibits the land of magic, or has the intrinsic merit of the 'Water-carrier,' does not take. An opera of the latter kind is scarce, and one of the former kind rarely pays its expenses. The pieces in verse, which are not for the great multitude, take in studying more than twice the time required by another piece; and the actors, if they are to be effective, must be spared both before and afterwards. Here, however, we must act every day. Our receipts must amount to 120,000 dollars, and the court allows us only 5,400. Hence I cannot have all that I feel, but I must act as a merchant, without perceptibly impairing my nicer sense. As we did not lose by the 'Bride of Messina,' as this work will always remain in our repertory, I can speak the more freely of my situation. For a work which will tell with the great multitude I can double the remuneration: further I cannot go. If chance should direct your genius to a work of the internal and external effect of the 'Maid of Orleans,' the treasury would willingly allow eighty *Friedrichs d'or* for the sole use during three months. Here you have an honest, open statement, how I can combine your advantage with our own; and I am certain you will not mistake me, nor take the rugged truth ill, since if we avoid plainness in these matters, we are sure to fall into incomprehensibility. The Greek pieces are in quite a

peculiar case. Their high simplicity escapes empty skulls, and the name of these is legion. In other pieces the storm of passion carries them along, makes them agents themselves, and raises them against their will and knowledge. Pieces from Roman history shock from the severity of their moral, and the stiffness of the characters; and I actually turn pale when I find plebeians, senators, and centurions announced in the first sheet. Could not an historical drama be got from the German history at the time of the reformation? The affair with the Duke of Saxony after and before the battle of Mühlberg? Charles V., the wild Hesse, Cardinal Granvella, the elector's wife and children? In modern times the great Elector of Brandenburg is a dramatic subject."

By 'William Tell' the author returned to his old popularity. It was performed at Berlin in 1804, with such applause that it was repeated three times in a week. The good Iffland was enthusiastic in his delight. "What a work!" said he in a letter to Schiller. "What fullness, strength, and freshness! God preserve you. Amen."

'William Tell' was Schiller's last completed work: in less than a year after its production at Berlin he died. Though the disorder which caused his death had been working at his frame for years, it was not till the last that he seems to have entertained any thought of its approach. His plans were still as extensive as ever, and never had his mind been more active than since the production of 'Tell.' A scheme for a play on the subject of the French police, in which all the evils of modern cultivation were to be at once exhibited, and which would have been as singular in its way as the projected nautical drama, floated in his brain; the plot of the Russian tragedy 'Demetrius' was finished, and considerable progress had been made in it. As late as the 27th of March, 1805 (less than two years before his death), he wrote in a tone of great confidence to Göthe, that he expected to be no more distracted in writing his play. It seems to have been at an interval of comparative health, after the effects of a severe attack in consequence of a cold had subsided, that he renewed his labours with so strenuous an effort. On the 28th of April he was at the theatre for the last time, and this was the last day he saw Göthe. He was just setting out for the theatre when Göthe entered his chamber, having ventured out for the first time since his recovery from a dangerous illness. He would not detain Schiller from the theatre, and was not well enough to accompany him thither, so they parted at Schiller's door, never to meet again. On the 6th of May, Schiller seems first to have been broken. His words became unconnected, but

* By 'Eugenia' is meant Göthe's "natural daughter." The 'Ion' alluded to is A. W. Schlegel's.

he appeared to understand what was about him. The chivalric '*Contes de Tressan*' had always been one of his favourite books, and on this occasion he impatiently pushed aside an ephemeral publication of the day, and asked for legends of knights. Still he was active, and, as if still contemplating a wide field for exertion, he discoursed with his friends on subjects for tragedies; and their anxiety for his repose, not his own lassitude, caused him to desist. On this night he talked much in his sleep, uttering shortly before he woke the remarkable words, "Is that your hell—is that your heaven?" Then, it is recorded, he looked up, smiling, as if a consoling apparition had greeted him.

The circumstance that on the 8th he asked but little after his children, must have convinced all his friends that a great change had taken place. The only element of Schiller's character on which we have not touched, was his strong domestic feeling. His flight from Stuttgart had early separated him from his father's family, but he ever entertained for them the greatest affection. Letters are preserved, written by him to the home of his childhood, which are filled with expressions of the heartiest and most unrestrained feeling, and his mother on her deathbed spoke in the highest terms of his conduct as a son. Though he was considered one of the ornaments of Weimar court, the court life never suited him; he was glad to escape from the routine of ceremony, and many passages can be gathered from his works, showing an ardent longing after a retired country life. Occasionally irritable, he loved the home of his manhood, and he doted on his children. He is described as constantly sitting between two of his little ones at table, caressing them at every opportunity. Often was he found playing at "lion and dog," and, during this diversion, both he and the children ran about the room on all fours.

On the evening of the 8th he answered to a question on the state of his health,—"Calmer and calmer." He had the curtain opened and gazed on the sun with delight. In the night he recited whole passages from his '*Demetrius*,' and was heard invoking the Deity to save him from a lingering death. On the following morning his words were rambling, and, for the most part, Latin. A glass of champagne, which he took to revive his strength, was his last beverage. His eyes wandered over those present without any appearance of recognition. He attempted to call, it is supposed, for naphtha, but his last words died away in his throat; he even tried to write, but finished only three letters, in which, nevertheless, the character of his hand

was preserved. At three in the afternoon he became very weak; his breath failed him; his wife knelt at his bed, and afterwards said that she felt him press her hand. Her sister was placing warm pillows against his feet, when his features appeared as those of one who felt an electric shock. His head went back: his face assumed the most perfect calmness: his soul had departed.

It was six o'clock in the evening, on the 9th of May, 1805, and in the forty-sixth year of his age, that the author of the '*Robbers*' and '*William Tell*,' of '*Freethinking out of Passion*,' and of the '*Lay of the Bell*'—the disciple of the French *philosophes*, and the proselyte of Kant—the dramatist of the most uncouth reality, and of the most extreme ideality—the citizen of the French republic, and the noble of the German empire—the man who had fled almost in disgrace from an insignificant state, and had become the sole permanent idol of the whole vast German nation—in one word, FRIEDRICH SCHILLER was a corpse. The life of the man had been short, but it had been the life of a giant. His errors had been grand, and his truths had been sublime, and the history of literature scarcely produces a more majestic monument than the name of FRIEDRICH SCHILLER.

The deportment of Göthe on the death of Schiller was most affecting. We have learned that the two great luminaries of German literature were not friends, properly so called; but still, as we have also learned, unity of pursuit was such a substitute for the warmest friendship that the death of one left an irretrievable blank in the life of the other. The passage relating to Göthe we extract from Hoffmeister.

"Meyer was with Göthe on the night of Schiller's death. He was called out, when the news was brought, but he did not return to the chamber, and left without taking his leave. Nor had any one else greater courage to bring the intelligence to Göthe, who, when the members of his household appeared confused and anxiously avoided him, could in his solitude only expect the worst. 'I see how it is,' said he at last, 'Schiller must be very ill'; but he did not press for an explanation, which, indeed, he did not feel strong enough to bear, and during the rest of the evening he was particularly reserved. In the night he was heard weeping. On the next morning he asked a friend (a female): 'Is it not true,' he said, 'that Schiller was very ill yesterday?' Much overcome by the earnestness of his words, she was unable to answer him, but began to weep aloud. 'Is he dead?' asked Göthe, with firmness. 'You have said it,' replied the friend. 'He is dead!' repeated Göthe, and he covered his face with his hands. On the following day no one ventured to speak to him of Schiller, and he avoided a subject for which he had neither calmness nor power of endurance."

It was highly characteristic of Göthe that he would not see the dead body of Schiller. He considered that "death was a bad portrait-painter," and that it was better to preserve in the memory the animated features of a friend than the likeness of a distorted mask.

Mr. Carlyle has given a description of Schiller's funeral from Döring. The account given by Hoffmeister is so much fuller, and the scene is so very impressive, that it is worth extracting.

"As the corpse was decaying fast, the burial did not take place on Sunday morning the 12th May, as had been designed, but on the Saturday night. 'It was a fine May night,' says Caroline von Wolzogen, 'and never did I hear the song of the nightingales so continuous and so full as then. Dark clouds floated along the moon-lit sky. Twelve young men of high rank took the precious burden from the ordinary bearers, and carried it to its last repose. It seems incredible that when the train left the house at one o'clock, only a single person followed it; all the scholars of the first class of the gymnasium preceded it. The silence was soon interrupted by the sound of a horse's hoof. The rider alighted, gave the animal to a servant, and enveloped in a dark mantle, followed the train at a distance. When the bier was set down before the grave, it is said the dark clouds were suddenly parted, and the moon burst forth in all its clear serenity and threw its light on the coffin, which was inscribed with Schiller's name. When this was let down into the grave the moon had again vanished behind the clouds. The stranger had, in the mean while, advanced sobbing, and wringing his hands: it was Schiller's brother-in-law, William von Wolzogen. He had received the bad news at Nuremberg, and had arrived at the right moment to pay his friend the last honours. On the Sunday afternoon the religious solemnities were performed in the *St. Jacobus Kirche*. Mozart's *Requiem* was played by the ducal orchestra, both before and after the oration, which was delivered by the general-superintendent Voigt. The children were in the church, and the laughter of the little Emily, during the oration, touched the hearts of all more than the words of the preacher."

The remains of Schiller were afterwards removed to the new churchyard at Weimar, where, between the two poets, are now laid the bones of their patron the duke.

It was in the midst of his activity that Schiller was snatched away. Fortune had just begun to turn in his favour, and there was a prospect of his enjoying that opulence which had been hitherto denied him. Had he lived, there is every probability that he would have produced new works which would have gained him additional laurels. But is the shortness of his life, therefore, to be regretted, when he had

already done so much in the drama, in lyrical poetry, in philosophy and history! On this subject there seems to be wisdom in the words of Göthe, with which we may conclude the present article.

"We may consider him happy, that from the pinnacle of human existence he ascended to the departed, that a short season of pain removed him from the living. The infirmities of age, the decline of his mental faculties, he did not feel. He lived as a man, and as a perfect man he departed from us. He now has the advantage of appearing in the eyes of posterity as one who is always in the fullness of his powers. For it is in the form in which man leaves the earth, that he wanders among the shades, and thus does Achilles remain present to us as an ever-striving youth. It is well for us that he departed soon. Even from his grave the breath of his might strengthens us, and excites in us the liveliest desire to continue with him that which he began. Thus, in that which he effected and willed, will he always live for his people and for mankind."

ART. II.—*Briefe aus Paris*. VON KARL GUTZKOW. (Letters from Paris. By CHARLES GUTZKOW). Leipzig. 1842.

WE must have made some mistake in our old estimation of the Germans, finding them as we do so much the reverse of all previous conception. The two qualities which we should have least thought of attributing to them, are certainly viracity and impertinence. Yet never did we see these developed to a greater degree than in the writings of recent German travellers, critics, and controversial writers. Prince Puckler Muskaw was a personification of both. But the prince, we learned, was doubly an exception: first, as a prince and a scapegrace; secondly, as a Prussian. For the air of the Spree was said to generate a certain self-conceit, unknown and foreign to the rest of the Germans. Nevertheless we find both developed to a very satisfactory pitch amongst the honest burghers of Hamburg, and in the clime of fat and cloudy Holstein. Of Heine it might be said, that the air of Paris had given sharpness to his wit, and half Frenchified the German. But here is another Hamburger, Gutzkow, a German all over, as utterly uninoculated with the ideas as with

the language of France, and yet he is as lively as a Frenchman of the last century, petulant as a child, and impertinent as Paul Pry: that is, if Paul Pry were to publish memoirs and tours. Herr Gutzkow enters every celebrated house in the French metropolis, at least those owned by men eminent in either politics or literature. And he sets forth to the public the entire conversation, manner, personal appearance, and habits, of every one of his receivers or his hosts. However reprehensible this, we are yet perhaps wrong to style it as impertinence in Gutzkow, who with all his wit is simple as a child, and tells all he saw and heard as innocently and naturally, as if it was a thing of course. And so perhaps it was. Parisian eminences are very apt to *poser*, or give sittings, to curious strangers, in order to allow the daguerreotypist or the moral portrait-painter to carry off what he can, and make the most of it. Gutzkow seems to have felt this. For he avows that amidst all the persons he saw and talked with, he penetrated but to one family circle during his residence in Paris.

It is not, however, a six weeks' tourist, no matter what his sagacity or his country, who can give fitting portraiture of the men holding first rank in France. It is necessary to have seen them in past and in present, and to have observed them in the very different positions into which the fortune of a few years has flung them.

In order to depict M. Guizot, for example, we must have seen, twenty, nay thirty years ago, the ardent young constitutionalist, full of that protestant hatred for Napoleon's régime, so universally felt in his native town of Nîmes: a feeling which nearly caused Napoleon himself to be stoned at Orgon on his journey to Elba. Ten years later, the same person should have remarked Guizot in the historical professor's chair of the Sorbonne, attended by a numerous but by a most attached band of hearers, to whom he expounded the mysteries of English history. We recollect him well. It was not the period of the historic mania, when Guizot grew more popular. At that time, in 1822, Cousin's vague philosophy and Villemain's shallow criticism drew crowds to their lectures, muddy-thoughted as were the one, empty-thoughted the other, whilst the really solid and useful information offered by Guizot was comparatively neglected. But the man was not to be put down either as a man of letters or statesman. He and his wife set to work, each writing a score of

books in a twelvemonth: and thus he kept his name fixed before the public eye for years. Perseverance and an imperturbable determination to occupy first place, have been and are the first characteristics of M. Guizot: a desire, not compounded of a wish for wealth or luxury, or the adjuncts of eminence; but a love of eminence for itself, for its activity, for its satisfying the cravings of a spirit, purely and naturally ambitious.

Our first glance at Guizot was when in his home at Nîmes, under a mother's brow: a mother, too, who had lost her husband on a revolutionary scaffold. That must have been a grave, a solemn, a religious home; whose gayest pastime was severe study; whose every feeling partook somewhat of the depth of devotion.

About a day's journey from Nîmes, in the same region of ardent and eloquent spirits, a youth ten years younger than Guizot was at school. Even at that time the strongest antagonism, though unknown one to the other, existed between the feelings of both. Young Guizot's ideas were those of protestant and constitutional liberalism, such as the *Feuillans* had preached and fallen with in the great revolution. Thiers was bred in quite another school. Like a majority of his college, he was liberal in a revolutionary and Napoleonite sense; that is, more urgent on the transformation of France from monarchism and aristocracy to pure democracy, than caring either how this was to be effected, or what was to be the result. Each rose with the tide that suited him: Guizot with that of 1814 and 1815, Thiers with the swell which preceded and produced 1830. Guizot, a young universalist, was placed by the Abbé de Montesquieu in the office of the French *Chancellerie*, or Ministry of Justice, in which he must have seen and done dirty work, such as the preparation of categories of exile and proscription, and edicts of censorship. Yet a liberal might have thought these necessary, against the scum of imperialists and jacobins united. Whatever M. Guizot thought, however, his employers intended the despotic reaction not merely against ultra-liberals, but against the whole class even of constitutionalists. When Guizot saw this, he withdrew from politics—indeed his protestantism became itself a bar to his advancement.—and took refuge in his professorial chair. By this he raised himself to an eminence more certain and less dangerous than that which the Chamber of Deputies bestowed in

those days. The ecclesiastical minister of public instruction now stopped his lectures ; on which Guizot joined the writing of political pamphlets to the graver task of historic editing. Attached to the party of the Doctrinaires, to that of Royer Collard and Camille Jordan, Guizot rose with his party, and with it was on the point of coming into power and place under M. de Martignac, when Charles the Tenth madly flung himself, in horror of a moderate ministry, into the arms of Polignac, and with Polignac into exile. The day after the revolution Guizot was Minister.

What a cabinet was that ! It was composed of thirteen or fourteen persons, not one of whom had ever acted with the other, and all most opposed in habits, temper, and political ideas. Imagine Count Molé and M. Lafitte, Dupont de l'Eure and the Duc de Broglie, sitting together in council ! Lafitte and Dupont talked as if they were in a conciliabule of opposition, and the Duc de Broglie politely told them, that they had no idea of how a Government was to be carried on. All were in a panic, Louis Philippe himself included. But each had his own object of terror, and each set about combating his phantom, caring little for his neighbours. Louis Philippe and M. Guizot agreed in dreading the potentates and powers of Europe, from whom they expected an immediate onslaught : but each prepared for resistance in his own way. Louis Philippe took an honest and respected legitimist, the Duc de Mortemart ; bamboozled him by saying, that he would merely keep the throne warm for the Duke of Bourdeaux ; and sent him to deliver this message to the Czar of Russia in order to keep him quiet. This tremendous lie had its effect ; but neither the Duc de Mortemart, nor the Czar of Russia, ever forgave Louis Philippe. M. Guizot, on his part, thought the best mode of resistance was to excite revolution. He gathered together the emigrant Spaniards, gave them money, directions, and ordered Mina into Spain. Similar manœuvres were put in practice on the side of Belgium. M. Guizot during this was minister of public instruction : Count Molé was the foreign minister. But when Molé saw that the king, and M. Guizot, and M. de Talleyrand, and ten others, were more foreign minister than himself, he resigned.

Had Gutzkow visited Paris then, in 1830, he would have seen her heroes in new lights : not standing in composed or graceful attitudes for his portraiture, but making, most of them, very uncouth strug-

gles for pre-eminence. Gutzkow might at that time, on any evening of the week, have presented himself at the antechamber of the Palais Royal or the Tuileries, had himself announced, and have joined the royal and ministerial circle (in which all Paris joined) without difficulty or impediment. M. Guizot he might have found at the office of public instruction, then in the Rue des Saints Pères, in close confabulation with conspirators, such as Mina and Toreno, and as anxious to revolutionize his neighbours, as he is now to pacify them. Then was the Duchess of Broglie's the great rendezvous of the Doctrinaires. The Duke himself, small, orderly, and amiable gentleman as he was, was still excited by the revolutionary movement. And no one will ever forget the memorable scene, which occurred some months later, in which the little duke, obstinate and choleric, fairly bullied Louis Philippe into a recognition of Isabella of Spain, and packed off Mignet to Madrid with it, as soon as he had wrung it from the king. Cousin, Remusat, Count St. Aulaire, and all the Globists, were the great men of the Duc de Broglie's circle : Cousin, an excellent talker, and one who, extravagant all his life, chose at that moment to be original, by preserving calmness and common sense when every one else was getting rid of them. But this was the Aristocracy of the revolution.

Thiers belonged to quite another group. For many years the little man had been, as is said, "pulling his Satanic Majesty by the tail," and clinging to such poor creatures as Etienne and Felix Bodin for employment and patronage. His History, however, and some financial pamphlets written for Lafitte, had raised his head above water. And some folks, jealous of the exclusive pedantry of the Doctrinaires, enabled Thiers, with Mignet and Carrel, to set up the *National*. Here was another scene, wherein Thiers ought to have been visited. Fussy, breathless, despotic, no one could have had to do with a more uncomfortable editor than Thiers. As to Mignet, he made no resistance, took the articles to do that were given him, and was more devoted to keeping his hair in curl-papers, than to becoming First Consul. Carrel alone bullied Thiers from time to time. And yet three abler men, nor more united, never perhaps presided over the editing of a great political organ. During the revolution the *Globe* expired : the boat of the Doctrinaires could not live in such a sea. The *National* lived on and

mainly aided the carrying through of the revolution. Thiers became Under Secretary of State.

There was at that time a man in much greater estimation than either Guizot or Thiers, although, like Thiers, he had not yet reached the Chamber of Deputies. This was Odillon Barrot. If Thiers and Guizot are men of the south, small in stature and in form, bright of eye, mercurial and quick, Odillon Barrot is a true son of the north, fair, full, and florid, with an eye that might as well be out of the head as in it, for all the expression it gives. His character suited his physique, being slow, pompous, inflated, soft, and wavering, but honest of purpose, and frank in expression. Barrot's face does not belie the O that begins his name. It is a potato face, with far more of the Irishman than the Frenchman. But it is the Irishman tamed down to the Frenchman, with but a small portion of that mingled impudence and humour, which form the Irish character. M. Barrot had another Irish quality, that of getting up a row, as July testified. Unfortunately, after the row had become a revolution, he became Prefect of the Seine, and he was quite unskilled in putting down or calming a row. When Barrot was Prefect, the Archbishop's palace was plundered, and St. Germain l'Auxerrois, the parish church of the Louvre, gutted by the mob. The new King of the French thought this to be too *débonnaire* on the part of a Prefect, and he dismissed Monsieur Barrot. Thus Barrot had put himself, or allowed himself to be put, the day after the revolution, in a post where he came in contact with a mob, and in which he was at once called upon to tolerate or to repress its violence: a dangerous alternative. Thiers laughed at Barrot's simplicity, and declaring that he would have nothing to do with politics for the present, ensconced himself in the figures and accounts of the Under Secretaryship of Finance.

A better contrast to Barrot than either Thiers or Guizot, is M. Berryer, an atrabilious, black-muzzled personage, with a sinister likeness to Mr. John Wilson Croker; but a gay, jovial, round-stomached fellow, with a pate as bald as Barrot. We can fancy to ourselves both of them singing in a monastic choir, with good bass voices, both doing honour to the vocal and physical powers of the fraternity. But Barrot's voice is like the sound emitted by the wooden horn of the mountain cantons, whilst Berryer's has the sharpness and force of the bugle. Berryer is considered

the most powerful actor, but there is no sincerity in his tone as there is in Barrot's. Even Berryer's warmth is factitious; it is that of the lawyer or the trading politician. Whereas Barrot's, though full of pretension, is honest, and if his eloquence does not proceed from the heart, it has at least a great deal to do with the conscience.

We are not old enough to recollect Fox, but Barrot, of all the French Chamber, ought most to resemble him. There is no one to liken to Pitt, academic and argumentative. For Guizot's eloquence holds the medium of that spoken from the protestant pulpit and the professor's chair, full of solemnity and of emphasis, but those of the preacher, not the statesman. One always expects to hear him say, *Mes Frères*. Where Guizot is happiest, is in reply. For when he commences and pours forth a premeditated speech, he is too doctrinal, too mystic, too remote from the reality of things. Whereas, in reply, he is forced to be personal, pointed, logical; whilst his appeal to his own good intentions from the exaggerated attacks of his enemies, is in general at once plausible and touching.

As to Thiers, his eloquence is unlike anything that ever existed, or was ever imagined. Fancy a bronze statuette, gifted with the power of motion and the power of speech. If cracked, so much the better: the tingling sounds which it may be supposed to emit, will only be the truer. His features are as unmoved, as much bronze as those of the statuette. Danton could make a Thiers in three hours—if any one else would but find the organs, the senses, and the intellect. The first time this statuette gets up to speak, or to squeak, there is a universal desire to put him down with a universal laugh. But the little Punch is not to be put down. He fixes his spectacles (his eyes not being visible) upon his audience. He addresses them in a *how d'ye do* vein of eloquence, and soon captivates their attention just as if he had taken each person present by the button-hole. There is no warmth, no apostrophe, no rhetoric, no figure of speech, no bathos, no pathos, but a wonderful tumbling forth of ideas, as if they came from a *cornucopia*, and that without any effort, any aim at originality, any desire to excite surprise. It is sensible and cold eloquence of most unassuming and irresistible superiority. In his own home, and from one of his own arm-chairs, it is the same, except that he blends the genuine French *esprit* with his natural quiet oratory. In a word, Thiers is the most wonderful man in Europe.

After Thiers, the most powerful speaker in the French Chamber is, in our opinion, Dupin. He effects by violence and energy what Thiers does by insinuation. Very coarse, with the voice, gesture, and aspect of a peasant, no one can *faire vibrer le fibre national*, like Dupin. He seldom speaks: never unless when provoked or excited. And he is never either provoked or excited except by the absurdities or extravagances of either extreme. When the priestly or the ultra-Tory party have gone too far in severity or illegality or unconstitutionalism, and when the liberal opposition attack in vain on such a point, Dupin starts up to the aid of the latter, and gives court and minister so keen and ironical a castigation, that the tenants of the ministerial benches shrink into them. When, on the other hand, the Left fondles some remarkable absurdity, and cries at the top of its lungs against some trifle, which it represents as the very destruction of all freedom and of the French name, Dupin rises to chastise his liberal neighbours (for he sits near them), and to declare, that liberal as he thinks himself, he has no idea of going the length of such absurdity as that. As a social man, Dupin is delightful amongst his liberal comrades of the bar, full of fun, and of good sense. He is sadly ignorant of the more solid elements of policy. Political economy is his horror; and capitalists, fond as he is himself of money, are objects of his avowed aversion.

Lamartine has forced himself into eminence as an orator; we say forced himself, for there was great reluctance to listen to a poet talking politics. Lamartine, however, had been a diplomatist before he became a poet, and his notions of foreign policy are far less crude than those of his colleagues in general. Lamartine has the honour of having foreseen and foretold the treaty of July and the breach with England, full eighteen months before they took place. In a memorable speech, he pointed out the quarrel into which both countries were blindly flinging themselves, and vainly begged of his countrymen to stop. The speech was then laughed at as the most absurd of prophecies. He had afterwards the greater honour of standing almost alone in his opposition to the Fortification of Paris.

Mauguin is as good an orator as any man can be who wants common sense, and another common quality generally cited with it. Tocqueville has utterly failed both as a speaker and politician. Sauzet

is whipped cream. Villemain is a remarkable and indeed the last surviving specimen, of the mode of thinking and speaking of the last century. His French is classic, his style epigrammatic, his tone ironical, and his arguments veiled Voltairianism. Cousin is an awkward schoolboy, who has purloined some eloquence and mysticism from German philosophers. But we have already come to the second-rate men, and may close the series of sketches into which we have digressed.

We return to the opinions of Gutzkow. What he says respecting Louis Philippe is too remarkable to be passed over in silence.

"No correct view has been taken of Louis Philippe," says Herr Gutzkow. "He is depicted as a sincere and reserved personage, following up fixed aims with the utmost prudence and management. He is considered as half Louis the Eleventh, half Cromwell. The nice balance and varying fortunes of political parties is all considered the work of his political cleverness. There is not a word of truth in all this. Louis Philippe is the most talkative, unquiet, uncertain person in all France. The King of the French is good-natured, well-informed, sharp-sighted, but without any real power or firm will. The ever fermenting anxiety of his heart vents itself in words. To talk is his first necessity. France has been ruled by such ignorant monarchs, that it is its present honour to have for king a man of extensive knowledge, reading, and observation. Louis Philippe fascinates those presented to him: speaks English to English, German to German. No books, no names, no ideas, have escaped his observation. He reads all, even to scientific and statistical ones, and is better acquainted with the rising talent of the country than his minister. He can converse with every one on his own subject, and talks on without suffering rejoinder or interruption. Louis Philippe is not of the Talleyrand school, which considers speech as given to disguise thought. On the contrary, he thinks speech given in order to excite thought. He thinks aloud, and lives externally. He cannot bear to be alone, but seeks for applause and echo. Intellectual cultivation, good-nature, and indiscretion are so mixed up in him, that one does not know which predominates. But far from being reserved, he is open; far from being silent, he is talkative; and far from being independent, he leans upon every one for support."

In order to escape the charge of impertinence, this contradiction of every preconceived opinion ought to have been written by some intimate of his French Majesty, and not by a young foreign traveller, who spends a month in Paris, and never sets his foot at court. Gutzkow is, however, not all wrong. He has heard people talk, who evidently knew Louis

Philippe well. But he has jumbled up and exaggerated their remarks and information into a mass of incongruities that no one could recognize as King of the French. That personage is indeed talkative, especially to those on whom he wants to impress any idea, and from whom he knows that he has none to get. But when Gutzkow says that he is a man of great observation, but cannot listen, he talks nonsense. There was a time when Louis Philippe was all ear, and no tongue, and that was when he was Duke of Orleans. He has little left to learn now in men or in things, except what his secret spies and correspondence tell him. And therefore he talks.

Gutzkow says that he is indiscreet, that he is not of the Talleyrand school, that he betrays his sentiments, and so forth. It is merely evident from this that Herr Gutzkow is an honest Hamburger, whose worldly sagacity, as Ruge says of him, must have been developed in the raw cotton of that trading city. Louis Philippe indiscreet! Louis Philippe betray his sentiments! God help the simple German! Another month spent in Paris would have convinced him that truth and indiscretion were qualities quite unknown in the political latitude which he pretends to describe.

But still Herr Gutzkow has his fraction of truth. Louis Philippe is talkative, and loves to dominate with the tongue. Moreover the king is unquiet. He is restless, always revolving some scheme. And the great complaint that his ministers have of him is, that he will not let well alone. But his activity seldom ascends to the higher region of politics: being generally the anxiety of a good father of a family to better his condition, increase his estate, and swell his purse. Heaven help the Intendant of his Civil List! none but a man so patient and devoted as he that now holds it, could stand the worry of that office. Appanage, dotations, forests to cut or to buy, the marriage of his children—all family points make the king as active as if he had just made the family fortune in trade, and as if he had to found and regulate the future prospects and honours of the family for centuries. Such is the restlessness of the King of the French.

Another quality that Gutzkow attributes to him, is want of independence and a leaning on others' opinions. This is altogether a mistake. One characteristic of his will suffice to prove it. And this is, that Louis Philippe never made friend or intimate of a man of talent. He detested

Perier, he detests De Broglie, Thiers, Guizot, every one that could pretend to impose an opinion on him. His favourites are such men as Montalivet: men incapable of either having systems of their own, or of even divining the king's. No: Louis Philippe mentally never leaned upon any one. And he has had most able men as cabinet ministers, as ministers of foreign affairs, for years, who do not yet know what exactly were his aims or his wishes. So much for the indiscretion of his Majesty, Louis Philippe.

It is difficult to say whether Gutzkow was more stricken with M. Thiers or George Sand. He called on the latter personage in the evening, at her lodgings in the Rue Pigale, and was received in a little room ten feet square, called the *Little Chapel*. The "nearer the church," says the proverb.

There was little or no light; Madame Sand and her daughter in that light; and two gentlemen altogether in the background and in silence, which they preserved. Madame Sand complained of being engaged in law, divers people menacing her with *contrainte par corps*, unless she wrote them a novel. They talked of the drama. Gutzkow said they had as much dramatic talent in Germany, but not such accomplished specialties. The German added, that he had been to a French tragedy once, but never should go again. George Sand admitted that French tragedy was antiquated, and all its present writers, except Scribe, commonplace.

"Here," says Gutzkow, "she left her work, and lit a cigarette, in which there was more paper than tobacco, and more coquetterie than emancipation of the female sex. 'Who is my translator into German?' asked she. 'Fanny Tarnow,' I said. 'I suppose she leaves out the immoral passages?' said Madame Sand, with irony. I did not reply, but looked at her daughter, who held down her head. A pause ensued of a second, but there was a great deal in that second."

So much for George Sand and "Young Germany." We will now collect what he says of Thiers.

"It surprised me much to find that Thiers did not owe his rise either to fortune or to his own genius, but merely to his talent for speaking. The external physiognomy of the chamber evinces lightness and superficiality. I could not at first believe that this betokened true; but Thiers himself told me that the surest mode of ruling the chamber was to amuse it, and that what members dreaded most was *ennui*. This is the secret of Thiers's eloquence: he amuses. It

is not the fiery power of eloquence, nor the genius of the statesman, that have thrust Thiers up into his palace of the Place St. Georges. It is his talent, which in France is ever more fortunate than genius. Thiers receives every evening. Mignet is always there. Madame Dosne and her daughter do the honours. Whether Thiers got from his historic studies the trick of imitating Napoleon or not, I do not know; but there is certainly a resemblance in figure and manner. Thiers's is a Corsican nature. The form of the head and chin are Napoleonite, as are the sharp eyes and thin grey hairs. Small of stature, Thiers must look up to every one he addresses, and so he likes to throw himself back in an arm-chair, and address those who gather round him. He has no ministerial solemnity, but remains natural and good-natured in manner."

The argument turned on languages. Gutzkow mentioned the unfitness of the German for either political eloquence or history. "It will become fit for both," said Thiers, "as soon as Germany has free political institutions. Machiavel and De Thou have both historical styles, and would have had in any language simply because they were statesmen." Gutzkow here instanced Justus Moeser, as a German who had a genuine historical style. "You have been but a short time in Germany," said Gutzkow to Thiers. "I only wanted to visit the celebrated battle-fields," was the reply.

"Ay, thought I, it is these thoughts that made you set Europe in commotion, and stir up the French to revenge 1815, and Moscow, and Leipzig, and Waterloo. And I added aloud to Thiers, 'What we, Germans, could not do for ourselves—what neither our princes nor our chambers could effect—that you have done for us. You have awakened the Germans to political unity.'"

Thiers replied to Gutzkow, that he respected the independence of the Germans. "Napoleon's wars were forced on him from within and from without. Neither of these necessities pressed now. All that France wanted was to be independent and influential, and neither Russia nor England were prepared to allow her the due quantum of both. There was the Turkish empire dying, and when it went, France must have her finger in the pie as well as Russia and England. If Prussia held to Russia in that crisis, and Austria to England, then France was their enemy, and would turn the world upside down." Upon this, Gutzkow says, he immediately assured M. Thiers,

"That the present movement of the Germans was more national than liberal. We want unity,

and will have it. We want not to quarrel with England or with Russia, but we want to do without any alliance. Prussia and Austria must make good, what the thirty years' war and the seven years' war broke up. Prussia and Austria separated in Ratisbon, but must come together in Frankfort. Let them unite, and we want neither Russia nor England. And your Napoleons had better don the civic mantle than the military riding-coat. The French would then have neither need nor excuse to cry out, 'Let us set the world upside down.'"

Gutzkow, however, is much more at home with poets, critics, and dramatists, than with politicians. And he has sketched his French brethren of the pen with equal freedom: from George Sand in her chapel twelve feet square, to Jules Janin, in his splendid garret overlooking the Luxembourg, making love to his wife. The German has crayoned all. He is like the *Enfant Terrible* of the caricature: speaking out all he sees and knows and guesses, with infantine malice, and trundling his hoop against the shins of all his acquaintance. We are glad he did not visit England, for this representative of Young Germany has a monstrous love of sunshine and summer, of the gay, the pleasurable, and the social. Now in England an idle visitor does not find these easily; and a few weeks on the banks of the Thames is apt to send the solitary wanderer back with aversion and disgust to us insulars. Thus Henry Heine, the other day, went to enjoy sea-breezes and study English character at Boulogne. He found a gay, proud set of demi-fashionables, who had never heard of Henry Heine, who took him in consequence for a commonplace personage without livery servants, and coach and pair, and treated him *de haut en bas*. Poor Henry Heine was so susceptible and so indignant at all this, that he has become a decided foe to England and her inhabitants! He is a writer for the *Augsburg Gazette*, and therein has just published the most violent diatribes against our grasping, haughty, mercantile, intolerant, and abominable spirit. In short, he joins the French cry of *Delenda est Carthago*, setting us down for Carthage. For these reasons we sincerely hope, that Young Germany may stay away from us, till he acquires less susceptibility, with more years, sense, and discretion.

Gutzkow is very severe upon Rachel, but seems to have taken his opinions respecting her solely from Janin. He bitterly complains of her never laughing. No one is human or has a heart, says Gutzkow, who does not laugh or betray feeling

by a smile. The tragedian might reply, that the parts of Corneille's and Racine's heroines are no laughing matter. But the German critic calls the French actress (in our opinion a woman of decided genius), stiff, made of pale bronze, without feminine softness, passion, or *orgemuth*. He goes further than Janin taught him, however. For he extends this sweeping censure to the French in general.

He asks, how is it, that there are so few children in the streets of Paris? The population of French towns, he says, consists of full-grown persons, whereas in Germany half the population consists of children. The explanation of this does not improve the French in the German estimation: it being, that French, and especially Parisian women, universally pack off their children to nurse, and often to starve and perish. This is the habit, not merely of the higher, but of the middle and poorer classes. Gutzkow attributes it to a want of heart: but the real cause is, that French women take as much part in the business of life, especially of retail trade, as men; and consequently have not time to devote exclusively to a mother's task.

But French character, habits, and eminent men in letters and politics, form an ample field, not to be comprised in a tour or a book, nor exhausted in an article. Herr Gutzkow has, but sketched superficialities, and we have followed his bee-like flutter through the Parisian world: bee-like, indeed, for while he culled sweets, he has left stings. When we meet with a more profound or more conscientious tourist, we shall be glad ourselves to return more seriously to the subject.

Since this was written, we have received, to place by the side of the German Gutzkow, another description of Paris, by a combination of one of the liveliest pens and the best pencil in it.* And the best pencil has done its duty well. Lami's sketches are admirable: as they were no doubt intended, the chief attraction of the work. We cannot say as much of M. Janin's prose: written in the character of an American: though a greater contrast to Jonathan than Jules Janin could not well be found. We dare say that in its original French his descriptive work was lively and interesting, and well-written. But most certainly in its translation it is dull, commonplace, awkward, and altogether il-

legible. Nor do we blame the translator; for Jules Janin's quips and cranks are completely untranslatable. And though certainly knowing Paris intimately, Janin knows no tongue or train of ideas at all capable of translation into sober English. Even his anecdotes are stale, his points flat, and the moral of his tale, if he has one, is sure to evaporate and disappear before it has been told. M. Janin had heard, no doubt, of English humour, and thought it necessary to write humorously for the British public. But the attempt is ludicrous, not humorous. Thus he begins by talking of that *rascal*, Sterne, and thinks the word most happily applied.

In order not to seem a Frenchman, Janin falls to abusing *café au lait*: maligning one of the best things in Paris, whilst he falls on his knees in adoration of some of the worst. After puffing the west hotels and the west *restaurants*, adulating everything fine and courtly, M. Janin visits the Chamber of Deputies, and bursts into a pægyric of M. Berryer, not undeserved. He also dwells on Dupin, by no means ill depicting him.

The account of Louis Philippe is not uninteresting, as it gives plain facts and circumstances, however small. It dwells on his majesty's horror of tobacco and love of wax-lights. It might have dwelt on his love of English comforts, and on the quarrel between him and the old Bourbons on the subject of certain matters of domestic convenience. Neither Louis XVIII. nor Charles X. would admit of any vulgar innovations of building into the royal palaces; whilst Louis Philippe would inhabit no palace on the old system, refusing to enter the Tuileries till arranged with comforts and innovations. This is considered by the old court one of Louis Philippe's revolutionary crimes.

Where Jules Janin is most at home, however, is behind and before the scenes of a theatre. He is the sublimely impertinent of dramatic criticism, and rules over the *coulisses* with a despotism that makes even poor Rachel tremble. The best portion of his book is his account of Scribe, the great comic writer. This we shall at once transfer to our page.

"Just before reaching the Porte St. Denis, is the Gymnase Dramatique; a delightful little theatre, which M. Scribe and the Duchesse de Berri raised between them. In this small enclosure are performed comedies which represent the slightest accidents of every-day life. When M. Scribe, the greatest amuser of the age, commenced this undertaking, there seemed no scope for comedy anywhere. Molière, like a sovereign

* The American in Paris. By Jules Janin. Illustrated by Eugene Lami. London. 1848.

master, had taken possession of all the great characters; he had worked the whole of humanity for his own benefit; there was not a vice nor an absurdity which had not been submitted to the censure and the rod of this illustrious genius.

"After him others had arisen: Lachaussée, for example, who had made comedy weep; Beaumarchais, who had taken it on to political ground; Marivaux, the comic poet of the ruelles and the boudoirs: these passed—Comedy had become silent, like all the rest. Inventors were contented with imitating masters. The Emperor Napoleon did not encourage this method of speaking to the crowd, and of saying very often, by means of a representation, severe truths, which the audience alone discovers, and which escape all the sagacity of the censors. Then came M. Scribe. He had all the wit and invention necessary for the new enterprise; he at once understood that he could not carry his comedy back into former times, and yet that he could not leave it among the people. He therefore chose an intermediate world, a neutral ground, the Chaussée d'Antin, and finance; for, after all, everybody stands a chance of becoming as rich as M. Rothschild. The marquis of ancient date and the grocer of despised family may make their fortunes in twenty-four hours, so that each could say, while beholding this new dominion of comedy, 'I shall perhaps enter there some day!' Placed on this rich territory, of which he was the Christopher Columbus, M. Scribe gave himself up at his ease to this paradox, which has suited his purpose admirably. The simple secret of his success has consisted in taking exactly the opposite of the comedies written before him. There was a comedy of Voltaire's, called 'Nanine.' This Nanine, a girl of no birth, marries a great lord, and is happy. M. Scribe takes in hand the defence of the opposite opinion, and writes the *Mariage de Raison*, to prove that the son of a general would be very foolish to marry the daughter of a soldier. In the *Premières Amours*, M. Scribe ridicules all the fine, sweet sentiments of youth, with which so many pretty comedies have been composed. The *Demoiselle à marier* is never so charming, as when she has no thought of marriage. *Le plus beau Jour de la Vie* is full of torments and miseries. And it is always thus. When he has a comedy to write, this original man takes up the side of long-established truth. In case of need, he would undertake to defend, not the *Misanthrope*, which Fabre d'Eglantine has done before him, but even the *Tartuffe*. Thanks to this ingenious subversion of the action, the story, and the persons of his comedy, M. Scribe has discovered the art of making his audience attentive. And as, besides, he writes quite simply, without knowing how to write; as his dialogues are full of ordinary genius; as, with all his wit, he is not more witty than the rest of the world; the most complete success has attended this happy man. He has at once attained that popularity which is least contested and least contestable in France; he has been, at the same time, celebrated and rich. The Duchesse de Berri adopted him as her poet, and the Gymnase, sustained by clever comedians, made expressly for this comedy, finished by replacing the Théâtre Français. The success of M. Scribe

lasted as long as the Révolution. But the Revolution of July came: immediately the Théâtre de Madame was nothing more than the Gymnase Dramatique. The box in which the amiable princess so often appeared, that royal box into which it was a great honour to be admitted, was empty. Then M. Scribe, faithless as the bird whose nest is destroyed, fled elsewhere. The Théâtre Français, which he had so roughly opposed, eagerly opened its doors to the Caldéron of 1830. Then M. Scribe composed vaudevilles in five acts, and without couplets, which the Théâtre Français calls comedies. At the same time the Opera and the Opera Comique secured the illustrious inventor: Meyerbeer and Auber would have no poetry but his: to the former he gave *Robert le Diable*, to the latter the *Domino Noir*. As for the Gymnase, when it found itself left to its own strength, it dispensed most easily with its poet. The spirit of the masters had remained everywhere, within the walls, and on the outside of the walls. Bouffé, that excellent comedian, who had never been in the school of Scribe, set himself seriously to work, to play comedies which were almost serious. Thus every one went on: the Gymnase without M. Scribe,—M. Scribe without the Gymnase: only, as it is not right that everything should succeed with ungrateful men, M. Scribe was obliged to enter the French Academy, where he pronounced a discourse in M. de Bouffon's style. Thus was her Royal Highness the Duchesse de Berri avenged! Assuredly M. Scribe would not be in the Academy, if his first protectress was not at Gortitz."

And here we have done with Jules Janin. It is all very well to employ foreign writers to draw up histories of their own country, to sketch the state of politics, of letters, of the arts. But merely to give a view of the exterior appearance and sights of Paris, or any foreign capital, with sketches of its society,—for this any English writer would have been much preferable. For not only has M. Janin been unable to discern round his own home what is commonplace and what is not; but he has written in a current and capricious style which defies translation, and which, however good in French, is downright trash in English. And a letterpress thus disgraces, instead of explaining or illustrating, the very beautiful prints which accompany it. We have never seen a happier specimen than in this book, of French design expressed by the English graver.

ART. III.—1. *Geschichte der Philosophie*. Von Dr. HEINRICH RITTER. Hamburg. 1838-42.

2. *A Life of Socrates*. By Dr. G. WIGGERS. (Sokrates, als Mensch, als Bürger,

- und als Philosoph). With SCHLEIERMACHER's Essay on the Worth of Socrates as a Philosopher: translated by THIRLWALL. London. 1840.
3. *Cours de Philosophie*. Par V. COUSIN. Paris. 1840-41.
 4. *Ἀριστοφάνους Νεφέλαι*: (The Clouds of Aristophanes). With Notes Critical and Explanatory. By T. MITCHELL, A.M. London.
 5. *History of the Literature of Ancient Greece*. By K. O. MUELLER. Published by the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge Society. London. 1840.*
 6. *A History of Greece*. By the RIGHT REV. C. THIRLWALL, D.D., Lord Bishop of St. David's. 4th volume. London.

THE 'Life of Socrates,' by Wiggers, one of those learned and industrious Germans whose labour in the right direction cleared a way for the Schleiermachers and Ritters, is more remarkable for its sensible exposure of error in the older accounts, than for any novel or striking addition of its own to the fact or the philosophy of the subject. In the latter respect it is immeasurably inferior to the 'Essay' by Schleiermacher, though this would probably never have been written, if the other had not appeared. The more original views in the 'Life' are those of the accusation and trial; its amusing passages, the description of the method in which the Sophists were assailed; and its commonplace, the writer's inability to discover in Socrates more than a mere moral teacher. We have a great respect for the classical acquirements of our countryman, Mr. Mitchell: and for a somewhat rare and certainly very lively mode of expressing the fruits of his learning, we can forgive the quizzible suggestions he offers now and then, and the air of trifling he delights to assume. But in the matter of Socrates, though we believe him well-disposed to have done justice, he has been obviously misled by an overruling admiration of the philosopher's great assailant. Thus we find him in this edition of the 'Clouds'—a book which with all its defects should be in the hands of every student and lover of Aristophanes—gravely reproducing old traditions of the fanaticism and imposture of Pythagoras, that with these he may connect Socrates as their disciple and reviver, and Aristophanes as their justly indignant, though perhaps too passionate de-

nunciator. In our first paper on Greek Philosophers, this injustice of confounding Pythagoras with the later followers of his school, was pointed out; and it will come within our present purpose, while we attempt to exhibit the Sophists of Athens in their double relation to the Eleatic School, from which they rose, and to Socrates, by whom they fell, to indicate what there really is of connection, according to our safest grounds of conjecture, between the Sages of Samos and of Athens.

The Eleatic philosophy (so called because it first made itself known in Elea, a department of the province of Lower Italy), must undoubtedly be considered a branch of the Italian or Pythagorean system. It had its origin in an early resentment of the tendency of the Ionians, which we have observed to be too manifest, to restrict their inquiries to the sensible. It found its first great teacher in XENOPHANES, a native of Colophon: who maintained, as afterwards the school he founded, that the source of all truth was something independent of, and superior to, sense. This was the opposite extreme, but with indisputable tendency to good; as the influence we have seen it in later times exert even upon the philosophers of Ionia, would of itself demonstrate. As Thales saw gods in all things, Xenophanes saw all things in God. That the Deity should change, or be alterable; that anything could come into being, or cease to be; he thought altogether impossible. He gazed upon the whole heaven, in the beautiful expression of Aristotle, and said that the One Being was the Deity.* That Deity he held to be all-wise, all-powerful, and existent from eternity; and as he believed it tantamount to the utter denial of his being, to say that with him existence could have any beginning, so he assailed with the utmost vehemence the doctrine of plurality of gods: because, if there are many, he felt, no one can be all-powerful and all-perfect; others would be as good, as powerful: and He would be quite unable to accomplish what he might wish or design to do.†

* εἰς τὸν ὅλον οὐρανὸν ἀποβλέψας τὸ ἓν εἶναι φησὶ τὸν Θεόν.

† It is much to be regretted that the text of the particular treatise of Aristotle in which the most important references to Xenophanes are found, should be in too corrupt a state to suffer us to determine with sufficient accuracy what is at all times intended in those allusions. But it is at least certain that they point to great distinctions between Xenophanes and the later philosophers of his school. An Ionian by birth, and, there is reason to think, partial to the Ionian system in his youth, it seems to have been the sudden influence of Pythagorism upon his mind, when in later years he found himself amidst the movements of that school in the

* A German edition of this work, from the manuscripts left by K. O. Müller, has been (1842) published at Breslau, by Dr. E. Müller. *Geschichte der Griechischen Literatur bis auf das Zeitalter Alexanders*.

This philosopher, the great original of all the Idealism and Pantheism* the world has known, disregarding the examples of prose dissertation introduced by Pherecydes and Anaximander, delivered in regular verse his thoughts upon the nature of things. He found it best agree with that elevation and enthusiasm of soul in which his philosophy originated; but found at the same time so much that offended his purer thoughts in the popular verses of his day, that in him, curiously enough, we behold the first manifestation of the hostility between philosophers and poets which existed to such an extent in Plato's time. The lines

There's but one God alone, the greatest of gods
and of mortals:

Neither in body to mankind resembling, neither in
ideas:

Without trouble he ruleth the all, by reason and
insight,

still remain among the verses which embodied his system; and which, from his twenty-fifth to his ninety-second year, he sang at public festivals, and, it is asserted, even in the streets for livelihood. He was the first who daringly assailed the deities of Homer and Hesiod. The Ionian School, which filled the universe with gods, left room and verge enough for the popular mythology; Pythagoras had not deigned, save to the initiated, to reveal his contempt of Jove, while, in public, for wise reasons, he still bowed at his altars; but Xenophanes went from place to place in Lower Italy, and openly sang destruction to the inmates of Olympus.

In lines which expressed his contempt for all who would give to a god the form or the attributes of man, the wise and subtle insight of his mind was remarkably apparent. These deify, he would have said, their own weaknesses and passions. It was simply from the desire common to all, to consider those like themselves as the best of all (a principle which governs the world to this day, dis-

persing its favour to its like and its hatred to its unlike), that, according to Xenophanes, had arisen the flat noses and the black hue of the Ethiopian gods, the blue eyes and ruddy complexion of the Thracian. And so, could the old philosopher have pierced the centuries which separated his ill-rewarded beggary from the splendid triumphs of Aristophanes, he would have seen the Birds of that great wit throw up into the sky their wondrous city of Cloudcuckoo-ville, and, shutting out the old gods so far from Olympus that even the odour of sacrifices might not reach them, appoint new deities with the propensities of an aviary, and clothe them with feathers, wings, and beaks.

With all his subtlety, however, it is hardly necessary to say that Xenophanes failed to harmonize his system with the actual phenomena around him. The only genuine knowledge he could master was limited (certainly a grand limitation) to an idea of god-head as eternal and unchanging existence; immutable and everlasting; all spirit, all mind. "Wherever I might direct my thoughts," he said, "they always returned to the one and unchanging Being: everything, however I examined it, resolved itself into the self-same nature." It does not appear, from the imperfect fragments that remain of him, that he at any time successfully reconciled, even to himself, the multiplicity and manifold transformations of external objects, with the unity and unalterable identity of that Deity of his, who, though all mind, was still one with the world. What we did not need so much, survives; the complaint of the poor philosopher:

Certainly no mortal yet knew, and ne'er shall there
be one

Knowing well both the gods, and the All whose nature
we treat of;

For when, by chance, he at times may utter the true
and the perfect,

He wists not, unconscious: for error* is spread over
all things!

Be it yet remembered to his honour, that it was in the continuous struggle he made towards truth through all this mist of error, that the fine old creator of the Eleatic philosophy seems certainly to have entered first upon that sublime field of speculation on the

colonies of Lower Italy, which produced in him the remarkable change from which we date the Eleatic manner. His own system, as taught by himself, is to the last characterized by Aristotle as an undecided system, in which theism and pantheism are found co-existing, but in which the secret predominance of the Pythagorean element may be always traced.

* This surely cannot be doubted, though Victor Cousin, in his paper on 'Xenophane, Fondateur de l'Ecole d'Elée,' is justly indignant with Sextus, Theodoret, Origen and others, for the manner in which they have charged a gross pantheism and scepticism on this pure-minded and lofty reasoner; and is tempted into distinctions, perhaps somewhat too strongly stated, between the founder and the followers of the Eleatic School.

* The Greek word is *doxos* (poet. for *doxois*)—*doxos* *o'hai* *o'hai* *o'hai*—the more strict translation of which would be, that Opinion reigns over All. It is upon this verse—plucked from its context—that a kind of universal scepticism has been most unfairly attributed to Xenophanes. The translation in the text is Mr. Morrison's, to which we have before directed attention.

faculties of the human mind, which is opened by the distinction between the reason and the senses. It may be glory and reward enough for all his disinterested labours, that he was the originator of the system of reasoning which was afterwards carried so far by the thinkers of Elea, and that from him the art of dialectics,* the science of investigation into pure being, must at least date its recognized beginning. When these continual generations in nature were perseveringly objected to him, in proof that the universe was not one sole being, and that it might contain something mutable since it did actually change; Xenophanes at last, to clear himself of the objection, excepted altogether against the evidence of the senses: urged that they deceived men: said that it was not true that any generations in nature happened: in a word, denied the reality of external objects, and explained their various aspects as but false appearances.

The distinction was yet more strongly urged by his successor, PARMENIDES, born in Elea; who expressly grounded his whole system upon it: setting out, not from the notion of Deity, but from that of Being: and establishing, with greater logical consistency and definiteness of idea than his master, the Pantheistic doctrine of one god comprehending all things. For while, on the one hand, he went certainly so far as to deny the reality of time, of space, and of motion; he admitted on the other that there might be so much of a real foundation for the appearances of nature as to render them not unworthy of attention. To bring the opinions founded on external perceptions into closer agreement with the knowledge of pure intellect, is an object apparent in all that remains of his writing. It is recorded of him, that he constructed even a peculiar physical theory to explain those appearances; which had its origin, no doubt, in his strong and universally admitted bias towards the doctrines of Pythagoras. He is said to have visited Athens in his old age, and to have talked to the son of Sophroniscus the stonemason, then a mere boy.

His most famous disciple was EMPEDOCLES of Agrigentum, in whose doctrines so much of the Pythagorean manner re-appeared, that by some he is supposed to have belonged to that society. It has been more accurately suggested by Tennemann and Bishop Thirlwall that he may probably be looked upon as the first author of an Eclectic system. It is certain that with many of the high moral and

ethical notions of Pythagoras he combined the physical accomplishments of the Ionian School, and brought nearer to completion that dialectic or logical part of the Eleatic theory which we have referred chiefly to Parmenides. With him remains the distinction of having first treated systematically of optics: holding that light consisted of particles projected from luminous bodies, yet that vision was not performed without the assistance of a certain influence or emanation transmitted from the eye to the object. He described and explained the structure of the universe, and treated with much ingenuity, of the nature of the earth's surface and its productions. His doctrine that mountains and rocks had been raised by subterranean fire, was an anticipation of the theory of elevation established by recent geologists; and it would almost seem, from his descriptions of the rude and grotesque forms of the earliest animals, that he had been actually acquainted with the fossil remains of extinct races.

What we can ascertain from existing fragments and descriptions of the theory of existence held by this philosopher, is not to be set forth in our space with any kind of distinctness. The power of Love in the arrangement of the world is, however, the great and prominent part of the theory; and if the close-barred Eleatic prison had not still shut in Empedocles against every effort of escape, he might have passed by an easy flight into some of the loftiest reasonings of Plato. In his views of human knowledge, he rejected the testimony of sense, and held that pure intellect alone could arrive at a knowledge of the truth. Thus he distinguished between the world as presented to our senses,* and its type the intellectual world.†

Empedocles was a statesman, as well as poet and sage. He reformed the constitution of Agrigentum; abolished the oligarchical council of the Thousand; and exacted enthusiastic regard from his Dorian fellow-countrymen, by his improvements in the physical condition of large tracts of the land. Some beautiful coins of Selinus are extant still, to show how he destroyed the pestiferous exhalations of the marshes about the place, by carrying two small streams through the swampy grounds and thus draining off the water. The title of wind-averters‡ was also given to him, because he had blocked up some narrow valleys in such a way as to screen a town from the noxious winds that blew into it: and it is the opinion of Quintilian that he was the first person who properly cultivated oratory.

* This word is here employed in a more limited sense than that in which it will hereafter be used by Plato; before whose time the ancients generally did not make a distinction between Logic and Dialectics.

* κόσμος αἰσθητός.

† κόσμος νοητός.

‡ μολυσσάντες.

It only remains to be said of him, before we return to the more direct line of Eleatic philosophers from whom he is in some sort a digression, that he combined religion and a very severe ascetic system of life with his philosophy; that he was not only a poet and statesman, but a most skilful practitioner of the art of medicine; and that his influence with his disciples, by the various profundity of his knowledge and the supposed miracles it placed within his reach, assumed a character of religious awe. They believed him, on his own assertion, to be a god, and that he could not die as ordinary men, but would simply cease to be seen upon the earth; which delusion the better to encourage, he flung himself, when on the eve of death, into the crater of Mount Etna. If that were so, the less credulous found an apt method of revenging themselves on his memory, by discovering his brazen slipper, one day, near the crater's mouth. But the only credible part of the story is, that, in insisting on the divinity and immortality of the soul, Empedocles became exposed to the assertion of having claimed them as peculiar qualities for himself.

The immediate followers of Parmenides were Zeno, another pupil, and also a friend and fellow-citizen, who afterwards bravely perished, for freedom's sake, in resisting the petty tyrant of Elea: Melissus of Samos, a man of great military talents as well, who commanded a victorious fleet against the Athenians: Empedocles, already described; and, finally, the men in whom the Eleatic philosophy ended, and a more masterly though more dangerous system arose, Leucippus and Democritus.

The danger had become obvious, even in the three first named. No one has been found to question the sincerity of these men, or their unaffected desire after truth; but the mode of reasoning in which they had become involved, while it induced them to spend almost the whole of their dialectic subtlety in opposing the mere dogmas of other philosophers, or in combating the opinions of the vulgar, had a manifest tendency to involve them in sophistical paradoxes, and prepare the way for an ultimate triumph to sophistry itself. Yet in speaking of MELISSUS, who argued that there was neither vacuum nor motion in the universe; that there was no such thing as production or decay; and that all change was simple illusion: it is right to add, that Cudworth has suggested a strictly metaphysical meaning to his use of the term motion, which would in that case merely imply that there was no such thing in motion as passing from entity to non-entity, and the reverse; and would no doubt supersede much

objection to his theory, understood in its more obvious and physical sense.* Melissus wrote in excellent Ionian prose, and it has been supposed by Müller (in the admirable history which the Useful Knowledge Society had the honour of giving to the world) that his aim was less to claim distinction for himself as a philosophic originator, than to give greater perspicuity and order to the arguments which Parmenides had veiled in poetic shapes. But if this was so, he became informed by his task with profounder views, and gave them forth with greater boldness. ZENO has been subject to severer judgment than Melissus; but no less is it due to him, who was the first author of the form of philosophic dialogue,† and the first known teacher of logic, to say that his sophisms were not of that kind which constitute the mere sophist: having never lost sight of what was worthy and honourable in the motives and objects of the Eleatic School; but still having sought to limit the claims of the senses, and subordinate them to the pure reason.‡

But of a far different character from these were the sophisms of LEUCIPPUS and DEMOCRITUS, which, springing directly out of the Eleatic School, darted at once into the opposite extreme. Having described some of the opinions to which we have referred, Aristotle (in his Book de Generatione et Corruptione), has this remark: "Thus, proceeding in violation of sensation, and disregarding it, because, as they held, they must follow reason, some came to the conclusion that the universe was one, and infinite and at rest. As it appeared, however, that, though this ought to be by reason, it would go near to madness to hold

* And in reference to all these Eleatic modes of reasoning, the reader will perhaps allow us to repeat the caution before submitted to him.—*For. Quar. Review*, No. 59.

† This rests on the authority of Diog. Laert. whose expression is rather loose. "They say that Zeno of Elea was the first who wrote Dialogues." But Aristotle's phrase, "the answering and questioning Zeno," is confirmatory. He must share the invention, however, with others; if a passage quoted by Athenæus from Aristotle's 'Treatise on Poets,' is taken for granted. "We cannot deny the name of discourses and imitations to the mimes of Sophron and to the dialogues of Alexamenus of Teos, which were the first written of the Socratic dialogues." These have perished: but Sophron's Mimes is the book, of which, according to Quintilian, Plato had a copy under his pillow when he died.

‡ The reader is referred to a paper on 'Zénoa d'Elée,' in the *Nouveaux Fragments Philosophiques* of Victor Cousin; in which, while Parmenides seems to be considered as the legislator for the school of which Xenophanes was founder, Zeno is claimed as its soldier, hero, and martyr. But quite independent of his place in philosophy, there is something deeply interesting in the noble death of this most practical teacher of logic.

such opinions as to the fact (for no one was ever so mad as to think fire and ice to be one), Leucippus and Democritus pursued a line of reasoning which was in accordance with sensation, and which was not irreconcilable with the production and decay, the motion and multitude of things."

In despair, that is, of reconciling reason and the senses by any modification of the Eleatic method, Democritus (we substitute the name of the perfecter, for that of the originator, of these opinions) went a little more closely into the real constitution of the physical world: carried his inquiries into the mechanical properties of bodies: and ended in the famous doctrine of material atoms, having within themselves a principle of motion, to the various meeting and combination of which, he held that all natural bodies owed their existence. The world, he said, consisted of a collection of simple particles of one kind of matter, and of indivisible smallness (hence the name of atom), and by the various configurations and motions of these, all kinds of matter and all material phenomena were produced. And so came forth into palpable shape the great Atomic Doctrine: the most definite, as on a former occasion we remarked, of all the physical doctrines of the ancients applied to actual phenomena; as some balance to its evil qualities, the suggester, through a long series of ages, of a habit of really physical observation and inquiry; and the subject of respectful disquisition by Lord Bacon.*

We cannot enter into any detail of the opinions of Democritus, but that he scattered great and remarkable truths abroad, in his endeavours to prop up a hopeless scheme, it would be most unjust to deny. He introduced into his theory the hypothesis of images:† a species of emanation from external objects: which made, he said, an impression on our senses; from the influence of which he deduced sensation,‡ and thought;§ and by means of which he distinguished between a rude, imperfect, and therefore false conception, and a true one.

With less success, on the same principle, he attempted to account for the popular notions of Deity. They partly arose, he said, from the incapacity of men to understand the phenomena of which they were witnesses, and partly from the impressions they received from certain beings—images of an enormous stature—which inhabit the air, and to which he attributed the causes of divination, and

what were called dreams. No one has doubted that, among all the ancients, Democritus was remarkable for having made the most frequent use of experimental inquiry as the basis of his reasonings. The invention of the arch has even been attributed to him: and he certainly first started the sublime speculation, which the telescope has confirmed, that the milky way is formed by clusters of minute stars. Connecting also with the discoveries of Leucippus some secrets he had mastered from the school of Pythagoras, many passages of his argument upon atoms (applying to them that mystical virtue of numbers which seems, as remarked in our last paper, to express something very like the combination of matter in definite proportions) approach to anticipation of the modern atomic theory. Kepler had obligations to him: and Descartes might have owed to some hints for his grand mechanical principle that bodies in a circular motion remove from the centre as much as possible. Democritus held, among many strange visions of a doctrine of gravitation, that the atoms would all have long since united in the centre of the universe, if the universe were not infinite, so as to have no centre.

But it was only natural that many advantages should have attended the pursuit of a system which, whatever other results it led to, did not look for the principles of bodies, or their power of acting, among numbers, proportions, harmonies, ideas, qualities, or elementary forms: but went to the bodies themselves, and examined their physical and mechanical states; their motion, figure, position of parts, smallness, magnitude, and the like: and from these, so far rightly and solidly, estimated the virtues of each, defined their actions, and explained their effects. It was not till the early Greek atomists were betrayed into untenable positions by their ignorance of the affinities of various kinds of matter, and their imperfect acquaintance with the art of investigating scientific truth—placing mind as a material substance among their atoms, and subjecting it to the same law of necessity—that one absurdity carried them to another, and finally wrecked them in universal doubt.

Democritus, with all those extraordinary powers of his, most readily acknowledged by his most formidable opponents (Democritus seems to me above all others to have been industrious in the pursuit of wisdom,* says

* Parmenidis et Telesii et præcipue Democriti philosophia.

† εἰδωλα.

‡ αἰσθησις.

§ νόησις.

* οὗτος δὲ Δημόκριτος εὖτοι μὲν περὶ ἀνθρώπων φροντισαί. His written works were very numerous. Among them, Diogenes Laertius mentions five on ethics; twenty-four on physics; seven on music; the same number on such arts and sciences as painting and agriculture; eleven on mathematics; and on mis-

Aristotle), found himself stranded at last on that inhospitable shore. His laughter—for he treated all things, and especially the ignorance of his good fellow-citizens of Abdera, as gaily as he could—had been as profitless as the tears of Heraclitus. All unity in the objects of science, all certainty, had vanished from his grasp; and, originally the disciple of a school which had seen all the world in God, he found himself without a God or a world to believe in, and hopeless of the immortality of the soul. His rich and practised intellect alone remained, wherewith to build retreat and protection for the moral sense: and though, like Hobbes in latter times, he made virtue and vice depend mainly upon human institutions, and the laws framed to restrain mutual injuries, his morality was in general sound and unexceptionable. It consisted for the most part in an inculcation of the necessity of self-respect to a man. He ought not to practise injustice, because its attendants are fear and uneasy recollections; he ought not to give way to intemperance or bodily pleasure, because satiety, oppression, and pain, are sure to follow; he should be calm and self-possessed, because violent emotions disturb and injure the soul. A cheerfulness of temper* was the great thing to be sought after: his own habits of quiet laughter at the follies of men passed into a proverb: and so true to these notions did he continue to the last, that when his death was announced to be inevitable, he protracted life for three days by the most desperate expedients, with no other hope or interest than to gratify his sister, who, had he died when he first seemed likely to die, would have been prevented from attending a festival of Ceres. Men thought the more of that kind of faith, when he announced it in connection with the results of his philosophy. Tranquillity and cheerfulness of mind he would thus have proffered as, from his experience, the great end of life; and forbearance and moderation, as the root of wisdom: for to be troubled with the vain and agitating hope that anything of final truth existed, or was, by man at least, discoverable, he had found of all things the most foolish and the least profitable.

A doctrine that might, perhaps, be held by such a man; so restrained by intellect, so ac-

customed to the guidance of aims that were not unworthy of it, so steadily inspired by the semblances of that truth of whose reality he too easily despaired: but a doctrine that could not pass out of such keeping without many dangers. It is to Democritus, accordingly, that we owe the first great master of the school of wisdom-mongers, who are known in Greek history by the name of SOPHISTS, and who, while Archelaus was in vain endeavouring to reconcile the methods of the Ionian system with the great views Anaxagoras had opened, appeared suddenly in Athens, and, to all who would purchase their lessons, offered a new philosophy.

As Democritus walked through the streets of Abdera, he had seen a faggot-maker tying up his bundles with surprising dexterity. He noticed him; sent for him to his house; gave him lessons; and out of the first inventor of a porter's knot,* gave the world its first great master in the knotty intricacies of language. PROTAGORAS of Abdera is the acknowledged chief of the Sophists, who found in Athens—by this time the centre of intellectual activity in Greece—an apt market for those wares of the mind, which, like any other goods, they first put up to sale.

This peculiarity is the mark we find them most emphatically distinguished by, in the ancient writings. One does not abstractedly see anything so very censurable in the circumstance of philosophy asking, like any other power or exertion of the mind, for pecuniary recompense: To the poet, the painter, the sculptor, Athenians did not think of denying that reward. But long Greek usage had associated philosophic inquiry with a more elevated and disinterested feeling. All the old philosophers had been poor: some of them, originally of great wealth, had sacrificed what they possessed before the altar of their pursuit, to free it from the reproach of any possible connection with the sordid or the worldly. The sum of what they asked or desired was the means of existence. This we have seen Anaxagoras solicit from Pericles: Xenophanes from the colonists of Elea. Therefore, when Philosophy, abandoning this poverty and seclusion, suddenly appeared in gorgeous garb in the streets of Athens, offering to communicate all she knew for a certain price, and in language which fascinated every listener, the wiser and more reflective minds became not unreasonably alarmed. They saw how subordinate all her diviner

cellaneous subjects, nine. Of these, however, Suidas has gone so far as to reject all but two: the treatises *μέγας διάκονος* and *περί φύσεως κόσμου*: an evident exaggeration, as Schleiermacher and others have shown. The style of Democritus is a frequent subject of praise with Cicero and Lord Bacon. Both dwell with fondness on its poetical character; its pomp and ornaments; the rich elegance of its expressions.

* *εὐθυμία*. . . *εὐθυμία*.

* The word is *τὸλῆ*; and may be so translated. Ritter would invalidate the whole anecdote on a question of time, if his own chronology were less open to dispute.

objects would become, to the mere means of attracting pupils, and the art of retaining them. And already had the announcement gone forth in the streets of Athens, to herald the arrival of Protagoras, that with him, for a proper compensation, might be acquired that species of knowledge, which was able to confound right and wrong, and make the worse appear the better reason.

But while allowance is thus made for the extreme severity of tone adopted against the Sophists by their hostile contemporaries on that point of payment (nothing can exceed the contempt of Plato's huckstering phrases in the Protagoras and Theætetus, afterwards adopted with no less bitterness by Aristotle), it seems doubtful if they have been in all respects quite fairly used. It is certain that they did not appear in Athens without having been in a manner called for: and equally so, that the worst evil they committed had in it a tendency to good. What we have brought into view, in this and in our former paper, of the course of the old philosophies, enables us rightly to discern this. The failure of the political plans of the Pythagoreans, had for a time involved in a common ruin every part of their design: the Eleatics had found it impossible to reconcile their view of the system of nature with their theory of the reason, and in an attempt to establish a worthy idea of God as the one only that truly is, had seen the truth of all production itself fade away before them: the Ionians had brought their physical inquiries into the unalterable phenomena of the universe, to that threshold of moral investigation which their system could not pass: and the general result was vague, impracticable, unsatisfactory. On the other hand, and in striking contrast, the condition of mind in Athens had become more than ever lively, restless, and inquisitive: the simple course of education under which the conquerors of Marathon and Salamis were reared, had lost its charm for the wealthy or ambitious youth that followed them: the sudden aggrandizement and settled glory of the city as the head of the confederates against Persia, consequent on the repulse of the Persian invaders, had brought in its train the luxuries and indulgences of unaccustomed peace: and the splendid administration of Pericles, while it opened day-dreams of like personal glory to almost every youth, had tended to familiarize all Athens with what had hitherto passed in silence beneath the lonely roofs of the old philosophers; attracting to the streets of the city even some of the more celebrated of the philosophers themselves, who were too glad to escape from the oppressed states of Asia Minor, to think much

of the old sneer of 'meteorosophy' so long cast in their teeth by these supercilious Athenians. Finding things thus—Veneration for old customs broken; settled modes of thinking disturbed by the very presence of 'physiologers' from Ionia; ancient beliefs neighboured with vague speculations; bodily leisure from military exercises leaving the more excitement for the mind; everything manifestly tending to new and more ambitious directions of thought, and nothing of practical application appearing for its government or guidance—should we feel surprise at the sudden effort of the Sophists, or at the extraordinary welcome it received?

We bring you Knowledge, they said: concerning which great mistakes have hitherto been made. We can answer you upon every question, and in any manner that you please. For us, nothing is too high by its abstrusiveness, nothing is too mean by its lowness: we can satisfy you alike in all things. A ticket for a lecture will be fifty drachmæ: the price is high: but in one lecture an impression shall be made; in two it shall be plainly visible; and only attend us for some two months, and we will make you, no matter what your age or your capacity, all that can be wished. We have reached at last all the great secrets, visible or invisible. Words—Words—these, O Athenians, are agencies that have never been understood till now. These are what shall make the same things appear to the same person at one time just, at another unjust: by these we can show them to you at once like and unlike; one and many; in a state of quietude or a state of motion. Oh, noble and ambitious youth of Athens, would you really understand the mystery of the Great, the Many-headed, Beast;† would you really rise to power on the back of the populace of the city: we will teach you what are his temper and his lusts, and what the mode of making yourselves their master. How to approach him and to stroke him down: what shall make him difficult, what easy, of access: how to discriminate between the sounds that he himself is used to utter, and those which in others are likely to soothe or to exasperate him: all this is among our lessons. Vain any attempted discrimination of the passions of that animal; vain any effort to separate the honourable and good and just, from the base and bad and unjust. These distinctions are idle. We cannot lay claim to them ourselves; from others we shall not expect them. Enough for us, that what he likes we shall call good, and what he dis-

* About two guineas.

† μέγα θέριον—πολυκέφαλον θέριον.

likes, evil. Shall we say that what satisfies the necessities of nature is not just and honourable? Who shall undertake to discover an essential difference between what is good in itself and good according to nature? What is justice, O Athenians? It is nothing but the interest of the strongest. What existence have honour and virtue, but in the opinions and habits of men? * Might makes right, always: the property of the weak belongs at all times to the strong; what is the greatest of blessings but to commit wrong with impunity? what the greatest of evils, but an inability to revenge injuries received? Who would care for justice, did not such as are in a capacity to hurt others, oblige them to care for it? What man that had power in his hands, and was in truth a man, would submit to such a convention? Let him, then, who would rightly understand all this, take lessons from us. With the eloquence we can teach, it asks only courage and political foresight to accomplish all things, unquestioned and unrestrained.

Inestimable hopes—amazing promises. The surprise should surely have been greater, if, in that state of Athens, eager and anxious crowds had not flocked around these wonder-workers. The rich man gave his fifties of drachmas at once; the man less well provided bargained for his twenties or thirties; he who lacked resources, drew upon his friends; he who had neither friends nor resources, "was sent to beg, to borrow, to steal, to do aught but lose the precious banquet of eloquence." All other fashionable struggles for a time gave way to it: dramatists on the stage, demagogues in the rostrum, pugilists in the arena, contenders in the courts: fighting cocks themselves were forgotten. The passion of it seized upon all: it affected the shrewdest and the silliest, the quidnunc and the clown: it gave occupation to the idler in the market, activity to the loungers at the baths, and from the guests at social feasts withdrew the attraction of more solid fare. "And no sooner," adds Plato, from whom these statements are derived, "does one of our young men get a

taste of it, than he feels delighted, as if he had discovered a treasure of wisdom. Carried away by a pleasure that amounts to madness, he finds a subject of dispute in everything that occurs. At one time, both sides of the subject are considered and reduced to one. At another, the subject is analyzed and split into parts. Himself becomes the principal victim of his own doubts and difficulties; his neighbour, whether junior, senior, or equal, no matter, is the next sufferer; he spares not father, nor mother, nor any one who will give him the loan of his ears; scarcely animals escape him, and much less his fellow-creatures."

In the mirth or the contempt with which we read this, it will become us to remember that it is derived from hostile report. No acknowledged writings of the Sophists, no admitted exposition of their doctrines, remain: what has been supposed to come nearest to them, is professedly an exaggeration, a caricature of their lectures. The leaders of the school, beside, are not to be confounded with the meaner tribe of teachers, though responsible for a system that gave equal eminence to quackery as to genius; and it is not well to involve in the same disgrace, the false purpose the first sophists set up, and the true power they prostituted to it. Even their most formidable adversary can say in his graver hours, "The race of Sophists I acknowledge for men of no common powers, and of eminent skill and experience in many and various kinds of knowledge; and these, too, not seldom fair and ornamental of our nature;" while to this language of Plato is to be added other and unquestioned evidence of the attainments of Protagoras and Gorgias, who have no inconsiderable claims to be called the authors of the best prose style of the period: its correctness attributable to the first, its flowing beauty to the last. But fertile imagination, rich and copious eloquence, extraordinary persuasiveness of manner, and command of illustration the most elegant and profound, from the lightest sallies of the poets to the gravest efforts of philosophy, are on all hands conceded to these men, and to their principal followers. Most needful is it also to be noted, that in the system of education which prevailed when they appeared, and to the destruction of which their efforts directly tended, there was little that could in any case have been much longer kept, or that was worth the keeping. It did its part in an earlier age, but the general mind in Athens had at last out-grown it. Something beyond an exercise of the memory, of the taste, of the bodily strength, was asked for: there was a

* The opinions we have embodied in that sentence, and the majority of those that follow, receive striking illustration in Plato's wise and grave dialogue of *Gorgias*. It is hardly possible to overrate their dangerous tendency and effect, upon the young impulsive and acquisitive Greek mind. In a less important composition, Plato amuses himself and his readers with a dramatic picture of the smaller craft of Sophists: in a supposed display of Euthydemus and Dionysodorus with a rival disputant. They who are best prepared for the exquisite fallacies so easily woven between words and things by the flexible texture of the Greek language, will best enjoy the humours of this latter dialogue.

want beyond that of a little grammar, or a little music, or the exercises of the gymnasium. "The Athenians," says Protagoras, in the dialogue named after him, "in placing their sons with teachers, enjoin care of the child's morals still more earnestly than of his learning; and the teachers make them read and commit to memory those passages of poets and other authors, by preference, which commend Virtue and reprove Vice. Music, also, is taught them, chiefly to soften the mind and accustom it to harmony, and order, and proportion; and they are delivered to the gymnast, that their bodies being likewise in good order, may be fitter to obey the commands of a well-ordered mind. When they leave school, the state requires them to learn its laws, and regulate their lives by them, as those who learn to write, follow the copy which is set to them by the writing-master." Truly, a simple, harmonious, harmless system: yet one which it is assuredly not the worst crime of the Sophists to have put a speedy end to. And by many admirable requisites, beyond a doubt, they were assisted in the task.

Protagoras communicated to Isocrates his marvellous accomplishments of oratory, and his own exercises in that art (now lost) are referred to by Cicero as in his time extremely valued. HIPPIAS of Elis was certainly a highly learned and variously accomplished man. Plato refers to his knowledge of physics and astronomy, and to his inquiries after genealogies (his remarkable list of the Olympic victors is often named by scholars), colonies, and general antiquities. PRODICUS of Ceos was also a man of superior attainments, and is recorded to have been fond of presenting lessons of morality to his scholars under an agreeable form, and to have even deduced a principle of religion from appearances of a beneficent intention in external nature. Indeed it is due to all three to say, that they did not refuse a certain degree of reality to virtue, though they took it away from truth. Thus far real, for example, they would make it: reducing it to a mere state or condition of the subject, they inculcated as virtue a set of impressions and feelings, the observance of which would render the subject more capable of active usefulness. It was from the Sicilian Sophists, headed by GORGIAS of Leontini (he was ambassador from that place to Athens), that the frank admission first came that their art had nothing whatever to do with virtue, and that their only aim or desire was to send forth apt rhetoricians.

What is still preserved of the more settled opinions or notions of these sophistical leaders, sufficiently bears out such distinctions between

them. Of Protagoras, the most famous doctrines were, that man is the measure of all truth: that is, that all things are only what they *appear* to the percipient mind: and that the mind itself is nothing but a series of sensations. As far as truth or falsehood were concerned, he held that there was no difference between our perceptions of external objects: so continual (and for this he quoted Heraclitus) the flux of all things, and so constant the change it wrought in the impressions and perceptions of men, that the individual, he contended, could know nothing beyond these ever-varying perceptions: from which it followed that every way of considering a subject had its opposite, that there was as much truth on the one side as on the other, and nothing could be supported in argument with any degree of certainty. It is almost needless to add that in the direct tendency of all the sophistical doctrines, the existence of the gods was brought in question; and that Protagoras and Gorgias, equally with the more vulgar herd of Sophists, inculcated practical atheism. The life of the gods was utterly disputed, with exhaustless laughter over the fictions of old mythology: or their entire indifference to, and non-interference with, human affairs, were pointed out: or, at the best or worst, they were shown to be powers that might be made—for an ox, a sheep, a trifle of incense, a few grains of salt—to connive at anything. Of Gorgias (whose long life, whatever its speculative errors, was an undeviating practice of temperance, cheerfulness, and many virtues) it was the opinion that nothing can be known or learnt. Carrying to the extreme the dialectic subtleties of the Eleatic School, he laid down his first position, that absolutely nothing subsisted: he then argued, second, that if anything did subsist, it could not be known: and third, that even if anything subsisted and could be known, it could not be expressed or communicated to others. To support the second of these positions he seems to have urged, that if being is conceivable, every conception must be an entity, and the non-being inconceivable; and in establishing the third, he is said to have pointed out that, as language was distinct from its object, it became difficult either to express perceptions accurately, or in any way adequately to convey them to others.

Now disapprove as we may the direct purpose of all this, we see that it implies a better tendency as well. These distinctions between conception and its object were much: it was much to discriminate between the word as the sign of thought, and thought itself: to turn from the external object to the internal sub-

ject, from the thing perceived to the percipient, from the world without to the mind within, could not but be a great gain: everything that awoke attention to the difference between the subject and the object of cognition, was a material point of advance in the science of mind: and in short, it is scarcely now disputed, by the best thinkers, that the influence of the Sophists, in rousing attention to the idea of human cognition and human science in general, gave great unconscious aid to the development of true philosophy. The method of their reasoning may have been rude, unfair, the parent of a thousand falsehoods; but at least it brought under examination, and with a view to practical use, the Forms of thought and instruction; and was thus preparing the way for a philosophy that should test thought, relatively both to its shape and its subject matter, by reference to a permanent idea of something higher and more certain. And thus did this very extremity of the philosophical disease suggest the medicine that was to work its cure. The blank that was left by Anaxagoras could not be unsupplied much longer. The human mind, taken away from that exclusive consideration of Things in which it had wellnigh forgotten itself altogether, could not now be excluded from the possession of the domain at the verge of whose vast territory Anaxagoras had placed it. And equally certain it was, that, whatever phase the purer system might assume, its results would not be limited to the silent studies of solitary abstract inquirers; but make themselves felt in the very centre of that alert activity of mind which the Sophists had aroused, and claim to be heard aloud even in the most common and crowded ways of public resort.

And this was what befell. While the Sophists increased alarmingly in number; while each day brought to Athens, from Ceos, or Leontium, or Elis, or Chios, or Byzantium, or Paros, or Agrigentum, some new and dazzling teacher; while their occasional public embassies from these states, the reward of the fascinating talents of the tribe, made of the eager and admiring Athenian youth a yet easier prey; while through the Agora, the Public walks, the Gymnasia, or the Porticoes, swept those professors and sellers of wisdom in sumptuous robes, and gorgeously followed by trains of noble youths:—there appeared in the most frequented streets of the city, a solitary, unattended man; of aspect the least inviting, and dress the meanest and most repulsive; who carried off eventually from the glittering train the curiosity and interest of Athens.

It might seem at first that a Silenus* had left his woods. The squab, big-bellied figure; the eyes so forward in the head as to justify their owner's boast that he could see at once before him and on either side; the nostrils large and swelling, the nose wide and flat, the lips thick, and the mouth projecting: this exterior received no advantage from a dress of the utmost meanness, and a contemptuous disregard of all the refinement of the time, to adoption of even the barefooted fashion of the elder days of Greece. Nor less startling was the contrast to this apparent humility, in the stern air, the lofty step, and the regard, if not absolutely fixed upon the heavens, yet expressive of a constant grandeur and elevated self-importance, which were to be noted in this extraordinary person. It was not unusual for the lively crowd of Athens to watch him on his way to a banquet, when, so suddenly and completely would some thought absorb his fancy, that on the spot where it first arrested him, he would stand in silent meditation, till they could not but laugh to think, as he again moved on, he would surely find the feasting finished.

It had once occurred to him, and that amidst the tumult of a camp, to have sunk into a reverie so deep and all-engrossing, that a whole day and night passed over him where he stood, and not till the sun had again arisen was he seen to direct his face towards it, to utter some words of prayer, and at length move away.† Nor, however these habits might be variously regarded as those of eccentricity or inspiration, did it admit of doubt that this was a man who had distinguished himself by such highest qualities of citizenship and courage as would have done honour to the best Greek day. This was he whose bravery and sense of duty at Potidæa had been the theme of universal admiration:‡ who.

* That indeed is the expression of Alcibiades (who compares him also to Marsyas the satyr) in Plato's Banquet.

† Aul. Gellius, Noct. Att. II. i.

‡ That Socrates had made himself famous at Potidæa before he was at all universally known as a teacher of philosophy, is certain. The assertion of Wiggers that he was "about thirty," when he commenced public teaching, has hardly a shadow of foundation. Even Delbrück is not borne out by all the authorities, in his more probable surmise that the sage had openly philosophized five or six years before Aristophanes brought him on the stage. At the latter period he was between forty and fifty years of age. At Potidæa he was about thirty-seven. His services at Delium date at the same year as the Comedy of the Clouds, and he must have been near to fifty when he distinguished himself in the expedition to Amphipolis. His noble discharge of his duties as a citizen took place in later years. An excellent account of the public conduct of Socrates, both as

was known to have preferred a life of poverty and limited wants to the acquisition of wealth or power by political ambition: the exclusive aim of whose existence he had himself proclaimed to be, the education of youth and the moral amelioration of his countrymen: and whose every action, then as in later days, was the practice of what he professed to teach. The solitary example in Greek history of a citizen who dared to oppose alike the unjust demands of the people and of the tyrants in the Athenian state, is afforded by SOCRATES, son of the statuary Sophroniscus and the midwife Phænarète. When the outrageous multitude forced from the Five Hundred their base condemnation of the eight generals, Socrates, deserted by the other forty-nine of the presiding Prytanes, withheld his sanction at the hazard of life: when the Thirty issued their iniquitous decree against Leon of Salamis, Socrates, deserted by the four colleagues appointed with him by the tyrants, singly refused to execute it, and defied their power. The Athenians might better understand, by help of practical illustrations of that nature, what kind of new philosophy this new and strange philosopher had come to teach; and would listen with less impatience to a doctrine unhappily never heard till then within their streets—that no outward violence* could make the truly virtuous man either criminal or unhappy.

Virtue—Duty. These were words so often on the lips of Socrates, that his name has been even exclusively connected with mere moral teaching. To Xenophon, in the first instance, the error is no doubt attributable: since it had best suited the purposes of that pupil, even if the larger view were within the grasp of his intellect, so to limit the sphere of his master's efforts. Purposes, indeed, not selfish, or designed to do wrong to the teacher's memory, since, whatever view is taken of the character of the statesman who turned against his country, it will be admitted that Xenophon's affection and allegiance to Socrates never failed.† It is only just to suppose that

the aristocratic soldier could imagine no better refutation of the calumnies still rife against his old friend, than to depict him as no dreaming mystic or presumptuous innovator, but a man of practical wisdom and moral energy: a resuscitation of the ancient sage: in attention to whose truths and maxims would be found the health, the wealth, and the wisdom of the better days of Greece.* For these qualities seem alone to have borne fruit to himself. In the firmness, the patience, the courage, in the presence of mind, the evenness and mildness of temper, which, far beyond his military talents, have immortalized the leader of the Retreat of the Ten Thou-

was able, even in the most difficult cases, without advice, to judge what was expedient and right. He was eminently qualified to assist others by his counsel, to penetrate into men's characters, to reprehend them for their vices, and to excite them to the practice of virtue. Having found all these excellences in Socrates, I have ever esteemed him the most virtuous and the happiest of men." This is the invariable tone of Xenophon.

* A circumstance which did not escape the all-grasping thought of Lord Bacon, when he sought to show the world that the study of philosophy was not without its use to every sphere of life, and that, in especial, habits of philosophic thought would not seldom assist in the development of practical heroism. In a series of papers whose object is to attempt some closer union that is commonly considered worth troubling ourselves about, between the familiar and the remote—between the active present and the quiet distant past—Lord Bacon's illustration will not be inappropriate. "This Xenophon was at that time very young, and never had seen the wars before; neither had any command in the army. He was present when Falinus came in message from the Great King to the Grecians, after that Cyrus was slain in the field, and they, a handful of men, left to themselves in the midst of the king's territories, cut off from their country by many navigable rivers, and many hundred miles. The message imported that they should deliver up their arms, and submit themselves to the king's mercy. To which message, before answer was made, divers of the army conferred familiarly with Falinus; and amongst the rest Xenophon happened to say, 'Why, Falinus, we have now but these two things left, our arms and our virtue; and if we yield up our arms, how shall we make use of our virtue?' Whereto Falinus, smiling on him, said, 'If I be not deceived, young gentleman, you are an Athenian, and I believe you study philosophy, and it is pretty that you say; but you are much abused if you think your virtue can withstand the king's power.' Here was the scorn: the wonder followed. Which was, that this young scholar or philosopher, after all the captains were murdered in parley, by treason, conducted those ten thousand foot through the heart of all the king's high countries from Babylon to Græcia, in safety, in despite of all the king's forces, to the astonishment of the world, and the encouragement of the Grecians in time succeeding to make invasion upon the kings of Persia: as was afterwards purposed by Jason the Thessalian, attempted by Agesilaus the Spartan, and achieved by Alexander the Macedonian—all upon the ground of the act of that young scholar."—*First Book of the Advancement of Learning.*

citizen and soldier, will be found in the *Life* by Wiggers, xlvii.—lviii.

* This was his guiding principle in life and death. It is beautifully embodied in what he said to Crito: "Would to God, O Crito, the people were capable to do the greatest of injuries! Were it so, they would also be capable of doing the greatest good. But neither the one nor the other is possible to me."

† "The man concerning whom I have written these *Memorabilia*," he says at the close of that work, "was so pious, that he undertook nothing without asking counsel of the gods; so just, that he never did the smallest injury to any one, but rendered essential services to many; so temperate, that he never preferred pleasure to virtue; and so wise, that he

sand,* we see this part of the practical philosophy of Socrates in action;† but in no incident in the life of Xenophon, and in no fragment of any of his writings, do we recognize

* "After the army had passed the river Teleboas, in Armenia, there fell much snow, and the troops lay miserably on the ground covered with it. But Xenophon arose naked, and taking an axe began to split wood, whereupon the others arose and did the like."

† It is striking to discern, throughout the *Memorabilia*, the direct personal reference which many of its maxims and precepts must have had to Xenophon himself; though the man of action, in his new habits of scholarly quiet and leisure, seems to have lost all consciousness of that. And well worth studying those maxims and instructions continue to be, by the most prudent and practical of men! They who find little else in which to sympathize with Socrates, may find it still profitable to sympathize with him here. "They who are treated with violence, hate, as though they were bereft of a right; they who are conciliated by persuasion, love, as though they were gratified with a favour: therefore it is not the part of those who study prudence to coerce by violence, but of those who have mere force without judgment to guide it." In the continual treatment of morals under a political aspect throughout this work, its intense Greek character, in reference both to Socrates and Xenophon, strikes the imagination forcibly; but it is impossible to exclude the reporter from some share in the manner of reporting many of its maxims, as where manly virtue is said to consist in being able and ready to injure an enemy, and to benefit a friend to the utmost. A Greek sentiment, no doubt; but more likely to have been Socratic as well, if the distinction of public enemy had limited its application. The alleged unhappy private life of Socrates, is supposed to have been in some sort brought about by his continued subordination of his social duties to what he held to be his most important duty in life; and there is a passage in Plato's *Republic*, where a woman is described to be ill-disposed towards her husband, because he refuses to take part in public affairs, and bestows but little attention on herself (8th Book, f. 459), which has been thought to have reference to Socrates and Xantippe; the latter of whom in that case, foiled both in ambition and affection, must be admitted to have had many excuses for a shrewishness which, after all, if the *Memorabilia* and Banquet of Xenophon are to be believed, generally wreaked itself on her child. In the *Phædon*, amidst all the pathos of the last hours of Socrates, one cannot but be struck with the careless manner of the sage to his weeping wife, as contrasted with his bearing towards his sorrowful disciples. The same tone is discoverable in the amusing answer he is represented giving to Antisthenes, in Xenophon's Banquet. "But," says Antisthenes, "what is the reason, Socrates, that, convinced as thou art of the capacity of the female sex for education, thou dost not educate Xantippe, for she is the worst woman of all that exist, nay, I believe of all that ever have existed, or ever will exist." "Because," Socrates replies, "I see that those who wish to become best skilled in horsemanship do not select the most obedient, but the most spirited horses; for they believe that after being enabled to bridle these, they will easily know how to manage others. Now, as it was my wish to converse and to live with men, I have married this woman, being firmly convinced, that, in case I should be able to endure her, I should be able to endure all others."

any presiding influence such as that of the author of a new and pure philosophical system, of the regenerator of the thought of Greece.

Nor, indeed, do the celebrated words of Cicero describe much more than such a practical teacher as this hero of the *Memorabilia*. In his *Tusculan Disputations*, it is said: "Numbers and motions, the beginning and end of things, were the subjects of the ancient philosophy, down to Socrates, who was a hearer of Archelaus, the disciple of Anaxagoras. These made diligent inquiry into the magnitude of the stars, their distances, courses, and all that relates to the heavens. But Socrates was the first who brought down philosophy from the heavens, placed it in cities, introduced it in families, and obliged it to examine into life and morals, good and evil." And all this was done by the son of Sophroniscus, there is no doubt; but also much more than this. Had his achievements been so limited, his fame and influence could not have been so vast. For already, though not in that most popular sense referred to by Cicero, philosophy had been busied with affairs of earth. Already, while Thales and his successors were investigating the nature of the elements and the properties of matter, had voices been heard to speak of the destinies of humanity and the duties of man. It was to regenerate and fulfil that wisdom of Pythagoras and his followers; it was to combine with it whatever fruit could yet be gathered in the schools of Ionia; it was to arrest the downward lapse of morals and of truth, and by the popular means in use to assail both, to set both upon a solid foundation; that Socrates, who but for all these influences would never himself have lived, became a teacher in Athens.

And with one grand and simple principle, in itself the germ of all his labours, he may be said to have opened his School. This was—that everything has a Rational End and Meaning: that in everything, whether relating to the universe or to man, there is the presence of Intelligence and Design. Armed with this, he shattered the pretences of the Sophists in every direction. Guided by this, he laid down the foundations of a philosophical system, which, variously cultivated by intellects as various, to this day governs the world. The first of his discoveries had been, that of his own nature. This he found in the divine reason, which he discerned to be its proper essence; while from the sense of deity present within himself, he gradually ascended to the discovery of a like power animating the universe, and became convinced that not man only, but the whole world, was under the rule of an intelligent superintendence. So, from

that sense of the divinity within man, there flowed to him, as its inevitable consequence, an immovable persuasion of the immortality of the soul, and of the uselessness of the body except as an instrument for service to the ruling reason.* All his scholars concur in ascribing to him the magnificent sentiment, which was indeed the soul and spirit of his actions, that the present life is in itself utterly worthless, and in nowise to be preferred to death, if there be not another existence, in which the destination of humanity may be more successfully and more happily pursued.

Herein, on the other hand, lay with him the worth and the dignity of the existing world. In this conviction, he went out into the streets of Athens to teach her citizens, from the highest to the humblest, that the present life had duties and obligations, upon a right discharge of which their after life would altogether depend. Every man, he said, had a nature to perfect: a knowledge to arrive at which would assimilate him more nearly to the gods: it was the rational end of man's being to strive after that as strongly as he could. In this, too, was comprised the relation of each individual creature to his fellow; of all to the state; of the state to the ruling intelligence. It was one of his most frequently repeated doctrines that a knowledge of the good, in general, was not possible without a knowledge of good in particular: and this he variously applied: deducing from it all such of his celebrated maxims as that every one was ignorant in the same proportion as he was intemperate. Not, he added, that mere human experience contained within itself anything of absolute virtue or absolute science: all that this life furnished was a science and a virtue, that had within it their power to strive continually for this supreme good. Even wisdom itself, such as it was found in man, he did not regard as absolutely a good: no more, he taught, than happiness itself was absolutely so: but both were good relatively, as far as they ministered to good. Within such

principles as these he presented an unsailable front to the Sophists; the sensible and the supra-sensible world were alike within its reach, and from both he drew arguments to crush them. He made the commonest affairs and business of life ministers to his doctrine of the reality and truth of a moral order in the universe: he made the conscience of each individual man the awakener of that inner voice of deity, in obedience to which, each man sooner or later acknowledged, all life and all energy should be directed.

Alas for that unhappy Sophist—whether a glorious leader in the school or an humble pupil; whether encountered in the Agora or Public Walks, or visited in his shop in the city—destined to maintain a moral dispute with Socrates! How the latent mockery with which in the one case he would begin, humbly desiring to learn where it was his purpose to ridicule and expose, deepened into bitter irony and scorn, as, amidst the wonder and reluctant sympathy of some crowd of listeners, he laid bare the arrogant pretender to wisdom and to virtue! How, in the other, the self-conceited citizen, innocently answering some simple question about the goods he had for sale, would find himself imperceptibly drawn into an argument on the reality of virtue and the obligations of duty, which ended in such demonstration of his own ignorance, that he could but ask leave to learn better, and slink away! For it was by the weapons of the Sophists themselves, that Sophistry was beaten thus. Out of the mere Forms of thought and instruction which they had brought into public use, this formidable antagonist dragged forth the Realities. Over the confused mass of falsehood and absurdity to which the Sophists were reducing the beliefs of men, his great genius moved, till out of that very chaos the serene and awful shapes of Certainty and Truth arose.

But it is difficult thus to speak of Socrates, as a mere moral teacher. It is not till, with some favourite and favoured pupil, we meet him in the vast field of general human knowledge, that his inappreciable services to philosophy are recognized, and his lasting influence in the world is understood.

And it is with the same guide, the same simple principles of a Rational Intelligence and design, we also find him there. It is said to have been his weakness to refer to a Genius that impelled him: to speak continually of an Inward Monitor: of a God

* Some have disputed this opinion: but on what ground it would be difficult to say. It is needless to refer to Plato, every part of whose philosophy is pervaded with it; but see the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon, especially in the 1st and 4th books, and the 8th book of the *Cyropæd.* of the same writer. If Socrates held any opinion at all, it seems to us certain that he held this: believing the soul of man to approximate to the Divinity, and, in respect of its reason and invisible energy, to be considered immortal.

whom he obeyed: and whose divine mission he described himself to be fulfilling by his life and labours. But without weakness, such a man may really believe himself the instrument of such a mission, and without superstition so declare himself to others.* And when, in every part of his teaching, we meet this one guiding principle, we may content ourselves with having realized even the veritable shape and palpable presence, of this Genius or this Demon that attended Socrates. So inspired—as by that aid he had rebuilt for his countrymen the tottering fabric of Moral duty and belief, he now applied himself to set Science on a right foundation, that the whole future world might take their stand upon it, and give a new and better shape to all human knowledge.

Then came forth a conception of Science, and of the Method by which it was to be revealed, still based, with simple grandeur, on the sense of a general diffusion of intelligence throughout the whole of nature.† With brevity, it may be thus stated: 'Nothing can be known except together with the rest, and along with its relation to all things beside: and with reverence, its exposition may be thus imagined, as in the voice of Socrates himself.—It is vain for you to explore the doctrines of the School of Pythagoras: you have lost the golden chain by which that

confederacy of wise and learned men would themselves have bound together; what to us are mere disconnected fragments of ethics and of physics. It is vain for you to attempt to revive the physical School of Ionia: matter is the least part of the material of life. It is the worst vanity in you to endeavour to be content with the reasoning subtleties of the School of Elea: you have before you the hollow falsehood into which they have betrayed the Sophists. In no one of these branches of knowledge will True Science be found to rest: but in the coexistence and intercommunion of all. Without this persuasion, you will still be busied with means, and nowhere arrive at the end; you will explore nature to no purpose, because intelligence withholds herself from you; you will master opinion, and still stop short of knowledge. For myself, I do not care what particular system of physics I follow, so long as I never suffer myself to forget, that nothing is worth knowing which I cannot trace to some intellectual thought and design. I am careless of elaborating systems of ethics, so long as I can arouse the world to what should be rational and intentional in the moral purposes of man, and conscious and responsible in his moral action. It is indifferent to me in what particular external shapes the form and subject-matter of science are set forth, so long as in its form I am exercised clearly, and with its idea am familiarized thoroughly: so long as my views are so sound and my explication of terms so precise, that in the thought, the essence of a thing shall still be apprehended, and in the definition, the real nature of an object not fail to be exhibited.* And, at their best, the value of these separate departments of investigation would seem little to me but for this, that each is of necessity interfused with the other: that the intrinsic value of every branch of knowledge can only be tested by its agreement with all the rest: that every thought of man must give account of itself to every other thought: and that physics, ethics, dialectics, are but one. In all true thoughts science is the same. ALL SCIENCE FORMS ONE WHOLE. It is Life, because in exhibiting the system with which Divine Power has surrounded existence, it is all that can give life value. It is Virtue, because without it good actions cannot be done. It is the moral ex-

* The same is to be said of what the old writers describe as the demoniacal intimations which Socrates so often spoke of, as dissuading him (especially in his latter years) from many things he was about to undertake, and impelling him to the opposite. He represented them, it is said, to be the peculiar gift of the gods to himself. And why should he not? The forms through which passion addresses itself to an Alcibiades, are those in which the gods reveal themselves to a Socrates. But no man with such a mission as the Athenian sage has ever failed in the strength of these presentiments: or even in that excitability of feeling, which will take in some part or other of his career a superstitious form. When Xenophon makes him advise Euthydemus to renounce all idle desire to become acquainted with the forms of the gods, and to rest satisfied with knowing and adoring their works—he adds, that he would then acknowledge "that it was not idly and without cause that he himself spoke of demoniacal intimations." The remark seems to establish exactly what these intimations were. Xenophon, in a later passage, makes him guard his hearers against the equal danger of such "a weak and credulous reliance upon the assistance of the Deity, which would necessarily prove subversive or destructive of a rational direction of life:" for those who consult the oracles in matters within the compass of human powers, he held to be no less insane than those who maintained the all-sufficiency of human reason.

† The germ of that thought is found even in Xenophon.

* Even Xenophon, so anxious to make Socrates merely practical, admits, though in a clumsy passage of the *Memorabilia*, that one of his great objects was to exercise his disciples in dialectics, and teach them to consider every object in strict conformity to the genus or notion it belonged to.

cellence of everything on earth, because whatever ignorance attempts cannot but be vicious and despicable. It is the whole moral value of man himself, because it is the understanding of his own nature. It is God: for it alone is the perfect knowledge of The Good, and of The Reason which rules all and is over all.

Such, it is permitted us to imagine, may have been the voice of Socrates—not in the streets or shops of the city, instructing the artisans: not in the Agora, exposing the Sophists: not in the palaces of Athens, curbing the exuberant talents and headstrong passions of a Critias; or striving to win over to virtue and the public good, the genius and self-complacency of an Alcibiades; or discussing government and counselling right conduct, to a wayward and unsettled Xenophon; or, in the equality of age and confidence, conversing with a Chærephon, a Chærecrates, or a Crito—but, in their solitary evening walk, and with mind more fixed upon the future than the present, calmly exhorting PLATO. And the hour that saw them so together, witnessed the birth of thoughts that were to live through all time. Then might Socrates cease to care, whether the God should shorten or prolong his days. His duty was discharged: his design matured: his school founded. It might take ages of years, and generations of men, fully to accomplish and reveal all that was hidden within that thought of his; but from him that thought had passed; and towards the moral regeneration of Ancient Greece, towards the perfect form of science which was in future to light the World, he had given it in trust for as long as Greece and the world should endure. There was a Plato to succeed, who but for this had been the most profitless of dreamers: there was an Aristotle to arise, who but for this had been the profoundest of pedants. Names of such vast significance, that when they have passed our lips, the whole after history of philosophy seems uttered. For under the influence of one or other of these men all of it has since existed that was worth existing: whether it has arisen from culture of the affections or discipline of the intellect, whether it has been embodied in ideal beauty or material power, whether it has spoken of the eternal mind within or of the shifting sense and circumstance without.

None so deeply as Plato felt what he had derived from Socrates, none so nobly repaid it. Aristotle knew also the extent of his obligations; and in speaking of them has briefly and expressively recorded the whole debt of the later philosophy. "It happened," he says, with an expression somewhat oddly

chosen, "that Socrates was the first philosopher who gave universal definitions. He wished to reason systematically, and therefore he tried to establish definitions, for definitions are the basis of systematic reasoning. There are two things which may be justly looked upon as steps in philosophy due to Socrates, INDUCTIVE REASONINGS, and UNIVERSAL DEFINITIONS: both of them steps which belong to the foundations of science."* Which belong to? rather say, which are. Of the impartiality and truth of such testimony as this, none will doubt: its entire meaning and value will be best understood by those, who know that this art of framing and connecting notions correctly was the soul of all the later Greek philosophy: that from these two simple methods sprang even the whole vast structure of Aristotle's labours.† What Plato took to work out the doctrine of Ideas with—for nothing is so easy to perceive as that he who established the clear methodical connection between a definition and its object, first awakened those investigations from which the ideal theory arose‡—became with Aristotle the instrument and helpmate of energy and experience. And in whatever later forms we meet these Rulers of intellect, whether the region of inquiry is that of the senses or the mind, the living impulse of their earliest teacher guides and animates us still.

In thus placing Socrates (where all who have rightly discriminated his life and labours agree that he should be placed) at the head of the later and more complete movement of philosophy in Greece; in claiming for him the authorship of a general scientific method which connects him with every triumph of philosophy in later time;§ all that would

* Liberties are not seldom taken in the translation of this last sentence: the original, therefore, had better be subjoined. It is in the twelfth book of the 'Metaphysics,' at the fourth section: *ὅσο γὰρ ἔστιν ἡ τις ἂν ἀποδοῇ Σωκράτης δικαίως, τοὺς τ' ἐπακτικοὺς λόγους καὶ τὸ ἐπισχεῖν καθόλου· ταῦτα γὰρ ἔστιν ἔμφω περὶ ἀρχῆς ἐπιστήμης.*

† Milton understood this well:

"To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From Heaven descended to the low-roof'd house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well-inspired the oracle pronounced
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools
Of Academicks old and new, with those
Surnamed Peripateticks, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoick severe."

‡ Aristotles goes so far as to state Socrates to have been the author of the whole doctrine of ideas: but this is expressly contradicted by Aristotle and other great authorities.

§ The scholar who first directed attention to these larger claims of Socrates, was Schleiermacher, whose death was one of the greatest losses to learning in

seem incongruous in his doctrines, as a mere moral teacher, becomes easily explained. The truth is, that, as the reader may already have discerned, the strength of Socrates was in the discovery of principles rather than the treatment of details: in every branch of inquiry that was the centre at which he stood; his excursions to remoter points were rare and few. Thus, in ethics, it was enough for him, by certain elementary truths, to carry all morality back to that ever-enduring consciousness, whence, in the state or the individual, it must always be awakened and proceed: scientifically to develop its special grounds, and the laws of co-ordination and agreement in these, was a task he was content to leave to others. Improbable positions are frequently selected by him; arguments founded on them, gravely and resolutely urged; and if it is not perceived that it is neither for the sake of the position nor the argument that this is done, but that some philosophical idea should meanwhile silently arise, or the mind of the listener be gradually and imperceptibly awakened to some truth within itself, serious injustice will be done to this great instructor. Always he seems to have said: It shall be my business, less to utter truths than to awaken them; less to offer what might merely quench a temporary thirst, than to open everlasting springs; less to give birth myself, than to help into the world the offspring I see others in unavailing labour to give birth to. Often he rejected from the affection of his scholars the name of sage, the dignity of teacher of justice; and told them they should rather liken him to his mother Phænarete.

It is dangerous without these clues to read the 'Memorabilia' of Xenophon: * it is more

our time. Bishop Thirlwall translated his remarkable essay in the 'Philosophical Museum,' and the editor of the English edition of Dr. Wiggers' 'Life' has greatly enriched his little work by its republication. The notes from other sources, we may also add, are discreet and valuable.

* Perhaps no work has been in certain passages more grossly misunderstood: in proof of which the third chapter of the first book (falsely translated by a work as falsely ascribed to Aristippus) may be more particularly referred to. Poetry, in the honoured person of Akenside, has won exemption from this remark.

Thus, then, at first, was Beauty sent from Heaven,
The lovely ministriss of Truth and Good
In this dark world: for Truth and Good are one;
And Beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
With like participation.

A noble passage; at the close of which the reader will find one of the many decisive contradictions afforded in this great poem to the charge brought against it by Dr. Johnson, with about as much truth as the like charge already noted against Socrates, that the author nowhere anticipates a future world, or expresses his belief in the soul's immortality.

safe that they should accompany us even through the 'Dialogues' of Plato. From the lips of Socrates, we can with difficulty bear to hear such doctrines (and such are not the least endurable) as that he who knowingly tells a lie or does wrong, is a better man than he who does wrong or tells a lie in ignorance. But what a mist and painful darkness is cleared away, when we are able to see that this is not said with the meaning we should apply to such expressions, but in a kind of abstract exercise and proof of intellect removed from the mere claims and duties of sensible existence. In the handling a thought thus, before he sent it current from his own keeping, it was his method to place it in every possible combination, and only so far as in all these it preserved its validity, did he hold it to contain any given amount of certainty. It is unnecessary again to direct attention to the foundation of this method: the essential connection of all scientific thought. All his proofs may be found to hinge upon it. To start from one thought, and to be entangled in a contradiction with any other, he held to be impossible: what had been derived from any one point, if obtained by direct combination, could never, he insisted, contradict what was by the like means derived from any other point. In the instance adduced, it is in the process of substituting true for false conceptions of morality and knowledge, that he has arrived at the apparent sophism. He wishes that the intellectual man is alone capable of a free moral choice, for good or for evil. He begins with some old doctrines on that head which all admit: for, says Xenophon, "as often as Socrates did not merely refute the errors of others, but attempted to demonstrate something himself, he took his road through propositions which were most generally admitted:" that is, he could thus most easily convince them that what they supposed they knew, in reality they did not know. Greatly to show them, then, that the moral and scientific should interpenetrate each other—and that the knowledge of what he termed the good was not for the purely abstract inquirer, but should be equally the zealous object of the man and of the state, as the highest flower of individual and general action,—he brought them by a succession of arguments to these conclusions: that knowledge is the final cause of the will, and good the final cause of knowledge. No one is willingly ignorant: no one knowingly acts otherwise than for good. He who knew a thing to be good would do it; it

Led by that hope sublime, whose cloudless eye
Through the fair toils and ornaments of Earth
Discerns the nobler life reserved for Heaven.

is from ignorance of what is good that a man errs when he does err; it is involuntarily that the bad are bad. That man should at any period of his pilgrimage on earth, so far accomplish that absolute knowledge which would comprise such perfect insight into his real happiness as to make it impossible for him to act in any moment contrary to his interests, he did not indeed believe: he acknowledged none to be absolutely wise but God: yet by action and effort, much was to be attained even here, and the way up to God was open to all men. It was because they had been betraying their utter ignorance of that, that he was there to teach them better.

His first process with all who entered his society, says Xenophon, was to convince them of their ignorance; and any who abandoned him upon this, he looked upon as fools. For to what had he in the first instance been indebted for all he had himself acquired? To the consciousness of his own ignorance. It was not till he "knew that he did not know," that he knew what it was to know. This, therefore—the knowledge of man's ignorance—he made the basis of philosophical investigation. So would he mark that starting afresh on the pursuit of science and of good; the clearing away for the new human race; the struggle towards a new goal. Know Yourself, he said, in the words of the Delphic god: discover your ignorance; and you will then have discovered your capacity for science. In this large view, rejecting the more common imputation of irony, the maxim could alone be fruitful, as with him, to all great and good purposes, it assuredly became. Carefully must we discriminate, too, between what is here implied by a man's knowing himself, and that ultimate consummation of self-knowledge comprised in his having thoroughly examined the rational intelligence wherein lay the issues of things, and arrived at some limited understanding (the Deity alone has perfect insight) of the system of nature in the midst of which the Supreme Being had placed him. It is to this Xenophon alludes when he says that Socrates, by his moral inquiries, was the first to instruct his disciples in the true nature of the Gods.

For against the atheistical and material tendencies of the Sophistical School, it is needless to repeat that all his labours were, in every variety of form that they assumed, strenuously directed. To doubt that Socrates believed in One God, is to doubt if Socrates existed. In the unity and harmony of reason, and of the objects of intellectual thought, and of the general order of nature, in man within and the world without, he found One God. It is another question, and a very different, to what

extent he was disposed to tolerate the deities of the Greek state. In what he says of that mythology, we find everywhere a prudent caution: there is nothing to discredit the sentiment attributed to him by Xenophon, that "a wise man will worship the gods, according to the institutions of the state to which he belongs;" but it is certain that he discountenanced all human figures of the gods, and placed always above them, in eternal unity and superintending providence, The Divine. Never losing sight of this, it may be admitted, without danger of any misunderstanding, that he believed in omniscient and omnipresent deities, which ruled in obedience to that law of goodness, and had no attributes inconsistent with those of the Supreme. For in the presence of such a belief, he might fairly treat many points to which the vulgar attached great importance, as "matters of difference, on which it was neither possible nor very desirable to arrive at any certain conclusion;" and might in truth consider "the popular mythology as so harmless that its language and rites might be innocently adopted."* Into any scientific inquiry as to the essence or nature of the One God, he never entered: what may be called his more strictly theological arguments, were directed chiefly to the removal of causes of unbelief. These he held to turn for the most part on the scorn with which men are apt to discredit, what their outward senses cannot at once discern or make palpable. A narrow and ill-judged scorn, he said: for in all things the best is unseen; is in its effects only to be noticed, felt. The ruling principle within us, is the soul; in respect of its reason and energy approximating to the Divinity; partaking indeed of His nature, and to be considered immortal; this, nevertheless, certainly cannot be discerned. On the other hand, he added, he who has emancipated himself from all foolish desire to behold some palpable and substantial shapes of the gods, may soon recognize the operations of Deity within him, for the gods have implanted in man's mind a knowledge of their power. Establishing this spiritual governance, it had been his duty to bring it forth in action. Action rightly directed,† he laid down to be the highest and worthiest exercise of man's faculties. Knowing the good it is his duty to do, and acting it, would always build up happiness for him here. Among the means, what he termed wisdom‡ was all inclusive: it might

* These are the expressions of Bishop Thirlwall, who, in his most admirable history (iv., p. 269), refers to a passage in the *Phædrus* which seems to throw great light on the nature and extent of the conformity of Socrates to the state religion.

† *εὐνομία*.

‡ *εὐπλοία*.

be said to express all the virtues: he sometimes called it moderation.* Among the duties of man to himself, he placed continence and courage first: towards others, he added, his duties were all comprised in justice,† which he characterized as the fulfilment of human and divine laws. It is needless to repeat that he insisted on the inseparable union of true happiness and virtue. The practice of virtue, indeed; that is, the continual endeavour to do all the good of which our faculties are capable; he set down as merely another name for religion:‡ for that was the true homage to render to the Divinity. Finally, all arts and sciences which had no reference to these his practical views of life and of its duties, he characterized on every occasion as vain, without object, and unacceptable to God.

This, however, is not to be taken in the sweeping sense too often given to it, of an utter contempt in his latter days for the pursuits of physical philosophy.§ It has been the object here to show that such a feeling would have contradicted the spirit and tendency of all the teaching of Socrates.¶ It was against its false direction he made war, not against the development of its truths which might be made useful to mankind. It was its profitless application he denounced (as in his own youth he had learnt and followed it), not its em-

ployment with submission to right reason. When Bacon uttered his magnificent invective against the schoolmen, it was because they shut up their minds in syllogisms as they shut their bodies up in cloisters, and wasted the solid substance of science on the empty cobwebs of learning. And this was the objection of Socrates to the physical inquiries of his day. It finds illustration in a passage of the *Phædon*, to which its historical character* gives a lively interest. Sitting on his bed in prison, the philosopher speaks to his surrounding disciples, for the last time, of his faith in the divine reason, and its influence in the world. He refers to the doctrines of Anaxagoras; to the delight with which he first heard of the divine intellect having been set forth in his teaching as the cause of things; and to the bitter disappointment he felt when on examining his writings he discovered that this divinity of intellect was, after all, little more than the slave of sundry material causes. "His whole performance," he adds, "seemed to me to reach no further than if a man should say, Socrates does all that he does according to reason, and yet afterwards, when called to explain why I am sitting here, should account for it by alleging many things as to the posture and collocation of my limbs, as to my bones, joints, and nerves, by which sitting is rendered possible: instead of saying that after the Athenians thought fit to condemn me, I thought it fit to be here, and patiently wait the execution of my sentence. For I can swear that these nerves and bones should long ere now have been translated to Megara or Bœotia, if I had not been still persuaded that it was better and more fit for me to endure the punishment I am doomed to by my country, than to flee like a slave or a banished person."

The circumstances which led to the denunciation of Socrates before the restored democracy† of Athens, and brought about the imprisonment referred to here, will not admit of discussion in a place exclusively set apart to the statement of opinion and its historical results. But some facts and suggestions must be offered, to lead intelligibly to that conduct of Socrates on his trial and at the eve of his death, by which, greatly gathering up in the sudden crisis every object of his life, he put upon them the final stamp of immortality.

Socrates loved Athens.‡ Through all the

* *σωφροσύνη*, a word difficult of translation, but most safely understood as the opposite of excess.

† *δικαιοσύνη*.

‡ *εὐδαιμονία*.

§ In these pursuits, as well as in ethical science, it is scarcely necessary to say, Socrates is admitted by all to have taken the lead of his age. In the sciences he held of the least value, as geometry and astronomy, his attainments are described by Xenophon to have gone far beyond the educated standard of the time.

¶ An excellent remark by Schleiermacher on a passage of the *Memorabilia* will illustrate this. Xenophon there says that Socrates in his riper years not only himself gave up all application to natural philosophy, but endeavoured to withhold others from it, and directed them to the consideration of human affairs. But, as Schleiermacher argues, the sense in which this is taken must be much less general than that usually given to it. For how could Socrates have said so generally that the things which depend on God ought not to be made the subject of inquiry before those which depend on man have been despatched, since not only are the latter connected in a variety of ways with the former, but even among things human there must be some of greater moment, others of less; some of nearer, others of more remote concern? and the proposition would lead to the conclusion that before one was brought to its completion, not even the investigation of another should be begun. This would not only have endangered the conduct of life, but destroyed the Socratic idea of science—already given—"that nothing can be known except together with the rest, and along with its relation to all things beside." And see Thirlwall's remarks on the subject in the sixth number of the *Philological Museum*.

* Admitted by the best scholars: Schleiermacher, Ritter, and others.

† In a modern tragedy on the subject of Socrates, the author (a man of learning too) represents the condemnation of Socrates as the act of the Thirty Tyrants and Critias as the presiding judge!

‡ It is right to subjoin, that when asked why Athens was so dear to him, the answer he most frequently gave was, "for the freedom of life it insur-

changes of the Peloponnesian war, excepting when engaged in the duties which as a soldier he discharged so bravely, he had lived and taught there; amidst all those changes, perhaps the only man in the city unmoved by interest or by passion. From the elevation of his unswerving nature, he had looked as from a distant age on all the shifting violence that passed. He resisted the democracy; he resisted the oligarchy; he resisted every form of temptation. He was very poor: what little income he realized from the humble trade in sculpture inherited from his father, he had surrendered to devote himself to philosophy; the means of existence were barely within his reach: but thus, though followed by all the wealthiest youth of Athens, he preferred to continue. He declined lucrative offices in the state: he would not accept land from Alcibiades; nor slaves from Charmides: and what the practical character of his daily life was, the pure objects to which it was exclusively devoted best bear witness to. Yet in this ornament of his nature and his country, the great comic poet of Greece could only see a blight upon Athens and an enemy to the welfare of man. It would be an error almost as grievous as his own, to accuse Aristophanes of a want of sincerity in this, or of a settled evil intention. The worst that can with certainty be said of him in reference to it, must be, that he was so devoted a lover of the ancient times and the ancient system of education, so exclusively possessed with the old Greek spirit of profound reverence for established authority and the propriety of absolute submission to it, that whether the thought and reason proposed to be substituted for that unconscious and unreflecting homage to settled laws, were true or false—whether it was intended to debase or to elevate mankind—he was too full of indignant objection at the starting of any such questions, to pause and inquire. It was enough for him that Athenian reverence for the maxims and usages of antiquity should be in any form undermined; and that subjects “never before contemplated, but at an awful distance,” the being and nature of the gods, or the obligations arising from domestic and civil relations, should be submitted, no matter in what shape, to “close and irreverent inspection.”* From the point of view at which he stood, and from which

no ordinary considerations could remove such a man, he might refuse to acknowledge any distinction between Socrates and the Sophists: and to the grief and amazement of aftertime, though not without the highest excellence of purpose of which his style of judgment allowed, he elected to do this. Of Socrates personally, it is fair as well as charitable to suppose that the great wit can at this time have known no more than the commonest artisan of Athens, who had laughed at his Silenus figure, been nonplussed by his questions, or shared the general enjoyment of the lively crowd at some ludicrous disaster, in which his fits of absence had perchance involved him. But knowing so much as this, even charity cannot but see the full force of temptation to a comic poet to bring such a figure and such a manner on the stage; and supposing Aristophanes to have been once beset by a doubt or a misgiving, can understand how this would end it.

Upon the stage accordingly Aristophanes exhibited the philosopher. In the comedy of the ‘Clouds,’ he exhausted his wonderful invention to heap ridicule on Socrates. Plain and sorrowful are the inconsistencies of genius, when by any false influence unjustly directed, and one cannot but suppose that the delusion which aimed such a satire against such a man, must have revealed itself to the lowest and blindest intellect in the theatre, when, in one part of the comedy, Socrates was shown as a poor, miserable, barefooted creature, and in the other as at the receipt of two hundred and fifty pounds† for the instruction of a single scholar. The extent of immediate success which attended this attack on the philosopher, is indeed shown by the circumstance, that though, with all its contradictions, beyond question one of the masterpieces of the poet, the comedy failed. Within a year from the time when the ‘Knights’ had carried off the first prize by acclamation, the ‘Clouds’ did not even obtain an inferior prize.‡ An accident has proved that Aristophanes, with some bitterness of feeling, altered it for exhibition in the following year, though he did not venture to produce it. The original work has reached us, with an address for the anticipated second performance: in which he complains of injustice done to it as one of the most elaborate of his compositions, and directs his complaint, not in any respect against the

ed.” Socrates dreaded nothing so much as dependence; prized nothing so much as freedom. So far did he carry, indeed, what has been called his “exaggerated spirit of independence,” that he refused on one occasion to visit the tyrant Archelaus, because he could never make him a like return for his hospitality.

* See the view taken by Thirlwall, vol. iv., p. 260.

* A talent. About 244l. We are not aware that these contradictions have been pointed out in proof of the state of opinion and knowledge respecting Socrates in which Aristophanes conceived and constructed the comedy.

† Aristophanes was beaten on this occasion both by Cratinus and Amipsias.

presiding judges, but plainly and distinctly against the audience themselves. The audience then, it may be concluded, took the matter, as they not seldom did, into their own hands: nor need the tradition* be rejected which states Alcibiades and his friends to have mustered strongly on the occasion, and that, while the representation proceeded, Socrates himself was seen prominently standing on one of the benches in the theatre, laughing heartily. Be this as it may, the philosopher, for some years longer, certainly lived down the poet: the wit of Aristophanes no more shut up his school, than the later tried edict of Critias and the tyrants† but yet it would have cost a shrewd observer little trouble to discern, that the poet's turn was inevitably coming round. Whatever the ultimate issue in matters of political concern, Socrates was already doomed.

In the twenty years that intervened between the production of the 'Clouds' and the fall of the Anarchy, every new reverse would seem to have afflicted the people with a new superstition. A general spirit of licentiousness stood, as it will commonly be found to stand, between a recklessly growing scepticism in the upper classes, and a deplorably growing fanaticism in the lower. Thus while, on the one hand, Critias, in the full indulgence of his vice and tyranny, made no secret of his contempt for the vulgar opinion, and in one of his works declared that all religions were mere political contrivances, designed to supply the defects of human laws: on the other, the orgies of the Thracian goddess Cotytto, of the Phrygian Bacchus, or the god Sabazius, enabled the common crowds of Athens to indulge at once their gross debaucheries, and their new and degrading superstitions. The question into whose hands political power would fall, kept doubtful only the manner of the philosopher's fate; and when the fall of the Anarchy settled that, it was easy to see the end. The day had come for the success of the 'Clouds,' on a more tragic theatre.‡

* Preserved by the poet's ancient commentators.

† Xenophon distinctly says that the edict forbidding any one to teach the art of speaking (ἀγωγή τῆς γλώσσης) was aimed at Socrates, though he did not profess that art, to furnish a pretext to Critias (whom he had deeply offended just before by strong reproof of his vices) to forbid the philosopher his usual disputations.

‡ There is no reason to doubt, as some scholars have done, what contemporary authorities declare: that the comedy of Aristophanes ultimately, though not immediately, tended to the death of Socrates. The doubt seems to have been founded on the strong opinions expressed by Schleiermacher, Wolff, Ast, and others, as to the absence of any such intention on the part of Aristophanes when he wrote the 'Clouds.' But this is only half the question. In a

its last scene had closed with denunciations of the impious blasphemies against the old gods uttered by Socrates and the Sophists, and with preparations for burning down and rooting out their schools. In exact conformity, intolerance began its persecutions: selecting for its first blow the man most generally known as the Sophistical leader.

A charge of impiety was lodged against Protagoras by a person of the name of Pythodorus;* and with so much popularity and success, that the accused was condemned to death without the trouble or delay of a regular trial. If the investigation had taken place, satisfactory proof was ready, that, for entertainment of a select circle assembled in the house of the sophistical Euripides, the prisoner had read a work written by himself on the nature of the Gods, the opening declaration of which was, that he had been unable to ascertain whether the Gods existed or not; the obscurity of the subject, and the shortness of human life, being great hindrances in the way of such knowledge. Happily for Protagoras,† he escaped execution; though his death in voyaging to Sicily immediately after was attributed to the special intervention of the outraged deities; but the Athenian court took care that this book should not escape. It was publicly burnt in the Agora, all possessors of copies having been ordered by proclamation to give them up. Thus the opening declaration, the only alleged matter of offence in it, is all that has come down to posterity.‡ The ancient beliefs and old educational institutions having

brief but well written article on this subject, Victor Cousin remarks: "Je suis très-convaincu que jamais Aristophane n'eut aucune mauvaise intention contre Socrate, et que dans *Les Nuées*, qui furent jouées vingt-trois ans avant l'accusation, il ne songeait pas le moins du monde à préparer cette accusation: mais si, abstraction faite des intentions d'Aristophane, on veut conclure du Banquet que la pièce des *Nuées* n'eut aucune influence sur le procès de Socrate et ne s'y rapporte d'aucune manière, j'avoue qu'il m'est impossible de partager cette opinion." Such is also the view taken by Thirlwall.

* Diog. Laert. ix. 54: the dates commonly named for the accusation of Protagoras are very doubtful. But the time here assigned agrees with that selected in Thirlwall's history. Schleiermacher (in his introduction to the Protagoras of Plato) would fix it earlier: as early as the beginning of the 92d Olympiad: and he assumes that the Sophistical leader died in banishment. But he gives no sufficient reasons for those views.

† If Plato is to be trusted, Sophistry became more rampant than ever in a later day, and avenged itself for this temporary discomfiture. But Plato is not always to be trusted in relation to this matter.

‡ *ἡτοι μὲν θεῶν οὐκ ἔγωγε εἰδέναι, εἰδ' ὅς τις αἰεὶ, εἰδ' ὅς οὐκ αἰεὶ· πολλὰ γὰρ ταῦτα κωλύοντα αἰδέσθαι, ἢ τε ἀδύνατον, καὶ βραχὺς ὢν ἡ βίος τοῦ ἀνθρώπου.* The passage has been translated in the text.

been thus boldly asserted, it was thought right to proceed with greater show of deliberative justice against the second selected victim.

In the four hundred and twenty-third year before Christ,* a young tragic poet, named Melitus, went to the Archon king† of Athens, and, binding himself to prosecute, delivered in this paper. "Melitus, son of Melitus of the borough of Pitthos, declares these upon oath against Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, of the borough of Alopecé: Socrates is guilty of not believing in the gods, which the state believes in, and of introducing other new divinities;‡ he is moreover guilty of corrupting the young. Penalty—DEATH." With this young accuser, who thus exerted the legal right of affixing due punishment to the crime he denounced, were associated two other prosecutors: an obscure orator or lawyer, Lycon; and a man of great wealth and political influence, Anytus,§ by whom, there is little doubt, the proceeding was set on foot, and in whom its whole strength was centred. And if anything could have added to the grief with which Aristophanes, after twenty years' better acquaintance with the character of the man he had assailed, may be supposed|| to have witnessed the fatal direction thus given to the very language of his own satire, it must have been the bitter circumstance, that the charge was nominally entered by a youth whose feeble pretensions to poetry he had publicly ridiculed,¶ and in reality sustained

by a leader of that tribe of demagogues whom he pursued through life with such a perfect hatred. Nor is the feeling with which impartial and distant observers are disposed to contemplate in one of the leaders of the counter-revolution against the tyrants of Athens, the chief accuser and foe of Socrates, less mournful or less bitter.

The actual proceedings of the trial, and the last great scene in the life of the illustrious condemned, are so closely connected with the rise and mission of his greatest scholar, that we shall treat of them in the account we propose to give of the Philosophy of Plato.

ART. IV.—*Un Ménage de Garçon en Province.* (A Provincial Bachelor's Household.) Par H. de BALZAC. Paris. 1842.

It was observed a few weeks since in the *Quotidienne*, that the repose of the *Presse*, disturbed by the laurels the *Débats* had won through its feuilleton writers, was at last restored: since the 'Goualeuse' of Monsieur Sue had found a rival in the 'Rabouilleuse' of Monsieur de Balzac. We have before explained that the feuilleton of the newspaper has become the popular medium of communication between the French novelist and his readers: but this agreement as to the tales in question, admitting the great talent common to both, is about the only one between Balzac and Sue. 'Rabouilleuse' and 'Goualeuse' are pictures widely different.

We are not going to compare them, or to contrast the genius of the two men. Our opinions have been freely expressed respecting both, and the caution with which both should be read. We are to know an author by his fruits; but those fruits we should be careful how to choose, and not take them in the spring when they are green, or in the winter when they are rotten. Judge Balzac by his 'Recherche de l'Absolu,' his 'Père Goriot,' his 'Eugénie Grandet,' his 'Peau de Chagrin,' his 'César Berotteau,' and others which have marked his place in literature: and that place will seem to you justly and deservedly of the very first rank in this class of fiction. Balzac is at once a painter of the Flemish school, and a high artist of human passion. The combination is rare indeed.

It is strongly marked in the present tale,

* The first year of the 96th Olympiad.

† The magistrate who had jurisdiction in matters of religion.

‡ The phrase is *ερεπα κατὰ δαίμονα*—and much discussion has passed on the meaning of the last word, to which it is not necessary to advert. The whole three words quoted, may be said to have been specially selected with a view to their easy means of various and wide application. Intolerance is rightly fond of such expressions.

§ Like Cleon, he had been a tanner, and realized enormous wealth in trade. His political importance must have been great, since he was included, by the Thirty, in the same decree of banishment with Thrasybulus and Alcibiades, and held the rank of general in the army at Phyle.

|| If Aristophanes had not, in the interim, become more alive to the real character of Socrates, Plato, whose reverence for the memory of his master never failed him, would not, even in fiction, have introduced the poet and the philosopher on friendly terms as in his Dialogue of the Banquet, some four years' date before the trial and death. The same may be said of his epigram on the genius of the great comedian. More political agreement would not have availed against a counter-assumption to that of the text.

¶ Melitus is, with Sannyrion and Cinesias, deputy to Hades in the 'Frogs,' being selected on account of his light weight, and natural tendency to the lower regions.

some description of which we will therefore give. It may rank among the better specimens of Balzac's genius, and is only not among the best, because its nicety of detail in external matter is perhaps more prominent than its mastery of the secrets of the heart. The little town selected as the seat of the *Ménage de Garçon en Province*, is that of Issoudun in Berry; whither the poor mother of two sons goes to implore aid of an only brother, unseen for thirty years.

A few words will sketch the two sons. The elder, the handsome youth, the mother's favourite, is one of Balzac's choicest ruffians. Starting as an officer of the empire, his advancement in life, ending with the hundred days, has left ample time to encourage a tendency to billiards and brandy. Thence, by the love of play naturally conducted to dishonesty, he has plundered a public office to which he belonged, and been only saved from the galleys by his mother's ruin. His next exploit has been to rob an aged widow of the sum she had slowly amassed to purchase some long-cherished numbers in the lottery: this widow dying of the shock when they are drawn prizes. Finally, choosing a higher walk in life, he has joined in a conspiracy against the Bourbons, and is enclosed in the Luxembourg. Still he is his mother's favourite; for he was a bold boy, and grew a handsome young man; and showed to advantage a brilliant uniform, and the cross obtained at Montereau. Whereas, his brother, an artist in spite of discouragement, with hair falling disordered on his broad forehead, eyes always cast down, and abstracted manner, has few exterior advantages, and becomes daily more timid, more concentrated within himself: as with those who feel themselves not loved, and grow less likely ever to be so from very despair of the power.

Madame Bridau, then, the mother of Philip the soldier and Joseph the artist, sets forth in company with Joseph for Issoudun: encouraged by a letter from her godmother, one Madame Hochon, advising her to hasten without delay, since her brother has a connexion little likely to remind him of doing justice to his sister and nephews. The description of Issoudun, one of the most ancient towns of France, with its tower built by Richard Cœur de Lion, and its street, which through two thousand years has borne the name of Faubourg de Rome, and whose inhabitants assert their descent from the Romans, and

their peculiar habits and peculiar features, is a masterpiece in Balzac's Flemish manner. The love of the *statu quo* in this little town; the demand of its most conservative municipal council, that the high-road from Paris to Toulouse should not pass through it, since it would raise the price of poultry; the ruin which threatens its wine and wool trade, since the fabrication of the first must undergo no change, and the breed that produces the other will have no amelioration; are all given in his most graphic way. Best of all is the stagnation of the inhabitants themselves: that stagnation found where there is no love of art or pursuit of science; which spreads and desolates like a marsh, to whose level all who enter must bring down their intellectual wants, if they would not feel them mere "perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart;" where each lives ensconced in his own walls, walking up and down within them with the useless activity of a caged animal in a Zoological Garden, till she or he dies: often of some malady wanting a name: *the effect of the air*.

The term 'Rabouilleuse' signifies one who performs the action of stirring a stream with a branch of tree to alarm the small crabs its inhabitants, who thereupon ascend the current, and cast themselves into snares spread by the accomplice of the operation. Flora Brazier, now "gouvernante" of Jean Jacques Rouget, our artist's uncle, had played the part of 'Rabouilleuse,' and thus, but having the beauty of an angel, had been found by old Dr. Rouget, Jean Jacques's father, who took her into his own home. Five years after, when the doctor died, Jean Jacques, whom he browbeat and maltreated, did not regret him. In truth, Jean Jacques was almost an imbecile. Intelligence absent, the doctor had yet managed to give him instincts, that of avarice among the rest. Always, however, did the doctor forget one possible event; and when, after a life of materialism, he died with a sarcasm, and a refusal to provide for Flora, on his lip, the imbecile son had vanquished his timidity so far that she might guess at the affection he showed after the manner of a mute and subdued animal. Flora, in short, became the *gouvernante* (Issoudun said something more) to Jean Jacques Rouget; envied in her elevation only by Fanchette, the old cook, who entered a protest against the new master's immorality, and retired on the old master's annuity.

Ere we quote the next chapter, which

Balzac heads 'a common and horrible history,' we must observe, to be intelligible, that Maxence Gilet, a principal personage in the tale, had been falsely presumed a natural son of dead old Dr. Rouget. He is a very handsome and vicious young man, who, like Philip Bridau, had served in the Imperial Guard, and since brought back his fine person and small means to his native town. He there made acquaintance with Mademoiselle Flora Brazier.

"The Rabouilleuse, clever enough to foresee Fanchette's defection, for nothing teaches policy like exercise of power, resolved to dispense with a servant. During six months she had studied, without appearing so to do, the culinary processes which made of Fanchette a *cordon bleu*, worthy to serve a doctor. In gluttony physicians rank with bishops. The doctor had perfected Fanchette. In the provinces, want of occupation and the monotony of life concentrate the activity of the mind on cookery. Dinners *en province* are less luxurious but better than in Paris. Dishes are studied and meditated. In the country there exist hidden and unknown geniuses who know how to render a simple plate of beans worthy the nod with which Rossini receives a something perfect in execution. While taking his degrees in Paris, the doctor had followed a course of chemistry under Rouelle, and retained some notions which turned to culinary profit. He had discovered that the omelette was more delicate when the white and the yolk of the egg were not beaten together, with the brutality wherewith cooks perform the operation. The white should arrive at a state of froth, the yolk be introduced by degrees, and a fryingpan not be used, but a porcelain or earthenware vessel called a 'cagnard,' a sort of thick dish on four legs, so that the air may circulate. Flora, born with the gift of frying and roasting, the two qualities which can be acquired neither by observation nor practice, surpassed Fanchette in a short time. In her part of *cordon bleu* she chiefly considered the happiness of Jean Jacques, but she herself was passably a glutton. Unable, like all persons wanting education, to find occupation through her brain, her activity found vent in the household. She rubbed the furniture, restored its shine; kept everything with Dutch neatness; she directed the avalanches of dirty linen, and those deluges called 'lessives' which, according to the custom of the provinces, take place but three times in the year; she watched the linen with the eye of a housewife, and she mended it. Anxious to initiate herself in the secrets of his fortune, she made herself mistress of the small knowledge of business which belonged to Rouget, and augmented it by her conversations with Heron, the deceased doctor's notary. Thus she gave excellent advice to her 'little Jean Jacques,' certain of being mistress always, she showed the same avidity where his interests were concerned, as if they had been her own. The epoch was poor Jean Jacques' paradise. He assumed the calm habits of animal existence, and an almost monastic regularity.

He slept late: Flora, who directed household affairs, and went to market betimes, woke her master so that he might find his breakfast waiting when the toilet was ended. The meal done, about eleven o'clock Jean Jacques walked out and conversed with those he met; returning at three to read the newspapers: that of the *Département* and one from Paris, which he received three days after their publication, greasy with the thirty hands through which they had passed, soiled by the snuffy noses which had forgotten themselves upon them, darkened by all the tables they had trailed over. He thus arrived at his dinner hour, to which he gave the most time possible. Flora told him the stories current in the town, the scandal she had gathered by the way. About eight o'clock, the lights were extinguished. Going to bed early is an economy of candle and fire, much practised *en province*, and which contributes to stupefy by an abuse of bed. Too much sleep weighs down and injures the brain. Such was during nine years the life of these two, a life at once filled and empty. During these years, Flora had insensibly acquired absolute empire over her master. She treated Jean Jacques with familiarity first; next, without failing in respect to him, she established her power by so much superiority, intelligence, and moral strength, that he became his servant's servant. The great child met dominion halfway; allowing Flora to be like a mother with her son; and Jean Jacques ended by having for Flora the feeling which makes maternal protection so necessary to a child. But there were between them still stronger ties. Flora transacted all his business, and ruled his household; and Jean Jacques so depended on her for everything, that life without her presence seemed, not difficult, but impossible. She caressed all his whims; she knew them so well. He loved to see that happy face which always smiled on him; the only one which had smiled, the only one which ever could smile, for him. Her happiness, wholly material in its nature, expressed by vulgar words, which are the root of the language in Berry households, and painted on her magnificent countenance, was in some measure the reflection of his own. The state into which he sank when he saw Flora saddened by any contradiction, revealed to her the extent of her power: to assure herself of its existence she determined on making use of it. To use, means to abuse, with women of this description, and the Rabouilleuse doubtless forced her master to act some of those scenes buried in the mysteries of private life of which Otway has given a model in a scene of 'Venice Preserved.'

"In 1816, she saw Maxence Gilet, and fell in love with him at first sight. Flora was then too beautiful for Max to disdain his conquest. At eight-and-twenty then, she knew that real love, indefinite and idolatrous, which comprehends all modes of loving: that of Guluare, and that of Medora. When the penniless officer learned the respective situations of Flora and Jean Jacques Rouget, he saw in the connection something better than a momentary love affair; and thus to make sure of future comfort, he asked no better than to lodge with the bachelor, whose weak nature he knew well. Flora's passion had a necessa-

ry influence on the life and habits of Jean Jacques. During a whole month, grown beyond measure fearful, he saw terrible, dark, and dull, the so smiling and amicable face of Flora. He bore with the storms (a perpetual ill-humour, absolutely as does a married man, whose wife meditates infidelity. When, amid the cruellest rebuffs, the poor creature summoned courage to ask the reason of her change, her eye had fiery glances of hatred, and voice aggressive and contemptuous tones, which poor Jean Jacques had never seen or heard. 'Parbleu,' said she, 'you have neither heart nor soul. Sixteen years my youth has gone by here, and I had not perceived that you have a stone there,' striking her breast. 'Now, for two months, you have seen come hither the brave Commandant, a victim of the Bourbons, born to be a general, and who is a beggar; shut up in a hole of a place where it is not worth while for good luck to go by; nailed on the chair the live-long day at the Municipality, to earn what? Six hundred miserable francs a year. A fine look out! And you, who have 659,000 francs placed at interest, sixty thousand francs a year, and who, thanks to me, do not spend more than a thousand francs a year, all included, even my clothes, all, in short,—you do not think of offering him a lodging here, where the second floor is empty. You prefer that rats and mice should run over it to putting there a human being—one whom your father always took for his son. Would you like to know what you are? You are a fratricide. However, I very well know why. You saw I was interested in him, and that fidgeted you. Though you do seem a fool, you have more malice in you than the sharpest in what you do. Well, yes, I am interested in him, and very much too—' 'But, Flora,—' 'Oh! there is no "but Flora" in the case. Ah! you may look for another Flora if you can find one; for I wish this glass of wine may choke me if I do not leave your rattery of a house to take care of itself. I have cost you nothing, thank Heaven. During the twelve years I have stayed, you have been comfortable cheap. Anywhere else I could earn my bread as I do here, forsooth! doing everything! washing, ironing, looking to the lessives, going to market, cooking, taking care of your interests in everything, wearing myself out from morning to night! Well, well! here's my reward!' 'But, Flora!—' 'Yes, "Flora!" you will find plenty of Floras fifty years old, as you are, and in bad health, and sinking, so that it will be terrifying. I know it well. Besides, you are far from entertaining.'—'But, Flora!—' 'Let me alone!' and Mademoiselle Brazier went out slamming the door with a violence which made the room ring, and shook the house to its foundation. Jean Jacques Rouget opened the door very gently, and more gently still arrived in the kitchen, where Flora's grumbling went on. 'But Flora,' said the lamb, 'this is the first I have heard of your wishes: how do you know I will not consent?' 'In the first place,' continued she, 'a man is wanting in the house. It is known that you have here sums of ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand francs, and if thieves came to rob you, we should be murdered. I, for my part, do not in the least desire to wake some fine morning, cut in four pieces, as was done with the

poor servant who was fool enough to defend her master. Well, if they see with us a man brave as Cæsar—Max would swallow three thieves while one would say it—I should sleep more quietly. People will talk nonsense to you, perhaps, and say that I love him and adore him, and all that. Do you know what you will say? That you know it—but your father on his deathbed bade you take care of poor Max. And they will all hold their tongues; for the very pavement of Issoudun would tell you he paid for him at college. I have eaten your bread these nine years!—' 'Flora, Flora!—' 'More than one in the town has courted me. I have been offered a watch here, a gold chain there. "My little Flora, if you would but leave that imbecile old Rouget!"—for that is what they call you. "I leave him!" says I,—"a likely thing—an innocent like that! and what would become of it," say I always? "No, no." "Yes, Flora, I have only you in the world, and I am too happy, if it pleases you, my child. We will receive Maxence Gilet here; he can take his meals with us.' "Parbleu! I hope so." "There, there, Flora, don't be angry again!" "Enough for one, enough for two," said Flora, laughing."

Max of course is installed; and Flora refuses to cook and spoil her hands any longer. A very old maid, the servant of a deceased Curé who left her unprovided for, seamed by the small-pox to proper ugliness, is upon this subdued by threats and promises and supplies her place. Flora calls herself Mlle. Brazier now; wears stays, silk dresses, and lace; hires a servant for Max; and buys him a horse, called English by courtesy. As to Jean Jacques, the table having become more choice still since this new arrival, he is gradually eating himself to death: still, however, existing only for Flora; obeying her slightest sign like a dog; and at 57 looking 80. These pictures of vice and imbecility are in Balzac's best manner. We have then the arrival of Madame Bridau and her son. The mild abnegation of the one, the disinterestedness of the other, render them, of course, utterly incapable of struggling against the tyrants of Rouget's household. Their departure introduces us to some new and well imagined scenes and actors. The reception of mother and son by old Hochon, the miser, who allows their presence, only because his wife might, if provoked, alienate in her god-daughter's favour part of her private fortune; the gentle figure of his wife, with her resigned and broken spirit; and the contempt or pity these feel for the genius of the artist, and the path he has chosen; form a picture of striking truth, of which we extract part, and regret the want of space for all.

"Having placed his mother's baggage and his own in the two 'mansarde rooms,' Joseph's attention centred on the silent house, where the walls, the stair, the wainscoting, seemed to distil cold: wholly devoid of ornament; containing only the strictly necessary. He was struck with the transition from his poetical Paris to the mute and dead province; and when, on descending, he found Monsieur Hochon himself cutting a thin slice of bread for each person, he comprehended for the first time in his life the 'Harpagon' of Molière. 'We would have done better to go to the inn,' he said to himself. The aspect of the dinner confirmed him in his opinion. After a soup, which proved quantity the object rather than quality, came its bouilli triumphantly crowned with parsley; the vegetables which belonged to it also, figured on a dish by themselves, and formed a staple of the repast; three dishes more accompanied this bouilli enthroned on the centre of the table: hard eggs on sorrel, a salad dressed with nut-oil, and very small creams where burned oats replaced vanilla, resembling it as endive coffee does mocha. Butter, radishes, and pickle, completed the course which met Madame Hochon's approbation. The good old woman nodded like a person happy to see her husband, the first day at least, had done things properly. The miser replied by a glance and gesture, easy to translate, 'See to what follies you force me!' Having been dissected in slices like the soles of half-thick shoes, the bouilli was replaced by three pigeons. Adolphe, by the advice of her grandmother, had ornamented the ends of the table with large nosebags. 'In a campaign we must take its rations,' thought the artist, and he began to eat like a man who had breakfasted at six on a cup of execrable coffee. When he had swallowed his bread and asked for more, Monsieur Hochon got up, took a key from the bottom of his coat-pocket, opened a closet behind him, brandished the imprisoned twelve-pound loaf, ceremoniously cut from it another round, cut this again in half, laid it on a plate, and pushed the plate across the table with the silence and sang-froid of an old soldier, who says to himself at the commencement of a battle, 'Never mind, I may be killed to-day.' Joseph took half this round, and understood that he must ask for no more bread. Monstrous as all this seemed to the painter, not one of the family looked surprised. The conversation went on. Agatha learned that the house where she was born had been bought by the Borniches: she wished to see it again. 'Certainly,' said her godmother, 'the Borniches will come to-night. We shall have the whole town anxious to see you,' said she to Joseph. The servant brought dessert: the soft goats-milk cheese of Touraine, walnuts, and the regulation sponge-cakes. 'Come, Gritte, some fruit,' said Madame Hochon. 'There is none rotten, ma'am,' said Gritte, with great naïveté. Joseph yielded to a fit of laughter as if he had been in his atelier, understanding that the precaution of commencing by the injured fruit had become a custom. 'Pshaw, we will eat it all the same,' he replied, with the gaiety of a man who has made up his mind. . . . 'We will take the liqueur in the drawing-room,' said Madame Hochon, rising,

and asking by a gesture for Joseph's arm. As they left the room first, she was able to say to him, 'Well, my poor boy, this dinner will not give you an indigestion, but I had some trouble to obtain it. You will keep Lent here, you will eat but just enough to keep you alive, so have patience.' The simplicity of the excellent old woman, thus pronouncing her own sentence, pleased the artist. 'I shall have lived fifty years with that man,' she said, 'without hearing twenty crowns chink in my purse. Oh if it had not been to save you a fortune, I never would have drawn your mother and yourself within my prison!' 'But how are you alive still?' said the painter, with his naïve gaiety. 'Ah! there it is,' she replied. 'I pray.' A slight tremour passed over Joseph as he heard these words; they so ennobled the old woman that he drew back a step or two to gaze at her countenance: it seemed radiant to him, expressing as it did a serenity so tender: he said, 'I will paint your portrait!' 'No, no,' she replied, 'I have been too weary on earth to wish to remain here on canvass.' . . . 'Monsieur Hochon is going to his society to read the papers, we shall have a moment to ourselves,' said the old lady to Agatha, in a low voice. In fact, ten minutes after, the three females and Joseph were alone in this saloon, whose floor was merely swept, and never rubbed: whose tapestries in their dark oak frames, and plain, almost sombre, furniture, appeared to Madame Bridau exactly in the state she had left it. The monarchy, the revolution, the empire, the restoration, which had respected nothing, might have passed unsuspected in this apartment. 'Ah! godmother, compared with yours, my life has been cruelly agitated,' said Agatha, surprised to find even a canary she had known alive, stuffed on the chimney-piece between the brass branches and the silver candlesticks. 'My child,' answered the old woman, 'the storms are in the heart. The more our resignation is great and necessary, the stronger are our struggles with ourselves. We will not speak of myself, but of your affairs: you are precisely opposite the enemy,' rejoined she, pointing to the parlour of the Rouget house."

The whole town of Issoudun arrives to see the two Parisians.

"Meedames Borniche, Goddet-Hereau, Fichet, &c., ornamented with their spouses, entered after the usual compliments; when these eleven persons were seated, Madame Hochon could not avoid presenting to them her god-daughter Agatha; and Joseph remained in his arm-chair, occupied in the study of the fifty figures, which from half-past five to nine o'clock this evening sate to him gratis, as he said to his mother. Joseph's attitude, in presence of the practical people of Issoudun, did not change the opinion of the little town in his favour: each went away impressed with his sarcastic expression, made uncomfortable with his smiles, or frightened by a face sinister to those who know not how to recognize the eccentricity of genius. At ten o'clock everybody had gone to bed, and the godmother kept the godchild in her room till

midnight. Sure then of solitude, they unfolded to each other the sorrows of their lives. Recognizing the desert in which the strength of a noble soul had been wasted: hearing the last echoes of a mind, whose destiny was marred; learning the sufferings of this essentially generous and charitable heart, whose charity and generosity had never been exercised; Agatha no longer considered herself the most unhappy: seeing how many small joys had been dealt to her in her Parisian existence, tempering the bitterness allotted by Heaven. 'You who are pious, godmother, explain my faults to me, tell what are those which God punishes?' 'He prepares us, my child,' replied the old lady, as the clock struck midnight."

It is soon proved to demonstration, to the old miser Hochon, that neither sister nor nephew have the least chance with the imbecile Rouget. Max has attempted to entangle Joseph in a criminal process, when, receiving a dagger wound from a vindictive Italian, he has pretended to recognize Joseph. The poor 'quiet artist's' innocence is easily made apparent; but some hours' imprisonment, and the chance of being torn to pieces by the mob, make more than ever precious the calm of his atelier and the bread of his toil. Soon we find that through his exertions his mother has obtained care of a small *bureau de loterie*, while he himself is employed in decorating the chateau of a peer of France, who may serve Philip, still a prisoner. So Agatha and her godmother part.

Now comes Philip's turn with the *Ménage de Garçon en Province*. Saved from severer punishment by his own ignoble conduct (for he betrays both judges and accomplices), Philip is to pass five years under surveillance of the police, and Issoudun is chosen, at Joseph's prayer, for his residence. This is a change for Max and Madame Flora! Philip is not Joseph. The contempt of Max is this time misplaced. Philip can feign the virtue he has not. He obtains the fair opinion of the townspeople; lives with a quiet which silences suspicion; practises fencing till he is a proficient: and then comes the moment for action. When Max has performed what seems a master-stroke in conveying Flora from Issoudun—for he counts on the old man's infatuation to follow, and thinks it easiest elsewhere to secure his fortune wholly to themselves—Philip, acting with even sharper villany on the same infatuation, disconcerts their plans; obtains paramount influence himself; forces Flora back; whispers deliverance in his old uncle's ear; and finally accomplishes it by killing Max in a duel. The next piece of policy in the excellent Philip is the marry-

ing Jean Jacques to Flora, with apparent disinterestedness in the marriage contract, and a great show of morality in a newspaper paragraph. Monsieur Rouget is now conducted to Paris, where he soon dies of altered hours and the excesses encouraged by his nephew and next heir. Upon this Philip, after a proper lapse of time, marries (privately) his uncle's widow: receiving from her in return the unreserved donation of all she had enjoyed from her old benefactor. Wealth has by this time wrought all its marvellous wonders upon Philip. He has purchased an estate and a title; he inhabits an hotel in the *Chaussée d'Antin*; he regains his rank in the army; and passing in his elegant equipage one rainy night to a soirée at the *Elysée Bourbon*, covers with mud the poor keeper of the lottery-office who is returning home on the artist's arm.

All this has still failed to open the mother's eyes! Joseph knows his brother better, but he knows her preference also, and is silent. At last the artist has contracted debts despite of prudence and self-denial. His colour-merchant's bill lies on his table waiting payment, and Agatha, without consulting him, has written to Philip, who has never yet visited her. This *she* had accounted for and forgiven; and sits building castles as to how the magnificence of the present she expects from one son, will arrive to save the other from the consequence of what she calls his folly. A letter is brought her; Joseph, absorbed in a painting just commenced, fails to notice his mother's occupation till he is roused by the convulsive crushing of paper in her hand, succeeded by a heavy fall. It is Agatha sinking to the floor. The death-stroke has been given, though she lingers three weeks longer. She asks the friendly priest by her side the question formerly addressed to her godmother, "What have I done to be so punished?" He speaks of her unworthy preference so long persisted in, and from the striking passages that follow, we give one extract more.

"Joseph re-entered his mother's room about two hours after the confessor's departure. He had called on a friend for the sum necessary to the payment of the most pressing demands, and came in on tiptoe, thinking she slept, and took his place in the arm-chair without being seen by her. A sob, interrupting the words, 'Will he forgive me,' made him start up with a cold sweat on his forehead, for he believed his mother in the delirium which sometimes precedes death. 'What ails you, mother?' he said to her, still more alarmed to see her features distorted, and her eyes red with weeping. 'Ah, Joseph, my

child, will you forgive me?' 'Forgive what?' asked the artist. 'I have not loved you as you deserve to be loved!' 'Not loved me!' he exclaimed. 'Have we not lived these seven years together? have you not been my housekeeper? do I not see you every day? do I not hear your voice? are you not the gentle and indulgent companion of my miserable life? You do not comprehend painting, but it is not a faculty which comes at will; and I! who said only yesterday—what consoles me in all my struggles is that I have a good mother: she is what the wife of an artist ought to be, taking care of everything, watching over my wants without my having the slightest trouble—' 'No! Joseph, no!—you, you loved me, but I did not return tenderness for tenderness. Oh! how I wish I could live! Give me your hand.' She took her son's hand, kissed it, held it on her heart, and gazed long at him, showing her blue eyes radiant with the tenderness till now reserved for Philip. The painter, who was a connoisseur in expressions, was so struck with this change, he saw so well that his mother's heart was now opened to him, that he took her in his arms, held her clasped some moments, repeating like one insane, 'Oh! mother, mother!' 'Ah! I feel I am pardoned,' she said. 'God will confirm the pardon of a child to his parent.' 'Calm is necessary to you, do not agitate yourself. Now, in this moment, I feel myself loved for all the past!' exclaimed Joseph, replacing his mother on her pillow. During the remaining fortnight that the illness of this sainted creature lasted, in her looks and gestures there was for Joseph so much love that in each there seemed contained an entire life of affection. The mother thought but of her son; she reckoned herself as nothing; and supported by her maternal feelings, she was scarcely conscious of pain. She spoke those artless speeches which belong to children. D'Arthez and others of his friends came to keep Joseph company, and conversed in low voices in the sick woman's chamber. 'Oh! how I wish I knew what is meant by colour!' she exclaimed, hearing a discussion on a picture. The six friends were at once amused and saddened by this exclamation. 'Colour, madam,' said D'Arthez, 'is, that moment to be seized by a painter, in which objects are in all the splendour of their finest effect: everything in nature has a colour.' 'Thus,' said she, 'at this moment, when I love my Joseph with all the force of my soul, my mother's heart is full of colour.' 'Humph!' said Michel Chrestien, 'how instinct replies to science, how superior is practice to theory.'

Philip, Count of Brambourg, refuses to visit his mother's death-bed. Agatha dies. Wretchedness and abasement soon rid Philip of his wife, erst his aunt. Saving only his hotel and picture gallery, he then loses his large fortune by playing on a rise in 1830; while the two friends who advised him, win theirs by speculating on a fall. Finally, he is cut to pieces in Algiers: abandoned among some Arabs by his soldiers, who detest him: and Joseph, great and successful at last, inherits hotel and

paintings, and, to his great amusement, the title of Count of Brambourg.

In this his chronicle of the 'Rabouillouse' (we protest against this word of a vile vocabulary), Balzac keeps somewhat too much on the revolting side; in contrast to which the artist, his mother, and Madame Hochon, are sketched too lightly, though with a touch most bright and pure. The ignoble scenes are dwelt on too long, and recur too often. Some trivial matters, too, lengthen and weary to little purpose: those, for instance, which detail the mischievous tricks of the association to which Max belongs. The noble struggles of the artist had on the whole interested us more, and instructed us better, than the base success of the thief and bully, the unnatural son and dishonest brother. Philip, if not overdrawn (for we trace admirably, step by step, his way from vice to crime), is at least one of the odious exceptions which are hardly profitable to contemplate. The conception of Joseph, on the other hand, is true and beautiful. The genius unacknowledged, the devotion uncomprehended, the affection unreturned: while even the parent he supports looks on the fortunate egotist as the clever man of the family, and wonders and admires, not at the long struggles and light reward of Joseph, her youngest son, but that her eldest, Philip, should obtain the cross of honour! The miser, of a different race from him we knew in 'Eugenie Grandet,' is graphic also; particularly at the wedding dinner, where Gritte, requiring string to truss her turkey, he draws forth a coil which has seen soil and service, and repenting his gift as she reaches the door, exclaims, "Gritte, you will return it!" The roué Max; the imbecile Rouget; the sordid, clever, shameless woman, bent at last after all her vicious triumphs under the iron hand of Philip, till Joseph's pity and ours would fain raise even her;—are new evidences of Balzac's power and genius: of his knowledge of the heart, and his fearless exposure of those crimes and follies by which humanity is most endangered.

ART. V.—*Reisebriefe*. (A Traveller's Letters). By IDA COUNTESS HAHN-HAHN. 2 vols. Berlin. 1841-2.

THE authoress of these letters, well known

to the public of Germany by some extremely clever tales, novels, and volumes of verse, underwent a painful operation about two years ago. It was her misfortune to be afflicted with the peculiarity of vision known as 'a squint,' and attracted by the fame of the celebrated Dr. Dieffenbach, of Berlin, she resolved to try his skill. Dieffenbach operated upon the countess, and the countess was most effectually cured of what she had objected to, for she lost the use of one eye completely, and was for a long time apprehensive of becoming completely blind. Dieffenbach's friends maintain that she brought these consequences upon herself by imprudently reading and writing by candle-light, on the very evening after the operation. This the lady positively denies. She declares that to the culpable negligence of her medical attendant, after the operation, her misfortune is entirely to be attributed. Between evidence so contradictory, we shall not attempt to decide.

To relieve her mind of the melancholy naturally caused by so grievous a loss, the countess Hahn-Hahn repaired in the autumn of 1840 to Nice, where she spent the winter, and in the ensuing spring travelled through the south of France to Barcelona. Thence, by the aid of steamboats, she visited all the most interesting points along the coast, as far as Lisbon, and made two excursions into the interior to see Granada and Seville. Her 'Letters' descriptive of this travel, concern herself much more than the places she visited; but notwithstanding an extraordinary stock of conceit, sometimes by the help of it, they are lively, readable, amusing enough.

Varnhagen von Ense once described the countess Hahn-Hahn as an insolent (*trutzige*) writer. As this was said to the lady herself, it was probably more intended as a compliment than a rebuke; and taking the word in a playful sense, it characterizes her style with tolerable accuracy. Every thought that comes uppermost is put to paper, regardless of consequences; so that there are few who will not find among the lady's published opinions, many to dissent from and some to censure. The habit certainly gives to her effusions an air which is not ill-described by the term '*insolent*.' *Saucy* is hardly strong enough. Exceedingly saucy women, however, when they happen to be pretty, witty, and well-informed, are often agreeable companions, and almost always pleasant correspondents. Where sauciness is merely put on, the thing is odious enough;

but where it flows naturally from an abundance of animal spirits, it sits gracefully upon the wearer often, though always a dangerous ornament.

The countess addresses her letters to her mother, her sister, her brother, and to a friend, the Countess Schönbург-Wechselburg. We are told that the letters are printed just as they were written, and this we can easily believe. They have the freshness of a genuine correspondence. Yet they were probably, when written, composed with an ultimate view to publication: indeed, in one place the authoress herself hints at such an intention.

Nice made at first but an unfavourable impression upon our fair tourist, but she became reconciled to it in a short time. Writing to her brother she says,

"I have now been a month here, and can say something more of Nice than I did when I came. My exclamation then was, 'the only thing that pleases me about the place is, to know that it's the end of the journey.' This was partly the effect of weariness and vexation; yet not wholly so, for Nice has an uncomfortable look to one who hopes to find simplicity and tranquillity there. It looks less like a settled place than like an embryo city. It is a huge plan that has yet to be filled up; where dust, confusion, donkeys, bricklayers, and all that is noisy, and all that I hate, are gathered together, and have taken up their abode. A stranger seeks a temporary home, and fifty are offered to him, as he wanders among the vast barracks of *hôtels garnis* that are built here on speculation. The natives build as if they hope to lodge their guests by regiments. These hopes are far from being realized; many are held back by the apprehension of war, or by the dangerous vicinity of the French frontier. The consequence is that the large empty houses, with their closed jealousies, produce a gloomy effect, which is heightened by the surrounding desolation, always inseparable from ground laid out for building, but not yet built upon. There is the sea, to be sure; but I hate to be folded in with a herd; to hear people dance over my head, sing under me, and romp about in the room next my own. I like not to be compelled to participate in the diversions of all who are under the same roof with me. I am like a forest bird who sings and makes the woods merry, whom every wayfarer may listen to, but who lives not the less for himself, and is seen by none. Moreover, I was obliged to sacrifice the view of the sea, because it was too dazzling for my poor eyes. . . . In the clear sunshine it is impossible for me to look upon the bounding, foaming, azure tide, or upon the millions of glittering spangles with which it seemed to be decked. On such golden days, when heaven, water, and earth are trying which can be brightest and most beautiful, I walk into the plain, through narrow and entangled paths, that lead from garden to garden, where I may hope to find verdure and shade; but on the mo-

ther-of-pearl days, that would be leaden days in the north, I can abandon my fondness for the sea. Then a gentle cloudy breath has dimmed the brightness of the sky; the sun is not seen though his presence is felt; he stands behind a cloud like a lamp whose light is concealed by an alabaster column; he silvers the outline, yet plays in faint prismatic colours through the mass. Sometimes, indeed, it rains on such days; but in such a case, there is nothing to be done, either here or elsewhere, but to roll oneself up like a bird in one's nest, and lie there as quiet as a mouse."

She is not long, however, before she grows reconciled to her temporary abode. In the same letter we find her saying,

"It is, after all, a sweet and blessed spot of earth on which Nice stands. Call it a vast orchard and kitchen-garden if you will; but, to my northern eyes, at least, its homely destination is ennobled by the southern fruits it bears. The vegetable beds are bordered with orange-trees, and the walks are vaulted over with vines. In the more elegant *campagnes*, jasmin and roses are substituted for the vine, or mingle with its leaves; while the beds, instead of being filled with cabbages and salad, are wrought into parterres of flowers; but these are always wretched to look upon, for the people understand not the tending of flowers, which probably require more care and attention than they are willing to bestow on them."

The countess is a legitimist. She hates all Frenchmen, and despises all Liberals: she dotes upon the middle ages, and venerates time-honoured institutions. Yet, how does the countess speak of monks and monasteries?

"In the convent garden at Cimiez is a cassia-tree, the largest in Europe. We had gone in, but there the word was again, '*ma non le donne.*' The most repulsive monks I ever saw skulked barefooted about, with tangled hair and beards. Among them were four or five of a great age, but their countenances were all so mean and vulgar, that I turned from them in disgust. When very old men, who have devoted their lives to pious meditations or works of godliness, have, notwithstanding the natural gloria of snow-white hair, an expression of meanness and greediness in their countenances, the inconsistency is too striking. Unfortunately, just as we came up, a peasant arrived at the convent-door with two casks of wine slung over the back of a mule. The monks were so delighted that they burst into a chorus of volubility. They were at a loss how to set bounds to their expressions of gratitude and exultation. This exuberance of joy, from such a cause, seemed to me so indecent that I could not bear to remain in their company."

"I know not what the cause may be, but there is always a greasy acid smell about a convent, at least to my painfully sensitive olfactory nerves. Is this caused by the confined atmo-

sphere, or by the absence of personal cleanliness? Whatever be the cause, I have always found the air of a convent oppressive, and never more so than when I had just left the sharp pure air of Nice. By the by, the doctors are wont to send consumptive patients to this sharp air: well may the poor patients exclaim, "Forgive them, Heaven; they know not what they do."

Six months the suffering yet sprightly countess remained at Nice, and considering the variety of her occupations, it is not surprising that the time should have passed away quickly. She says that she wrote a novel, learned Spanish, read sundry works of history, and withal, like a good German housewife, did not fail to knit herself a dozen pair of stockings. Yet she seldom failed to walk several miles every day, and nearly six weeks of the time she was disabled for any serious occupation by the weakness of her eyes! Spring, however, came round, and our "forest-bird" longed to take wing again. With not a little of restless vanity and effort, there is still much that is natural and touching in the remarks she indulges in here.

"Oh!" she exclaims, "this restlessness of spring, this longing for a new sphere, for a fresh life, for increased activity, for a more sunny existence! This impulse to rush forth, to rise to light, to beauty, to happiness, how it reveals itself throughout all nature! Must not man with his finer senses, with his more excitable nerves, be more susceptible to its influence than the animal and vegetable creation? For my own part, I wonder every spring that I don't grow several inches taller. One thing vexes me: I must always remain myself. Whether others feel this I know not: those, for instance, who live in the gay world, or those who are engaged in any other constant and laborious occupation. I might ask them: but who speaks the truth of himself, unless he know beforehand that the truth redounds to his praise? I am myself befallen by all the restlessness to which a meditated journey naturally gives rise; and this restlessness is the greater, because I am uncertain whether I shall go, and because my poor eyes, constantly liable to inflammation, may at any time frustrate all my schemes. I cannot tell you what a new and oppressive feeling it is to me, to know that my plans are dependent on my health. The want of money, of time, or of anything else that is requisite, may frustrate one's designs just as effectually, but not so afflictively as when the helplessness of the body is the cause. It never occurred to me before that bodily infirmity might hinder me from writing at night, or from exposing myself to wind and weather by day. I have been learning this during the last year. Alas! I receive the chastening patiently, but I would that Providence had given me less occasion to convince myself of my docility."

She at last determined to go to Marseilles, and there make up her mind whether she would proceed into Spain or not. But alas! Marseilles is France, and France is hateful to the countess Hahn-Hahn. With what easy and enviable self-sufficiency she sets her little self, with all her little loves and hatreds, in the balance against a whole great nation!

"I shall now go to France," she says, "Heaven knows what the consequence may be, for I hate France! I hate the spirit of vanity, fanfaronade, insolence, and superficialness; in short, I hate the national character of the French. It is unmitigated barbarism. I am of a soft and humane disposition, but love and hatred must take precedence of every other sentiment.

Steht mir das Lieben und Hassen nicht frei,
So ist es mit meinem Leben vorbei.*

"You do not believe it, perhaps, but I am humane and charitable. The individual, whoever he may be, or wherever he may come from, shall be current with me at his full value. I will not make him my friend if there be no sympathy between us, but I do not on that account reject his opinions and views; I may learn from him, and besides I feel a respect for every human being, for the sake of the immortal spark that animates him; but the moment you talk to me of masses, of parties, of nations, it seems impossible to me not to be either *for* or *against* them. Not only to me must this be impossible, but to all men, be they ever so great, so wise, or so powerful. A mother must not show that she loves her son more than her daughter, nor a king that his loyal subjects are dearer to him than his liberal ones. It is wise in the king, it is virtuous in the mother to conceal such a preference, but not to feel it would imply the absence of all feeling. Glory the French have known how to gain; to deny them that would be absurd; but honour?—I mean real dignity, internal vigour, respect for the rights of others, the endurance of reverses?"

We break off abruptly, but the fault is not ours, for the countess herself breaks off into a series of quite disconnected remarks on French history, followed by others, intended to be severe in the extreme on those revolutionary writers in the *Augsburg Gazette* who would drive the King of Prussia into the mischiefs and absurdities of a representative government. Yet the countess talks of these subjects with the highest kind of cleverness attainable by so superficial a person. What is said in the following passage, of the actual feeling of the people of France on the question of the Fortification of Paris, we believe to be perfectly true.

* To love and hate when I'm no longer free,
Life will itself be valueless to me.

"For a quarter of a century past, the world has done little else but manufacture constitutions, cementing them 'with sweat and blood,' like Mephistopheles and the monkeys, fitting them on *à tort et à travers*, but never giving the plant time to bear fruit. People talk of England! England was an aristocratic republic, whose heart and sinews were in the House of Lords, with its noble traditions, its vast wealth, its great historical names, and its extensive landed possessions. And this aristocracy had the tact and wisdom to invigorate itself by drawing constantly into its own circle, the noblest juices of the land. A nation must be educated for such institutions, and they again must grow out of a nation and a nation's wants; they must grow and ripen from within, and cannot be stitched together by a stranger, and fitted upon a people, as a new coat is fitted on by a tailor. Give chambers to a country that must occupy itself with the politics of Europe, and they will do as those of France now do, where every man would be king, and make his own crochets law. What is that but despotism? Where is the progress, where the profit? Do those chambers occupy their legitimate sphere? Do they really represent the interests, the wants, or the wishes of the people? The Fortification of Paris, for instance, is the question of the day. Speak with Frenchmen of every party, and you have them here of every shade, not one is satisfied, if you except a few madcaps who dream of jumping from captains to fieldmarshals. Those who do not like to blame, shrug their shoulders and hold their tongues. Now what sort of a national representation is that, which does nothing but vote away millions as if they rained from heaven, and that for an object entirely foreign to the interests of the country? Let Paris be a fortress, and the government must be a dictatorship, whether its forms be republican or monarchical. Such also is Louis Philippe's aim. Not on his own account. No, the poor king is accustomed to balance himself like a juggler upon the edge of a sword, but he would fain secure to his successor a better existence than that of a royal ropedancer, would fain exempt him from the necessity of fawning alternately upon every faction."

In her next letter we find the countess at Toulon, where the *bagne* appears to have been the object that mainly attracted her attention. The horrors of these French prisons disgusted her, as well they might: and in the true legitimist spirit she mourns over the necessity for such institutions, instead of first reflecting whether the necessity really exists. The *bagnes* of France are a disgrace to the country in which they are found, but they are not, as the countess imagines, an offspring of civilisation. On the contrary, as civilisation advances, the discipline of prisons will improve, and even the *forçats* of Brest and Toulon will feel the effects of that improvement.

At Toulon nearly three thousand of

these unhappy beings are confined in the *bagne*. In former times, French convicts were placed as rowers on board the royal galleys; but galleys are not now in use; and though the felon, when condemned, is still spoken of as a galley-slave, yet these slaves are no longer employed in the naval service of their country, except to perform now and then a little light labour about the arsenal. Like all slaves, they are of little value as workmen, for the labour obtained by the fear of the lash is generally the most expensive labour that an employer can have. In the naval dock-yards of Toulon, the convicts may be seen lounging about in groups, while the free-men who labour for wages are the only men who really work. It is the same all the world over. Where great exertion either mental or bodily is required, the man who labours on compulsion will always break down. The Russian nobles, for instance, know by experience, that they dare not entrust their herds of wild horses in the southern steppes to the keeping of their serfs. No dread of corporal punishment is sufficient to obtain from a herdsman that unceasing care and vigilance requisite in one who has a taboon of wild Tartar horses to look after.

The French convicts wear a prison-dress something like our own. The uniform at Toulon consists of yellow trousers and red jackets. Those sentenced for life wear a green dress, and those who have escaped from prison and been recaptured, are distinguished by a yellow sleeve. Each man has a number, and that number is the only name he is known by in the *bagne*. Formerly the convicts were branded with a hot iron, but this barbarous practice has of late years been discontinued. Not the least remarkable feature of the system is the enormous number of officers to the prison, and their singular inefficiency. To superintend less than three thousand prisoners, nearly all of whom are heavily ironed, there are five hundred keepers, and these are constantly and painfully on the watch, lest their interesting charges should amuse themselves by firing the arsenal, in the hope of escaping in the confusion that would probably ensue.

The *bagne* is the regular lion to which all strangers are taken who come to Toulon, and the prisoners are in the habit of making articles of various kinds for sale to the visitors. The money received is not given to the prisoner, but is placed to his account, and he receives it when he has served out his time. The countess Hahn-

Hahn tells us she purchased a remarkably pretty pair of slippers made of the fibres of the aloe, and lined with pink satin. "They were as white as snow, the handsomest pantofles under the sun, and showed no trace of having ever been inside of the *bagne*." Among the prisoners she noticed several Bedouin Arabs; the greater part of them had been convicted at Algiers of coining.

The rooms in which the convicts sleep and take their meals are low but spacious halls, vaulted, paved with stones, and kept scrupulously clean. In one room about two hundred men sleep together. The windows are barred, but not glazed. Through the middle of this *salle* there runs lengthwise a partition-wall, four feet high, and on each side of this wall there is an inclined stage, made of boards, on which the convicts sleep, their only bedding being composed of two small blankets. Along the foot of this stage runs an iron bar, to which one foot of each convict is chained at night, and there they lie, winter and summer, packed together nearly as closely as negroes in a slaveship, upon hard boards, and under scanty covering, while the chain that binds them to the iron bar scarcely allows them to change the position in which they lie down. At the head of each man's place there stands a small tin vessel, into which his food is daily meted out to him. Two pounds of bread is the daily allowance, except on Sundays and holidays, when meat is added. The labour exacted from the men, as has already been said, is light; but any breach of discipline is promptly and severely punished by the infliction of a fixed number of lashes upon the back with a tarred rope. Fifty blows is the greatest number that can be inflicted at one time; but the instrument of torture is infinitely more severe than the English cat, and cases of men expiring while under the *bourreau's* hand are by no means rare. Cruel, however, as is this flogging, it is still found insufficient to inspire the necessary dread among the miserable inmates of this receptacle of human depravity. Solitary confinement in a dark cell, with no food but bread and water, must often be had recourse to, as an aggravation of punishment. Our letter-writer says, that in these cells the prisoners are sometimes kept immured for three years together, without seeing the face of a fellow-creature, or hearing a human voice but their own. This, we earnestly hope, is an exaggeration; solitary confinement for so protracted a period, human reason

could rarely survive. What has been said with such truth and power by Mr. Dickens on the system at Philadelphia, seems to us to have set this question at rest for ever.

It is not, however, in the severity of the treatment that the atrocity of a French *bagne* can be said to consist. A prison is a place of punishment, and Heaven forbid that the sentimentality of a morbid philanthropy should be allowed to convert a prison into a place of enjoyment or ease. The great evil of the French system is, the indiscriminate association of two or three thousand criminals for a series of years. In all France there are but two prisons for the reception of *forçats*; the one is at Brest, the other at Toulon. In these two great criminal colleges, all the offenders in the kingdom, who fall under the censure of the law, are herded together: and there they labour to educate each other, and breathe, for years together, an atmosphere of moral pestilence, such as no other country in the world has to blush for. Our own prisons for the graver kinds of crime are bad enough, for, with us also, in certain circumstances, the indiscriminate association of criminals has not yet been done away with; but at least we do not shut them up by thousands within four walls, and leave them together for years in a finishing academy for crime. In a French *bagne*, along with offenders of every grade of atrocity, there are at all times a number of men who have been guilty of the worst murders, but who have been rescued from the guillotine by the mistaken lenity of French juries: for a French jury, by appending to their verdict a declaration that a murder has been accompanied by "extenuating circumstances," have the power of preserving the criminal's life. Men have been convicted in France of murdering their parents for the sake of a few hundred francs, and have, nevertheless, escaped with a sentence of hard labour for life, in consequence of the jury's declaration that there existed extenuating circumstances. These men constitute afterwards the aristocracy of the *bagne*; are looked up to with a kind of reverence by the less atrocious offenders; and a hideous moral pestilence is made to pervade the place, such as the imagination of the uninitiated is scarcely able to conceive. It is the same at Madrid, as we learn from Mr. Borrow's 'Bible in Spain': a book of most remarkable power, and real genius.

The countess took Avignon in her way, the city which Joanna, Queen of Sicily

and Countess of Provence, sold to the pope in 1348, for the trifling sum of 80,000 florins, and which the Church continued to possess for four centuries and a half. Avignon lies out of the usual line of tourists: still there are a multitude of interesting associations connected with the place. Nothing about it, however, is more remarkable now than the decay into which it has sunk since the expulsion of the papal legate in 1791: since when the city and its dependent territory have remained incorporated with France. Though still the capital of a department, Avignon has become a complete city of desolation. Its buildings are ruined or untenanted, its churches have been converted into ware houses, its palaces into barracks, its convents into enclosures for the reception of rubbish.

"We walked about the town last night, and never in my life did I behold a place so completely the picture of decline. There were small houses without windows, and large houses of which the doors had been walled up. There were towers, from which every gust of wind brought down fragments of masonry, and which, nevertheless, served as a support to the habitations of wretchedness. The shops were disgustingly dirty, and everything had a spectral look. I lingered at a book-stall, in search of an old edition of St. Augustine. I found it not, but while I lingered darkness came on, yet not a light began to glimmer from any of the dismal windows around us. We met a few ill-clad men, and some hooded women thronged around us, importuning us for alms. I hurried back to the hotel. There a huge fire was lighted on the spacious hearth cased in black marble, and was still burning when I went to bed. The flames threw dark shadows and a lurid glare upon my red curtains, and there I lay, conjuring up images of the piles on which so many heretics and witches had here been tortured to death by papal cruelty. I thought of all the blood shed here during the revolution, and of Marshal Brune murdered, in 1815, by the mob, at the hotel opposite to mine. I shuddered as all these recollections came thronging upon my mind, and felt that a long mourning train must be still sweeping over the haunted city. I saw the forms of sorrow, the instruments and the ministers of priestly torture, and the ugly spectres seemed to hiss about by the fitful flickering light, till, fairly frightened by the shadowy creations of my own fancy, I was glad to be delivered from my ghostly visitors by sleep."

Fearful, indeed, have been the scenes enacted in Avignon: it would be a bold thing to say that even the crimes of the papal inquisition surpassed in atrocity the demoniac excesses of revolutionary fanaticism. Jourdan Coupe-tête, as he was called, had three hundred men shot here in one narrow street; and on the same

day, two hundred wretches were decapitated in an adjoining tower. The blood of the victims yet clings to the walls, where a broad dark belt of gore has been blackening for half a century, and is still pointed out to the attention of travellers. It has now become historical, and will probably be preserved with the same care as the stain of Rizzio's blood on the floor of Holyrood.

The ancient palace of the Inquisition is at present a heap of ruins, through which it is difficult to trace the former structure of the building. When the French Republicans entered, they sought to obliterate the monument of priestly crime. They blew down the walls with gunpowder, but the rubbish has not been cleared away, and still remains to mark the site of the hateful tribunal. A large heavy roofless tower is shown by the professional cicerones as the dungeon of Cola di Rienzi, but it is difficult to say whether any authority exists for the tradition.

The desolation and decay of Avignon afford the lively countess new subject of bitter remark against France and the French.

"I wrote lately, 'I hate the French national character;' but I expressed myself ill, for how can one hate a wretched people, who have been robbed of their religion and their ancient kings, and have got nothing in exchange but vague notions beyond their comprehension, that addle their heads and leave their bellies empty. The Bible says, 'a father would not give to his hungry son, an adder for a fish;' yet something like this is done here, where instead of bread the people are fed with newspaper declamations. If you could but see how miserable the people look! Quite as wretched as in Italy, but without any of the Italian *insouciance*. And then, nobody thinks of quoting Rome or Naples as a well administered state, whereas France is looked upon as such by many. This is Maundy Thursday, a solemn festival of the Catholic church. In the cathedral, the archbishop performed his functions in the presence of about a hundred dirty women and about the same number of ragged urchins. I can't say I expected to see many men at mass, but I did expect to see them about the streets in holiday attire. How clean, how decorous the people look with us on a Sunday, whether at church or in the street! Here I have not seen a single creature that looked like what we should call an orderly citizen, or a respectable mechanic. Does there exist no such class in France, or is it wanting only at Aix and Avignon?"

There is some reason in these remarks, but the countess makes bad application of it. Avignon was the last place where the merits of French administration could be fairly judged. Under the papal govern-

ment, the city was not only the residence of a number of wealthy ecclesiastics, but it was also a place of refuge for a multitude of offenders who fled from France, to escape their creditors, or the ministers of justice. The city of refuge, indeed, was as much a nuisance to the south of France, as the lanes and alleys of Alsatia once were to the citizens of London; but these refugees brought money to Avignon, where they were only tolerated so long as they were able to pay their way. All that has changed now. The city has sunk from its ancient rank to that of a provincial town, and the inhabitants have lost their former source of income: the decline of Avignon, therefore, has other causes besides the faulty administration of the country.

We must hurry with our fair traveller through Marseilles, Nismes, and Montpellier, to Perpignan, at which place she left her carriage, and proceeded in the diligence to Barcelona, still undecided whether she should continue her Spanish excursion, or return to France by the next steamer. The heavy diligence with its thirteen inside passengers, and the little colony on the *impériale*, are humorously described: but the diligence of Perpignan bears a close affinity to all the diligences that traverse the several departments of France, and he who has found his way to Paris in one of these uncouth vehicles, has familiarized himself with the whole race.

To cross the Pyrenees near the Mediterranean is no Herculean labour. This celebrated chain of mountains is formidable only about the central portions of the ridge; towards either sea the elevation lessens, and the mountains shrink into hills of comparative insignificance.

At Figueras the travellers halted for dinner, which was served up "without either garlic or onions," and there the French vehicle was exchanged for a Spanish one drawn by nine mules.

"I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the whole herd getting into motion. In Germany we are thankful if our coachman is able to drive four in hand; but only think of a man undertaking to manage nine steeds at once! Each mule had its particular name, such as Pajarito, Galando, Amorosa, &c. The *mayoral* (so the coachman is called) kept up a constant conversation with his cattle, calling the creatures by name, scolding the lazy, praising the diligent, and guiding the whole team, apparently more by his voice than with his reins. By the side ran the *zagal*, a boy with a whip, who contributed his share to the animation of the coursers, threw himself upon the front mule when we crossed a river, or passed a sharp corner, and when he was

tired of running, jumped up beside the mayoral and rested for a few minutes on the driver's seat. The roads were frightful. Indescribably so. At Perpignan they told me the chaussée to Barcelona was as good as a French road. This was saying little enough, but the fact is that after we had got clear of the Pyrenees we found no road at all, but had to ford rivers, to drive through ditches, to cross bogs, and to climb over precipices, and all that the best way we could. Roads and bridges, and everything that should be cared for by a government, are deplorably neglected, but not so the people or the country. I am here, it is true, in Catalonia, the most industrious province of Spain: still I am surprised to see so few signs of the desolation that is wont to manifest itself as one of the certain consequences of civil war or political disorganization. The fields are well tilled, the loom is heard clattering away in the neat white cottages of the villages, and the women are seen at the doors making lace. The men seem strong and firm of foot, with supple limbs and a light elastic tread; quite unlike the clumsy and heavy gait which I have everywhere else remarked about the populace."

This is pleasant; being well observed, and frankly as well as agreeably written. But in matters of graver import, our readers may readily guess at the countess's views of Spanish politics, from what we have already quoted of her feelings on French affairs. In Spain she is as lively, and quite as superficial, as in France. She saw little of the people or the country, more than could be seen by landing from a steamer on a few detached points of the coast: but gifted with a ready smartness of observation, she catches the most prominent features, and puts them into a picture which is always one-sided, yet almost always striking and attractive.

Nothing struck her more at Barcelona than the utter absence of that religious feeling which she had prepared herself to look for in Spain. She goes to the cathedral during divine service, and finds it completely empty.

"It would seem," she says, "as though silent devotion did not suffice the people; as though they required pomp and ceremonies, not so much to edify them, as to procure for them the pleasure of a physical excitement. Had I been here in Passion-week, I should have seen a spectacle that is enacted with all possible splendour in all the cities of Catalonia, and draws the people together in vast numbers. The whole history of the Passion of our Saviour, as described by the Gospel, is put into verse, and performed on a public stage. This is a remnant of the old mysteries and *autos sacramentales*, but differs from them in the total absence of a burlesque character: so that the serious action of the play is not interrupted, nor are low and vulgar jests mingled with the sacred words of the Bible. *Au resto*, the actors study their parts, and theatrical

decoration and scenic effect are as much attended to as at any other dramatic performance. The actors are chosen according to their personal appearance or their talents for the stage. For our Saviour, a handsome man with a black beard is considered indispensable; Judas must have red hair, and the holy women must be beautiful. In Tarragona, two years ago, the part of Christ was given to a galley-slave, distinguished for his fine person and theatrical talents. On that occasion the town had to give security to a large amount, that the spectators, in their admiration for their favourite, would not afford him an opportunity to slip away from the hands of justice. The convict, accordingly, when the curtain had fallen on the glory of his resurrection, had to return to his prison, accompanied by the tears and plaudits of the public. A milliner and a laundress, on the same occasion, performed the Virgin Mary and another of the holy women, and they assure me there was a beautiful tableau when the body of Christ was taken from the cross, and laid in the lap of his Mother!"

The Pope is at this moment causing prayers to be offered up in all parts of Catholic Europe, for the maintenance of the Spanish church against the inroads of Liberalism. Is it for the perpetuation of such exhibitions as this that his Holiness would have us pray? The performance here described is no innovation of liberalism, as the secularization of convents, or the more convenient division of parishes. This Sacred Drama is an inheritance to modern Spain from bygone ages, and must, of course, be counted among the good things for the maintenance of which the Roman pontiff calls upon the faithful to join in prayer.

At Barcelona the countess embarked on board the French steamer that plies along the Spanish coast during the winter, and runs between Havre and St. Petersburg in summer. The vessel stops at every port of any importance along the coast, and the fair traveller was able to land at some places for a few hours, at others for a few days. In this way she visited Valencia, Alicante, Carthagena, and Almeria, and of each she has something amusing to tell us. At Carthagena, for the first time, our authoress is introduced to a Spanish interior."

"We landed to-day in company with two gentlemen who had letters to a merchant, and thus have I been introduced into a private house. I burst in unannounced, like a rocket into a besieged city; for we entered the merchant's shop, in which hardware was sold. The two gentlemen delivered their letter, and our host, as soon as he had read it, offered me his hand—not his arm, and led me upstairs to his drawing-room. His nieces made their appearance, and we were regaled with sweet wine and cake, the young

ladies, at the same time, presenting me a fan, in the same way as with us a footstool might have been presented. I admired the fan very much; partly out of politeness, and partly because the thing was really pretty. They immediately requested me to consider the article my own. This is a piece of civility which Spanish manners exact at all times. The furniture in the room was simple in the extreme. White walls, a sofa, chairs of plaited straw, and a brick floor; but the room itself was at least fourteen feet high, and spacious in proportion, consequently delightfully cool. Fine mats, composed of some plant resembling straw, hung outside of the window. When the sun is no longer on the window the mat is rolled up like a blind; when the heat is oppressive the mat is sprinkled with water, the evaporation of which, I am told, diffuses an agreeable coolness through the room. I was delighted to see the arrangement of a respectable tradesman's house in its every-day attire, and unprepared for the reception of visitors; I scarcely believe that with us, young girls of the same rank would have shown the same polish of manners and absence of restraint in the presence of entire strangers.

"Our host proposed to show us the lions of the place, and escorted us to the arsenal. Three weeks before, I had seen that of Toulon in full activity; I was now to see one laid out on an equally large scale, and in which formerly 7000 workmen were constantly engaged, whereas all Carthage now contains only 12,000 inhabitants. In one yard I saw some anchors of a venerable age, and in another about a dozen men seemed to be rubbing the rust off some old cannon-balls. This was all I now saw either in the shape of stores or workmen, but grass, weeds, and wild flowers were growing everywhere in rich luxuriance. The vast and spacious buildings were all in a ruinous condition, some absolutely in ruins. The bustle of trade and manufacturing industry have, at best, something unexhilarating about them in my eyes, but of the desolate impression produced by the ruins left by departed activity, no one can have an idea that has not seen something like this colossal monument of commercial decay.

"The temples of antiquity, the castles of the middle ages, are poetical in their decline, for the spirits that peopled them in the days of their splendour still wander through the cherished ruins; but what spirit would condescend to haunt the ruins of a rope-walk? Trade has no spirit, and sets none in movement; it knows of nothing but positive speculations, and sets nothing in movement but legs and arms; but let the wheel stop, and poverty, wretchedness, beggary, are the immediate consequences. Alas, to be poor is no greater hardship than to be rich, for our wants increase with our power of gratifying them; but to become poor, that is bitter, for it carries with it an involuntary feeling of a fall! How much more then, when it is a nation that has become poor. Spain is not poor, they will tell me, for it possesses inexhaustible resources within its own soil; but of what worth are those resources to people who know not how to bring them into play? At the time of the Moors, Spain contained twenty millions of inhabitants;

—some say thirty;—now it does not contain ten. The land was then rich and flourishing, and sufficed for all the wants of a luxurious population. Of course it must then have possessed resources, that became dormant in proportion as the population melted together. The land remains uncultivated, because roads and canals are wanting for the conveyance of its produce. The plains of Castile grow the finest wheat in the world, and when grown it is given to the pigs, because the grower has no means of conveying it to a market. There is no trade but along the coast, and even there it is almost exclusively in the hands of the smugglers. The land that once monopolized the trade of both the Indies, the land that could fit out the Invincible Armada for the conquest of England, possesses at present not a single man-of-war, and has no commerce but what is carried on by smugglers! I know not why, but there seems to have clung to the Bourbons of the eighteenth century, a peculiar power of exhausting. Wherever they have ruled, in Spain, in Naples, and in France, a vampire seems to have sucked out the life-blood of the land; and the movements which we now behold, in France as well as in Spain, are, after all, perhaps, not manifestations of reviving force, but the last convulsions of expiring debility."

The last remark comes with tolerable grace from a professed Legitimist and a contemner of trade and constitutions! But, there is some truth, and some good writing, in the passage we have quoted.

At Malaga our tourist leaves the steamer, travels up the country to Granada, and familiarizes herself more and more with Spanish manners. At Malaga, where the English carry on an extensive trade, the waiter at one of the hotels speaks English. This is characteristically welcomed by the countess. "I am delighted to find myself, for once in my life, in a country where my French is of no earthly use to me." At Granada she was still more pleased, to find among the students one who spoke German with fluency, and whom she urged to undertake a translation of Ranke's History of the Popes. The English historians, Robertson and Gibbon, she found had been recently translated, and 'devoured by the public.'

Spain, she tells us, is after all the real land of equality. In no country is there so little distinction between the different classes. The *Don* is liberally given to every man, and the humblest peasant and the wealthiest lord are indiscriminately addressed as *usted*. There is no capital city, for many of the provincial capitals think a great deal more of themselves than they do of Madrid; and there are few people with fortunes sufficiently large to offer a painful contrast between their own luxury and the destitution of their poorer

neighbours. Every man smokes his cigar, every woman coquets with her fan. Temperate habits prevail among the high and among the low: and rich and poor join in the same diversions, the evening promenade and the corrida de toros.

One entire Letter, we should add, is devoted to an admirable description of a bull-fight at which the writer was present. Like all strangers, she was disgusted with the spectacle, and vowed she would never see another while she lived; yet a few weeks later, at Cadiz, where great preparations were making for a corrida, we find her frankly owning that she became infected by the general enthusiasm, and was deterred from going to the feast only by an inflammation of the eyes, which kept her a prisoner in her room for some days.

Nothing seems more to have pleased her in Spain than Gibraltar and Cadiz. The motley population of Gibraltar has long been matter of wonder and admiration to every stranger, and could hardly fail to excite so lively an imagination as that of countess Hahn-Hahn; but Gibraltar had another and greater charm in her eyes, for our countess sets off her hatred to France with a kind of adoration of England.

"Oh! those English!" she exclaims; "how I should hate them if I did not love them! but I do love them, for they are the only people nowadays that do not stand in awe of a revolution, but go on fearlessly, in their own way, without troubling themselves with the apprehension of such an event. The French are a people of words, we of thoughts, the English of action. We are better and more humane, perhaps, inasmuch as thoughts are mostly purer than actions; but in moral vigour and courage, and in self-confidence, the English far surpass us, and those are the qualities by which a nation grows to greatness. England will fall one day, but not before, like Rome, she has held the mastery of the world."

In her love towards us she even undertakes to defend those national peculiarities of which strangers have been almost always unanimous in condemnation. The customary reserve of an English traveller, she maintains, is more agreeable in itself, and more becoming to the wearer, than the habitual volubility and intrusiveness of a Frenchman.

Here we stop: national modesty sides with want of space against the attractiveness of this part of the subject. And in what the countess has since added to her 'Letters,' respecting Paris, we find no temptation to prolong our remarks. It is the least happy of all her writings. It is

a perpetual, wearisome fault-finding. Nothing in France can the countess endure. Even nature is repulsive to her there. She saw it so much wilder in Spain, so much sweeter in Italy, so much greater on the Rhine. It is natural in a sickness of the eyes to hate the light, and even the gas-lamps of the Boulevard des Italiens are not spared by the countess Hahn-Hahn. As for public institutions, she dislikes them all; the men she detests and despises; and for her own sex—it will be enough to say that what she accuses a Frenchwoman of being, in almost every case, she herself decidedly is in these portions of her 'Letters': ennuyée, usée, blasée, and altogether insufferable.

ART. VI.—*Libri due delle Istituzioni Civili, accomodate all' uso del Foro, opera postuma di FRANCESCO FORTI.* (Two Books of Civil Institutes, adapted to the use of the Bar. By F. FORTI.) Firenze, presso l'editore G. P. VIEUSSEUX. 1840.

THE feeling which in the early periods of English history led to the exclusion of the Roman jurisprudence from the courts of common law, and set the authority of the general customs of the realm in the place of the imperial code of Justinian, may in some respects be considered unfortunate. It has been traced to the free spirit of the nobles, unwilling to acquiesce in the absolute principles of civil government to be met with in that compilation; but with a still greater degree of probability, it has been referred to a personal jealousy entertained for the class who were its exclusive expounders, the clergy. However this may be, the voluntary rejection of the authority of that law deprived us of a system which had been the slow accumulation of the wisdom and experience of ages, and which was as much indebted for its principles to the republican sentiments of the Scævolas, of Aquilius Gallus, of Servius Sulpicius, and the liberal minds of Papinian and Ulpian, as to the more biassed views of the subsequent Roman juriconsults. That the admission of the system into our courts would in any way have retarded the progress of rational liberty, we confess that we cannot see: political revolutions are seldom much influenced by the doctrines of the Forum, and whilst all the constitutional principles, which form in fact the smallest and least valuable part of the civil law, might have been rejected as the occasion

arose, all the more valuable customs of our Saxon ancestors could easily have been preserved. Why not in England as in Germany, where, according to Savigny, although they have borrowed much from the private law, they have taken very little from the criminal, and absolutely nothing from the constitutional system, of the Romans? But whether the conclusion be just or ill-founded, whether or not the rejection of the civil law was the act of wisdom or folly, it is certain that the English historian and antiquarian must equally base their researches upon the foundation of Roman customs and institutions.*

It was long supposed that the settlement of the barbarous nations in the territories which constituted the Western Empire had put an end to the authority of the Roman law. Although the clergy during that early period are frequently found zealously favouring and enforcing the '*Jus Romanum*,' the term was certainly not understood. Robertson himself fell unaccountably into the error of including it in canon law. The works of Donato d'Asti, Muratori, and Giannone, have however set the question entirely at rest. It is no longer supposed that the ancient jurisprudence ever entirely lost its authority. The Goths themselves have now been made to play a new part in the history of society—as jurists. No doubt any longer exists that they set the highest value upon the Theodosian Code, the Institutes of Gaius, the Titles of Ulpian, and the Sentences of Paulus, which they were in the constant practice of consulting. All these volumes it is known that they annotated and abridged.†

Notwithstanding the respect occasionally shown to the civil law when cited in the English common law courts, it was only with Lord Mansfield, the character of whose mind and accomplishments directed him that way, that anything like a knowledge or appreciation of the system appears to have commenced. Since that period, writers have from time to time directed public attention to the great advances recently made by the scientific study of jurisprudence in France and Germany. The '*History of the Decline*

and Fall of the Roman Empire' may have contributed to the growing taste. Still the works upon this subject which have issued from the English press are trifles compared with the comprehensive and luminous contributions of continental jurists. We have a poor book written some years ago by Mr. Bankes, upon the Constitutional History of Rome, and a more respectable performance by Mr. Spence, called '*Inquiry into the Origin of the Laws and Political Institutions of Modern Europe*.' A learned publication by Dr. Taylor, styled '*The Elements of the Civil Laws*,' and an elegant and well-written treatise by the late Mr. Plunket Burke, called '*An Historical Essay on the Laws and the Government of Rome*,' have each obtained, and not unjustly, a considerable share of attention. But it is to the translations of foreign jurists that every English reader is compelled to have recourse, who is desirous of finding ample information united with accuracy of research, philosophical precision, or original and masterly arrangement.

Italy is entitled to her own share in the progress which jurisprudence has made in the last century. Indeed, there is one glory more peculiarly her own: that of having been mainly instrumental in the improvement of the important study of criminal jurisprudence, and of having effected the erasure from most European codes of provisions unworthy of civilisation and repugnant to every sentiment of justice. The attention of Europe was first directed by the publication of Beccaria's treatise, '*Dei Delitti e delle Pene*,' to the character and tendency of its criminal systems. The work was received by men of thought with active concern as well as deep interest; and, having been popularized by the commentary of Voltaire, it began at once to produce those wholesome fruits of which we are still engaged in gathering in the harvest. Then came the original work of Filangieri, '*La Scienza della Legislazione*,' embracing in its comprehensive plan (left incomplete by the premature death of its author) the kindred sciences of jurisprudence and political economy. No ordinary praise due to this learned effort is, that of having supplied Buonaparte with many materials for the improvement of the French law, and for the erection of that at once least perishable and least questionable monument of his glory, the Code Napoleon. The celebrated treatise, '*Del Genesi del Diritto Penale*,' published in 1797 by Romagnosi, an Italian, inferior to neither whom we have named in depth of reasoning and strength of capacity, was followed by a succession of treatises by the same writer upon most of those controverted and

* "Our contemporaries," says Sir Francis Palgrave, "have done much for the elucidation of this question. Savigny has demonstrated the continuance of a Roman policy and a Roman people, far into the middle ages. The rise of the royal prerogatives of the English kings out of the principles of the Roman jurisprudence has been traced with profound learning by Mr. Allen. And after having long investigated the subject, I may perhaps be allowed to add my opinion, that there is no possible mode of exhibiting the states of Western Christendom in their true aspect, unless we consider them as arising out of the dominion of the Cæsars."

† Gotofred. Prolegom. ad Cod. Theodos. VI.

important questions which still agitate the jurist and political economist, and are of paramount interest as affecting the destiny and happiness of nations.

Had not death, almost at the commencement of his literary career, removed Francesco Forti from the exercise of his useful duties, his name might perhaps have been mentioned as not the least amongst those benefactors of mankind, who, through the slow but certain conclusions of laborious thought, have deduced, and caused to be received in practice, principles of the very highest importance to the best interests of society and civilisation. He might have made himself known not merely as a careful, profound, and earnest searcher after truth, but as the discoverer of new fields for human exertion: not merely as the impartial and perspicuous annalist of his country's laws, but as himself in some sort their regenerator. Such appears to have been the early estimate of his capacity formed by a most competent judge, a near relative, the accomplished Sismondi, who, referring to the limited range afforded to genius by the law in Italy, dissuaded him, it is said, while yet in his nineteenth year, from embracing the legal profession, because he thought him destined to exercise a higher influence upon the public in a larger sphere.

Forti was born in Pescia, in the Tuscan territories, on the 10th day of November, 1806. His parentage was respectable. His father was Antonio Cosimo Forti, and his mother Sarah, sister of Sismondi. When a child, as not unfrequently happens, he appears to have afforded no earnest of future excellence, but to have been taciturn, unready, and slow of intellect. The fire that slept within him is described to have been first awakened by emulation in the public schools of his native city. Thence he was transferred to the schools of Florence, where he appears to have shown great capacity for philosophy and mathematics. In November, 1822, he removed to the university of Pisa, with the view of devoting himself to the study of the law. His extraordinary natural abilities there decidedly developed themselves, so as to excite particular attention; and having taken his degree of doctor of laws in June, 1826, he proceeded to Florence to commence the practice of his profession. That his attainments were at this time such as to justify the most sanguine hopes of his friends, cannot be doubted. His fellow-collegians and university tutors felt assured of his professional success, prepared as he was by a familiar acquaintance with the Pandects, and with the luminous writings of Pothier,

as well as those of the enlightened and perspicuous Gravina. But mere professional success was not the aim of Forti's ambition. The profound and universal principles that lie at the foundation of all law, had an interest for him that at once overpassed those narrow limits within which the Italian as well as the English practitioner must, for mere profit sake, confine himself. He saw that the volumes which formed the libraries of his companions constituted only a collection of decisions: mere digests, in which the point adjudicated was everything, the principle upon which it rested nothing; and not having met amongst all the existing mass of legal volumes, a single one which could serve as a philosophical introduction to the study of the practice of the law, the idea suggested itself to him of the work, afterwards left unfinished, since posthumously published, and now introduced to the English reader: the 'Civil Institutes adapted to the Forum.' From this period until 1832 some of the most interesting articles in the 'Anthologia,' a periodical published at Florence, proceeded from his pen; all of them evincing an acuteness of the reasoning powers, and an extent of reading, remarkable in one so young. During this period he appears to have been also earnestly employed in collecting and arranging materials for the great work already projected. In 1830, he had passed with the greatest credit the examination necessary to his admission to practise as an advocate; and, although his dislike to the actual practice of the profession still seems to have continued, yet, being one of a large family with a slender patrimony, and without other resources, he was notwithstanding compelled to look to it for the means of subsistence. As early, however, as November, 1832, when he was in the twenty-sixth year of his age, he received at the hands of the Grand Duke Leopold the appointment at Florence of deputy judge of the customs in the Regia Ruota Criminale. Upon this the extreme Liberal party in Italy, who, from the tenour of his previous writings, had claimed him (it would appear without sufficient reason) as a fellow-partisan, attacked him with many ungenerous imputations, to which Forti vouchsafed no reply.

The detractions of another class of his enemies (who murmured at the office having been conferred upon a young theorist, as he was termed, one who had had no practice as an advocate), were soon sufficiently answered by the consummate learning, the lucid arrangement of ideas, and the logical deduction of principles, which he exhibited in his office. At the same time, the odium which rarely fails to attend the functions of a criminal ma-

gistrate, was diminished by the generous forbearance with which he conducted his public prosecutions.

We have described Forti's strong distaste to the ordinary professional practice, from which he was thus early and opportunely taken. It receives striking illustration in a letter written to a brother advocate, Raimondo Gozzani, on the occasion of his appointment.

"Even if I am to remain without the hope of further advancement, still I am satisfied with my appointment in the same degree as was my aversion to the practice of an advocate; an aversion so great that but for the dread of a world beyond the grave I verily believe I would rather have thrown myself into the Arno. The sense of being now free from a harassing thought has restored to me the health which I have during so many months been losing; although I shall have the fatigue of reading my arguments at the public sittings, an office in truth little adapted to the condition of my lungs, still I believe that my constitution will thereby receive less damage than from my previous life spent in pleadings and anxious thought. I quit a profession abhorrent to my feelings, and am become one of the magistracy. This I believe will content me, and I think that I possess qualities which will enable me to exercise my functions at least with self-satisfaction."

The career opened to him was unhappily not destined to be of long duration: the health of which he here speaks despondingly, continued to decline. Recalled by the express wishes of his friends to the production of his original work, the 'Civil Institutes,' he prepared it for the press, it is said, with extraordinary rapidity, in the last months before his death. That event took place on the 10th of February, 1838, in the thirty-second year of his age. His life is supposed to have been shortened by his habit of devoting his nights to the severest studies: it being recorded of him that from childhood he had never been able to apply himself to reading when the sun appeared above the horizon. His constitution was sickly; we have seen him allude to his weak lungs; and his death had been preceded by those of his mother and his two younger brothers. He left a young widow, to whom he had not long been married; but no issue; and is described to have met his fate with Christian faith and philosophic tranquillity.

The 'Civil Institutes,' of which the first volume alone has reached us, was intended, as indeed the title tells us, to serve for the use of the Tuscan bar. Written upon a far more comprehensive plan, it was to have filled the place occupied in England by 'Blackstone's Commentaries,' and in the United States by the 'Commentaries' of Mr. Justice Kent. The

entire work was to have consisted of four books. The first treating of laws in general; the second of those relating to persons; the third, in the introductory chapter of which Forti proposed to discuss at length the ontology of right and the legal sense of technical words, was to have comprised the laws relating to property; and to the fourth and concluding book was to have been assigned the explanation of the course of civil proceedings in courts of justice, with a final chapter containing an analysis of the whole work.

The necessary materials for this undertaking he had been for many years collecting, but unfortunately he commenced the labour of composition only eight months before his death, and was thus only able to complete the first two books. Of these it may be said that the first is the part more particularly attractive to the general reader. It is interesting in many points: and not the least for its evidence as to the sentiments felt and suffered to be published by the more enlightened Italian princes of the present day, respecting the past and present institutions of their country, their civil, political, and ecclesiastical changes, their reforms and revolutions, the grounds and principles upon which the existing system is considered to rest, and the arguments and reasoning cited in its defence or justification. Nor is it a slight recommendation of this part of the work to the attention of the English reader, that it may be considered as constituting a reasoned, and we may add, an impartial exposition of the present institutions of Italy, by a very able man, who held an official appointment in that country. But it also possesses merits more peculiarly its own.

The first two chapters of the book, to which we would more particularly direct attention, are devoted, as is usual in the introductory part of similar works: the first, to a consideration of the abstract nature and definition of laws; and the second to the source of its moral obligation. After distinguishing, in those chapters, between the supreme and ministerial offices, and between the various forms of government, he comes to the delicate subject of absolute sovereignty. Here, imitating Macchiavelli, he refrains from suggesting theories, but contents himself with detailing facts. "Va dietro alla verità delle cose e non ad alcun immaginazione di essa." The passage appears to us to be the worst in the book, and a conclusion in which nothing is concluded. It is the chapter which follows this that the general reader will find most instructive. This division may be said to constitute in itself an ex-

tire and distinct work upon the sources, progress, and present condition of the civil, constitutional, and ecclesiastical law of Italy; interspersed with notices of the lives, and a critical examination of the works, of the most distinguished juridical and political writers, not of his own country only, but of Europe, during the space of two thousand years: from the time of Servius Sulpicius and Cicero, down to the Theorists of the French Revolution. He divides the chapter into four sections: treating separately: first of the Roman laws; secondly, of the laws in force during the barbarian ages; thirdly, of the laws of the people of Italy from the eleventh to the sixteenth century; and fourthly, of the laws of the principal states of Italy from the sixteenth to the nineteenth. In a final section he gives a concise account of the restoration of 1814.

The first section constitutes mainly a history of the constitution of Rome, under its regal, aristocratical, democratical, and imperial forms of government. After mentioning with approbation the theories of Vico and Niebuhr, and noticing the analogy between the Roman law of patrons and clients, and those upon which feudal institutions were afterwards made to rest, he particularizes the changes of the first five centuries of the Republic, and assents to the opinion of Macchiavelli, that the decline of Rome, notwithstanding extensive territorial acquisitions subsequently made, dates from the commencement of its sixth century: when the predominance of the aristocracy had given way before those successes of the lower classes, which led to the establishment of a tyranny. According to Forti, whilst the calamities which in its seventh century occasioned the ruin of the Republic, proceeded from the partisans of the plebeians; all the means of safety and reform rested with those who adhered to the side of the aristocracy. Yet is the writer no bigoted favourer of rank, for we find him approving of all the popular innovations made before the sixth century. According to him, we are to suppose the true triumph of the lower classes to consist in abolishing exclusive privileges of high birth; in obliging patricians to make themselves worthy of popular esteem; in opening to all men in all stations the path which leads to the merited rewards of virtue. But he adds that it would be above the power of man to make that path as smooth and easy to the poor and unknown as to the rich and powerful, and he seems to think that even if it were so made attainable, the result might possibly be pregnant with mischief to society.

He notices, to disapprove of, the opinion

entertained by the ancients and adopted by Rousseau and Mably (and we may add by Macchiavelli), as to the necessarily transitory duration of all civil governments. The laws of the Twelve Tables, the influence of the Greek philosophy upon Roman jurisprudence, the contest between the Jurisconsults and the Orators, are all detailed with great perspicuity. We may remark in passing, that the opinion of the merely honorary nature of the duties of the legal profession, became, notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Cincian Law, as imaginary at Rome as it is in England.

The political opinions of Cicero, as deduced from the books, '*De Legibus*,' '*De Officiis*,' and '*De Republicâ*,' Forti enters upon with great care, as affording the most important data respecting the progress made in the science of government at that epoch. These passages admirably illustrate Forti's manner of conveying the results of his toil and research, and we shall, therefore, translate them. In themselves, also, they are very valuable and interesting.

"Cicero, highly accomplished in every branch of Greek philosophy, endowed with a most powerful imagination, a warm admirer of every generous sentiment, and entertaining lofty conceptions of the force of human reason, was not one readily to acquiesce in the position that the science of right and wrong should have no higher source than the ordinances of men varying according to the will of legislators, or that it should be based upon metaphysical subtleties, submitted merely to the test of authority. He persuaded himself of the necessity of constructing a system of rules founded on reason, which might serve to distinguish a good from a bad ordinance; the latter he regarded as an infringement of right which society had aided in producing. The test for judging of the propriety of human laws he thought that he had found in the law of nature; that is to say, in the supreme system adopted by the gods, the sovereigns of the universe, for the government of mankind. From this fountain he derived that absolute and eternal justice which defines the boundaries of good and evil without reference to social institutions or human opinions. This idea of absolute justice, Cicero well observes, cannot exist without presupposing a religious belief in a supreme regulator of the world, who wills the happiness and advancement of the human race.* According to him, the commands and prohibitions of this supreme law are known to man by the natural light of reason; at least, whenever he is willing to submit to self-examination and to consult his own conscience. Hence the precept of the sage of antiquity, who considered self-knowledge to be the basis of wisdom, is pregnant with profound meaning.† A thorough acquaintance with him-

* Cic. de Legib. I. 6, 7, 10, 15, 15, 16; II. 4, 7.

† Cic. de Legib. I. 23, 24.

self convinces a man that he is by nature disposed to society, and that it is a state necessary to human existence;* that all mankind constitute only one family, having a common father and governor, who loves them all alike, and obliges them to the performance of mutual good offices.† He infers, therefore, that the principles of the egoists who look only to selfish objects and personal advantages, and the sentiments of those who limit their acts of kindness to their family and friends, and neglect the advancement of the universal happiness, are equally opposed to the law of nature, as also are those ordinances which refer every idea of right to the mere relations of citizenship without providing for the just interests of foreigners and slaves.‡ Justice, which is eternal, regards all men alike, and does not suffer one individual to further his own interests by taking from another that which is his due.§ Tyrants alone are without the pale of human law.|| Inequality of rank arises from the necessities of society, and cannot be made to extend beyond the limits of that necessity. One of its effects is the distinction between civil and domestic societies, and that great family which comprises the whole of the human race; the closer the social tie, the greater the obligation of the individual.¶ So our countrymen are nearer to us than foreigners, and our family nearer than our friends, but both our family and our friends ought to be made to give way to the Republic;** for civil society, which constrains all men to the performance of their duties, is the foundation and guarantee of all good, and is to be considered the most important object of the duties of social man. There are, nevertheless, actions so base in their nature that they ought not to be committed, even with the view of saving one's country.††

"The wickedness of man frequently renders it necessary to use violence against our fellow-creatures and to resist force by force: thus when we have to deal with criminals, we are to avail ourselves of penal provisions, but when with public enemies, we must resort to war: the former method should bear a proportion to the nature of the crimes committed;‡‡ the latter, to be just, ought to be necessary.§§ Both in times of peace and war there are rules of reason which govern the intercourse of nations, and are styled the law of nations.|||| The observance of these rules distinguishes just wars from those offences against humanity, which proceed from pirates and robbers.¶¶ The vanquished should be treated with justice and humanity, since it is better to be loved than to rule through the influence of fear.*** A forgetfulness of this by the

Romans during the sixth and seventh centuries led to the ruin of the Republic, which Cicero affirms to have been well merited, and, as it were, awarded by the justice of the gods.*

"Having thus shown Cicero's conceptions of the laws of Nature, let us now see what he thought of the constitutions of Republics. He laid it down as a fundamental principle, that a state is not instituted for the benefit of those who administer it but as the means of obtaining the universal good.† The first duty of every government consists in promoting the happiness of all according to the precepts of justice. Having fixed this as the canon of absolute justice for all states, he proceeds to reason respecting the best mode of government, that is to say, respecting the mode which furnishes preferable securities for attaining the end of civil society. Now it is conceivable that governments, whether regal, aristocratical, or popular, may equally satisfy national wants, provided wisdom and moderation concur in the rulers; and the records of history prove that all these three forms of government have in their times answered their particular purpose of social advantage and convenience, so that it would be impossible to lay down any constant and absolute rule as to which of the three modes is best:‡ experience, however, renders it manifest, that the wickedness of man, neither knowing in a low station of life how to avoid baseness, nor, in a high, how to use the favours of fortune in moderation, makes all these governments readily degenerate into injustice. The preferable form of a Republic will consist in such an union of institutions as may best associate the three principles of a monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, and thus give a legitimate influence to all the forces of society.§ This reasoning is in substance the same as that which would at present be used in support of a representative government. Cicero had not arrived at the practical conclusion, although he has laid all the rational foundations which might have led to its establishment, if in matters of this kind it were ever possible for a system of reasoning *a priori* to precede the civil institutions themselves."

Afterwards Forti speaks of Dante. And as there are, perhaps, not many readers of the 'Divine Comedy' rightly informed in these special details of the great Florentine poet's mode of thinking, we imagine that this analysis of his political treatise 'De Monarchia' will interest them as well as others.

"After defining a monarchy, Dante proposes three questions: first, if that form of government be necessary to human happiness; secondly, if the claim to monarchy set up by the Roman people was rightful; thirdly, whether the title of the monarch is derived immediately from God without depending upon his ministers or vicars

* Cic. de Legib. I. 23, 34; de Repub. I. 25.

† Cic. de Legib. I. 7; De Officiis, I. 16.

‡ Cic. de Officiis, I. 13, 17; III. II.

§ Cic. de Officiis, III. 5, 6.

|| Cic. de Officiis, III. 4, 6.

¶ Cic. de Officiis, I. 16.†

** Cic. de Officiis, I. 17.

†† Cic. de Officiis, I. 45.

‡‡ Cic. de Legibus, III. 20.

§§ Cic. de Officiis, I. 11.

|||| Cic. de Officiis, I. 13, 23.

¶¶ Cic. de Officiis, I. 11; III. 29.

*** Cic. de Officiis, I. 28.

* Cic. de Officiis, II. 8.

† Cic. de Repub. I. 25; De Officiis, I. 25.

‡ Cic. de Repub. I. 26, 28, 44, 45.

§ Cic. de Repub. I. 44, 46.

upon earth. All these questions Dante resolves in the affirmative.

"The arguments cited in support of the principal assumption of the first book 'De Monarchia' are: first, the authority of Aristotle confirmed by reasonings intended to lead us to the inference that, without unity of power there can be no tranquillity; secondly, the analogy between a monarchy and the general government of the universe depending as it does upon one God; thirdly, that the freedom from vulgar passions, induced by his elevated and independent position, constitutes the monarch an impartial judge for administering justice; fourthly, that readily becoming enamoured of a social happiness of which he is himself the cause, he is on this very account more disposed to advance it; fifthly, that his great superiority of force prevents his following the crooked policy necessarily adopted by petty potentates and party governments in republics.

"In commending a monarchy, however, Dante shows no intention of favouring despotism, but considers the monarch as an appointed minister for the common good. Nor would he seek to abolish the municipal statutes, and forms of trial; but in everything that respects the universal order he would have all to depend upon the supreme decision of the emperor, founded upon the councils of the great and wise. To furnish, then, the best idea of his system, he may be said to contemplate an universal monarchy, since at the close of the first book he lavishes great praise upon the reign of Augustus, a period which he appears to have considered one in which the practical advantages of his system were tested.

"In the next two books he treats of the second and third divisions of his subject, and occasionally rises to a style almost inspired, returning, however, always to strict reasoning. I will not attempt to go into more details, but will content myself with alluding to the capital position by which he disposes of the inferences drawn from the Donation believed by him to have been made by Constantine: he contends for its nullity, both on the ground of defective power in Constantine to make any such disposition of the empire and from incapacity on the part of the popes to receive it. This doctrine of the incapacity of the spiritual to incorporate with itself the temporal power which was condemned, accorded with the sentiments above alluded to, as having been entertained by Arnold of Brescia, and after him by Marsilius of Padua. The times were not favourable to such a theory respecting the right of the empire; and indeed before Dante's time, or whilst he was an infant, the great question between the empire and the popes had substantially terminated with the extinction of the Suabian family: of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions he could have seen little except the prejudices left behind them, and which served as pretexts for wars, involving only municipal and family interests. The empire in his time was in a state of impotence, not at all meriting sympathy in Italy. But such is the effect of great names having attached to them ideas of right that Dante was induced to place confidence in the Emperor Henry VII., who went into Italy rather to levy tributes and ex-

hibit a spectacle of feebleness than to sustain the honour of the empire.

"When Dante had attained maturity, the political power of the popes in Italy had already begun to decline, and even in the Guelph cities a policy independent of papal influence had become developed, although ancient prejudice and aversion to the nobles had led to the establishment of political institutions bearing the names of the Guelphic party. Even persons of the middle class, whom affairs of commerce and negotiations for loans often introduced to courts, learnt the arts of government, discoursed upon the great questions of Christianity, and habituated themselves to judge of them with a liberal spirit."

In these two extracts, illustrating the political opinions current at extraordinary epochs in the history of civilisation, we have laid before our readers a *précis* of the opinions of two of the most remarkable men to be met with in the range of literature: Cicero and Dante. Their intentions were good, their efforts were unfortunate: both were victims of persecutions, terminating in the one case in a violent death, and in the other in exile and penury. We now turn to another instance of "a great man falling with a falling state," and pause to contemplate the portrait of the Florentine secretary. Unhappy in his death, in his life he had been more unhappy. It was one long series of struggles; of poverty, of torture, moral and physical; and last came the distress of witnessing the fall and degradation of his country. And however he may have been spared that severest anguish of having, like Bacon, "to follow yet living the funeral of his own reputation," he was deprived of the merited reward of heroic exertions in behalf of his native land; his name was branded with unmerited reproach; and his memory transmitted to the detestation of posterity. It has required the lapse of many centuries, and the generous and concurring exertions of learning and criticism, in some sort to redeem his fame. In estimating the character of Macchiavelli, common fairness compels us to remember that he was the intimate and respected friend of the most virtuous men of his day in Florence; that his services were never wanting to his country in the hour of her peril; that the long and determined defence of their betrayed city by the Florentine youth was mainly owing to his precepts, and his ordinances for establishing a local militia. Nor should it be forgotten that his treatise, 'Il Principe,' which has occasioned so much controversy, was a posthumous publication. The book, said Sir James Mackintosh, is neither a lesson, a satire, nor a panegyric, but a theory of usurpation. Forti's remarks respecting it, however, are well worth submitting to the reader.

"When Savonarola ceased to exist, the genius of Macchiavelli had already attained maturity. This great man, already distinguished at the close of the fifteenth century, and engaged in all the public affairs of the first quarter of the ensuing century, is the representative of ancient Italian wisdom; all his science was political. A knowledge of antiquity, in which he was more than moderately versed, had in him a practical application to the necessities of the times in which he lived. Though philosophy had imparted no systematic form to his ideas, still the study of human actions was with him the true foundation of political science.

"Accustomed to this practical mode of viewing things, Macchiavelli omitted the abstract considerations of justice and honesty. Imputations have therefore been made against his works, from which it will be difficult to absolve them. Frequently he expressed in his writings only what he saw, and his works therefore furnish matter of accusation against all those who in his day busied themselves in politics, better founded than that which they supply against the author. In short his writings are not to be considered as books of doctrine, but as methodical collections of observations. The motives which usually influence the human will, the means of attaining the proposed objects of particular governments, the causes which produce the prosperity, decline, or ruin of political institutions, the moral effects of different forms of government upon the condition of a people, are in all the works of Macchiavelli detailed according to the lessons of experience, with such subtlety as entitles us perhaps to say that there never existed so consummate a master of political science. That part of his productions which is more peculiarly directed to the consideration of morals and politics has furnished arguments for the government of states to authors of every class, whatever variety of theories they may have adopted. Whoever is acquainted with the writings of those who preceded or those who immediately succeeded him in the sixteenth century, must admit that Macchiavelli was not the originator of new and singular doctrines, but reduced to a system those which many Italians before him had promulgated, which some of his own contemporaries regarded as just in theory, and which the politicians of his day actually practised. He surpassed them all in perspicuity and arrangement; unfortunately he was equally pre-eminent by the peculiar method which he adopted in treating his subject, occupying himself only with the means best adapted to produce a given end without reference to its abstract morality. Many have affected to see a difference of intention in the treatise, 'The Prince,' and the 'Discourses upon the first Decad of Livy,' and indeed this appears to have been the popular sentiment. But I am of opinion that there is one spirit running through all the works of Macchiavelli, who does not seek, according to modern fashion, to propose theories as to different forms of government, but to describe their essential characteristics, the necessary means for their maintenance and their respective advantages. And in this point of view, whilst the tyrant may learn precepts for his guidance both in the 'Prince' and the 'Dis-

courses,' the man who wishes to guard against a tyranny may also extract from both those works lessons for his direction. We can then well understand how general odium attached to a book which taught the art of tyranny in such a manner as necessarily to make known the science of freedom. But in each work it is still an art, and not any abstract theory of justice, that Macchiavelli undertakes to discuss, and if it be an injurious practice to separate the consideration of the art from the idea of its abstract morality, the 'Discourses' themselves, as well as all his other writings, are equally liable with the 'Prince' to the same reproach."

Macchiavelli, says Bacon, "is entitled to our thanks for having described man as he is, rather than as he ought to be." All speculation respecting human actions must, to afford any light, be founded upon human experience. The attempt to substitute for it imaginary theories, respecting motives which may be supposed to influence the will, cannot fail at all times to divert inquiry from its legitimate object. The 'Prince' is not, as Voltaire and many after him have unjustifiably assumed, a system of policy whose adoption is recommended as expedient for the interests of all sovereigns. On the contrary, Macchiavelli expressly excludes from his consideration the case of hereditary monarchies, and, indeed, all governments, except those that are acquired by force. He says, in effect, nothing more than this: "If you have not scrupled to act the part of an usurper, you can only maintain your position by the adoption of a policy such as Cesar Borgia employed—a policy of systematic cruelty and dissimulation." The sophistical language of the usurper of Shakespeare says as much:

Deeds ill begun make strong themselves by ill.

We have seen Forti's opinion, indeed, respecting the injurious effect of separating the consideration of the act from the idea of its abstract morality. But it should be remarked that Macchiavelli, in his preface to his history, claims the merit of never assigning in his Narrations an honest intent to a dishonest action, and of never detracting from praiseworthy conduct by referring it to an exceptionable motive. That his writings occasionally assume the character of generous inspiration, will appear from his 'Discourse upon the Reform of Florence,' addressed to Leo X.

The third section of the 'Institutes,' which comprises the period of five centuries from the year 1000, may be regarded as an useful introduction to the study of the Italian republics of the middle ages. The next section traces the history of jurisprudence up to the nineteenth century, and of the various public

questions and doctrines, political and religious, which have in the interval agitated and convulsed the nations of Europe. The progress of the most disastrous opinion of all, that of the admissibility of political assassinations, Forti thus describes.

"More calamitous doctrines were at the same time entertained as to regicide and political assassinations. A sacred principle requires man to respect the life of his fellow-creature, and forbids any private individual to destroy life through a zeal of justice, but tells him to confide in the protection of laws administered in constitutional ways. This salutary principle was, as I have already said, frequently disregarded both in practice and in theory during the sixteenth century. Necessity was the pretext assigned in justification of the assassination of a powerful chief of party, or formidable statesman, whose individual power placed him beyond the reach of the law. A similar mode of reasoning was used with respect to regicide, and conspiracies levelled at the lives and power of princes. From the assumption that a prince, instead of being the father of his subjects, ought to be regarded as a public enemy, they naturally inferred that they were at liberty to get rid of him. The more approved modes of effecting this object were constitutional ones, such as to call in the authority of the sovereign assembly of states, with the view of imposing limits to an incipient tyranny, as well as to try and pass sentence upon kings who had already been guilty of making a despotic use of their power. And, although it was usual to appeal to the chief pontiff, or to the emperor, in the case of principalities, which admitted their dependence upon the empire, still it was considered lawful to offer armed resistance; but then the question arose, whether, in the event of constitutional methods being insufficient, the destruction of the tyrant could be justified by a zeal for justice. The affirmative was not without its supporters. Amongst those whose eloquence and acuteness of argument rendered them most formidable, were, undoubtedly, George Buchanan, a native of Scotland, who, in the year 1569, composed his book '*De Jure Regni*,' which he published ten years afterwards, and the Jesuit Mariana, who in 1599 also published his work, '*De Rege et Regis Institutione*.' Another production was also much spoken of by the learned, called '*Junius Brutus, or Vindicia contra Tyrannos*,' which probably first saw the light in 1579, and was attributed by many to Theodore Beza, but it has become so rare that I have not been able to obtain it. I have, however, had in my hands a French book, with the following title: *De la Puissance legitime du Prince sur le Peuple, et du Peuple sur le Prince, par Etienne Junius Brutus, traduit en Français en 1581*: which would appear to be the Junius Brutus once so famous: but if so, it would not now be considered as justifying the repute in which it was held in the sixteenth century—not being any way comparable, either in force of argument or warmth of eloquence, to the work of Buchanan, and still less to that of Mariana. The writings of these two authors are in fact,

both in respect of their scientific arrangement, and the mode of reasoning employed, strictly philosophical productions. They are ornamented by an elegance of style and all the arts of rhetoric and logic, and are much more calculated to seduce the intellect and persuade the will: whereas the French work above alluded to is altogether an artificial, theological composition, and though not inelegant, speaks rather in the language of the schools than of sectarian enthusiasm. There were many works of a similar nature published in the sixteenth century, particularly by the Huguenots: for these I refer the reader to Hertius and other authors, who have collected them.

"But meanwhile there were many learned men in France and England who opposed these doctrines as to regicide. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, both the theological faculty of Paris and the Parliament became aware of the necessity of reviving the ancient decrees which proscribed all doctrines tending to arm parricidal hands against the lives of sovereigns. The States General in 1615 came to a similar determination, and the General of the Jesuits had, five years previously, prohibited the teachers of his order from saying or writing anything directly or indirectly leading to that conclusion. The acts of the States General in 1615 also show that the doctrine of the regicides had not been without many secret friends. The murder of Henry III. in 1589, and of Henry IV. in 1610—the frequent conspiracies against the life of Elizabeth, Queen of England—were likely to occasion great terror; nor was this likely to be diminished by the execution of Mary, Queen of Scotland, in 1587, against whom *had been especially directed those works of Buchanan* which discussed the paramount right of a people to dispose of the lives and fortunes of its sovereigns. The practice of political assassinations adopted by Philip the Second, had a similar fatal tendency. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, committed by order of Charles IX. in 1572,—the murder of the Guises at Blois in 1588, by direction of Henry III.,—are two enormities, both of which were sought to be justified by the same principles upon which the reasoning respecting political assassination then rested. These dreadful occurrences are conspicuous and celebrated in history, but about the same time there were many other massacres occupying no prominent position in history, which were defended by the same arguments. But no reasoning can lessen their iniquity nor render less atrocious these features of the civil wars of France. No distinction can be drawn between Catholics and Huguenots. Each party showed a similar blindness in holding for doctrine that the end might justify the means, and those wise men who exerted themselves in order to moderate the heat of party, were soon able to convince themselves of the moral impossibility of confining popular fanaticism within any just limits."

To the problem which all ages have found so difficult of solution—the due limits of Church and State, Forti brings few additional means of judgment that are either new or

striking. We therefore pass that portion of his work, and close our extracts here.

The style of Forti is liable to the charge of diffuseness, and is not free from some minor blemishes. But the work is a posthumous publication, and never received any correction from the author, who in the interval of his official duties dictated it to his amanuensis: some of the references are incomplete, and some entirely wanting. Still it may be pronounced to be a volume of great merit, useful for purposes of instruction, and embodying all the new facts supplied by the researches of Hugo, Savigny, Niebuhr, Vico, and Maj. We know no single production in the English or any foreign language which can be referred to as supplying the same amount of information upon the kindred subjects of Roman, Barbarous, Ecclesiastical, and Italian law. Nor, in order to acquire it, is it necessary to wade through pages of dry and uninteresting reading: the style is engaging, and the method in which the subject is treated at once amusing and perspicuous.

The great work of the historian of the Roman Empire occupies a portion of the same ground, but many sources of information, familiar to the jurist, were excluded from the consideration of that consummate writer. Indeed the quarter from which he derived a knowledge of the science would at the present day be acknowledged insufficient. Heineccius was thought by Sir James Mackintosh the best writer of elementary books with whom he was acquainted, but his works, however excellent, furnish no such large and comprehensive views of the progress of jurisprudence as are to be met with in more modern writers. The commentaries of Gaius, discovered by Niebuhr, and verified by Savigny, were, when Gibbon wrote, buried amongst the dusty and unauthenticated parchments of Verona. The interesting treatise 'De Republicâ' of the Roman orator, which extensive classical reading would have fully enabled the English historian to appreciate, lay confounded with more ignoble and equally unidentified stores in the Vatican. Niebuhr had not thrown light upon the early institutions and constitutional forms of the Roman Republic: Hugo had not illustrated the progress of that branch of the civil laws which regulates the relations of private individuals: and Savigny had not directed the energies of his powerful and luminous mind to the state of jurisprudence during the dark ages. But of all these various sources of information Forti availed himself, and the result has been the production of a work useful to his profession, interesting to literature, creditable to his country, and honourable to his memory.

ART. VII.—*Consuelo*. Par GEORGE SAND. Paris. 1842.

ABOUT a hundred years ago, in the church of the Mendicanti at Venice, there took place a rehearsal of sacred music, under the superintendence of the celebrated old maestro Porpora. Having dispensed blame liberally among the careless and laughing girls who surround him (the members of those 'Scuole' whose expenses were defrayed by the state, which afterwards portioned them for marriage and the cloister), he has roused from her abstracted studies a slender ill-dressed child, to receive the measured praise he denies to the rest, and sing at his command the 'Salve Regina,' with the finest voice that ever wakened the cathedral echoes. 'Consuelo' is Madame Sand's new heroine: at this commencement of her biography scarce fourteen; a dark plain child, come of old Spanish blood; calm as the waters of the lagunes, active as the gondolas which skim along their surface.

Consuelo supports her mother. She has for playmate the young plebeian Anzoletto; protégé of the virtuoso count Zustiniani, who destines him for his theatre of San Samuele. This is a youth of nineteen, having the beauty peculiar to his country, endowed with great natural powers for music, but rejected for a pupil by Porpora, who saw in his eye audacity rather than firmness, and found in his character the vanity which threatens, like a spring-tide, to sweep away, at some fatal rise, all that has been built on its shore. The relation of the two playmates is very prettily sketched.

"He (Anzoletto) had met the little Spanish girl, first by chance, before the Madonna, singing psalms in her devotion; and he, for the pleasure of exercising his voice, had sang with her by starlight through entire evenings; and then they had met again, on the sands of the Lido, collecting shells: he to eat their contents, she to string them for sale in chaplets and ornaments: and again, they had met at church, she praying to God with all her heart; he gazing at the fair ladies with all his eyes: and in all these meetings, Consuelo had seemed to him so good, and gentle, and obliging, and gay, that he had made himself her friend and inseparable companion without well knowing wherefore. He felt friendship for Consuelo, and being of a country and a people where passions rule rather than attachments, he found for this friendship no name but love. Consuelo accepted this mode of speaking, having made one observation: 'You call yourself my lover, then you mean to marry me?' and he had replied, 'Certainly, if you choose it, we will be married.' It was thenceforward a settled thing. Perhaps to Anzoletto it was a sport, while Consuelo believed in him with the most entire faith in the world. Then, without accounting to himself for the charm which drew him towards

Consuelo; having yet no sense of the beautiful; not knowing whether she was fair or ugly; himself enough the child to be amused with her games no longer of his age, so much a man as to respect scrupulously her fourteen years; he led with her in public, on the marble pavement and canals of Venice, a life as pure, as hidden, almost as poetical, as that of Paul and Virginia, beneath the palm-trees of the desert. Though they had a liberty as absolute and more dangerous, no family, no vigilant and tender mother to form them to virtue, no devoted follower to seek them at night and bring them back to the fold, not even a dog to warn them of danger, they made no kind of fall. They traversed the lagoons in an open boat in all weathers and at all hours without oars or pilot: they wandered over the sands without watch or conductor, or care of the rising tide. They sang before the shrines, raised beneath vine-boughs at the corners of the streets, without thought of the advanced hour, or want of other bed till morning than the white flagstone, yet warm with the heat of the day. They stopped before the theatre of Pulcinella, and followed with passionate attention the fantastic drama of the fair Corisanda, queen of the Marionettes, without recollecting the absence of breakfast and slight chance of supper. They gave themselves up to the unruly pastimes of the Carnival, having for all disguise and sole ornament, he his jacket turned on the wrong side, she a large knot of riband above the ear. They made sumptuous repasts on the parapet of a bridge or the steps of a palace, with sea fruits, or stalks of raw fennel, or bark of cedar. In short, they led a free and joyous life, with no more perilous caresses or feelings than would have belonged to two children of like size and age. Days and years went on; Anzoleto had other and less pure loves; *Consuelo* did not guess any other possible than that of which she was the object; she grew to girlhood without believing herself obliged to more reserve with her betrothed; he saw her alter and grow tall, feeling no impatience, and desiring no change, in this intimacy without cloud, without scruple, without mystery, without remorse."

'Anzoleto has gone through his trial. He has won by a word of flattery the suffrages of a rival who may prove a protectress, the actress Corilla, the favourite of his patron count Zustiniani. He has been applauded by all his auditory, save one, and Corilla leads him before the silent Porpora: but the old man denounces his faults, and dooms while he acknowledges his genius, as one "sterile as a sacred fire which will light nothing." He has turned his back upon him, and the company has separated.

Anzoleto, who from policy had soothed the actress Corilla, and from no better motive also withdrawn from an intrigue that might injure him with the count, parts from her on her palace steps at one in the morning. It is the month of February; the shed to which he retires will not open at this undue hour; the pavement, his couch so often, will soil the

unaccustomed habit he wears. Heated with exertion, shivering with the night air, vexed and weary, he wanders, guided by chance, through the desolate streets, till he reaches one of those small 'places,' called in Venice 'Corti,' though they are, in fact, not courtyards, but an assemblage of poor buildings opening on a common space: sometimes a passage, sometimes an 'impasse,' wretchedly inhabited. He has instinctively arrived before the most miserable of these, and raising his eyes, as he hears his own name softly spoken, sees in the moonlight, on the terrace above, the figure of *Consuelo*. Her he had forgotten since sunset: during those hours of self-love and ambition, when her nobler image would have been uncongenial. She comes down and takes him by the hand, and they ascend on tiptoe the tottering stair to the terrace.

"'What, my poor friend,' says Anzoleto, 'you have waited for me till now?' 'Did you not say you would come to give me an account of your evening? Tell me then, whether you sang well, whether you were applauded, whether you have obtained an engagement?' 'And you, my kind *Consuelo*,' said Anzoleto, suddenly struck with remorse, as he saw the gentleness and confidence of this poor girl, 'tell me, too, if you were impatient at my long absence; if you are not fatigued with waiting for me thus; if you were not very cold on this terrace; if you thought of supping; if you are not offended with me, for coming so late; if you were not anxious; if you accused me?' 'Nothing of all this,' she replied, throwing her arms frankly round his neck, 'if I was impatient it was not with you; if I am fatigued or cold, I do not feel it, since you stand there; if I have supped, I do not recollect it. Did I accuse you? of what should I accuse you? Was I anxious? why should I be so? Offended with you?—never!' 'You are an angel,' said Anzoleto, embracing her. 'Oh my *Consolation*, all other hearts are false or hard.'"

Anzoleto is feverish from excitement, and shivering with the cold, but it wants still three hours of dawn, and his own hovel will not open before. He begs to sit a few moments sheltered in her chamber. It is contrary to her habits to admit him there after nightfall. She offers to wrap him in her poor worn mantilla, her own only protection against the inclement air, and which had once served to adorn her mother. But his teeth chatter, he dreads the hoarseness which might ruin his hopes, and so she leads him into the desolate room with the half-effaced fresco ornaments on its plastered walls. When he murmurs, then, that he would give the remainder of his life to be allowed to sleep half an hour, and she touches his hot forehead and cold hand, she at once bids him lie down, and covers him with the blanket which had been her

mother's shroud till the boat for the dead came to bear her away, and herself returns to the terrace to tell her chaplet to guard him from the illness she fears. This is a beautiful scene, with fine and affecting reference to the change that is so soon to follow.

Count Zustiniani, weary of Corilla, and anxious to replace the actress by a superior singer in his theatre of San Samuele, has received Anzoletto's recommendation of Consuelo: but remembering the dark thin girl, whose face broke the charm her voice wrought, he objects her plainness to the astonished lover as an obstacle not to be vanquished. We must translate a portion of the next chapter. On Consuelo's part it is pure and true; but that a young man of life and habits, and, above all, of a vain and restless tendency of mind, such as Anzoletto's, should, during two years, have daily shared her studies and visited her garret, without knowing whether she were fair or ugly, seems, we will not say very absurd, but at least very unnatural. Madame Sand explains the anomaly after her own fashion. Living unknown in Venice, retired from the Scuole wherein her poverty and foreign birth made her an intruder, no one took the trouble of observing to Anzoletto the change in his betrothed; and, having heard her called ugly at an age when such reproach had no sting, now that criticism was silent, he forgot to think on the subject. His vanity had taken another direction; he dreamed of the theatre and celebrity there; and had no time to think of his conquests. Besides, their manner of life had altered since their early days. We may stop to observe the change.

Anzoletto was right to say that the name she bore was a beautiful one: it signified "consolation;" and when her mother's health failed—the mother who had been in her childhood so imperious, and was grown so despairing, and was no longer able to sing in the cafés at evening, her guitar in her hand and the wooden tray to receive coin before her—the fretful old woman retired for ever to her miserable bed in the most miserable garret in the Corte Minelli; and Consuelo, that she might never quit her, changed her own habits totally. She abandoned all the joys of her wanderings, her liberty, her very love. Anzoletto was indignant, but reproached in vain; so he resolved to forget her, but that was impossible. He attempted to lead a less regular life, and it pleased him for a time. But he found that his health and comfort suffered, and, saved from this even by his egotism, he tried solitude and study. Then he found Consuelo necessary to his talent as well as to his happiness, so he returned to share her sedentary life, and, though such devotedness

was in no part of his character or disposition, even her care of the dying woman. All these changes are exquisitely marked: the poverty of his nature being, through them all, as distinct as the wealth of hers. In the last moments of the mother, they swore never to leave each other. Yes, Anzoletto had promised this, and with a serious emotion he had never known before. For he is conscious of Consuelo's merit, though he cannot do it entire justice; he has an affection for her, an affection which is a habit; above all there has been connected in his mind with her a hope of an association of interests, which in time, he has felt, would be brilliant and profitable. Hence the pledge that they should never part; hence the application we have described to Zustiniani. This had been made unknown to her: foresight was not one of the qualities of Consuelo: and now the objection as to her appearance, which, if true, was insuperable, struck him with consternation.

"Why do you look at me thus?" said Consuelo, seeing him enter her chamber and contemplate her with a strange air, without speaking a word. "One would think you had never seen me." "It is true, Consuelo," he answered, "true, that I never saw you." "Is your brain turned?" she said. "I do not know what you mean." "Good heaven, I believe you," exclaimed Anzoletto, "I have a great black spot there, through which I cannot see you." "Mercy, you are ill." "No, dear girl, be calm; let us try to see clearly. Tell me, Consuelo, do you think me handsome?" "Certainly, since I love you." "And supposing you did not love me, how should I appear to you then?" "How can I tell?" "When you look at other men, do you know whether they are handsome or ugly?" "Yes, but I think you handsomer than the handsomest." "But is it because I am so, or because you love me?" "I dare say, both; besides, every one says you are handsome, and you know it well; but what does that signify?" "I wish to know whether you would love me even if I were hideous?" "I probably should not perceive it." "You think, then, that one may love an ugly person?" "Why not, since you love me?" "You are, then, ugly, Consuelo?" really, truly, tell me, answer me, you are ugly then?" "I was always told so; do you not see it?" "No, no, truly I do not." "In that case I think myself handsome enough, and I am very happy." "See, at this moment, Consuelo, when you look at me with that look, so kind, so natural, so fond, it seems to me that you are more beautiful than Corilla. But I would know whether this be the effect of an illusion or of truth. I know your countenance, that it is gentle and pleases me; that it calms me when I am angry; makes me gay when I am sad; rouses me when I am discouraged; but I do not know your features: your features, Consuelo: I cannot tell whether they be ugly." "But what does that signify to you, once more?" "I must know it; tell me, can one love an ugly woman?" "You loved my poor mother who had become a spectre, and I loved

her so dearly.' 'And you thought her ugly?' 'No, and you?' 'I did not think of it.' 'But, love, Consuelo, for my affection for you is love, is it not?' 'I cannot quit you for a moment, do you not think this must be love?' 'Could it be anything else?' 'It might be friendship.' 'Yes, it might be friendship,' rejoined Consuelo, and she stopped surprised, and gazed attentively at Anzoletto, and he, sinking into a mournful reverie, asked himself positively for the first time, whether he felt love or friendship for Consuelo, whether the calm of his feelings and his conduct was the result of respect or indifference. For the first time he gazed at the young girl with the eye of a young man examining with a spirit of analysis not quite free from agitation, the forehead, the eyes, the figure, all the details, of which he as yet knew but the ideal *ensemble*: seeming as if veiled in his own thought. For the first time also, Consuelo, abashed, shrank beneath her friend's gaze, the blood mounted to her cheek, her heart beat violently, she turned away her eyes, unable to bear those of Anzoletto. At last, as he still kept silence and she no longer dared to break it, an inexpressible anguish took possession of her. The large tears rolled down her cheeks, and hiding her face in her hands, she said, 'I see it all; you are come to tell me that you will not have me for your friend any longer.' 'No, no; I did not say so; I do not say that,' exclaimed Anzoletto, startled by tears which he caused to flow for the first time."

He consoles her.

"'But why,' said Consuelo, grown again pale and cast down in an instant, 'are you so anxious to-day to think me beautiful?' 'Would you not wish to be so, dear Consuelo?' 'Yes, for you.' 'And for others?' 'I do not care.'"

He explains to her the cause of his anxiety, and is astonished, when Consuelo, tranquillized by degrees, receives the news with a fit of laughter.

"'Listen,' said she to him, smiling. 'I must tranquillize you a little; I never was a coquette: not being handsome, I will not be ridiculous: but as to ugly, I am not so any longer.' 'Really you have been told so? Who told you this, Consuelo?' 'First, my mother, who never tormented herself on the subject. I have heard her say often that it would pass away, that she was much plainer in her childhood; and many persons who knew her, have told me that at twenty she was the fairest girl in Burgos. You know that when by chance any one glanced at her in the cafés where she sang, they said that woman must have been very handsome. Do you see, dear friend? Beauty is thus when one is poor; it is but a moment. One is not yet beautiful, and then, directly, one is so no longer. I shall be so, perhaps, who knows? If I can avoid fatiguing myself too much, and have sleep, and not suffer from hunger too often, we shall never part. I shall be rich soon, and you shall want nothing.'"

They continue their discussion on the subject, and Consuelo repeats to him the judgment she has heard pronounced on her by several persons, among the rest by the Abbess of Santa Chiara, who had said she resembled a portrait of St. Cecilia.

"'And what did the sister reply?' asked Anzoletto. 'The nun answered, "It is true;" and I went directly to this church and looked at the St. Cecilia, which is by a great master, and is beautiful, very beautiful.' 'And resembles you?' 'Yes, a little.' 'And you never told me this?' 'I did not think of it till now.' 'Dear Consuelo, you are then beautiful?' 'I think not, but I am no longer so ugly as they used to call me. What is certain is, that I am no longer told so; but this is perhaps because they imagine it would annoy me now.' 'Come, Consuelina, look at me. First you have the finest eyes in the world.' 'But the mouth is large,' said Consuelo, laughing, and taking up a little piece of a broken mirror which served her for Psyche. 'It is not small, but what beautiful teeth,' said Anzoletto: 'they are of fine pearl, and you show them all when you laugh.' 'Then you must say something to make me laugh when we are in the Count's presence.' 'You have magnificent hair, Consuelo.' 'Oh yes, that I have, will you see it?' and undoing the pins which confined them, she let fall to the ground a profusion of black tresses, in which the sun shown as in a mirror. 'And your chest is broad and your waist alight, and your shoulders, oh, very beautiful, Consuelo! Why do you hide them thus? I ask to see only what you must show the public.' 'My foot is small enough,' said Consuelo, to turn the conversation, showing a true little Andalusian foot, a beauty almost unknown in Venice. 'The hand is charming too,' said Anzoletto, kissing, for the first time, the hand he had till now grasped amicably as that of a comrade. 'Let me see your arms.' 'You have seen them a hundred times,' said she, drawing off her mittens."

They part. The time for her exhibition before Zustiniani succeeds and passes. She has gone through her trial in presence of her judges; she has sung with that pure, grand, victorious accent, which, according to Madame Sand, can only be heard where there is a fine understanding joined to a noble heart. She has thrown herself in return for his praise into the arms of old Porpora, and thanked him for the bread he has given her during ten years. Her engagement is to be signed on the morrow.

Then there comes again upon the scene the selfishness of Anzoletto. She is to be engaged, and without him. His trial is yet to come. He feels and says he is forgotten. Made aware of the omission which she had never thought of, simply because she never thought their separation possible, Consuelo

tears the splendid conditions of the engagement which concerned herself only, and writes her acquiescence to appear only with Anzoletto, on such conditions as Zustiniani shall make when their strength shall have been tried. The hour approaches. But still preferring intrigue to the severer study she recommends, Anzoletto passes his days in visits to his judges and the boudoir of Corilla. Nay, he becomes the lover of the artful actress, to silence her opposition; listens to her calumnies on the subject of Consuelo; and has even the baseness, thinking it virtue, to persuade her of her rival's inferiority, in the hope of preserving his dominion long enough to prevent her doing injury to himself, or, he would add, Consuelo.

The influence of Corilla now appears: revenging itself on the rival she detests, and the lover she would retain. She pities Anzoletto; she cannot but deplore the hard fate of his talents, so eclipsed by the success of those of Consuelo. He returns to his home with envy and jealousy in his heart. He recollects that for the first time he has left Consuelo to return from the Count's banquet alone, or perhaps accompanied by this dangerous protector, who no longer thinks her, alas! ill-favoured: presents from whom he knows to have been rejected, while decided attentions from him were unnoticed till now. Everything increases the two jealousies of poor Consuelo disputing empire in the young man's mind: of her triumph which has made his own success seem pale, and of Zustiniani as her lover. His studies necessary to success are more than ever disregarded. All he can do is, to remain passionately undecided between two resolves, to bear her from the Count and from Venice, and selfishly seek fortune with her elsewhere, or, as selfishly abandon her to her fate, and go where her successes would no longer dim his own. Corilla adds fuel to the flame; and, sure that repeated failures will disgust him of Venice and Consuelo, while she withholds him from the needful study she still encourages him to continue his trials in the theatre.

The characters of the three chief persons are, at this point of the tale, inimitably portrayed by Madame Sand. Anzoletto, who still again and again returns to Consuelo, only because he feels the impossibility of prolonging his absence, without too much pain to himself: Consuelo, the confiding girl, now anxious ever, but for an instant never suspicious: and the noble old man Porpora, whom the harsh contact of the world has roughened on the outside, but left all warm and tender within.

Following Corilla's advice, and disdaining Consuelo's instructions, Anzoletto, at the fourth appearance, has heard a few hisses rise,

and wild with rage and disappointment, rushes from the theatre to Corilla's house, determined to fly with her to the end of the world. We must quote the next scene. The evening of the third day since his disappearance has been passed, and Consuelo is in vain expectation and mortal anguish. She wraps herself at last in a thick cloak, and seeks the house assigned to Anzoletto by the Count as a more fitting residence, till his success shall have been determined. She fails to find him: he rarely spent the night there, she is told. Still unsuspecting, she turns away to seek him in some of his former haunts, and finds herself opposite the old maestro Porpora.

"'Consuelo,' said he, in a low tone, 'it is useless to hide your features, I heard your voice, and cannot mistake it. What are you come to do here at this hour, poor child, and whom do you look for in this house?' 'I seek my betrothed,' replied Consuelo, catching the arm of her master, 'and I know not why I should blush to own it to my best friend. You blame my attachment, but I cannot tell you a falsehood. I am anxious. Since the day before yesterday at the theatre I have not seen Anzoletto. I fear he may be ill.' 'He,' said the Professor, shrugging his shoulders, — 'come with me, poor girl; we must talk together: and since you decide at last on opening your heart to me, mine must be laid open also. Give me your arm, we will talk as we go on. Listen, Consuelo, and mark well what I say to you. You cannot, you must not be the wife of this young man; I forbid you in the name of the living God who gave me for you the heart of a father.' 'Oh, my master,' she replied, sorrowfully, 'ask the sacrifice of my life, not that of my love.' 'I do not ask, I exact it,' replied Porpora, firmly; 'your lover is accursed: he will cause your torment and your shame if you do not renounce him now.' 'Dear master,' she replied, with a sad caressing smile, 'you have told me this very often, and I have vainly tried to obey you: you hate the poor youth because you do not know him, you will abjure your prejudices.'

'Consuelo,' said the maestro more forcibly, 'I have till now made vain objections, and issued useless commands: I know it. I spoke as an artist to an artist, for in him I saw the artist only. But I speak now as a man, and of a man, and as to a woman: that woman has ill placed her love, that man is unworthy of it: he who tells you so is certain.' 'Oh, God! Anzoletto unworthy! my friend, my protector, my brother! you do not know what his support and respect have been ever since I came into the world.' And Consuelo told the details of her life and her love, which was one and the same story. Porpora was affected but not shaken. 'In all this,' said he, 'I see your innocence, your fidelity, your virtue, and in him the need of your society, and your instruction, to which, whatever you may think, he owes the little he has learned and the little he is worth; but it is not less true that this pure lover is the discarded of the frailest of Venice.' 'Beware of what you say,' replied Consuelo, in a stifled voice, 'I am accustomed to believe in you as in Heaven,

O my master; but in what conceals Anzoletto, I close to you mine ears and my heart. Let me quit you, she added, striving to unlink her arm from that of the Professor. 'You destroy me.' 'I will destroy your unhappy passion, and by truth I will restore you to life,' he replied, pressing the child's arm against his generous and indignant breast. 'I know I am rough and rude, Consuelo; I have not learned to be otherwise; and it was for this I retarded as long as I could the blow I was to deal to you. I had hoped that your eyes would open; that you would comprehend what was passing round you; but, in place of being enlightened, you cast yourself into the abyss like the blind. I will not let you fall: you are the sole being I have esteemed during ten years: it must not be that you shall perish; no, it must not.' 'But, my friend, I am in no danger. Do you think I speak falsely when I swear to you by all that is sacred that I have respected the oath sworn by the mother's deathbed? Anzoletto respects it also. I am not yet his wife, therefore nothing to him.' 'Let him say the word, you will be all.' 'My mother made us promise.' 'And you came here to-night to seek the man who cannot and will not be your husband?' 'Who says this?' 'Would Corilla permit him?' 'What has he in common with Corilla?' 'We are close to her habitation: you sought your betrothed, let us go there to find him.' 'No, no! a thousand times no,' replied Consuelo, staggering as she stepped, and supporting herself against the wall, 'do not kill me ere I have lived! Leave me life, O my master, I tell you I shall die.' 'You must drink of this cup,' said the inexorable old man, 'I perform here the part of destiny. Having caused only ingratitude and consequently sorrow by my tenderness and mild caution, I must speak the truth to those I love. It is the sole good which can issue from a heart dried up and petrified by its own suffering. I pity you, my poor child, in having no gentler friend to support you in this fatal crisis; but formed as I am, I must light as by the ray of the lightning, since I cannot vivify as by the warmth of the sun. Thus then, Consuelo, let there be between us no weakness! Come to this palace. If you cannot walk I will drag you; if you fall, I will carry you. Old Porpora is strong still, when the fire of divine anger burns in his heart.' 'Mercy, mercy!' exclaimed Consuelo, grown paler than death; 'let me doubt still. Give me one day more, only one day, to believe in him; I am not prepared for this torture.' 'No, not a day, not an hour,' he replied in an inflexible tone; 'for this hour which passes, I shall not find again to place the truth before your eyes; and this day which you demand, the wretch would profit by to bow you again beneath the yoke of his falsehood. You shall come with me, I command you.' 'Well then, yes, I will go,' said Consuelo, recovering her strength by a violent revulsion of feeling: 'I will go to prove your injustice and his faith; for you deceive yourself unworthily, and you would have me deceived along with you. Go then! I follow and do not fear you.'"

He conducts her to his own home, which joins that of Corilla, and where a small terrace commands, unknown to the actress, a

view of her apartments brilliantly lighted, and open to admit the night air. She perceives Anzoletto beside her rival: and old Porpora, who has held her fast in fear of some fatal accident from her unspeakable agony, leads her down stairs to his own cabinet, and closes the door and window, that the despair, whose explosion he foresees, may find no auditor. The scene which follows is extremely striking. In the light which old Porpora's manly indignation throws upon the character and habits of Anzoletto, we see one of the purposes of this remarkable book.

"But no explosion took place. Consuelo remained mute and stupefied. Porpora spoke to her: she did not answer, and signed to him with her hand not to question her: then she rose, drank, glass after glass, a decanter of iced water which stood on the harpaichord; walked once or twice up and down the room; and returned to seat herself opposite her master without speaking a syllable. The austere old man did not guess at the depth of her suffering. 'Well,' he said, 'did I deceive you? What mean you to do now?' A painful shiver shook the statue, and passing her hand over her forehead, 'I mean to do nothing till I understand what has happened to me.' 'And what remains to be understood?' 'All; for I comprehend nothing, and you see me occupied in seeking the cause of my misfortune without finding wherewithal to explain it to me. What have I done to Anzoletto, that he should love me no longer? What fault had I committed which would make me despicable in his eyes? You, you cannot tell me, since I, reading in my own conscience, find no key to the mystery there. Oh! it is a prodigy. My mother believed in the power of philters; this Corilla is then a magician.' 'Poor child,' said the maestro, 'there is truly a magician, but his name is Vanity; there is a poison, but it is called Envy. Corilla has poured it forth: but it was not she who prepared this soul so proper to receive it; the venom flowed before in the impure veins of Anzoletto; a dose the more made him a traitor from the deceiver he had been, and faithless from ungrateful.' 'What envy? What vanity?' 'The vanity of surpassing every one; envy of you whom he could not surpass; rage since you were superior.' 'Is this possible? Can a man be jealous of a woman's success, a lover of his love? There are then many things I do not know and cannot comprehend.' 'You never will comprehend them, but you will feel their presence through every hour of your life. You will know that a man may envy a woman's merit, when this man is a vain artist; that the lover may hate the successes of his love, when the theatre is the sphere in which they live. It is because an actor is not a man, Consuelo, but a woman. He lives only on his distempered vanity; he thinks only of satisfying his vanity; he toils but to grow drunk with vanity. The beauty of a woman injures him; the talent of a woman effaces or disputes his own; a woman is his rival, or rather he is the female rival of a

woman; he has all the littleness, the caprice, the exigencies, the folly of a coquette. This is the character of actors for the most part. There are noble exceptions: but so rare and meritorious, that we should bow before and honour them above the sagest philosophers. Anzoleto is no exception: among the vain, he is the vainest; it is the secret of his conduct.' 'The vengeance is incomprehensible, the means are inadequate. How could Corilla compensate for his failures before the public? Had he told me his suffering,—oh, there needed but a word! I should, perhaps, have understood it; at least I should have pined for it. *I should have effaced myself to make room for him.*'"

Then old Porpora, striving to strengthen since he cannot console, asks if she dares affirm she loved her art only for Anzoleto? Beautiful and true is her answer: its feeling from the depths of the heart. For as we have shrunk from a bitter, we hope partial, side of truth in the character of Anzoleto, this better and purer Consuelo is to teach us, that there is seldom self-love where there exists real power, that where there is deep feeling, there is no vanity.

With her we are to rejoice to see the human feelings supersede those even of the artist. With all true women, perhaps, this will always be. Such a reasoner as Anzoleto might probably account for the peculiarity of female talent, more striking but less sustained; when more powerful in parts, feebler as a whole; more acted on by external circumstances, yet far more beautiful and graceful: a contrast, as of the sailing-vessel which obeys the winds, to the steamship which works its way against them. For it is not seldom, even wiser and less selfish reasoners will be forced to admit, that woman, though treading a high path, can tread it alone? She will need the friend and companion, if not to lean upon, at least to tread beside, arm in arm.

Thus, at least, is it with Consuelo. Her magic rod was broken when the flowers which sprang from it blackened. She had never separated in her mind these two things: her love and Anzoleto. She knew not how there could remain to her a power to prize aught when a needful part of her being was gone. And so still she repeats the same reply: "Think of myself, that is of myself alone, of myself without hope, without affection!"

She hears that he is ill, and would fly to nurse him; she feels that Corilla, whom he is to accompany to Paris, will ruin his future prospects, and she would save him still. But Porpora informs her of his health and frowns her to silence. She is to play a comic part: she does so, is applauded, stoops dizzily to pick up the wreaths which fall at her feet,

and afterwards faints upon the flowers that have been showered around her. At this high point in her external fortune, her theatrical patron, the count Zustiniani, now her passionate admirer, accompanies her in his gondola from the theatre to her home, and thinks the moment come to urge his suit. But a long discourse is spoken vainly, and when, its eloquence unanswered and unnoticed, he implores a reply: "To what must I reply?" said Consuelo, rousing herself as from a dream, "I have heard nothing."

"The gondola arrived, he essayed to detain her longer to obtain a word of encouragement. 'Ah, my Lord Count,' said she coldly and gently, 'excuse the weakness I suffer. I did not listen sufficiently, but I understand, oh, yes, I understand very well. I ask this night to reflect, to recover from my agitation: to-morrow, yes, to-morrow, I will reply without evasion.' 'To-morrow, dear Consuelo, that is a century; but I will submit if you permit me to hope that at least friendship.'—'Oh yes, you have reason to hope,' exclaimed Consuelo, in a strange tone, as she placed her foot on the shore; but do not follow,' she said, with an imperious gesture, 'or there is none.' Shame and indignation had restored her strength, but a febrile and nervous strength, which exhaled itself in a sardonic and almost fearful laugh as she ascended the stair. 'You are very joyful, Consuelo,' said, in the darkness, a voice which almost struck her to the earth. 'I congratulate you with all my heart.' 'Oh, yes!' she said, seizing the arm of Anzoleto, and ascending rapidly with him to her chamber, 'I thank you, Anzoleto, you are right to congratulate me, I am really joyful—oh! quite joyful.' Anzoleto, who had waited for her, had already lighted the lamp. When the blue rays fell on their agitated features they startled each other. 'We are very happy, are we not, Anzoleto,' said she in a harsh voice, contracting her features to a smile, which forced a torrent of tears down her cheeks, 'What do you think of our happiness?' 'I think, Consuelo,' he replied with a bitter smile, 'that it has given us some trouble to subscribe to it, but that we shall end by growing accustomed.' 'You appeared to me accustomed to Corilla's boudoir.' 'And you to the Count's gondola.' 'The Count! you knew then the Count's intentions, Anzoleto!' 'It was to avoid interfering with you, dearest, that I discreetly retreated.' 'Ah! you knew—and this was the time you chose to desert me.' 'Did I not do well? Are you not satisfied? the Count is a magnificent lover, and the poor fallen *débutant* could not, I think, dispute with him.' 'Porpora was right—you are an infamous man! Go forth from hence—you do not deserve that I should justify myself; I feel I should be sullied by a regret of yours. Go, I tell you. But know first that you may appear at San Samuele with Corilla: never more will my mother's daughter place her foot on those ignoble planks which are called a theatre.' 'The daughter of your mother the Zingara will then play the great lady in Zustiniani's villa, on the shores of the Brenta: it is a happy existence, I rejoice at it.' 'Oh!

my mother,' said Consuelo, turning towards her bed, and casting herself on her knees, her face buried in the blanket which had served the Zingara for a shroud. Anzoletto was affected and startled by the energy of her grief, and the terrible sobs he heard shake her bosom. Remorse struck his own, he approached to take her in his arms and raise her. But she rose up alone; and repulsing him with savage strength, she flung him to the door, exclaiming, 'Out of my house! out of my heart! out of my memory! For ever farewell!'

On the morrow, when Anzoletto returns, Consuelo is gone. A workman is installing himself in her well-known chamber; the furniture, given to a poor family, is for sale in the court; and Porpora, who directed her flight, refuses to tell whither. Anzoletto returns to the theatre with Corilla. At first the public hisses them in momentary memory of Consuelo; then, as is its wont, forgets genius, and accepts mediocrity. It is all brought admirably before us: more especially the fine characterisation of Anzoletto: his good never real good, his evil not all evil. We have here his egotism diverting his sorrow; his ignoble dissipation distracting his thoughts; his nights passed in orgies with wild companions, yet still the memory which comes athwart them bringing sobs amid laughter, and shining like a pale lamp through the darkness when his gondola bears him before the leaning walls and faintly-lighted chambers of the Corte Minelli.

The succeeding volumes, for the work is not yet concluded, appear to us to sink in value, being no longer that story of the poor singer, with its simple plot and strong passion, which we have thought would interest our readers. They have eloquent pages and graphic descriptions notwithstanding: that, for instance, of the noble German family, in which Consuelo becomes an inmate, with its inherent prejudices and kindly nature. The humpbacked Chanoiness, with her fine qualities obscured by the daily exercise of petty employments and the undue importance of small things; the hunting brother, absorbed in the morning's chase and the afternoon's repast; the grave chaplain, pursuing harmless intrigues to preserve importance, and troubled with the care of his digestion; the fine figure of the old father, who has bowed his intellect to this level; and the young visionary, who has given scope to his imagination till its light blinds him, and the rein to his finer feelings till they rise to madness. All these, too, are finely set within the frame of the dim halls of the feudal castle. The meal ever occupying the same period; the domestics ranged round, automatons like their masters; storms which Count Albert's second-

sight had predicted in the silence, coming suddenly to shake the casements and howl in the forest: these are effective points in the tale.

With Count Albert, his visions and his madness, we confess that we have little sympathy, save in the shape of pity for his infirmity. We are not quite sure whether Madame Sand merely intends to portray in him 'the noble mind overthrown,' or to develop gravely by his means the doctrine of the Metempsychosis, which is such a favourite crotchet with Pierre Le Roux, joint-proprietor of the '*Revue Indépendante*' in which the tale appears. If we met him in our pilgrimage, we frankly confess that we should mourn over him as a mere maniac: if he persisted in deploring his ferocity when he was Jean Zitzka, and his vengeance when he was Wradieslaw, and in abhorring his gay cousin, the caged bird of this prison, because his soul once inhabited the form of a certain Ulrica.

As to other matters in this sequel of the tale, we do not think philanthropy (for we are told love was out of the question) a sufficient power to have urged and supported Consuelo while in search of this Albert, who has escaped from his home during his insane fits. Here, through cisterns and underground passages, she braves the danger of drowning; looks calmly on a close prospect of being buried alive by an idiot; and, arrived at Albert's cavern, retains sufficient presence of mind to reason away monomania. Again, in Albert's sane moments he seems to us at times almost as mad as in his insanity. For instance, in his theological discussions, in his disquisitions on equality, and the re-appearance of the soul in various forms, and in his explanation of the nature of Satan and his rehabilitation. Nor do we at all understand how Consuelo, being of sane and strong mind, and not feverish just then, should, merely because a young man plays remarkably well on the violin and in a cavern, yield to such aberrations, even momentary, as Madame Sand describes. Besides, it is not in nature, above all, not in German nature, that the old noble should discard all kinds of cherished prejudices to pray the fatherless and wandering actress to be his son's bride. Yet at this point of the tale the frank retrospect of her life is given charmingly.

Anzoletto's return to her after resenting the insult of the patrician Zustiniani, is extremely good. Strong while he is so; meeting coldly, and with contempt, his efforts then to harm her in the eyes of others;—she is not proof against sorrow. Her strength fails while they sing the airs of their childhood with the

voices of their youth; she stifles a cry, and bursts into tears. But her subsequent flight from her two lovers is not at all well imagined; nor are we much interested in the musician with whom she and ourselves become acquainted on this journey (even though his name be Joseph Haydn); and when they are received by the mysterious man, we should like something more probable, and therefore more affecting, than her discovery that a certain vehicle has a false back, receiving light and air from above, wherein, by means of a crevice she enlarges with her dagger, she discovers a man gagged, bound, and bleeding, in what we can conceive to be no other than a most disagreeable position.

As a whole, in short, from the time it quits Venice, the story is ill-framed, and in most respects inferior to the earlier passages, whose spirit and some of whose detail we have set before the reader. In its unfinished state, it would be scarcely just to make further exception. We must only remark that the philosophical devagations of the somewhat preposterous Count Albert, are by no means to be perforce considered true philosophy, but rather to be treated, if the reader so pleases, as in the mouth of a veritable madman, and a portion of the madman's part. We desired to communicate to our readers some of the pleasure this tale had given us, because its genius certainly appears far less in fever-fits than is the wont with other works from the same hand: its strength is steadier, clearer, calmer, and more collected.

ART. VIII.—*Reise seiner Majestät des Königs Friedrich August von Sachsen durch Istrien, Dalmatien, und Montenegro, im Frühjahr 1838.* (Journey of the King of Saxony through Istria, Dalmatia, and Montenegro, in the Spring of 1838). Dresden. 1842.

THE short volume thus headed is a German condensation, by Baron von Gutschmid, of an Italian work written by Dr. Bartolemeo Biasoletto, a botanist, who accompanied the king on his journey. The object of the expedition was the observation of the plants growing in the several countries through which the travellers passed, and the description of the Italian doctor was essentially a scientific one. The German adapter, conceiving that there was much in the narrative that might interest the general reader, by giving him an insight into parts of Europe but seldom explored, has

omitted those portions that are merely botanical, translated the rest, and elucidated it by annotations.

The steamer in which the king travelled started from Trieste, coasted round Istria, stopped at several places in Dalmatia and the adjacent islands, and proceeded as far as the little town of Budua. Thence the travellers returned to Trieste, taking in their way several places, chiefly inland, which they had missed in their journey southward. Though the book has been cleared of its scientific part for the benefit of the general reader, one fault in it has not been remedied, and that is, that it does not so much give a full account of the places visited, as of the reception which the king met. The journey of his majesty of Saxony undertaken for the advancement of science, was unquestionless a very laudable one; but still, as we are not Saxon subjects, we must not be blamed that our hearts do not beat particularly high at the many very high compliments that were paid. At Dresden doubtless the case is different.

The most complete, and at the same time, the most interesting part of the book, is the description of the king's visit to the patriarchal region of Montenegro: a visit which at the time occasioned some sensation in the political world, as it was thought that the wild inhabitants had been led to a sense of their own importance, and that the pride occasioned by the condescension of royalty had caused that opposition to the Austrian troops, which terminated in the border-warfare of August, 1838. Montenegro is one of those places of doubtful independence, which, though not recognized by any power, is virtually free of all, and entirely governed by its own laws and patriarchal institutions. It is the north-western part of the old Servian dominion, which on the peace concluded between the Emperor Leopold II. and the Porte, in 1791, was ceded to the pachalic of Scutari. By the mountainous nature of their country, and the talent of their chiefs, the inhabitants, who in 1838 were estimated at no more than 107,000 souls, have been enabled to resist their nominal rulers: their constant endeavour being to avoid the payment of a tribute, which, according to the popular belief, was imposed to provide the sultan with shoes. They are a bold, hardy people, chiefly addicted to a pastoral life, noted for their hospitality and for the inviolability of their word, and imbued with an inextinguishable border-hatred against the Turks. Their country is divided into districts, called 'Nahjas,' and each of these into communities. Twelve captains are distributed among the nahjas, and the whole are under a 'Vladika,' or governor. The present Vladika is

named Peter Petrovich, and is a young bishop aged about thirty-two, who has been celebrated as a poet in his own language. It was to the pride of this governor that we are indebted for the visit of the King of Saxony to Montenegro, and consequently for the account which Baron Gutschmid has been kind enough to furnish. The magistrates of Cattaro, when the King was in their town, sent to their neighbour the Vladika to inform him of the fact. At first he intended to proceed to Cattaro, but he afterwards resolved to meet the king on the borders of his own dominions. The meeting between the two potentates we extract from Baron Gutschmid's work. It will be recollected that Dr. Biasoletto speaks.

"The higher we went, the view of the canal of Cattaro, which we left behind us, became more beautiful. Further towards the mountains the path grew more difficult, and we completely lost sight of the canal; while the continuous mountain-region made almost a melancholy impression upon us, as we met with shapeless masses of stone, threatening rocks, and steep heights, seldom enlivened by a scanty speck of land or a tree. Suddenly a broad and beautiful horizon was before us, which dispelled every gloomy thought. We saw the town of Budua, which, on the edge of the sea, was reflected in its waters, well-arranged plantations, pleasant fields, which extended to Pastrovichio along the ridge of mountains, with Scutari, and the borders of Turkish Albania, Janina, &c., by the sea-shore.

"Soon, while we ascended the path, a salute of musketry was fired on the rocks over our heads, and for a short while the pure atmosphere and the blue sky were obscured. It was the Vladika, who greeted the King from a rock; his colossal form was rendered more conspicuous by his long black dress, and he stood above many of his followers, whose heads alone could be seen, as their bodies were concealed by projecting fragments of the precipice.

The King alighted when we came up to the Vladika, who welcomed him, and requested him to sit down and rest, while he pointed out a stone hewn among the natural rocks into the shape of a large chair, over which a shawl (*struka*) was spread, of the kind that the Montenegrins, male and female, wear about their shoulders; in summer out of luxury, and in winter to guard against the cold, when they wind it about their neck and shoulders, and use it as a mantle.

"With this sort of covering was the hard seat adorned on which his Majesty Friedrich August King of Saxony first took a place in the Montenegrin region; and although the silken stuffs to which he had been accustomed were afar, and chairs with soft cushions had been exchanged for a seat hewn out of a rough material, nevertheless this reception and hospitality on the part of the Vladika, in this desert and solitary spot, greatly delighted him."

Who could not tell that the good doctor was a courtier? He takes his seat right gin-

gerly among the mountains of Montenegro, and complacently admires the condescension of his Majesty for being satisfied, when he finds a fragment of rock actually unprovided with a cushion. Oranges, and water from the spring, quenched the thirst of the travellers, and the Vladika very politely invited the King to his court at Cettigne. The invitation was accepted, and off went the whole party along a very dangerous mountain-path. The Montenegrins who accompanied the Vladika are described as follows:

"They were of a middle stature, lean, robust, muscular, quick, active, and sunburnt, and their aspect was proud and animated. All wore mustaches, and had on their heads a red cap, while they wore a coarse surtout of white wool, secured at the waist by a girdle, in which were stuck a pair of pistols and a cutlass, long breeches of the same woollen material, reaching down to the ankle, and opankas (a sort of sandal) on the feet. Their head was shaved, with merely a tuft of hair left at the back in the Turkish fashion. Across their shoulders they wore the *struka* and the musket."

Dr. Biasoletto warns his reader not to expect that the state residence at Cettigne is like that of any European prince; telling him that the prince-bishop lives in solitude like an apostle in a hermitage. This apostolic character of the good Vladika is rather too much for Baron von Gutschmid, who loves to give the Italian a quiet hit in his notes. "The Turkish heads that are stuck upon the tower near the residence," says the Baron, "have not a particularly apostolic appearance. The great curiosity, the 'lion' of Montenegro, is quite in keeping with the decorations of the town. This is an embalmed head of Mahmud Pacha, of Scutari, to whom the Montenegrins, notwithstanding the peace of 1791, refused obedience, and by whom they were consequently attacked in 1796, when their country was devastated with fire and sword. On this occasion the metropolitan Peter Petrovich, the uncle of the present Vladika, displayed his prowess, for he appeared at the head of his men with a cross in one hand and a sword in the other. The result was, that the Turks lost the day, and the Pacha lost his head; which is now kept, turban and all, in a finely-wrought box, as a record of the deed."

Of the residence at Cettigne we give the description:

"By a stone staircase, without any sign of a grating, you enter the lofty threshold of the broad entrance which leads to a small court, to which a high rock, quite perpendicular by nature, forms a firm unapproachable wall. A stone staircase inside, which is roofed over, leads to a passage which extends along the building, with a breast

work of masonry, and large window-openings in the shape of a crescent which look upon the court. By this passage you enter the rooms, the windows of all of which look upon the valley. Five adjoining rooms are in a row, every one provided with two windows. These windows are small, and do not at all correspond with the size of the building; they have shutters and are glazed. The building has only one story, but its elevation is considerable. You first enter a little room with a window, which serves as an ante-room, and leads to the apartments in which the Vladika resides. This little room, the only window of which is on the side of the grand front, belongs to the passage by the stairs. The prospect is to the side right of the entrance, and commands the church, which is in the vicinity. A door to the right opens upon the first chamber in which is the Vladika's library, containing a tolerably rich collection of books in elegant bindings in the Slavonic, that is to say Russian [Illyrian also quoth Baron Gutschmid], French, Greek, and other languages. The other adjoining room appeared to be the audience-chamber, for a canopy stood in it, before which was a table of fine modern workmanship. On the wall above the canopy hung a large mirror with a modern frame, and on the opposite side was a modern pendulum clock, in a tasteful gold case, which played pieces of music at the end of every hour. Two sabres richly ornamented in different fashions, both, as we understood, trophies of victory, were suspended one on each wall. There was also a writing-table of very fine work.

"The third room was a bedchamber, in which there was a very elegant bedstead, beautifully inlaid. All these three rooms, which adjoined the little ante-room, were so connected, that one could only be entered through the other: these were destined for the king. The fourth which followed, although connected with the rest, had also a door opening on the corridor. This contained a large well-made bedstead of nut-tree wood, and was assigned to Colonel von Mandelsloh and myself. With the fifth room, as I have said, ended the grand front of the house. It was separated from the rest, and had an especial entrance, so that its purpose was unknown. Perhaps the Vladika slept there that night. We must not forget another chamber, which was designed for the Geheimrath Minkwitz and Hofrath Ammon, and to which led a little staircase at the end of the long passage. On this side it was built against the rocks in the court, and in the corner were other rooms, in which perhaps Count Karacsay and Captain Orescovich slept. Here also was the kitchen."

The above description is more minute than graphic, and if our readers can from this account raise a picture of the residence, their imagination is more powerful than our own. However, accounts of the Montenegrin residence are not to be had every day, and we must put up with Dr. Biasoletto's frigid description of some apartments, and his shrewd guesses at the uses of the rest. The learned doctor is most conscientious in distinguishing his

conjectures from his knowledge, which indeed was necessary, as he even guessed the costume of a senator.

"As far as I could observe the senators are distinguished by a kind of waistcoat of red cloth, lined with fine fur, which they wear as an over garment, at least during the summer: it is the same with the fur cape of the Albanians: and by blue breeches, narrower than those of the Greeks and the Cattarese. The long pipe and a leathern pouch for tobacco hang on one side, secured by the leathern girdle, which encompasses the body, and altogether the dress is like the short costume of the Albanians, without the usual white surtout."

The senate-house was such a wretched-looking place, that, like Baron Gutschmid, we cannot wonder at the Vladika not being very anxious to exhibit it. But the monarch of Saxony was pressing, and the unwilling Vladika was forced to initiate him into the mysteries of Montenegrin legislature.

"The house consists of an old building of a long narrow shape, with a mud wall, which is not even plastered, with little windows placed very high, and with no upper story. The roof is formed of broad thin slabs of stone, which have a foundation of boughs and twigs, heaped upon each other at random, and placed between the fir rafters. The sight of this roof causes a fear lest when the wood becomes decayed its weight should make it fall in. The smoky interior was to a certain height divided into three parts by interwoven twigs and rods, and stakes, which were inserted in the ground. At the entrance of these divisions were several bedsteads, placed close to one another, to the number of six, made as it seemed to me of common wood, and probably designed for the senators who resided at a distance, that they might pass the night here. The middle division was the hall, in which the senate assembled. A heap of ashes lay on the ground in the centre, showing that a fire had been lighted here; while directly over the heap was suspended an iron kettle, attached to a cross-beam, as by the hearth of Italian kitchens. It could easily be seen that the place was used for cooking. Round this hearth stood twelve stones, besides another, which was placed at some distance at the elevation of about one foot and a half from the ground; all just in their natural state, the fine arts not having as yet advanced sufficiently to fashion them. Every senator takes his place on one of these stones, and thus they sit about the fire, pipe in mouth, and discuss affairs of special importance. The more elevated seat is designed of course for the Vladika, or any deputy he may appoint. The third division appeared to be the abode of the door-keeper, since it was smaller, more neglected, and generally inferior to the others."

Barbarous as this senate-house is, the furniture of the Vladika's residence shows

that much of European civilisation has found its way amid the rocks and general uncouthness of this primitive country. A press is established there, where the church calendars are printed; and at the time of the King of Saxony's visit, a short grammar for the use of a school, then just opened, was in the course of publication. Many children at this establishment had, besides reading and writing, been instructed in arithmetic and biblical history.

The church appears to be a respectable building:

"The church by the side of the Residence was shown by the Vladika to the King. It is not very large, but just sufficiently so for the population of the place, is well kept, and is provided with magnificent furniture, which is said to be a gift of the Russian court, though there are no benches, stools, nor pictures on the walls. Two priests stood at the entrance, in the dress of their order, to receive his Majesty. They seemed designed for the service of this temple. The arched door is spacious enough, and is approached by four steps from without. Above it, at a short distance from the arch, is a round window, glazed, and with an iron frame. Above this window is a moulding connected with the eaves, which go all round the building, and above which are three openings, arched like windows, projecting over the roof. The middle one is the largest and proportionably high, and in every one of these hangs a bell, which is rung from without. The masoned gable-ends in the shape of a truncated pyramid, curved with a stone moulding, at the highest point of which a cross is erected. The temple is lighted in the interior by some arched windows at the side, and on the whole it is very similar to our Catholic churches, and is the most beautiful and most regular building in Cettigne."

The Vladika accompanied the King part of the way from Cettigne to the small town of Budua, but left him at the border of his own dominions; where we shall take leave of him also, for there is little of interest out of Montenegro.

ART. IX.—*Scènes de la Vie Publique et Privée des Animaux. Le Merle Blanc.* (Scenes in the Public and Private Life of Animals: The White Thrush: By ALFRED DE MUSSET.) Paris. 1842.

THE getting up of children's libraries and young people's books, passed long ago from England to France, and gave birth in the first instance to a great many useful little volumes. Of late, however, it has become

a mania, and has gone to a most ridiculous length. There is a child's journal, a child's theatre, and the little Count of Paris will, we expect, 'receive' his contemporaries as soon as he is out of mourning.

But of all the works got up for the purpose or under the pretext of pleasing children, the most remarkable is that which heads our page. The chief author is M. Stahl, and he has contrived to give a humorous spirit to his publication, which often recalls the felicity of *La Fontaine*. M. Stahl has been also able to enlist as his collaborateurs some of the cleverest and most popular writers. He has accordingly set Janin, Balsac, Sand, Nodier, and others as celebrated, to write little tales, of which animals are the heroes, and which illustrate animal life.

The most striking of these tales is one by the poet, Alfred de Musset, called the 'History of a White Thrush.' Though announced like its brethren for the amusement of the child, it even elevates itself to the instruction and satire of the grown portion of the species. And instead of taking *La Fontaine* for a model, Alfred de Musset writes a tale in the manner of Voltaire. Not the least remarkable excellency of the tale is the pureness and beauty of the style, which even a foreigner must remark, and which recalls, as much as the tone and wit of the *morçeau*, the French classics of the last century.

The White Thrush relates his own story, and commences by that of his parents, who inhabited a garden in the midst of the old quarter of Paris. The old Thrush and his conjugal affection are well depicted. But being a bird of regular habits and antiquated ideas, he soon conceived a horror at finding that he had a *white* son. Such a colour was never known in the family. It bred strange suspicions in the head of the old Thrush, led to some fierce conjugal quarrels, and ended at last by the youngster being turned out of his paternal nest for the strange irregularities of his voice and colour. His first adventure, after being thus launched into the world, is an attempt to serve an apprenticeship to a carrier-pigeon: so strangely did the poor White Thrush mistake his vocation. He soon falls to the earth overcome with fatigue, and faints from inanition.

"The idea of death was already present to my imagination, when through the poppies and field flowers I saw two charming birds approach. One was a little Magpie, beautifully spotted and coquettish; the other a Turtle-Dove. The latter paused and looked at me with a regard of modesty and compassion, whilst the Magpie trotted up gaily, saying in a silvery and laughing tone, 'My poor child, what are you doing there?'

'Alas, madame the marquise,' quoth I (she could be nothing less), 'I am a poor devil, killed with fatigue and hunger.' 'Holy Virgin!' ejaculated she, hopping off and fetching in a trice some berries, and then continuing her question of 'Who are you? Where did you come from? Travel alone so young! what shocking people your parents must be!' Meantime the Turtle, full of compassion and timidity, brought me a refreshing drop of dew, for which I felt most sensible."

The compassionate birds having restored the White Thrush to convalescence, desire to hear his story. He relates it, and our tale proceeds. It will be perceived that in the magpie the fabulist depicts the fine ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain.

"The Magpie listened to my tale with more attention than one could have expected from so great a person, and the Turtle-Dove gave me the most amiable proofs of her sensibility. But when I approached the principal cause of my grief, that is to say my ignorance of the race to which I belonged: 'Are you joking?' exclaimed the Magpie, 'you a Blackbird! you a pigeon! Tut, tut! you are a Magpie, my dear child, if ever there was one, and a very pretty Magpie too,' she added, tapping me with her wing, as one would tap with a fan. 'But, madame,' I replied, 'methinks, for a Magpie, I am but of one colour, with your leave.' 'A Russian Magpie, my dear, you are a Russian Magpie! What, are you not aware that they are white? Poor fellow, how innocent you are!' 'But,' said I again, 'how can I be a Russian Magpie, when I was born in Paris, in an old broken porringer?' 'Ah! the innocent creature! you belong to the *Invasion* of 1815, my dear. Do you think you are the only one? Trust to me, and mind nothing. I will take you presently and show you the finest things in the world.' 'And where madame, if you please?' 'In my green palace, my darling. You shall see what a life we lead there! you will not have been a Magpie a quarter of an hour, before you care for nothing else. There are about a hundred of us, not those great village Magpies who hop along the high-roads, but all of noble birth and of good society, slender, lively, and no larger than a hand. Not one of us has less or more than seven black marks and five white; it is our invariable characteristic; and we despise the rest of the world who want them. You are without the black marks, it is true; but your being a Russian will suffice for your admittance. Our life consists of two things, prattling and dressing. From morning to noon we adorn ourselves, and from noon till night we gossip. Each of us perches upon the highest and oldest tree. . . . Our pride is boundless, and if a Jay or any other canaille comes by chance among us, we plume him without mercy. But we are nevertheless the best people in the world, and the Sparrows, Tomtits, and Goldfinches who live in our copse, find us always ready to assist, feed, and defend them. In no place is there more gossiping than with us, and nowhere is there less slander. We have a few old Mag-

pies among us very devout, saying their paternosters all day; but the giddiest of our young gossips has nothing to fear from the severest of our dowagers. In a word we live upon pleasure, pride, chattering, and *chiffons*.' 'All this is very tempting, madame, replied I, 'and I should certainly be wrong not to obey the orders of such a person as you. But before I do myself the honour of following you, allow me, I entreat, to say a few words to this good young lady here. Pray, mademoiselle, answer me frankly,' I continued, addressing the Turtle-Dove, 'do you think I am really a Russian Magpie?' At this question the Turtle-Dove hung down her head, and became as red as Lolotte's ribbons. 'Why, sir,' said she, 'I know not if I can' . . . 'In the name of Heaven!' I exclaimed, 'speak, mademoiselle, I have no intention of offending you, quite the contrary. You both appear to me so charming, that I here vow to offer my heart and claw to whichever will accept them, so soon as I know if I am a Magpie or not: for on looking at you,' I added, speaking lower to the young person, 'I have a kind of Turtle-Dove feeling come over me that is overpowering.' 'Truly,' said she, blushing still deeper, 'I do not know if it is the reflection of the sun through those poppies, but your plumage seems to have a slight tinge of—' She dared not say any more. 'Oh, perplexity!' I exclaimed. 'What am I to do? How can I give my heart to one, when it is so cruelly divided? Oh, Socrates! what an admirable precept, but how difficult to follow! you said, Know Thyself!' Since the day that an unfortunate song put my father out of temper, I had not tried my voice. It just then came into my head to use that as a means of discovering the truth. As the first notelet was sufficient to make my father turn me out of doors, surely the second will have some effect upon these ladies. Having then first bowed politely, as if to claim indulgence, I began first to whistle, then to warble and make roulades, and at last to sing as loud as a Spanish muleteer in full breath. As I sang, the little Magpie drew away from me, with a look of surprise, which soon became stupefaction: there succeeded a feeling of fear, accompanied by a profound *ennui*. She walked round me like a cat round a piece of bacon too hot for her, and which, although it had burnt her, she still wished to taste. Seeing the effect of my experiment, and wishing to push it to the utmost, the more the poor marquise showed her impatience the more I made my throat sore with bawling. She resisted my melodious efforts twenty minutes: at last, no longer able to bear it, she flew off to her green palace, and left me. As to the Turtle-Dove, she had fallen into a profound sleep almost as soon as I commenced. Admirable effect of harmony! thought I. Oh, my maternal nest! more than ever I regret you. Just as I was preparing to fly away, the Turtle-Dove opened her eyes: 'Adieu,' said she, 'charming, but wearisome stranger. My name is Gourouli; do not forget me.' 'Beautiful Gourouli,' I replied distantly, 'you are good, gentle, and charming. I could live or die for you. But you are rose-coloured, and so much happiness is not made for me.'"

The next adventure of the White Thrush is with a learned Cockatoo, evidently an academician, a rhymester of the empire, one who had written hymn, tragedy, and epic, and faultless rhyme. The White Thrush finds that this new acquaintance is not wearied by his song: he being *enanti-proof*. But if he bore much, so did he neglect much, and our hero abandons the Cockatoo.

Soon after he overhears a porter and porters conversing on the great rarity, and consequently on the great value, of a White Thrush. This changes altogether the opinion which our adventurer entertained of himself, and his humility and despair immediately swell to pride. Conscious of being an exceptional being, he instantly infers that his intellectual powers must be great in proportion to his corporeal oddities, and that less than a philosopher and a poet he cannot be. The author gives us his soliloquy. The idea had arisen of showing himself for money; but he exclaims,

"Out upon the unworthy thought! Better write a poem like Kacatogan. The world must know that I exist. I will lament my isolation in verse, and so pathetically that the happiest shall envy me. Since Heaven has refused me a mate, I will say all the ill I can of those of others. I will prove that all is too green, save the grapes I eat myself. The Nightingales had better take care. I will show, as plainly as that two and two make four, that their complaints make one sick, and that their notes are commonplace. I must betake myself to Charpentier, the bookseller. I will take a powerful literary position, and gather around me a court composed not only of journalists, but of real authors, and even literary ladies. I will write a character for Mlle. Rachel: and if she refuses to perform it, I will publish to the sound of trumpet that her talent is inferior to that of an old provincial actress. I will go to Venice, and will hire on the Grand Canal, in the midst of that fairy city, the beautiful Mocenigo palace, which costs four francs ten sous per diem. There, from the depths of my solitude, I will deluge the world with crossrhymes, sketched from the strophes of Spenser, in which I will unburden my great soul. I will make all the Tomtits sigh, the Turtle-Doves coo, the Woodcocks melt into tears, and the very Screech-Owls hoot applause. But, as for myself, I will remain inaccessible to love, and inexorable to all. In vain will they press me, entreat me to have compassion on the unfortunate females seduced by my sublime songs: to all that I will reply—Fudge! Oh, excess of glory! My manuscripts will sell for their weight in gold; my books will cross the seas; renown, fortune will follow me wherever I go; I alone will seem indifferent to the murmurs of the crowd that surrounds me. In a word, I will be a perfect WHITE THRUSH: a real eccentric writer, feasted, *choyé*, admired, envied, and, withal, sublimely ill-humoured, and utterly unsupportable."

Such is the end of the 'White Thrush.' We fear one must be an adult to draw the moral from this tale, professed to be written for children.

ART. X.—F. G. KLOPSTOCK'S *Sämmtliche Werke. Ergänzungen durch Biographie, Briefwechsel, und verschiedene Beiträge*. 3 Bände. (Klopstock's Collected Works: Supplements of Biography, Correspondence, and Miscellaneous Contributions. 3 vols.) Von HERMANN SCHMIDLIN. Stuttgart. Scheible. 1839-41.

THERE is no name in German literature which is envied in a greater volume of sound than that of KLOPSTOCK: few to whose outward sound a less proportion of inward substantiality belongs. Men will go mad on certain subjects at all times. Even the sober, sensible, practical-minded British people, Mr. Alison in his history tells us (more than once emphatically in one volume), are subject to periodical fits of the most violent insanity; how much more our rockety and sky-sweeping brethren beyond the Rhine! They are certainly, or they were half a century ago, MAD on the subject of KLOPSTOCK. Then there was the Göthe-mania also, or the Artistical madness; the Schlegel-mania, or the Romantic madness; the Kotzebue-mania, or the Theatrical madness; and the Teuto-mania (which Napoleon raised up), or the Fatherlandizing madness: all very foolish and very German in their fashion, but not without much reason in their origin, and much nobility in their nature. For the fact is, that to be mad, though it is certainly a folly, is not altogether or always a fault; but rather a virtue on occasions, as Anacreon sings: *Θελω, θελω μανηναι*. 'I will, I WILL be MAD!' And of all sorts of that higher insanity which Plato was not ashamed to call divine (*θεια μανια*), the various species of what has been called Hero-worship, are at once the most rational in the ideas from which they spring, and the least ludicrous in the results to which they lead. It sounds, indeed, foolish enough, even in fond doting old GLEIM, when he writes ecstatically to his poet-friend:

"To-day is holiday KLOPSTOCK! The odes are arrived. Klopstock, thou art not Horace, not Pindar, thou art Elohah!"*

Much less can we refrain from a smile when

* Gleim to Klopstock. 30th April, 1798. *Ergänzungen*, i. 394.

a whole nation, or at least the chief speakers of a nation, utter such extravagant expressions of sentiment in regard to such a man as we cool-headed Britons perceive this Klopstock to be now. But the wise man will bear in mind that all intense emotions, and those of love and reverence especially, as they can in no case be adequately sympathized with, so they can never be perfectly understood by the impartial spectator. The worth of a medicine he may well be allowed to prize and to praise not charily who has used it, and whom it has healed: so, how sweet a thing it is, and how pleasant, yea how wise and how rational, in a sort, to be mad about such a third or fourth rate poet as Klopstock, he only can rightly know who is mad.

For any full-grown British man at the present day to read the 'Messiah' of Klopstock, and practically to feel even in the smallest degree that peculiar enthusiasm with which it was received by the Kleists and the Gleims, and even the Wielands and the Lessings, of the last century in Germany, is a moral impossibility. We can imagine an English young lady of piety and sentiment on a fine Sunday evening reading it rapturously enough even now; but further than this our English admiration of Klopstock in the nineteenth century is not likely to go. It is not a little strange indeed that in the days of Richardson and Young and Angelica Kaupfmann (who all corresponded with the poet), our admiration of the sounding foreigner went so far as it did: for had we not MILTON? a granite palace of stables architecture to oppose to their magnificent whirl of castles in the clouds? But partly our English literature of those days was thin and meagre; partly men are at all times prone to admire famous things that are far and foreign, long before they understand them; partly novelty startles; and partly also the eager exuberance of devout gratitude is ever willing to give that praise to the poetry of an edifying writer which should have been bestowed only on his piety. In Germany, again, in the year 1750, while some of these causes did not fail to operate even more strongly than in England, other and more powerful influences were at work. There was the re-awakened patriotism, in the first place, of a people that since the fatal thirty years' war had had no fatherland; and then there was the reborn literary existence of a language that since the glories of Barbarossa and the Minnesingers had lain torpid. A little stone dropped into a quiet pool spreads itself out with observation into a vast circumference of movement. So it was with Klopstock. Let such another fabricator of a Messiad appear in England now, and he will rank beside the

author of 'Luther' or below him: that is certain. But before there was a Göthe, a Schiller, a Herder, a Richter in Germany, amid a people of pigmies, it was easy for a man of ordinary dimensions to appear a giant. To the men of his time and place, Klopstock in fact was a giant;* and herein lies his merit. So also let him be judged. We all read and relished authors at fourteen, or even at four-and-twenty, that pall upon us sadly now at forty. The literature of a people, like the life of an individual, has its youth, its manhood, and its old age. Klopstock is the representative of the youthful period of German literature. His writings will be fully relished only by the young, and by young women more than by young men: not to be despised however on that account, any more than 'Watts's Hymns' and the 'Mother's Catechism,' which are works of singular merit and great genius for the nursery. There is room enough in the world for everything; and it is the business of a just criticism not to fling about bans and excommunications, but to put everything in the place that belongs to it, and to prize it accordingly.

The three volumes of 'Ergänzungen' to Klopstock's works, or supplementary volumes, as we should say, whose title we have prefixed, are not certainly to be regarded as any sign of the present state of public opinion in Germany with regard to the author of the

* "I will whisper it in your ear: I look on Klopstock as the first, perhaps, the only poet of our German nation. RAMLER is a very correct, fiery, harmonious, imitator of Horace and the ancients. Where, however, do you find in him a trace of that great impetuous fire that carries us away in Klopstock, lifts us up to the clouds, and shakes our whole hearts? This only the true poet can do; and of such every century produces sometimes not even one. Ramlar makes me glow when I read him; Klopstock makes my heart beat; I breathe with difficulty; I must cease to read. And only when I begin to read him the second time have I attained sufficient composure to enjoy him fully."—KREBEL's *Literarischer Nachlass und Briefwechsel*. Leipzig. 1835. Vol. ii., p. 112. This extract is from a letter of Boie's to Knebel, dated Göttingen, 30th December, 1771. In those days there was a club of young poets at Göttingen, among whom Hölty and Voss were the most eminent. Boie, the father of the golden-winged race of annuals, was one of their number; and the opinion which he here expresses of Klopstock's poetry, may be taken as a characteristic proof both of the extraordinary reverence with which the young German literature of that age regarded Klopstock, and of the peculiar poetical excellence (sweeping impetuosity of fiery emotion) on which that reverence was founded. Some amusing particulars of the Klopstockian hero-worship practised by the young poets and poetings of the Göttinger Bund will be found in 'Voss's Life of Hölty,' prefixed to the common edition of this poet's works. Compare the letter from HAHN. Göttingen, 30th July, 1774. *Ergänzungen*, i. 344.

Messiah, for beyond the ocean they print and reprint everything; but they do certainly deserve a passing glance from the student of German literature, and may at least serve as a convenient occasion for us on this side the water to let our German friends know a little more formally what we Englishmen think of the German Milton ('the very German Milton,' as Coleridge cleverly said), and his poetical merits. The supplementary volumes are intended more immediately as a sort of continuation of the edition of the works of the poet in nine volumes, lately published by Gosschen, in Leipsic; but they may be procured also as a separate work, and contain everything that is necessary or agreeable for the greatest admirer of the poems to know about the poet.

We have, in the first place, a "strong volume" (536 pages) of correspondence "from, to, and about Klopstock, in the roll of which we observe not a few famous names of German, and some of European celebrity. Next to Klopstock himself, the principal place is occupied by old Father Gleim, the Anacreon of Halberstadt; then we have Father Bodmer, the Jupiter of the 'Alpine gods' (so Kleist was wont to designate the Swiss school); then Fanny, who was to our poet what Mary Duff was to Byron; and she who came afterwards with more honour and more happiness to reign over his tender affections, the celebrated META, or Margaret Moller, who sleeps with him beneath the lime-tree at Ottensen, known to the readers of Klopstock's poetry better by the name of CDDI. These play the principal part: but there are also letters from our own Richardson, and Young the poet, and from Angelica Kaupmann, and not a few other admirers. On the whole, however, for the bulk, there is but little substance in this correspondence, and little variety; and the English reader is much mortified to find a fond old rhymist, like Gleim, printing on page after page about nothing, while Göthe, and Herder, and Wieland, and Schiller, and Jean Paul Richter, and all the great contemporaries of German literature, are altogether silent. We see plainly from these letters that the author of the 'Messiah' shunned rather than sought the great forum of the literary world, and loved to preach from his own pulpit, remote from secular intrusion and without disturbance. The second volume of the supplement contains some lyrical pieces, and prose essays and translations not included in the general collections of the poet's works. The third volume is of more importance, and gives us, strangely lumped together certainly, but still completely enough, the most important

contributions which different zealous persons have made towards the biography of the author, and the critical estimate of his works. Most of this last, were it not for the sake of curiosity, might have been well spared: given forth as it is in that high-flown eulogistic style in which the Germans love to enlarge on their favourite writers, and savouring altogether more of the century that is past than of that in which we now live.

In endeavouring to form a correct critical estimate of the literary merits of Klopstock, there are some things in his outward biography which ought particularly to be marked. First, the date of his birth, July 2, 1724, points him out as nine years anterior to Wieland, more than twenty years Göthe's senior, and more than thirty years Schiller's. This chronology, as we remarked above, goes a great way to explain the sudden and extraordinary celebrity which he acquired in his native country. Out from the flats of Northern Saxony (Quedlinburg was his birthplace), he suddenly shot up, where there were no mountains before, a moving hill of emotion; glowing with the noblest fire, and mantled in the most magnificent smoke; beneath a sky also dewy with the brightest tears of tender sentiment, and arched with the most delicate lunar rainbows; a phenomenon that men in those arid regions had not been accustomed to, and well worthy to be gazed at. Then he had another advantage. He not only appeared where there was no great name to compete with, but he appeared like Minerva, starting out of Jove's cloven skull: a notable poet (in a certain emotional region), ready made, and in full panoply at his first appearance. He appeared as the poet of overflowing, unbounded emotion; as the young man, and the young man's poet; as good, ay, and perhaps better at four-and-twenty, than he ever could be at forty! This the character of his compositions, and the facts of his life, equally testify. The 'Messiah' is essentially, from beginning to end, a young man's poem: overflowing emotion, sentimental tenderness, boisterous and extravagant passion, are its main characteristics. Now we learn from the poet's biography, that the plan of the work was fully conceived, and the whole twenty books substantially laid out, when the author was a mere youth in his teens at Schulpforte; and, in consistency with this, we know that the three first cantos (which many reckon to be the best) were printed in the 'Bremissche Beiträge' so early as the year 1748,* when

* These three cantos, with two additional ones, were first printed in a separate form in the year 1751, under the title of 'The Messiah,' vol. i. In 1755 the first ten cantos were published in two vols.

the future Milton was only twenty-four years of age. One fact, therefore, is certain: it is not in the nature of things that the 'Messiah' should bear in its front that stamp of manhood, and those lines of vigour, which so decidedly characterize Dante's 'Comedy,' and Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' It is a vast idea, no doubt, and the offspring of a noble ambition; but it is the creation of a mere boy; and as was the conception, so is the execution.

Let us mark now what followed. No sooner was vacant Germany astonished by the thunder and lightning of these three cantos, than a certain preacher of the name of Klüpfel, chaplain to the Duke of Gotha, happening to show the new production to Graf. Bernstorff, then Danish ambassador at Paris, this diplomatic person was so misled therewith that he straightway recommended the young author to his royal master Frederick V.; and the consequence of this was, that the young epopoeist was a made man, pensioned by a great European monarch, crowned with bays as the prince of German poets, and enshrined in the minds of the pious almost as a prophet, before he was five-and-twenty. Who can wonder, after this, if the poet of the 'Messiah' remained stationary, and if no luxuriance of poetical variety, no ripeness of artistical growth, were to be traced in his future productions? He had nothing to do but sit in a corner apart at Copenhagen, and prophecy. With a warm heart and a fine flow of sounding words, he had made his literary fortune at an age when common bards are but beginning it: he was the Pindar and the Homer of his fatherland in one: already publicly acknowledged—a Jupiter circumgyrated by a million of satellites—what more could he become? He had only to continue giving forth a solemn voice, from time to time, to keep the public in mind of his existence; and his canonization after death, having been worshipped already during his life, was secure.

In judging of the poetical reputation of Klopstock, we must never forget that he acquired it principally by his *sacred* poetry; and in all cases where the religious element enters into a purely critical question, the judgment is innocently enough liable to be sadly confounded in more ways than one. Klopstock enjoyed,

for half a century almost, not merely a German, but a European reputation, to an extent such as no modern author can boast of, with perhaps the single exception of Walter Scott.* But how many persons ever gave themselves the trouble curiously to analyze the elements of this reputation, and to inquire minutely how much of this reputation was to be attributed to the Christian, and how much to the Poet, Klopstock? People admired, revered, yea, even worshipped the great Klopstock, the immortal author of the 'Messiah,' the sublime epos of the New Testament; nor inquired further. The writer who edified them so much more than the common run of writers on religious subjects, claimed to be a poet; appeared in the fashion of a poet; invented, indeed, a new form of poetical rhythm to clothe the vastness of his conceptions (or his sentences), for which no channel in which poetical emotion had hitherto flowed seemed sufficiently broad. People were good enough, as the public is not an ill-natured animal always, to take him on his word. But it was possible all the while, nay, very natural, that the man whom they were so zealously belauding as a poet, might be substantially only a preacher in a poet's dress; a sounding paraphraser of the three last chapters of the gospel; a florid and tawdry decorator of the walls of a pantheon whose gods the chisel of a Phidias (the evangelist) had sculptured.

But we go farther. Not only is it a fact that the readers of devotional works are apt to confound poetry with piety, but there is something in the very nature of religion, in the highest ideas of Christianity at least, which however fondly piety may cherish, it is in vain for poetry adequately to express. A human theology, like that of the Greeks, the tongue of man may tell; but whosever strives to make that which is infinite and

In 1768 appeared vol. iii.; and in 1773 vol. iv. *Ergänzungen*, iii. 133. But how much the scheme and structure of the whole work belonged to his youngest years, see his own words in *Ergänzungen*, iii. 377.

* Of the 'Messiah' the following translations exist: A translation of the first nine cantos in Latin, by Neumann; two French translations held in small estimation; an Italian translation of the first ten cantos by Giacomo Zigno, highly praised; a Dutch translation by Gröneveldt, spoken of as a masterpiece, and another Dutch translation in prose; a Swedish translation; a specimen of a Greek translation by J. F. Levezow, so early as 1756; an English translation in prose, by Joseph Collyer: all mentioned in the *Ergänzungen*, iii. 140: and an English translation in blank verse, London, 1826, which is the only one that the present writer has seen, and which for reasons to be mentioned in the course of this article appears in several respects to be a great improvement on the original.

endless, the *direct* object of finite exposition or paraphrase, strives, being terrestrial, to clutch the stars, and is sure to find the sublimity of his essay more than counterbalanced by the ludicrousness of his result. To endeavour to express the inexpressible is to gape gigantically, to disturb the air with 'unapproachable blasts,' and finally to break your jaws, and say nothing. Interjections, the grammarians tell us, are no part of speech; exclamations such as Klopstock makes in his devotional raptures, however sounding, and however heaped up, are no part of poetry.* Not that religion generally is an unfit subject for poetry. God forbid! How many fine psalms of David, how many stately odes of heathen Pindar, how many small touches even of the Epicurean Horace, disprove this! But religion, to be a fit subject for poetry, must be humanized, must be incarnated, must be embodied; and the Christian religion, by the prominence which it gives to the idea of the INCARNATION and RESURRECTION, does, in fact, recognize in the fullest degree the sensuous and finite nature of man, and builds upon his incapacity to be affected by superhuman truths in any other than a human form.† Exalted young poets, however, swelling with tempestuous emotion, and grasping eagerly at the infinite, do not readily see this. Their eye is not yet clear enough from the fumes of heated enthusiasm to take delight in the contemplation of any definite tangible object, however beautiful. They must roll and tumble about furiously, merely to get

rid of their supercharge of emotional energy; like boys with their much ado doing nothing, or what is worse, doing mischief. The consequence is, that instead of a calm, chaste, and manly composition, wherein the Beauty of the Lord (to borrow a Scripture phrase) is made to pass before us in a series of clear and striking pictures on which passion only acts dioramically as it were, by the variation of light and shade, we have the foaming surge of sacred sentiment, and the thunder of pious emotion, piled up and turned over, and writhing and involving itself magnificently in a thousand different ways: inadequate epithet lashed into every possible metamorphosis, and exclamation tortured up to its hundredth power: by all which, piety (if the truth were fully spoken) is at bottom more exhausted than satisfied, while judgment stands by to smile, and taste turns away in disgust.

Witness the following.

'THE ALL-MERCIFUL.'

A Sacred Ode. By Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock. Composed in the year 1759.

TO THE ALL-MERCIFUL.

1. Oh! wonder! the wonder of God,
My Salvation!
No! when it only wonders
Too feebly soars the soul!
2. Astonishment! Heaven-flying astonishment
At Him who is infinite!
O Thou, the highest bliss of bliss,
Flood thou my whole soul
3. With thy sacred fire!
And cause it, oh! thou Blessed one,
As often and as high as the finite can,
In ecstasies to up-flame.
4. Thou wert! thou art! shalt be! thou art!
How shall I think thee?
My soul stands still, cannot attain to it!
Father! Father! so shall my soul think
thee,
So feel thee my heart! so hush my tongue
thy name!
5. Father! Father! Father!
Fall down and worship, thou Heaven of
Heavens!
He is your father!
He is also ours!
6. O ye, who shall one day with the dwellers
in Heaven
Stand astounded!
Walk ye inquiring through this labyrinth
of ecstasy,
For Jehovah speaks!

* The celebrated FUSLI has expressed himself very strongly to this effect, "Who is it that will dare to tell me that that continual bawling out of Lord! Lord! however pious, is poetry? 'Tis images, those images which you Germans despise and cannot create, that make Homer the father of all poetry. A true universal lively feeling expressed by a beautiful image, finds its way readily into all hearts; but your mere emotions, partial, local, and individual too, please only a few persons at certain times, and in certain places; all others they merely confuse."—*Briefe an Johann Heinrich Merck*, 1836, p. 58.

† We willingly take occasion here to insert a remark, by HEADS, referring more particularly to the character of the Messiah as he has been delineated by Klopstock. "The Messiah, according to the prophecies of the Old, and the narrations of the New Testament, appears much more human than he is represented by Klopstock. The epopee does not demand a superhuman ideal, but such an ideal as has power to move the nobler feelings. Now Klopstock's 'Messiah' without necessity keeps the human nature of the Messiah altogether in the background; whereas it is and remains true in sacred as in profane poetry that *nothing moves a human heart as heart so powerfully as what a human heart has felt*. Is not Christ our brother? Heb. iv. 15."—*Ergänzungen* iii. 437.

7. Speaks indeed in the rolling thunder,
In the flying storm, and in the softly whispering breeze;
But more intelligibly and more enduringly
In the language of men!
8. The thunder rolls off, the raging of the storm
passeth,
The whisper of the breeze ceases;
But through long centuries the speech of
man streams on,
And proclaimeth every moment
How Jehovah hath spoken!
9. Am I still on this side the grave? or am I
beyond the grave?
Have I already made the heavenward
flight?
Oh! words of eternal life!
Thus speaketh Jehovah!
10. Can the mother forget her sucking child,
That she should not have compassion on the
son of her womb?
Yea, she may forget it,
Yet will I not forget thee!
11. Praise, worship, tears of joy, and eternal
thanks
For Immortality!
Glowing, liveliest, heartfelt thanks
For Immortality!
12. Hallelujah in the Holy Place!
And within the veil,
• In the holy of holies, hallelujah!
For so Jehovah hath spoken!
13. Prostrate thyself in the profoundest astonishment,
O thou who art immortal;
Enjoy, O my soul, thy blessedness!
For so Jehovah hath spoken!

Now if, instead of this swell of pious rhapsody (for what better name does it deserve), the composer of sacred lyrics wishes to know where he is to seek for a model of excellence in this so difficult department of the art, we would say at once, read the 104th Psalm, or the 39th chapter of the book of Job: or, if these seem too far from modern reach, let him take Thomson's Hymn to the Seasons, or Goethe's opening hymn in Faust, or Addison's well-known hymns, generally appended to the Scripture paraphrases sung in the Scottish church, or Heber's well-known missionary hymn, or so many pure and clear gems of chaste Christian emotion in the 'Lyra Apostolica,' and the 'Christian Year.' In all these compositions, though there may not be the highest flight of which the religious man is capable, there is at least some part of Nature, Humanity, and Truth; all which the sublime Klopstock

sweeps away in a whirling tempest of sounding exclamation, and carries you along with him in gaping bewonderment that the small breath of a single body should be able to raise such a hurricane. This, indeed, must ever be the result when pious persons, impatiently longing after immortality, attempt to leap out of their mortal skins: when soaring psalmists, communing with angels overmuch, and cloudy spirits, forget that the sacred song (like the sabbath) was made for man, and not man for the song.

There is another general remark on sacred poetry, which may be made with a peculiar propriety in reference to the 'Messiah.' Is not the Epos of Christianity, of the life and death of Christ, written as chastely and as nobly as it possibly could be, in the GOSPELS? And is it not a most foolhardy and impertinent thing in you, believing or not believing in the inspiration of these books, to set yourself to write it over again? True, many things are very shortly told in the New Testament, and some things of deepest interest are rather indicated than described; but it does not follow, that by working over the simple narrative with a sounding paraphrase, and interweaving it with far-fetched and long-spun episodes, you can either make what is shortly said more eloquent, or what is darkly hinted more clear. Are there not some things, also, that are much more wisely left to the pious imagination than made a public show of, pranked ostentatiously with vain rhetorical gewgaws? We confess that we hear weekly many things from the pulpit which offend much; for, like a fluent barrister, the preacher will needs handle his text so thoroughly, turning it this way and that way, to this light, and to that, with such officious display, that the distracted eye knows no more where to rest, and the thing is not to be seen at all for very multitude of telescopes. Now, exactly so as a text is in danger of being swamped in the sermon, is the simple gospel history of the death and resurrection of Christ (the subject of the 'Messiah') liable to be confused, mystified, and metamorphosed by a modern epopoeist. We must say again, there seems something extremely foolhardy and impertinent in any poet attempting such a theme. Those who write sacred poetry ought before all things to bear in mind that Christians have a BIBLE, which the Greeks had not: and whether that Bible be regarded, according to the received opinion of Christendom, as being the word of God, or, as Coleridge has

recently named it, merely as *containing* the word of God, still, the Bible has, and must have with Christians (even with such as are most Romanist and Puseyite in their views), a comprehensive character and an exclusive authority, such as no Homer or Hesiod ever had amongst the Heathens. Now even the Greeks never attempted to sing the wrath of Achilles or the wanderings of Ulysses, after it had been already done by Homer. Their tragedians out of the vast materials of the Cyclic poets, with Homer at their head, constructed plays;* and the Lyric poets of Greece and Rome used the same materials largely: all which was natural and proper. But the materials with which the Christian poet has to work are both much more scanty, and of such a nature, that he, who takes from the apocryphal to add to the canonical, will, when he has done his best, appear to the judicious observer only to have sewed on a gorgeous patch. Do we then say that sacred dramas and sacred epics are absolutely and altogether to be expelled from Christian poetry? By no means. Only let the aspiring young Milton see well what he is about! That one succeeded, and such a one as he, gives no warranty that a thousand shall not fail.

Periculose plenum opus aleæ
Tractas, et incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso:

as Horace said to Pollio, engaged in the history of the civil war:

—a theme of perilous risk
Thou handlest, and hot fires beneath thy path
The treacherous ashes nurse.

It is, no doubt, possible to write a good epic poem on some subject of the New Testament, which is much nearer to our faith, and therefore much more delicate to meddle with than the Old. Out of eleven verses of the fourth chapter of Matthew, without any aid from apocryphal gospels, Milton made a short Christian narrative poem in four books, which would have occupied a more prominent place in general esteem, had not its author written a great Epos so much superior, and had he not disappointed public expectation in this lesser one, by baptizing it with a sounding misnomer. 'Paradise Regained,' or the 'Temptation of Christ' as it should properly be called, is a rare instance of how much may be made of little by a great mind,

* "I only dress up fragments from the great banquet of Homer," said Æschylus.

without that appearance of overdoing and overloading which is so offensive in Klopstock. Mark also the wisdom of our poet in another regard. He has not, like Klopstock, chosen a *principal* scene of gospel history, and one which had already received a full description, and been put forth in sufficient prominence by the pen of the Evangelist. He takes a mere accessory incident, so to speak, an incident which stands altogether in the background of gospel history, noticed rather than narrated, and this he spreads out before the pious view, and pictures panoramically. The gospel history of the Temptation, says simply, "Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them." What the Evangelist here nakedly states as having been shown, the Poet actually shows, and in such a style as a man only of a grandly comprehensive imagination, and of a vast erudition, could do. There is nothing in 'Paradise Lost' superior to the panoramic description of the Eastern and Western world, of Parthia, Rome, and Greece, in the third and fourth books of the 'Regained.' Take his grand Epos now, and see how skilfully in the same view Milton has managed that. Without the devil and the angelic "machinery" (as the old critics used to speak), our great poet could certainly never have built up an Epos from the materials of the third chapter of Genesis only, of such breadth and stateliness as that which we now boast. But all this, the reader will observe, is extra-biblical. The Fall of the Angels, with which the 'Paradise Lost' so Titanically opens, is alluded to or supposed in the bible history; not laid down doctrinally, much less described in detail. Milton, therefore, from extra-biblical materials, raised up an extra-mundane Epos; an Epos at least of which the terrestrial scenery forms only a small part, in proportion to the vast-moving, majestic-peopled, celestial, and infernal atmosphere with which it is encompassed. Thus, though narrating a bible history, our poet with the most dexterous management seems not to plant himself on any ground previously occupied by the Bible; whereas Klopstock takes up ground already occupied by the Evangelist, and instead of extending the scene only dilates the phrase of the gospel, dragging in from all pertinent and impertinent places a crowd of huddled supernumeraries, and encompassing the solemn silence of the crucifixion with a multitudinous bray of trumpets, and

a whirl of dark words, and quaking sentences to involve the universe. Truly a 'very German Milton'!

Passing from these general remarks to a nearer and detailed view of the 'Messiah,' the first thing that strikes us is its monstrous bulk: twenty cantos of hexameters, some of them containing 1500 lines! With the rich materials of chivalry and romance, a luxuriant Ariosto might run on, like an arabesque decoration along a portico, to an immeasurable length without offence; but Klopstock, whose materials were of the scantiest, had he only possessed half as much sense as he had sound, could never have hesitated for a moment to confine himself within the bounds which Virgil and Milton had found too spacious rather than too narrow for a just epic effect. Klopstock, however, was and remained a boy, in the whole style of his poetry; but as young preachers, partly from an overboiling of zeal in the heart, and partly from a defect of dexterous management in the head, are apt to make long sermons, so it is a marked characteristic of Klopstock, not in his 'Messiah' only, but also in his Odes, that he never knows how to observe any bounds.* A recent English translator, therefore,† has done well, and made a very notable improvement upon his original, by the simple method of clipping out lines by scores and by hundreds from every canto, fusing two cantos or even three occasionally into one, and compressing the whole poem into fifteen books instead of twenty. Those who are familiar with the great modern system of stretching out tales into three volumes that would have been much better told in one, will easily understand how out of three or four chapters of Evangelical prose Klopstock contrived to spin out three or four volumes of heroic poetry.

The work is equally divided into two parts: the first ten books containing the Passion and the Crucifixion; the other ten comprising from the Crucifixion to the Ascension. It is impossible for us in the present limited sketch, to attempt anything

like a detailed account of the contents of so vast a machinery: but we shall mention generally the argument of each book, so that the curious may have some idea of the structure and progress of the poem. The first book presents Christ in the garden of Gethsemane, and Gabriel and Eloah are engaged partly in ministering to him, partly in making preparations through the universe for the celebration of the great second sabbath that is to mark the completion of the work of human redemption. The second book exhibits the devils in council; in this respect, but in this only, like to the second book of Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' The principal diabolic personages are Satan and Adramelech, both exceeding fierce and furious spirits; but the latter, if possible, more furious than the first, and secretly scheming to supplant him in the sovereignty of Hell. Besides these there is a devil, whom, since it is hardly likely that Klopstock was familiar with Dryden's opera of King Arthur and his last 'seduced and least deformed of Hell,' we may perhaps admit to be original and of Klopstockian invention; one who seems to be in hell, but not of it: to one to whom Burns' stanza might apply,

"O wad ye tak a thought on men
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake:
I'm wae to think upo' your den
Ev'n for your sake."

This penitent or half-penitent devil is Abaddona, a most abnormal and heterodox character; touching whom it is related that the poet once received a serious pastoral visit from a pious Lutheran clergyman, the purpose of which was to beseech the bard, "for God's sake, and the honour of our holy religion, not to think of finally saving the fallen angel, Abaddona!"* In the third canto the sufferings of Christ in the garden are continued; Eloah descends to number his tears. The souls of the fathers, who dwell in the sun, send an angel down to inquire concerning the sufferings of the Messiah; and to this angel, while they are asleep, the guardian angels of the twelve Apostles describe their several characters. The devil shows a wicked dream to Judas. The Messiah awakes, and speaks of his speedy departure. The fourth book presents Caiaphas and the high priests in deliberation; then follows the institution of the Supper. Judas departs and bargains with the pharisees to betray Christ. In

* The obscurity which has been complained of in some of Klopstock's Odes does not result, like the occasional obscurity of Tacitus, from the crowding of much thought into a small compass of words, and a desire to suggest rather than to expound; but it proceeds partly from a certain jerking and abrupt movement of his thoughts, and partly from a vicious ambition to imitate the ancients no less in their syntactical than in their prosodical form. It is still true, however (what Göthe mentions, *D. W.* vi., and *Werke* xxv., p. 88), that, compared with the first books of the 'Messiah,' there is much that may be called compression in the Odes.

* *Supra*, note, p. 242.

* *Ergänzungen*, iii. 207.

the fifth book the poet ventures to bring down Jehovah himself in terrors upon Tabor, to hold judgment on the Messiah for the sins of men; and the vicarious suffering is described in 'three great hours.' The third hour past, the Almighty ascends again to heaven. In the sixth canto Christ is betrayed by Judas, brought before Caiaphas, and condemned. In the seventh canto Christ is brought before Pilate and Herod, and finally delivered over to the rage of the pharisees. Canto Eighth: The Crucifixion. Congregation of spirits from all quarters to view this awful event. The souls of the fathers descend from the sun; among them Adam and Eve. The planet, on which the souls of men dwell previous to their birth on earth, is brought before the sun, and this causes an eclipse, storm, and earthquake. Two angels of death come and hover seven times round the cross. Satan and Adramelech, attempting to approach, are cast in confusion into the Dead Sea. In Canto Ninth the sufferings of Christ on the cross continue. Description of the conduct of John and the Virgin Mary, Peter Lebbaeus and Andrew, during the crucifixion. Abraham, Isaac, and Moses discourse on the redemption. A cherub brings the souls of pious heathens to Golgotha, and explains to them the mystery of their salvation. Earthquake again. The penitent devil Abaddona comes to contemplate the sufferings of Christ on the cross. The angel of death, Obaddon, brings the soul of Iscariot to hell. The tenth canto finishes the sufferings of Christ on the cross. The Saviour blesses the multitude of spirits that surround the cross, and especially that host of glorious destination that are soon to appear on earth, and take a chief part in the propagation of the Christian religion: Timothy, Clemens Romanus, Linus, and others are described. Miriam and Deborah sing the death-song of the Messiah. Adam and Eve descend to the grave of Christ, and thank God for their redemption, and pray for the race of men. Eloah calls out from the pinnacle of the temple that the angel of death approaches. Arrival of the angel of death; and death of the Messiah. Canto Eleventh: The glory of the Messiah enters the holy of holies. The Messiah leaves the temple, and wakes many souls of the fathers from the dead. Description of the resurrection of Adam, Eve, Lot, Enos, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Melchisedech, Isaiah, Daniel, David, Gabriel, Simeon, John the Baptist, and many others. This canto contains 1569 verses. Canto

Twelfth: Christ laid in the tomb. Death of Mary, the sister of Lazarus. Canto Thirteenth: Gabriel assembles the angels, and those who had risen from the dead, to witness the resurrection. The glory of the Messiah descends from heaven. Adam and Eve worship; Christ rises from the dead; song of triumph. The soul of a heathen is brought before him. He judges it, and vanishes. Philo, one of the most violent of the pharisees, commits suicide: Obaddon conducts his soul to hell. In Canto Fourteenth, Jesus appears to Mary Magdalene, nine other pious women, and to Peter. Doubts of Thomas. Jesus appears to the disciples. In Canto Fifteenth a number of those who were risen from the dead appear to the first Christians, confirm them in their faith, and assure them of immortality. In Canto Sixteenth the Messiah assembles the angels, and those who were risen from the dead, on Mount Tabor. He reveals himself to them as the judge and the ruler of the world. He sits in judgment on the souls of several who have lately died. He descends into hell, and chastises fallen spirits. Canto Seventeenth: The Messiah appears to Thomas. He descends, with Gabriel, to the spirits of those who perished in the Flood, and decides their fate. Renewed apparitions of those who had risen from the dead to many of the pious. Canto Eighteenth: Adam prays to the Messiah, that he would reveal to him some of the glorious consequences of the Redemption, and his prayer is answered by a vision of the last judgment. Adam describes this vision to the angels and those who were risen from the dead. Canto Nineteenth: Adam continues to describe his vision of the last judgment; and, among other acts of grace, mentions the pardon of the penitent devil, Abaddona. Jesus shows himself on several occasions to the disciples. The Ascension. Canto Twentieth: The Messiah is represented during his continued ascent heavenwards as upborne by the triumphal songs of angels, blessed spirits, and those who had risen from the dead. The various praises of the Messiah are sung. The throne of the Most High is seen at a distance. The praises of the Messiah are raised in renewed pæans. The Messiah arrives in heaven, and sits down at the right hand of God.

This abstract, though as meagre as we possibly could make it, will be sufficient to show the intelligent reader how Klopstock, even in the structure and architecture of his poem, aspired to produce an effect by the material sublime of mass and multitudi-

nosity merely. Nothing is cheaper than this; by mere piling of quantity without quality, by telling of hundreds upon hundreds, and thousands upon thousands, to overpower the imagination of the vulgar. The 'impudent Highlander, whose snug embrace of a cloud of tradition,' begot the celebrated poems of OSSIAN, deals in this article not a little; but Klopstock far out-rides him. "Conrad was a son of Albion; the chief of an hundred hills; his deer drank of a thousand streams; a thousand rocks replied to the voice of his dogs." So M'Pherson. So also Klopstock has no way of expressing the sublime on the most solemn occasions that seems to him so effectual, as a huge-gaping *tausend und aber tausend*! Thus in the description of the Creation, vi., 505:

"God moved full of a thousand times a thousand thoughts, holding in his right hand a thousand times a thousand lives!"*

And in a like barrenness of moral and fruitfulness of arithmetical sublimity, our German Milton has no more ingenious method of conveying to our mind the extraordinary grandeur or excellence of any object, than by simply saying that it was the grandest and most excellent thing of the kind that ever had been in creation, or ever should be again. In this style Mary, the sister of Lazarus (iv., 666) is described as 'in her eye, full of melancholy, repressing the most moving tear that ever was wept.' The writer of Klopstock's life in Chalmers' 'Biographical Dictionary,' though no great admirer of the poet, remarks, innocently enough, that there are many and great beauties in Klopstock's writings which it is impossible to transfer into another tongue. Now, so far from this being true, the fact is, that in the passage which we have just quoted, and others of the same shallow extravagancy, the German poet is indebted to his English translator for an air of chasteness and propriety that does in no wise belong to him. Thus, instead of

*In dem Auge voll Wehmuth hielt Sie die
rührendste Thräne zurück die jemals geweint
war.*

The English translator gives

In her calm eye
She checked the liquid sorrow, whose mute woe
Touched every heart.

* "Erging voll tausend mahl tausend Gedanken,
Tausendmal tausend Leben in seiner Rechte ver-
sammelt."

And so in other places. No man who has not read Klopstock in the original, and read a good deal of him, can be fully aware of this material grossness of his sublime. With a similar big-mouthed nothingness the German Milton describes the remorse of Iscariot after having betrayed his Master thus: "Terrible even as a wide-opened grave the thought spreads itself out before me; it is the most torturing of torturing thoughts that a dying man ever felt: the thought that I have betrayed him!" which in like manner the Englishman, with an instinctive good taste, has improved into

Before me, like a yawning grave, the black,
The hideous thought ingulfs my soul,
I have betrayed him.

Klopstock is, perhaps, a solitary instance of a writer of reputation in a superior language whom it is impossible for a translator using an inferior language not to improve, and that without meaning to do so. Our English language has no conception of the immensity of sounding breadth with which he rolls himself along. With what proclamations, invocations, and adjurations does he not begin! How ominously does he not stalk from star to star upon his seven-league-boots, and ride upon a whirlwind of words furiously! When he stands he is a whole mountain! when he moves he is a thousand-voiced cataract, whose strength has been gathered from the torrents of a thousand hills! Quite Ossianic! (The Germans in those days were immense admirers of the Celt.) His voice is thunder, and his look is lightning; the earth trembles where he treads, and the rocks fall in! Then when he is wrathful, how his eyes glare with red fire, and roll infuriate! how his hair floats like the trailing comet in the sky, how his mouth foams, his teeth gnash, and his feet stamp! Tender again or timid, how he starts, turns pale, staggers, trembles, and melts away into darkness! Joyful, how he quakes all over with ecstasy, and weeps him out into a glorious rainbow of sentiment! Literally, and without exaggeration, we must say, 'unbecoming as it may be to speak disrespectfully of works that have enjoyed for a length of time a widely-spread reputation,* still we must say, that if any actor of broad farce should inquire of us where he might find the richest selection of extravagant words, extravagant descriptions, and extravagant speeches, wherewith to put together a

* Wordsworth's Works, vol. iii., p. 339.

master specimen of the mock sublime, we could direct him nowhere with so much propriety as to Klopstock's 'Messiah.' It is by studying this man, much more than Kotzebue or any play-writer, that the Englishman can form to himself a perfect idea of what has long been known in England by the peculiar designation of GERMAN EXTRAVAGANCE.

As for the other works of Klopstock, dividing themselves as they naturally do into three departments; the lyric, the dramatic, and the critical; the first department only can claim a passing glance from the student. Unquestionably, Klopstock, if he is a poet at all, is a lyric poet, and nothing but a lyric poet. When not in a full flow of emotion, he is a very stiff formal personage indeed, and not at all engaging. He is all flame, all cloud, all billow, or all tears: solidity, stability, tangibility, reality, he has none:

The other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none,
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be called that shadow
seemed.

But one may weep with Klopstock, though one cannot look at him; and this, after all, is his best point. A most invincible passion (as his friend Schmidt said*) he assuredly had for love: he was the warmest of friends and the most ardent of lovers. Therefore he could not understand Petrarch. That sort of calm, contemplative love, that could turn itself with leisurely elegance into all manner of sonnets, he could not comprehend:

*Heisest du Laura? Laura besang Petrarcha in Liedern
Zwar dem Bewunderer schön aber dem Liebenden nicht.*

Petrarch, he said, celebrated Laura in verses which the man of taste will admire, but which the lover will think cold. Not so are his own verses: whether friend or fatherland, love or religion, inspire the theme, he is never cold. He never forgets the man in the artist. His great fault rather is that he has too little art; that he pours himself out with too great impetuosity to carry the common reader along with him; with too much of sweeping vastitude to please any reader. But he is a true, sincere, and earnest man, 'writing always with tears in his eyes,' says Meta; and if

*Ergänzungen, i. 182, "Unüberwindliche Neigung zur Liebe."

the Horatian *si vis me flere*, were the only, as it certainly is the main rule for pathetic composition, Klopstock in elegy certainly would never fail. Weeping, however, as well as shouting, requires a certain moderation and tempering, in order to produce what the Germans call an æsthetical effect. Now this moderation it is precisely that Klopstock can in no wise attain to; and the consequence is, that as his sublime always fumes into bombast, so his pathetic is seldom free from Wertherism.

The first cantos of the 'Messiah,' indeed, and many of the earlier odes of Klopstock, must be regarded as the true prophets of Werther, of which connection Werther himself bears the most satisfactory testimony.

"We moved to the window. It thundered sideways, the glorious rain came down in a refreshing pour, and a reviving fragrance came floating up in all the fullness of a warm air. She stood leaning on her elbow; her glance darted through the landscape; she looked to heaven, and to me. I saw her eye full of tears; she laid her hand on mine, and said—KLOPSTOCK! I recollected the glorious ode which was in her thoughts, and sank in the stream of emotion which she with this watchword had caused to gush over me. I could restrain myself no longer, but, bending towards her hand, I kissed it amid a flow of the most ecstatic tears, and looked up again to her eye. Noble bard! would that in this moment thou hadst seen thy own apotheosis! and me! Oh! never after this may I hear thy so-often desecrated name coupled with what is common or profane."

Thus Werther: and, beyond all doubt, the sympathy of such hearts as those of Werther and Charlotte in the eighteenth century was of more value to Klopstock than the approbation of cool British critics in the nineteenth. The poet who supplied such nicely sensitive existences with the food which was convenient for them, did not write in vain. We British men, however, who are made of sterner stuff, can only lament that we are not both very German and very young, to enjoy, so as thousands of pure and delicate hearts have enjoyed them, THE ODES OF KLOPSTOCK.*

We have already (p. 243) given the English reader a specimen of the Klop-

* "The *facultas lacrymatoria*, this beauty-plaster of German poetry, from Klopstock's soaring elevation down to Dusch, these telescoped eyes, unnameable looks, and the whole theological hermaphroditism, are rags more perishable than the paper on which they are printed. Feel if you will such things, but feel them for yourself. I imagined that I felt them also when I was a child; but to drum them up publicly before others is sheer impertinence."—FUSSELL, in the letter before quoted.

stockian Ode. That composition we brought forward as a characteristic specimen of the exclamatory style in which the German Pindar so largely indulges; and indulges, we are sorry to state, not merely in his sacred lyrics, where such a style draws a sort of excuse from the transcendental nature of the subject, but also in patriotic and other odes. We add a specimen of a more temperate character; and, for the sake of contrast, shall set down that Ode of Horace upon which it seems to have been modelled.

HORACE. ODE. IV. 3.

TO MELPOMENE.

Whom thou, Melpomene,
Hast at his birth with placid eye beheld,
Him not the Isthmian toil
Shall crown prime Pugilist; not the mettled steed
In the Achæan Car
Shall lead victorious; not the Delian leaf
Gracing his warlike brow
Shall show to the Capitol what hero crushed
The tumid threats of kings;
But the sweet waters fertile Tibur laving,
The frequent nodding groves,
Shall stamp him noble by Æolian song.
The sons of mighty Rome,
The chief of cities, deem me worthy now
To swell the poet's roll;
Less keenly now the tooth of envy bites.
Oh! thou Pierian Muse
That tempests the sweet sound o' the golden shell;
Oh! thou to fishes mute,
That canst impart the Swan's note if thou wilt,
Thy gift 'tis all, that I
Am pointed by the admiring crowds, the bard
O' the Roman lyre: that I
Do play and please, if that I please, is thine.

KLOPSTOCK. ODE I.

THE DISCIPLE OF THE GREEKS.

Whom genius at his birth beheld, and smiled
With consecrating love
To own the child, around whose boyish head
Thy fabled playmates flew,
Anacreon, the poetic doves, and charmed
With their soft-cooing notes
The scholiasts' din from his Mæonian ears,
Whom with their plummy wings
They shaded, that antiquity to his eye
No wrinkled front might show;
Him not the conqueror boasting bloody days
That in the popular curse
Are withering, to the iron field allures
Where from thy pitiless grasp,
Death hundred-armed, no mother's anguish sob-
bed
From bleeding heart can tear
Her dying son. Him if the fates have made
To dwell with kings, untaught
The din of arms to hear, with serious eye
He sees (and when he sees
Shudders) the stark and soulless corpse out-
stretched,
And his pure blessing weeps

O'er the flown spirit, flown to regions where
No murderous hero dwells.
Him moves nor vulgar pride, nor a great name
Such as the world can give,
Moves not the gaping fool, that waits to make
him

A show to gaping friends,
Moves not the sweet smile of a woman who
Is fair and nothing more,
To whom the song of Singer* is obscure.
Tears for a better fame
Shall join him to the consecrated band
Of the immortal dead;
(The immortal ancients, whose enduring worth,
Like stream increased by stream,
Flows through all ages) and shall win for him
The lofty meed which none
But lofty souls may earn. He, to whom fate
Hath given (what gift to few
She gave), a fair friend whom can think, doth make
Each bright tear from her eye,
Drawn by his moving lay, the lovely pledge
Of brighter tears to flow.

The contrast of these two odes is perfect, and most instructive. Where the first is concise, the second is verbose; where the one is clear, the other is obscure; and simplicity in the ancient, becomes involution in the modern. The Roman is a full-grown man of chastened and sober emotion. The German is a youth of beautiful, but somewhat feminine and exaggerated sentiment.

Of Klopstock's dramatical and critical works the less that is said the better. He wrote his tragedies on the barren Greek model, because he wanted luxuriance and variety to write them on the English. Some of them, as 'The Battle of Herman,' are as much lyric as dramatic; their dialogue is prose in a passion; and their druidical hymns are the same sort of high-flown, exclamatory, violent-plunging, and abrupt-striding compositions with which we are familiar in the odes. Others, like 'Solomon,' are purely dialogical, and written in the common ten-syllabled iambic verse. This subject of Solomon, his apostasy from

* Elizabeth Slinger, afterwards married to our English poet Rowe.

† "Klopstock was a true poet of the people (Volksdichter), but the poet only of pious-minded, pensive, sensitive souls, specially of females. The aged wife of a German miner, being seized with a mortal sickness, wished to live only so long that she might be able to read the two last cantos of the Messiah, which were daily expected to appear; her wish was granted, and the pious old woman died in peace. Spolberg's noble Agnes wrote to Klopstock—'Only in eternity shall I be able to thank you fully for the indescribable emotions with which you have made both my heart and my eye to overflow—you have infused into my heart an imperishable desire to be good.' In these words there is truth. Seriousness, and moral dignity, and a high religious tone, in Germany, trace their source to Klopstock." *Ueber Klopstock's Wesen und Wirken von Dr. Lucas. Königsberg, 1824. Ergänzungen, iii. 114.*

and return to Jehovah, has some fine dramatic materials. But to turn these to advantage, wit and grace and ease, and a nice perception of character, were necessary; all of which Klopstock wanted. The same may be said of his great critical work, 'Die Deutsche Gelehrten Republik'—The Literary Republic of the Germans; a dogmatico-satirico-historical scheme of what that German literature was in the year of grace 1772, and what it ought to be. But Klopstock had neither compass of intellect nor catholicity of heart to set himself up in the face of Germany as a literary dictator; and he was altogether destitute of that fine playful perception of the ridiculous, and that nice and delicate handling of what is foolish, without which the most gigantic Aristarchus is but a heavy giant dealing clumsy blows to make wicked boys laugh, and tailors boast of their muscle. Klopstock's prose is altogether something very peculiar. The author of the 'Messiah' seems to have considered himself too great and almost sacred a person to be a man with other men; therefore, when he puts off his wings, he puts on stilts. It is but doing him justice, however, to state, that he strides more properly at this artificial elevation than many a notable German philosopher on his natural legs can walk.

In the above remarks we have been obliged to write from our present position, and to say how Klopstock appears to us Englishmen now. But we stated also in the outset, that to estimate him fairly, we must consider also what he was to the Germans at the middle of the last century; and, in reference to this, his services to the German language, by opening for it a broader channel, and teaching it a more manly movement, can never be mentioned by any true-hearted German without the deepest gratitude. True it may be that Klopstock, in his epic hexameters, lashes the language into mere foam that makes the reader blind; true no less that in many of his odes, written in alcaics and asclepiads, he bruises our bones with unexpected jerks, wrenches our joints from their sockets, and makes us feel for all the world (so Zelter says)* as if we were 'eating stones' (his

verses being on many occasions like nothing so much as his own most unharmonious name): nevertheless he emancipated the German muse completely from the tutory of the old French dancing-master, and by teaching her to run and stride athletically, prepared her for that steady and stately pace of German manhood, which from such men as Göthe, Schiller, and Wieland, she was destined to receive. Let us hear on this head a most competent judge, Wolfgang Menzel. Let us, in justice, hear on the whole matter of Klopstock's merits this masculine voice of recent German criticism. No reader who has taken any interest in the subject of this article will think our pages uselessly encumbered by the insertion at full length of the following passages. We translate from the chapter entitled 'Graekomanie,' in the third book of the 'Deutsche Litteratur.'

"But above all these German Horaces, Anacreons, Pindars, and Æsops, stands the German Homer, KLOPSTOCK. He it was properly, who, by the mighty influence of his Messiah and his Odes, brought the antique taste into vogue; and this not in defiance of German and Christian sentiment, but in friendly alliance with them, Religion and Fatherland were his main mark; but in regard to the outward form of poetry he looked on that of the ancient Greeks as the most perfect, and conceived that he had united the most beautiful matter with the most beautiful form by singing the praises of Christianity in a Greek form. A strange error, no doubt, but an error which arose most naturally out of the strange character of the age in which he lived. 'Tis true, indeed, that the English literature was not without influence upon Klopstock, for his Messiah is only a pendant to Milton's Paradise Lost;* but Klopstock was nevertheless anything but a mere imitator of the English; his merits in respect of German poetry are as peculiar as they are great. He expelled the French Alexandrine and the short light rhyming verse†

as if I were eating stones. His odes stand in the same relation to true poetry that Mercury's wand did to a serpent."—*Briefwechsel zwischen zw. Zeller und Goethe*, vol. ii., p. 43.

* It is observed by almost all the biographers and eulogists in the 'Ergänzungen' that Klopstock had conceived the idea of the 'Messiah' before Bodmer's translation had made him acquainted with the work of the immortal Englishman; but that his mind, which had hitherto wavered between a patriotic theme (Henry the Fowler) and a sacred Epos (the Messiah), was, by the example of Milton, finally fixed on the latter. As to Klopstock's general acquaintance with English literature, so far as the present writer has observed, Fuseli seems to be right when he says that it was very superficial. He speaks majestically about Popes, Addisons, Youngs, and Miltons, all lumped together and without discrimination.

† *Knittel vers*, "Properly the term for those short, tripping, and trivial verses which had nothing of poetry but the rhyme, and which were the common staple of German literature before the time of Opitz;

* "With Klopstock I will have nothing more to do. He was a man certainly that deserved to be what he strove to be. He has done enough to anticipate so much, and to collect such fine materials. His name shall never be forgotten, though people may, indeed, forget how it was that he ever came to have a name. For me, at least, he is and never can be a poet; he wants exactly that thing which I most desiderate in works of art, and of which he, perhaps, had not even a notion. *I never can feel myself warm or comfortable on the food which he supplies.* I am

which had prevailed universally before him; and in their stead introduced the Greek hexameter, Sapphic, Alcaic, Iambic, and other verses of the ancients. By this means not only was the French bombast and the art of rhyming without sense laid aside, and the poet moreover forced to think more of the sense than of the sound of his verses, but the German language in respect of rhythmical harmony received a wonderful improvement, and attained to a compass and a flexibility which were even then of service to it, when succeeding poets rejected the Greek form as an exercise merely preparatory and prelusive. Besides this, Klopstock, though in form a Greek, was always in soul a German; and he it was who infused into our literature that spirit of patriotic enthusiasm and deification of Teutonism, which, since then, in spite of all foreign fashions, has never been extinguished; nay, rather has often asserted itself against the influence of the stranger in a manner no less ridiculous than unjust. For, however preposterous it may sound, that he, the son of the French era of periques, should call himself a 'BARD,' and with this designation mix up three altogether heterogeneous epochs, the modern, the antique, and the old German, it is still true that with this man begins that healthy boldness of German poetry, which at length ventured to cast off the chains of foreign servitude, and to renounce for ever that humiliating air of submission which had marked it since the ill-omened peace of Westphalia. It was, indeed, high time for a man to come who should strike freely his breast and say, I am a GERMAN!

"Lastly, this highest praise is not to be passed over in silence, that Klopstock's poetry and his patriotism were both deeply rooted in that sublime ethico-religious faith which his 'Messiah' celebrates. And he it was who, next to Gellert, lent to modern German poetry that dignified, earnest, reverential character, which, in spite of all extravagances of fancy and of wit, it has never since lost, and which foreign nations have ever chiefly admired in our literature, or at least looked upon with awe. When we consider the influence of the frivolous French philosophy of the last century, and the fashion of sneering introduced by Voltaire, we can then only perfectly understand how strong the reacting influence of Klopstock was, to stem so overflowing a tide.

"More powerfully, therefore, than even the thorough drilling to which he subjected the German language, have his patriotism and his noble spirit of piety tended to place his name in that position of respect and reverence which it will always maintain. These qualities of heart have always secured for him admiration even then, when no one was inclined to read him; according to the old saying of Lessing, 'Klopstock is very sublime certainly, but I shall be content to be more moderately admired, so that I be more diligently read.' It is true Klopstock loses everything when one contemplates him at a nearer view and in detail. We must look at him from a certain distance, and be content with a general impression. When we read him he

seems pedantic and long-winded: when we have read him, and look back upon him, he appears great and majestic. Then his two ideas, Fatherland and Religion, shine forth in their simple dignity, and impress the mind with a feeling of the sublime. We seem to behold a gigantic Ossianic ghost, a monstrous harp playing amid the clouds. When you come nearer him he dissolves in a thin, broad, misty cloud. But that first impression has mightily worked upon our soul, and tuned us to the permanent feeling of something great. Though a little metaphysical and cold at times, yet, in the two highest ideas of his poetry, he has given us two great doctrines: the one, that true poetry, if it would grow to a mighty tree, must ever strike its roots in the soil of fatherland; the other, that all higher literature must find both its humblest beginning and its highest culmination in religion."

With this high-toned criticism and rational eulogy the name of Klopstock may pass worthily from the eighteenth to the nineteenth century, and so forward. For ourselves we have only to express a wish, in conclusion, that our critical duty had allowed us to say somewhat less of the author and somewhat more of the man. Klopstock's life was in some respects much more according to the noom of healthy nature than Klopstock's writings. As an author, he appears often infected by the diseased atmosphere in which he lived, sickly and sentimental. As a man, he was vigorous and well braced, an excellent horseman, and the best skater in Hamburg. He lived altogether like a noble man and a good Christian, within the limited sphere in which it was given him to be great; and he died as those who feel that they have not lived in vain, nor left unimproved the talent with which they were intrusted.

His body was given to the grave with circumstances more memorable and more honourable than ever distinguished the apotheosis of a Roman emperor. The following account of these last honours, recalled from a forty years' slumber, speaks more impressively of the respect in which his name was held than volumes of critical or biographical eulogy. The poet died at Hamburg on the 14th of March, 1803, aged seventy-eight years; and the following description belongs to the morning of the 22d of March.

"At ten o'clock the procession began amid the full chime of the six principal church-bells of Hamburg. A long train of carriages, containing the foreign ambassadors of Belgium, Denmark, England, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, the citizens of Hamburg, the senators, the *literati*, the merchants, the clergy, the

used also for any kind of doggerel or Hudibrastic verse generally." CAMPE.

teachers, and the artists, followed the body. This was laid on an open hearse drawn by four horses; the coffin was quite plain and covered with black cloth. On its lid lay a book made of white metal (*weiss metall*), besides a wreath of intertwined palm and oak branches. Klopstock's wife had caused the following verse to be inscribed on the book. It is the same verse that he had selected from his own psalms to engrave on the coffin of his beloved Meta:

Nah war meines Helfer's Rechte
Sah Sie gleich mein Auge nicht;
Weiterhin im Thal der Nächte
War mein Retter und sein Licht.

"Half way to the grave, the slow moving train halted before the Hamburger Berg, then covered with spectators, being the boundary between the Hamburg and the Danish territory. At the gate of Altona the corpse was relieved by a deputation of official persons belonging to the Danish government and the corporation of Altona, by a number of men of learning, officers, foreign generals, and citizens. The Hamburg guard of honour, which had hitherto accompanied the hearse, was now exchanged for a Danish one. Immediately before the hearse went eight men with marshal's batons covered with crape, and in the middle of these went three virgins in white vesture and veil, their heads wreathed with oak-leaves and roses. They carried also, as an offering to the dead, wreaths of roses and myrtle, and baskets with the earliest buds and blossoms of the spring. This idea was very happily devised by the Altonese, and quite according to the heart of Klopstock. How passionately did he love youth and beauty! how passionately the early blooms of spring, the fair types of a resurrection to a nobler existence! With bare head four chief mourners accompanied the hearse, holding each a craped ribbon that descended from each corner of the coffin. Thus the procession went forward through the main street of Altona; while from the military guard on parade, a hollow music of muffled horns resounded. On the churchyard at Ottensen a similar music received the procession beneath the lime-tree of the bard. Here the bier with the attendants stopped. The main body of the procession proceeded into the church, and ranged themselves in front of the altar at one o'clock. The coffin was then borne slowly into the church, supported by the officers of the Hamburg municipality, and surrounded by the chief-mourners and mourning virgins: it was met by the soft-rising and gradually-swelling harmonies of a hymn sung by the choir from the gallery of the inner part of the church. The music was composed by Schwenke to the words of the holy singer's psalm: the *Vater unser*.

Round the earths circle the moons,
Earths around the suns,
And the hosts of the suns revolve
Round a greatest sun:
'Our Father who art in Heaven!'

"More than a hundred musicians, and sing-

ing-girls, clad in white, from families in Hamburg, united under Schwenke's leading, to sing this psalm strophe after strophe, as the coffin was being set down before the altar, and the three virgins were hanging their wreaths on it. A copy of the poet's master-piece, the *Messiah*, was carried before and laid on the lid of the coffin. A young boy covered the opened book with plaited twigs of laurel. After the psalm, the chorus sang Klopstock's own funeral-hymn, beginning,

Wie wird mir dann, O dann, mir seyn
Wenn ich mich ganz des Herrn zu freun
In Ihm entschlafen werde.*

Choruses from 'HOLY, HOLY!' set to music by Romberg, and from Mozart's Requiem, followed the funeral address.

"It was Klopstock's own words that were read over his bier. Who at such a moment would have ventured to speak with other words than those of the sublime poet himself! who could presume to stand up on such an occasion and eulogize the singer of the 'Messiah,' the bard of Hermann, our great deliverer from the yoke of Augustus, the creator of our language, which he first forced from the fetters of pedantry, and minute anxiety? The passage was read from the 12th book of the 'Messiah,' containing an account of the death of Mary the sister of Lazarus; that sublime description of the death of a righteous man; of Klopstock's death; those thoughts of religion, and high anticipations of immortality, which were peculiarly his thoughts, in death as in life, and which filled his soul with a higher peace than earth can bestow.

"Then the chorus of young women sang the resurrection-song, (also by Klopstock), and the strain was re-echoed from the grave without.

'Arise shalt thou, shalt soon arise,
My dust that lowly slumbering lies!
Immortal life shall He,
Thy great Creator, give to thee!
Hallelujah!'

While the resurrection-hymn was singing, the coffin was borne away and carried beneath the lime-tree to the grave. The attendants followed. Covered with the blooming firstlings of the spring, and with branches of laurel, it was then let down into the clay."†

* This and the preceding and following quotations are from some hymns which Klopstock composed for the purposes of public worship, and in which, contrary to his constant practice, the necessity of public prejudice forced him to use rhyme.

† *Ergänzungen*, iii. 247.

ART. XI.—*Le Courier Français: La Presse: Le National.* 1842.
La Siècle: Le Constitutionnel: Le Journal des Débats. 1842.

THE literature of the American Newspaper is not more distinguishable from that of the French, than darkness is from light. But as we have shown, in the case of America, a most unjust and scandalous influence created, without character and without talent; we believe it will be instructive to show, in the case of France, that without something more than the highest order of talent, even aided by the best repute, a just and creditable influence cannot be retained.

It would startle many to be told that the Newspapers of France have in a great measure lost their celebrated hold of the opinions of the French People. But every attentive observer knows the fact, whatever the cause may be; and could accurately tell you the when, if not the why, of this visible decline of power. As in these cases it often happens, Journalism was at the height of its greatest triumph in Paris, when the disease which struck down its strength appeared. While a journalist was yet prime minister of France, its influence began to give way; though not till another journalist had received sentence and imprisonment as a felon, was its degradation openly proclaimed. We are not, as we shall prove, using language too strong for the occasion.

Sometime in the early part of last year, the electors of Corbeil were invited to hear the addresses of two candidates for the honour of their representation. We can easily satisfy ourselves by a simple arithmetical calculation, that if thirty-four millions of Frenchmen give but a hundred and fifty thousand electors, the meeting held at the village of Corbeil could have contained but a fraction of electoral freedom. As public meetings are not tolerated in France, an approach to one, although confined to the few, who, notwithstanding the infinite division of property into which the country is parcelled, are yet able to pay two hundred francs or eight pounds sterling direct taxation, is worthy of an encouraging attention. Perhaps the locality itself may help us to an analogy. Corbeil, about twenty miles distance from Paris, possesses the rare honour of being approached from the capital by a railway, at that time certainly the longest in the kingdom. Now the meeting of which we speak bore about the same proportion in privileges and im-

munities to our own tumultuous yet orderly assemblages, which, noisy as the waves, are yet as obedient to high laws and influences, as does the twenty miles' Paris and Corbeil railway, to the immense network of iron which overspreads England. Yet as that short and solitary railway (for its fancy rivals for holiday custom to Versailles are hardly worth speaking of) gives promise of rising enterprise, so the rare meetings at its terminus seemed full of hope, of growing liberty. The occasion was a more than usually important one. The Thiers Ministry had just fallen. Their successors, opposed by nearly the whole press, were anxious to receive the sanction of popular opinion. A vacancy in a metropolitan district was an excellent opportunity for ministers to test the favour of the country, while the ex-administration were naturally eager to win for themselves that crown of approbation which still remained wanting to the security and glory of their successors. With all respect for the government candidate, we shall pass his name over, and introduce at once to our readers M. Leon Faucher, editor of the '*Courier Français*.'

M. Faucher was upon this occasion placed in one of those peculiar situations, where the stake to be played for is so high, that he who is ambitious of winning puts his whole fortune on the cast. Not only did he risk the character of M. Thiers and his party, whom he represented, but, what was more important still, the credit and character of Journalism were to stand or fall by his election. Whether, then, from personal vanity, or the legitimate object of presenting to the electors the strongest point in his own favour, the editor of the '*Courier*' certainly tore away with a bold if not a rude hand, the veil which had hung over the connection between the Press and the Thiers ministry.

It is known to everybody who takes the slightest interest in the politics of the day, that M. Thiers resigned because the king, upon the eve of the opening of the chambers, refused to admit a passage in the speech proposed to be spoken from the throne, which he regarded as tantamount to a declaration of war against the Four Great Powers, who, in conjunction with the Porte, had signed the treaty of July for the settlement of the Eastern Question. Previously to this, and while M. Thiers enjoyed the full exercise of ministerial power, he had drawn up the celebrated note of the 8th of May, addressed to Lord Palmerston, and declaring that an inter-

ference with the hereditary rights of Mehemet Ali over the Pachalic of Egypt, would be regarded by France as a *Casus Belli*. Many of M. Thiers's partisans considered this note, after the stimulus which had been given to popular feeling by the watch-word that 'France had been insulted,' a very diluted specimen of diplomatic spirit; and the suspicion was so generally spread that M. Thiers had been acting only melodramatic anger from various motives, to some of which we shall not even allude, that his dismissal caused comparatively very little sensation. This note of the 8th of May, whose effect upon public feeling we have just glanced at, was the document of all others which M. Faucher felt bound to adopt and justify. His manner of doing so deserves attention, inasmuch as upon that point turns much of the remark we shall have to offer upon Journalism in Paris.

M. Faucher, then, announced to his astonished hearers that He, *not* a cabinet minister, *not* a member of the government, *not* holding a seat in the chamber, but simply Editor of the 'Courier Français,' and *as* Editor, did assist at the drawing up of that very note of the 8th of May, declaring, under certain conjunctures, WAR. And what a war! One in which, as M. Thiers himself subsequently declared, 'the blood of ten generations would be shed!' The charge against the note was, that it was prepared in so cautious a form, and contained so much qualification, as to neutralize its own menace. M. Faucher laboured to show, therefore, that it was in truth and substance that which it professed to be: a declaration of War in certain given circumstances, which circumstances, he contended, were likely to have arisen, and only did not arise, because of that very menace made with his own sanction: and that, in fact, Mehemet Ali owed to M. Thiers, and himself, M. Faucher, that he was not driven out of Egypt as he had been out of Syria. We do not stop to contest M. Faucher's reasoning, or to dispute his facts: our object is to show, from evidence furnished by the editor of a leading journal, the position occupied by Journalism in France even up to the period of M. Thiers's resignation. When M. Faucher told the electors of Corbeil that he sanctioned the note of M. Thiers, he did so upon the assumption of his own unquestionable popularity. He dropped the office of advocate or apologist for Thiers. He threw the guarantee of his own character between public suspicion and the ex-min-

ister, not doubting for a moment, that in the presence of the people *he* stood the higher. He almost dared them to doubt the word of one to whom, as to the people's tribune, M. Thiers had addressed an invitation to assist at the council-board upon the most solemn, perhaps the most awful occasion, on which the ministers of a great country ever sat: for Peace and War hung in the balance of their deliberation, and Leon Faucher held the scale.

The election of Corbeil was decided against the Editor of the 'Courier Français,' and Journalism, and the man whom Journalism had made Prime Minister of France, received each a blow that neither has since recovered. For it at once revealed the weakness, from which both had been some time suffering.

But supposing Journalism, as we just now said, to have itself created the fame and the fortune of Thiers, he may possibly be thought not wholly devoid of some excuse, if, at a later period, the attempt to misapply an agency never before unsuccessful, led him into grave mistakes, injurious if not fatal to his reputation. What is of more importance, however—we would ask if any such excuse is to be offered for the Press, which allowed itself to be flattered into a desertion of the trust reposed in it by the public, for a glittering alliance with power?

The bait was strong. A seat in the cabinet is usually deemed the highest object of political ambition; but think of a seat in a tribunal raised by the cabinet above its own head, 'a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself!' Think of substantial rule, without responsibility: independent of majorities in parliament, independent of the king, nay, independent of the people! dependent upon no one; answerable to nobody; a self-created, self-sustained corporation, enjoying an anomalous place and unparalleled power, simply because it was believed to be faithful and sincere. A memorable lesson is taught in the result of a cheat of this kind. Here is a body which, finding itself thus the absolute leader, director, and governor of a people who are supposed to have no voice but through itself, presumes to barter with a minister for the unseen, undefined, but everywhere felt, throb of the popular heart, and suddenly discovers itself in one moment stripped of the power it had considered out of reach and unassailable: and that by the same impalpable silent withdrawal of confidence, which, wanting external forms of expression, is the more complete, because it shows

no face to which to appeal, no ear to hear repentance or submission.

Let us now, before we proceed further, state without reserve one great object that we have in proclaiming that the Paris Press, to whose transcendent power to a recent period we have afforded such striking evidence, is now in a comparatively fallen state. We do so, then, because it has, since its dethronement, in company with M. Thiers, preached an untiring crusade against England. Because, whatever the theme, Syrian question, Right of search, Chinese or Afghan war, Belgian treaty, Barcelona revolt, its tone has been invariably the same. Because, to the present hour, the Paris Journals, without exception, some insidiously, the most part openly, endeavour to sow the seeds of bitter hostility in the hearts of Frenchmen against England. Because, did that Press possess sufficient power, did it retain anything like its old influence, Europe would at this moment be in the pangs and throes of a convulsion, to which we apply no epithet because we cannot find one capable of marking how terrible such a convulsion would be. Still, no doubt, these Journals possess in a minor degree the capacity to do harm, which they are exercising to its fullest extent; but every unprincipled word and deed of theirs, lies like a block in the way of a return to the great position they once held.

Now this doctrine of Hatred to England does not arise from a consciousness of wilful wrong or injury inflicted upon France, for never at any period of the history of the two countries do French and British interests less clash than at the present moment. France is allowed to pursue without remonstrance her course of conquest in Africa. Her ports are alive with ship-builders, and she is preparing to rival England upon the seas; not, it is to be hoped in hostility, but in fair and honourable concourse. Even upon Eastern ground, where it was supposed they could never join, we find British and French diplomacy united hand in hand to effect a common object; while at the joint bidding of Baron de Bourquenay and Sir Stratford Canning, a combined French and British fleet lately steered to the coast of Syria. It is not then from clashing interests, or interests likely to clash, that the so-called representatives of public opinion in France keep up this incessant din and jargon against their English neighbours. There was a time, indeed, when Hatred of Frenchmen formed part of the people's vulgar creed at this side the channel, and if the people at the other side allowed their minds to dwell upon the history of former

wars, it is possible that we might find colourable reasons for traditional dislike. Fortunately for the peace of mankind, the animosities of nations towards each other are short-lived. In the middle of the last century Prussians and Frenchmen were alternately friends and foes; and France and Austria, after two centuries of conflict, shook hands and fought side by side. The Year 1830 proved how readily fifteen years of peace had smoothed over the burning discords of the Napoleon wars, for never did John Bull with more earnest cordiality thrust out his honest hand to the foe whom he had fought and forgiven, than when the Revolution of July showed France radiant with glorious triumph, unstained by popular misdeeds; while France, to her honour be it spoken, in the happiness of a heart elevated by the consciousness of great and good actions, accepted that hand, and the foundation of a long peace was laid. We fervently pray that it may be lasting!

It is not, then, from clashing interests, nor from traditional dislike, that the organs of popular feeling would make the popular voice cry Hatred to England. But let us offer some direct proof of the existence of that hostility of which we speak, before we proceed to characterize its motives, and note the results that it has worked.

We had prepared a series of extracts from the Journals whose titles are prefixed to this article, when a late number of the '*Journal des Débats*' was put into our hands. This paper is the organ of the Soult-Guizot ministry, and enjoys, it is said, the favour of the court. It is most ably conducted, and is certainly the first paper in France. We are not to conclude from this high list of titles to respect, that it is affected with any inordinate leanings towards England. As we mention this Journal, we may be allowed to anticipate in some degree the order of our remarks for the purpose of stating, that the outcry raised against England in France, because of the treaty of July, was sanctioned by the respectable authority of the '*Débats*;' and although, having at first encouraged M. Thiers in his impolitic career, it subsequently saw reason to change its course, yet, notwithstanding its support of a ministry supposed to be willing to cultivate friendly relations with Great Britain, we still find it omits no occasion which presents itself, of marking any of our troubles at home or disasters abroad, as proof of still deeper evils and less avoidable misfortunes. In a number a few days previous to that from which we are now about to quote, we find, for example, a prophecy of the imme-

diate separation of Canada from the mother-country. It is true that such indications of hostility never break out into unseemly expressions: there is no breach of *convenance*: no ill manners: the language is courtly and polished, and the articles march with the solemn air of a page of Gibbon. Nevertheless, the inferential blow is intended to be as telling as an extravagant denunciation of the 'National' pronounced with the wild air of a Sibyl: and in reality it is more so.

Yet the hostility of other Journals so out-herods Herod, that the 'Débats' is obliged to assume the *arbitrator elegantiarum*, and supplicate them, when they speak of Great Britain, not to descend to the language of the Halle (the Paris Billingsgate). The occasion which had drawn forth the particular burst of vulgarly-expressed rage reproved by the 'Débats' was Lord Aberdeen's letter to the Lords of the Admiralty in relation to the right of search by British cruisers on the African coast. As we shall purposely abstain from expressing opinions upon intricate subjects, because their discussion would lead us too far from the point to which we purposely confine ourselves, we offer no opinion upon the letter of that noble lord. It may be observed, however, that no document could be less calculated to provoke from the enemies of England, whatever it might suggest to her friends, the language which we shall leave the courtly French organ to characterize.

"We think that we ought to protest, on our own account and at our own risk and peril, on behalf even of the French Press, against the mode in which certain journals, whether they belong or do not belong to the opposition, have received Lord Aberdeen's letter to the Lords of the Admiralty. Were we at war with England; were the English nation a nation of traitors, of liars, of outlaws; were its government a government of pirates; this would not be a reason, supposing an act of justice to have escaped from such a nation and such a government, to discredit the act, and make it the text for outpourings of insult and declamation. Lord Aberdeen frankly acknowledges that certain abuses have been committed in execution of the means employed to suppress the slave-trade: he points them out to the Lords of the Admiralty: he directs the latter to prevent their recurrence by instructions to the officers of the English navy, more strict, and more conformable to the rights of nations. This letter—we say again, though we should draw down upon ourselves an avalanche of calumnies and insults—is marked by a tone of moderation and sincerity which does honour to the British minister. He has the true dignity to acknowledge his faults, and to take the measures needful for repairing them; and this is the occasion selected by certain journals to cry *Death and Hatred to the English and*

their Government! What sort of reputation do we wish to have in the world? What is the object aimed at by this absurd and guilty violence? Is it to put our country out of the pale of the rights of nations? After all, no government, no people, is infallible. A country is liable to be involved by its agents in grave faults. But this, among civilized nations, does not instantly drag down fury and war. They do not insult, they do not cry vengeance. The injured party demands justice by diplomatic means. Supposing a nation had grave complaints to make against us, should we suffer it to exact reparation with insults and menace on its lips? Should we be more disposed to render it justice, because it treated us as pirates and plunderers? because it told us every day that it hates us? that it wishes us ill, that it invokes against us all the scourges of earth and heaven? For such is the fine patriotism that certain of our journals exhibit with shameful inveteracy. It is not politics they deal in, it is hate and anger they disgorge: thinking doubtless that they would render a great service to France, if they could inoculate it with their own blind passions. We repeat and maintain, that if France were at war with England, it would yet become two great nations to respect and do justice to each other. We have, besides, another motive for protesting against the deplorable exaggerations of a part of the press. It is clear that these exaggerations, if their object is not to drive two people into a frightful war, essentially injure the cause that they pretend to support. Moderation, coolness, dignity, give weight to reclamations: fury discredits them and brings them into suspicion. To insult is not to negotiate. Every people have their honour to defend, and what justice and good manners may easily obtain from a nation, it refuses to threats and insult. It is then its pride which is brought in question. In a word, what do they desire? what do the journals wish, that every morning brandish their swords against England? Treaties are in existence. We do not speak of the treaty of 1841; it is not, it will not be, ratified; it is as a dead letter to France. This is a point which no one will further dare to bring in question. But there are treaties which we have signed, which we have ratified, the observance of which we have obtained from several other powers, which we have ourselves executed without dispute for eleven years, and against which objection has only arisen within these ten months. *Voilà le fait!*"

* It may, perhaps, be as well to subjoin the original: "Nous croyons devoir protester, pour notre compte et à nos risques et périls, dans l'intérêt même de la presse française, contre la manière dont certains journaux, qu'ils soient de l'Opposition ou qu'ils n'en soient pas, ont accueilli la lettre adressée par Lord Aberdeen aux lords de l'amirauté. Fussions-nous en guerre avec l'Angleterre, la nation anglaise fût-elle une nation de traîtres, de perfides, de gens à exterminer, et son gouvernement un gouvernement de pirates, ce ne serait pas une raison, si un acte de justice échappait à une pareille nation et à un pareil gouvernement, pour dénaturer cet acte et pour le faire servir de texte à un débordement d'injures et de déclamations. Lord Aberdeen reconnaît franchement que des abus ont eu lieu dans l'exécution

Ay! *Voilà le fait.* From the year 1831, when France and England, by a treaty for the suppression of the slave trade, consecrated the holy friendship (not to call it ordinary alliance) sprung from the revolution of 1830, to within a period of ten months, not one word of serious complaint was heard from the mouths of those journals, who, to repeat the language just quoted, now cry 'Death and Hatred to the English and their Government;' who 'disgorge hatred and rage;' who 'insult but do not negotiate;' who 'push the two nations on to war;' but who in all this do themselves an injury, which had better also be described in the language of the Journal from which we have so largely drawn.

"We are convinced that it" (the system adopted by the Journals) "tends to make us pass for a people who only listen to their passions; who act but in obedience to blind instincts: to-day raised to enthusiasm for one cause, to-morrow for another: always disposed to violent means, and incapable of waiting the conclusions of time, of justice, and of reason."

This appeal, from its impassioned style so remarkable in the '*Débats*,' is, as the reader may have observed, addressed not merely to Journals of the opposition, but to those which are not of the opposition. It is addressed, in fact, to the whole Press, and with reason; for the paper the most untiring in its abuse of England, is the professedly Conservative and Louis-Philippeist

des moyens employés pour réprimer la traite des nègres; il les signale aux lords de l'amirauté; il engage ceux-ci en à prévenir le retour par des instructions plus nettes et plus conformes au droit des gens, adressées aux officiers de la marine anglaise. Cette lettre, nous le dirons encore quand nous devrions attirer sur nous une avalanche de calomnies et d'outrages, est empreinte d'un ton de modération et de sincérité qui fait honneur au ministre britannique; il y a de la vraie dignité à avouer ses torts et à prendre les mesures nécessaires pour les réparer; et voilà l'occasion que certains journaux choisissent pour crier *Mort et Haine aux Anglais et à leur Gouvernement!* Quelle réputation voulons-nous donc avoir dans le monde? Quel est le but auquel on tend par ces absurdes et coupables violences? Est-ce de faire mettre notre pays hors du droit des gens?

"Après tout, aucun gouvernement, aucune nation n'est infallible. Un pays est exposé à être engagé par ses agens dans des fautes graves. Entre nations civilisées cela n'entraîne pas aussitôt la fureur et la guerre. On ne s'outrage pas, on ne crie pas vengeance. La partie lésée demande justice par les voies diplomatiques. Et si une nation avait des griefs à faire valoir contre nous, souffririons-nous qu'elle en exigeât la réparation, l'injure et la menace à la bouche? Serions-nous mieux disposés à leur rendre justice, quand elle nous traiterait de forbans et de pillards, quand elle nous dirait tous les jours qu'elle nous hait, qu'elle nous veut du mal, qu'elle appelle sur nous tous les fléaux du ciel et de la terre? Car voilà le beau patriotisme que déploient, avec un acharnement honteux, certains

print, '*La Presse*,' conducted by the survivor in the unhappy dispute which sacrificed the life of Armand Carrel. Even the '*National*,' which the other day commenced one of its murky pieces of declamation, by stating that it designedly preached Hatred of England, is not more hostile to us than is this paltry receptacle of château gossip. The one, to be sure, is vehement, as becomes a war-breathing republican; the other, capacious and carping, as the mouthpiece of a *bas bleu coterie*, which fancies it is cutting, when merely spiteful, and dreams of being wise and learned while erudite only in the small talk of effete diplomatists: of such diplomatists as would, like M. de Salvandy, make the fates of nations to depend upon the way in which a successful soldier, and the representative of the Throne of the Barricades, should grimace antiquated etiquette!

We have thus shown, and that from no partial source, that *Death and Hatred to England* is almost universally the doctrine of the Paris Press. The date of several months assigned by the '*Débats*,' relates to the subject upon which that hatred manifests itself. In point of fact, it is to be dated from the signature of the treaty of July. We do not stop to examine that act. The justification of its manner depends upon the charge against M. Thiers of seeking delay with the view of juggling the question, which he was pledged to settle only in con-

de nos journaux. Ce n'est pas de la politique qu'ils font, c'est de la haine et de la colère qu'ils déversent, croyants sans doute qu'ils rendraient un grand service à la France, s'ils pouvaient lui faire partager les passions aveugles qu'ils ressentent.

"Nous disons, nous, et nous tenons à le redire, que la France, fût-elle en guerre avec l'Angleterre, il serait encore digne de deux grandes nations de se respecter et de se rendre justice. Nous avons d'ailleurs un autre motif pour protester contre les déplorables exagérations d'une partie de la presse. Il est évident que ces exagérations, si elles n'ont pas pour but de pousser les deux peuples à une guerre affreuse, nuisent essentiellement à la cause qu'on prétend servir. La modération, le sang-froid, la dignité donnent du poids aux réclamations; la fureur les rend suspectes et les décrédite. Insulter n'est pas négocier. Chaque peuple a son honneur à défendre, et ce que la justice et les bons procédés obtiendraient aisément d'une nation, elle le refuse à la menace et l'outrage. C'est alors son orgueil qui est en cause. Que veut-on, en un mot? que veulent les journaux qui brandissent tous les matins leur épée contre l'Angleterre? Il y a des traités. Nous ne parlons pas du traité de 1841; il n'est pas ratifié, il ne le sera pas: il est comme non avenu pour la France. C'est un point que personne n'oserait plus mettre en doute. Mais il y a des traités que nous avons, signés, que nous avons ratifiés, que nous avons fait accepter par plusieurs autres puissances, que nous avons nous-mêmes exécutés sans bruit pendant onze ans, et contre lesquels on ne réclame que depuis dix mois. Voilà le fait."

junction with the other Powers. His dealing with the Press is what we have to do with, and with that alone. We will now go back a little, the better to understand this.

When in February, 1840, M. Thiers accepted the task of forming an administration, he plainly thought that he could rule the country through the Press. The position of parties in the Chamber of Deputies was at that time such, that, to use his own expression, a majority existed for no one; and, except under the pressure of some paramount alarm, such is perhaps the ordinary state of that body. So conscious are parties themselves of the fact, that whenever an émeute takes place, or the Police effect the arrest of suspected individuals, the whisper runs that the authorities themselves have artfully set plots in motion in order to alarm the deputies, and so paralyze opposition. Nay, it is said to be a part of state policy to stir the national guards, composed chiefly of tradesmen and shopkeepers, with a slight vibration: the rumblings of an earthquake: enough to make them shoulder their guns, fling off their torpor, and persuade themselves that they alone stand between, not the throne and republicanism, but shopocracy and the plunder of boutiques. Whether these surmises be merely the capricious inventions of lively but dissatisfied spirits; or, whether, from the strange coincidence of attentats just occurring, as they usually have done, on the eve of the opening of the Chambers, and in time to afford a graceful gloom to the royal speech, suspicions are suggested; certain it is, that M. Thiers was not long in office before he raised a storm over the heads of the deputies, which soon made them sit too close together for division. The Journals supplied the wind with which this potent Æolus clouded the political horizon. The bland opening of his ministerial career did not even reveal that little cloud, small as your hand, which portends the hurricane. He humbly proclaimed himself a peace-maker; told the deputies that he had not the majority; assured them that he came to seek a majority; and with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness' looked for a trial. For a long time he coquetted with the Right, and with the Left. How happy could he be with either! But while he threw out obscure hints of favour to the Parti-Molé, and then to the Parti-Odillon-Barrot, he employed himself actively in erecting the materials of a pressure from without, sufficiently strong, by rendering him *l'homme nécessaire* (again to use his own phrase) to place both between his legs, he

holding the reins. And then, Behold how he should make them scamper round the Chamber, to the delight of the gallery folk, and the country at large!

In looking back to this period, it is strange to find how M. Thiers, within the space of a few months, from having almost as little help from the Newspapers as M. Guizot has at present (and that is sufficiently scanty in all conscience), contrived to command their almost undivided support. We do not say that he corrupted the French Press by bribing it with money; but he flattered, seduced, and bamboozled it. To some of his means, M. Leon Faucher has already afforded us a clue. We are going to exhibit others. While we acknowledge frankly that we acquit literary men in the Public Press of France of the contamination of the bribe, we have good evidence that the scruples of the ministers would not have saved these men from the insult of an offer. The circumstances connected with the disappearance from the field of the '*Journal de Paris*' afford this evidence: circumstances curious in themselves, and worthy of being better known.

Long after the Journals in opposition had slackened their fire, a battery was kept up from this print: professedly of the Molé party. But to the surprise of the public, the '*Journal*' disappeared one morning: taking that kind of laconic and unceremonious leave which a retiring newspaper, with nothing better to offer, presents when it announces to its subscribers that 'henceforth it merges in,' &c., and prays the transfer of future subscriptions to its most deserving successor.

The '*Journal de Paris*' disappearing in its chariot of fire, left its mantle to the '*Commerce*.' Some time afterwards the then minister of Public Instruction, M. Cousin, was significantly asked, what business such a gentleman, naming the editor of the late '*Journal de Paris*,' had to do in calling upon him the minister. To which the minister gave the unsatisfactory reply, that as the gentleman in question, having abandoned politics, was desirous of going to the colonies for the purpose of study, he had called upon him for a passport, as well as for some pecuniary assistance, which was accorded. *Et voilà tout*. The pecuniary assistance coincided so awkwardly with the abandonment of politics, that the affair became a subject of comment for a time, and was then in a fair way to be forgotten. Unfortunately for the reputation of all parties concerned, however, when the Budget came to be discussed in the ensuing session, an item appeared attached to the

name of this gentleman, who had proved his devotion to Literature by the abandonment of Journalism; and the item purported to be on account of a political mission. Now this mission turned out the most curious part of the affair. Our readers are aware that the colonies send representatives to the Chambers, and the mission with which the *ci-devant* editor was charged, was to prepare the way for the return of a certain friend of the government. At this time the advocates for the abolition of slavery, calculating upon the support of a liberal government, had become extremely active; and in order to satisfy their demands, a commission, with the Duc de Broglie at its head, was appointed to inquire into the best method of effecting emancipation. The government by that act allowed it to be understood that they were opposed to slavery, and only desirous of arriving at the knowledge of prudent means for its abolition. But what covers with suspicion the whole story with which we are entertaining our readers is, that the ground which the editor of the 'Journal de Paris' was instructed to put forward in his advocacy of the pretensions of the government candidate to the representation of Guadeloupe, was *The hostility of that candidate to Negro Emancipation*, as proved by an essay against emancipation written by him, and published in a government magazine called the 'Revue de Paris.' Thus, while upon this particular question of negro emancipation, M. Thiers was playing the liberal at home, he had his agent at work in the same instant with the planters abroad, appealing to the evidence of a periodical in the interest of his government in proof of his hostility to that question! that agent being an enemy bought off, and, so soon as bought, spiked, that he might not have the means of any further damaging his master.

In the same spirit the game went on. While a seat in the cabinet awaited one editor, and a mission to the colonies another, an evening journal, the 'Messenger,' was bought up, under the pretext that an evening organ was required by the government for the reception of official communications, the 'Moniteur' not being sufficiently ample for such purpose. The real truth was, that it had become important to a minister, who meant to govern by the Press, to secure under his direct control some evening paper, of considerable influence, and to add to that influence by the reputation of access early to information. The evening papers in Paris are not published before eight o'clock; generally later. One alone possessed the important privilege of being

sold in the theatres, the 'Moniteur Parisien.' At the same time with the 'Messenger' this too was secured; and between it and the 'Messenger' was divided the monopoly. How important a monopoly, Englishmen can hardly know! Between the performance of the first and second piece at all the Paris theatres, the Newspaper is looked for: in the interval when the *salle* requires some means of distraction it comes in: it fills up the vacuum, which in English theatres is supplied by a comic song, or a *pas de deux*. Then one exciting line falls like a spark upon French enthusiasm: and for excitements who so ready as M. Thiers! How the falsely-concocted telegraphic announcement that "Beyrout had to be bombarded nine days," followed by the fact, that "Ibrahim Pacha was prepared with sixty thousand men to drive the English into the sea"—how that intelligence, in the so lately become official 'Messenger,' tumbled into the parterre of the Opera! blazed into *stalle* and *loges* of the Théâtre Française! and awoke the thunders of the galleries of the Porte St. Martin, the Ambigu, and Franconi's! Then was Death and Hatred to the English at its height, Thiers in his glory, and the Press supreme. Audiences sang and shouted the *Marseillaise* with the air of a man out of humour, who with his hands in his breeches-pockets whistles a tune. When audiences became hoarse, the Orchestra continued *en avant marchons*, while the Actors suspended their dialogue for 'Victory or Death.' And next morning the grave 'Constitutionnel' would call all this the wholesome expression of public feeling!

If M. Thiers really intended War at this time, he took a strange method of carrying out his intention. Instead of secrecy on the part of the cabinet, all was publicity. Not a sentiment was uttered; not a speech made; not a resolution adopted, modified, or abandoned; but all was regularly delivered to the public by the 'Constitutionnel,' 'Courier Français,' and 'Siècle,' of the next morning. Before it was thoroughly known that in addition to the first-named paper, of which M. Thiers was part owner and complete dictator, the journal of M. Leon Faucher and the organ of Odillon Barrot had been won over, the announcement of the same fact in the three together used to be regarded as confirmation from different sources. Of the position in which these journalists had thus placed themselves, we do not wish to speak with undue harshness. We can easily fancy three editors each equally anxious to convey to the public his intimacy with the views of the gov-

ernment. We do not even question the power of an able editor to give sound political advice to the wisest of ministers. But a man, no matter how clever or respectable, ought not to be placed in an incompatible situation. An editor wholly irresponsible, and whose interest it is to tell that which it is the duty of a responsible minister to conceal, is the last man to be intrusted with state secrets. And it follows that if a number of editors, rivals in their own department, be put upon a par in information, the keeping of secrets in such circumstances must be next to impossible. Besides, to tell a man, who is the servant of the public upon the absolute condition of providing the public with early information,—to tell him a piece of news, implies upon the part of the member of the government communicating it, that he wishes it to be made known. But the false position on both sides could not be concealed. While the editors of the papers were to appearance so highly honoured, some were secretly made dupes. There were times when it was deemed prudent to deceive the public as to what was passing, and the means were at hand for doing so. It was only necessary to palm an untruth upon the Journalists, and the People were deceived. This ought to satisfy journalists themselves, that if they mean to serve the public faithfully, they ought not to link themselves too closely with any government, but maintain a watchful, jealous, independent, honourable guardianship over all.

With no such wise ambition, however, had M. Thiers to contend. His difficulties were few, and easily overstepped, and the result we thus far see. The daily press of France was at this point of time almost solely in his command. The 'Constitutionnel,' in which he possesses shares, and over which he holds complete control, was looked upon as his immediate organ; the 'Courier Français,' as we have already seen, was invited to a seat in the cabinet; and as M. Odillon Barrot was good enough to postpone electoral reform until liberty should have been secured by the proposed Fortifications of Paris, the 'Siècle' which is his organ, made itself Thiers's speaking-trumpet to the ears of its 40,000 subscribers. The 'Journal des Débats,' having those aforesaid Fortifications in view as its lighthouse through the storm, rode gallantly over the breakers, freely giving M. Thiers the helm, until, arriving nearer its desired port, a royal pilot should be signalled to leap on board, and dispossess him. The 'National,' delighted at the prospect of war, brought up the republicans; and the

'Commerce,' headed the Bonapartists, until, the delusion over, it drew off its battalions, muttering against its deceiver. The Legitimist Journals, indeed, sneered at such bourgeois chivalry, and the 'Presse' postponed the conflict until Molé should be called to the command *vice* Thiers cashiered: but with these exceptions, what a phalanx of Louis-Philippeists, Barrotites, Republicans, Bonapartists, now rallied around the main division of the *Centre Gauche*!

Yet even here M. Thiers was not content to stop. Absolute master of all the light fieldpieces of the daily press, he proceeded to capture the heavy artillery of the only two periodicals of importance, the 'Revue de Paris,' and the 'Revue des deux Mondes.' To the first, a weekly magazine, we have already alluded as the one in which the candidate for the representation of Guadeloupe upon pro-slavery and liberal government principles, wrote himself into the good graces of the planters abroad, and the anti-slavery men at home. But the 'Revue des deux Mondes' is the great gun of French periodical literature. It is their 'Edinburgh,' 'Quarterly,' and 'Foreign Quarterly' combined. With nearly as many articles, and much matter, as any one of these Reviews, it appears once a fortnight. This important periodical owed its existence chiefly to Count Molé, and for a considerable period received the contributions of the first literary men of the day. Indeed to name its former contributors would be to set down every distinguished name in modern French literature. And now, for the first time, upon the breaking out of the war-cry this periodical took a prominent part in the politics of the day: warmly espousing the part of M. Thiers. The proprietor of the 'Revue' being also patentee of the Théâtre Français (to give him a title most intelligible to the English reader), and in this latter capacity receiving a large subvention, the amount of which, although voted by the Chamber, depends upon the will of the minister, it was at first supposed that either direct menace, or a lively sense of benefits to come, had much to do with the sudden metamorphosis of a literary miscellany of a grave character into a sharp political controversialist. But when it was ascertained, that the political 'Chronique' was placed under the direction of the count Rossi, a Swiss born but a naturalized Frenchman, owing the honour of the peerage to Louis-Philippe, with whom he was a well-known favourite, the public saw in this circumstance, taken in connection too with the war-tone of the 'Débats,' [that the conduct of M. Thiers

had the hearty support of the Château. Hence, notwithstanding the peaceful disposition of the king, the minister seemed to have carried his purpose, and war was believed to be imminent.

Yes, nothing less than War. The understood bargain between M. Thiers and the Press appears to have been, that in consideration of the honour of giving law, at least in appearance, to the ministry, the journals should place at their control the passions of the country. From the cabinet board the three allied leaders, 'Constitutionnel,' 'Courier Français,' and 'Siècle,' having received the word of order, set forward, match in hand, to fire the train. France was told she was insulted, that she had received a slap on the right cheek, and, as nations cannot, like individuals (how this last analogy is hackneyed!), turn the other in a Christian spirit, she was bound to go to War, and to War she should go. There was in this proceeding at least some deference shown to the spirit of the age: some acknowledgment that the time had gone by when a minister to keep himself in place had only to move an army: but there its virtue ended. M. Thiers thought that to bring the people after him, he had only to catch a few popular journals, hang bells around their necks, make them advance (*en avant marchons*), and that as a matter of course the whole flock would follow. Tiresome and sickening would it be to wade through the mass of raving-mad nonsense, flung out like garbage every morning for the masses to batten on, and then eject, half-digested, upon the Boulevards and in the Theatres. Even the soldiers became intoxicated by the reeking spirit with which the atmosphere was charged. Detachments, going to relieve guard, kept time to the Marseillaise. One morning, the late lamented Duc d'Orleans reviewed five regiments in the Champ de Mars. After various evolutions the troops were ordered to put their arms *en faisceaux*, when, having done so, they shouted with one accord the Marseillaise. The Prince Royal was taken by surprise, and very likely thought the spirit was not to be resisted.

Nor was this all. While the Press was raving, and Mobs shouting, and English residents receiving insults, Ordonnances for the levy of troops boomed ever and anon through Paris. This looked like earnest. But what still baffled and puzzled the Journals all the time, was the apparent neglect of the English government to make any preparation against the coming storm, and the more marked silence of the English Press.

Let us pause to pay a just homage to the Newspaper Literature of our country. Had the London Journals at that time allowed themselves to be betrayed into anger, we know not what could have prevented a burst of irreconcilable hostility between the two countries. The silence which they imposed upon themselves was not contemptuous; for a Great Nation, no matter how it may be misled for a time, cannot be treated with affected scorn. They appeared rather to have gravely measured the responsibility which was imposed on them, and to have resolved that they would hold themselves guiltless of the crime of involving their countrymen in strife. Yet if in France the members of the Press be held in so high an estimation, that their honourable calling is the avenue to the highest posts of statesmanship, there is in England, on the contrary, upon the part of the great and little aristocracy, an affected contempt, almost ludicrous, for those from whose armoury members of both houses take their stores of argument and information. Perhaps it is that the members of both houses feel piqued that they are obliged to deck themselves in second-hand robes, turned and rearranged for holiday display. Perhaps their anger is no more than the proverbial ingratitude attendant upon obligation. But be it as it may, we cannot but rejoice that we are under no necessity of guarding against the dangerous temptation of an irresponsible seat in the cabinet to be offered to the editors of the 'Times' or 'Chronicle,' 'Globe' or 'Standard.' Not that we doubt the abilities of the gentlemen in question for the post, but that, admiring the principle of division of labour, we would keep each in his own sphere, perfecting in that sphere his own capability, and inducing him to make its pleasurable, honourable, and profitable exercise, its own reward. For to the results of a different kind of policy, we have now to ask the reader's attention. Let him mark what this boasted Public Opinion turned out to be, by the affected appeal to which this Newspaper Whirlwind had been raised. A new and potent actor steps upon the scene.

While the ministers were playing the game of terror, for the purpose of rendering the Chamber obedient to them; while the Journals were rioting in their supposed influence over government and people, and the storms of passion it had raised; there was one individual watching all parties, controlling all, and ready, at the proper moment, to render all subservient to one or two little projects of his own. Our readers will at once understand that we refer to

Louis Philippe. Suddenly, with marvellous indifference, he refused, upon the very eve of the opening of the Chambers, to speak the speech set down for him; as suddenly his ministers resigned; and with no loss of time the majority that had supported, straightway abandoned them.

Louis Philippe, with the sagacity for which he is so remarkable, had some time been aware that the Newspaper Whirlwind had raised up, not an irresistible phalanx of will, but mere clouds of sand. For a time, like the cautious traveller in the desert, he threw himself upon his face, and allowed it to pass over. But if he felt no terror, it was his policy to act fear. The Fortifications of Paris, projected by M. Thiers in his warlike mood as a base for the operations of the coming spring, had, like all the warlike measures of his ministers, received, for excellent reasons, the royal sanction. When the same measure had some years before been proposed by Marshal Soult, under the more rational form of a chain of Detached Forts, the Press, then in possession of its senses, rose against 'the Bastilles,' and the Press defeated the project of the court. We may easily understand a cool governor thus reasoning thereon: 'Oh if I could only induce the support of the Press, the people who have no public meetings and no other voice, should perforce submit.' But how do that? Why by the old means, Fear. Fear, in what shape? Why, Fear of Invasion. How aptly did the long wished for opportunity present itself! How it must have been hugged with joy, proportioned to its unexpectedness! We do not say that the Journals feared invasion any more than M. Thiers, or the king himself: but they lent themselves, as instruments to the king and ministers, for the creation of terror, and betrayed the people into that apparent temporary acquiescence, which, if left to their sober reflection and good sense, they never could have accorded. France can only bring Invasion upon herself.

Thiers, compelled to resign, was yet allowed to carry off with him the paternity of this measure. He could well be spared its glory, and all of it was conceded by the king. The Fortifications of Paris were proposed by Thiers. Marshal Soult denied their utility, and called for the old Detached Forts; but the Chamber, though not frightened to the whole extent of Thiers's calculations, still allowed their senses to be deluded by the spectre of Invasion. Thiers, the Journals, and the Court, shouted in chorus 'Invasion;' the Chamber echoed it: it was in vain that Lamartine spoke the best

speech he ever made, and that Count Molé treated the proposal with scorn; the Chamber would have the Bastilles: ditch, wall, soldiers, cannon and all. Marshal Soult bowed, and thanked them for giving more than he wanted, said the 'enceinte continuée' was an 'embarras des richesses;' and the Court, and Thiers, and the Journals were happy!

The Newspaper Press of France, then, are to be thanked for the Fortifications of Paris: the only deposit left from the angry storm they raised. The Fortifications are the work of the whole Press, from the 'Journal des Débats' to the 'National.' The 'Presse,' as the organ of Count Molé, feebly opposed the measure, and so, out of contempt for Thiers, did the 'Commerce;' but these two formed the only exceptions. The 'Journal des Débats,' notoriously the court organ, was, as we have seen, in company with Louis Philippe's Count Rossi, as loud in encouraging Thiers in the first instance as the 'Courier Français' or 'Siècle.' By that influential paper, indeed, General Bugeaud, the governor-general of Algiers, acknowledged that he had been misled into the belief that France had really been insulted, and must wipe off the stain: and he afterwards expressed his astonishment at the little ground there was for such an assertion. Named one of a commission to prepare the address in reply to the king's speech, an inquiry into the circumstances attendant upon the signature of the treaty for the settlement of the eastern question, from which France stood self-excluded, became part of his duty; and the general soon discovered, and publicly expressed his surprise at, the slight base upon which so alarming an outcry had rested. The 'Débats,' no doubt, had been deceived. But the 'Débats' was not deceived: its rôle had been to deceive others: its business was to help in shifting the scenes, and in keeping up the stunning music of the pantomime, until the grand finale was ready: and then, at a stroke of the wand, away went the Boulevards, and the Marseillaise, and the trickery of Clown, and the dupery of Pantaloon, and lo! amidst the thunder of artillery and the fall of liberty, Paris surrounded by Walls, Forts, and soldiers! The people asked for bread, and they received a stone!

Mark now the just recoil. THE PRISON WALLS GROW UP RAPIDLY AND UNNOTICED: THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS DECLINED, AND IS DECLINING. The Press promised the nation war, and peace is assured: glory and conquest, and they find Europe armed and prepared. They told them the old

story of people everywhere being ready with outstretched arms to accept Liberty from France; but they did not tell them that Liberty, like Charity, should begin at home; and that France, having once before been received as the friend of Liberty, while, imposing heavier chains than those she had stricken off, she falsely broke her word—the delusion was not again to be repeated. Above all, they did not see one fatal effect of all their ravings. The *amour propre* of the French nation has been irremediably hurt. So much spirit expended for naught; so much enthusiasm thrown away; so much preparation fruitless; so many threats, so much bragging, passed like the idle wind; all these things make France look foolish in its own eyes, and it turns upon its deceiver, the Press, while the Press turns again upon England. The Press told the nation it was insulted, and the Press told the nation a falsehood, which being found out, it is distrusted. We believe at the same time that the nation would willingly forget all that is passed, and apply itself to something more useful than the mere recollection of its having been deceived; but the Press, like a deceiver found out, thinks it can only gloss over its misconduct by bullying on, and so it still cries every day *Haine et mort aux Anglais*.

The key to this latter conduct is to be found of course in weak human nature. They who leave the path of rectitude, from a very sense of shame persist in the same evil course. Bonaparte, with his bad moral sense, attempted, like Machiavelli, to erect into a principle an evil weakness, when he laid it down that persistence in a course originally bad was the only way to make it ultimately right. The Journals only act upon this maxim when they follow up their senseless cry. They hope to render it so familiar to the nation, as that at last the nation will receive it as a sound pregnant with meaning. Vain hope! It is not easy to re-kindle national ire by a dull echo. The substance of alleged wrong has been examined, handled, and thrown away as unworthy of the anger it had caused. What is to be hoped from the shadow?

But if the Press be no longer potent for evil, it can stand in the way of good. It can feed a constant irritation. It can create a 'malaise'; not amounting to malady, but enough to render uncomfortable the people disturbed by so constant a visitor. Could the small, teasing, worrying insults, thrown every day at the English people, be made to provoke a return, then indeed a squabble without dignity might end in a quarrel

without hope. Half the rage of the Press appears to arise from the difficulty of extorting a reply from its imperturbable rival. But while the rage is harmless here, in France the constant jarring produces, as we have said, a certain ill effect. It has deranged, for example, some of the best plans of the government. The railways stand still: not one contractor can be found to bid for the execution of any part of the northern railway to Belgium. The contractors say they are ruined by the contracts undertaken for the Fortifications. In the same way the government offered large subventions to private companies to undertake the carriage of the mails to the French West Indian colonies and to the United States; but there is either not sufficient capital or sufficient enterprise in the country, and the government must take the risk upon its own shoulders. While we do not deny that other considerations enter largely into the causes of this stagnation of public enterprise (considerations too extensive to be examined here), we may still fix upon the Press a reproach from which it cannot escape: namely, that supposing it to have had good intentions towards public prosperity, it has certainly diverted all these into an unprofitable channel, while it has regarded the dispositions of the government with sullen apathy, offered no suggestion, and pointed out no means for the amelioration of the people's wants. It has had but one nostrum: War with England. What benefit this wrought to the nation, is beheld in the Fortifications of Paris: what other result it has brought about, remains to be witnessed in the Degradation of the Press.

This next division of our subject brings Guizot more prominently on the stage, from which Thiers had for a time retired.

In the paragraphs which we quoted from the 'Journal des Débats,' we find it stated, that the agitation raised upon the right of search is but ten months old, the right itself having existed, and been acted upon, for as many years. This right of search was a windfall for the Journals. A merely general allusion to its history will serve our purpose. It is well known that the treaty of 1841 was signed by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, upon the invitation of France herself. No sooner, however, was it announced from the throne, that these powers had afforded their adhesion, than suddenly the scales fell from the eyes of the Journalists, and they discovered the right of search to be but a hypocritical pretext upon the part of England for destroying the commerce of her rival.

But, then, how England, who exposed her own trading vessels, at least twenty times as numerous, to the inconvenience of the risk of search,—how she could freely accept such hazard if fraught with inherent ruin to commerce, was an enigma difficult to reconcile with the standing accusation of a deep, although inexplicable, plan for annihilating all rivalry upon the seas. Fortunately an avocat, one of that body for whose legislative acumen Napoleon professed such profound homage, was at hand, prepared to set the understandings of party in harmony with its passions.

M. Marie presented himself before one of the electoral colleges of Paris at the last election, and in a speech, of course upon the right of search, and nothing but the right of search, put the following case:

"Suppose," he said, "a merchant-vessel to be about to sail from a French port, at the same time that an English ship, laden with similar produce, is about to sail from a British port. The English captain is informed by his correspondent that a rival is about to start, and that if he arrives before him at the foreign port to which both are bound, the cargo of whoever comes last shall either not be sold at all, or sold at one-half its value. The English captain, acting upon the advice, sets sail, and drops a hint to the British cruiser that he meets in his way. The latter looks out for the French merchant-ship, pretends to mistake her for a slaver, detains her on suspicion for two days, and then sets her at liberty. But alas! upon arriving at her destination, she finds the British merchant-ship has been there two days before her, and has had time to supply the market, and the French merchant is ruined."

Now this farrago of ignorant absurdity was actually thrust down the throat of a body of Paris electors! In the language of the 'National,' to whose columns the speech was confided, its illustration of the designs of Great Britain was covered with thunders of applause. We may forgive the Paris electors, not one of whom, perhaps, ever saw a ship in his life, for swallowing such a statement; but of what stuff can the opposition of the Chamber of Deputies be composed when the 'bâtonnier' of the avocats, with which dignity we believe M. Marie to be invested, could be found capable of uttering trash like this. And what must be the extent of that newspaper information which could adopt it?*

Whether the blind guides of the people, be they avocats or journalists, were themselves ignorant of the real nature of the question, or whether they seized hold of the claptrap ingredient which composed the phrase 'right of search' for the purpose of creating delusion, certain it is that delusion was circulated, and ignorance deepened, while through the spreading darkness phantom shapes were conjured up, enough to make the hair stand on end at the designs of 'perfidious Albion.' And now the Press once more appeared to be in the ascendant. The ministry of Guizot gave way. The session approached its close. A general election was at hand. The Ministry appealed to the country upon the good achieved through the restoration of peace, the establishment of order in the finances, their efforts in favour of material good, such as the law just passed for a general line of railways. The Press inscribed upon its banner, 'No right of search! No submission to England!'

In the then coming struggle there was not wanting that admixture of personal resentment which gives sharpness and earnestness to human contests. M. Guizot's treatment of the journals had been as opposite to that of M. Thiers, as the characters of the two men are opposite from each other. The former is as reserved in his official manner as the latter is communicative. The one, thoughtful, yet not cold, revolves within his own mind the measures of his government, there allows them to mature, and to disclose themselves only, and in their due order, at the proper time and season. His hardy self-reliance stands in no need of councillors, nor does a vain desire to produce effect prompt him to send forth to the public a sudden and startling resolution, to be obliterated by another more dazzling because more unexpected. To such a man as M. Guizot, a set of quidnuncs must be as annoying as to his restless predecessor they

thing could now prevent the treaty of commerce with England being at once completed, the court print proceeded thus: 'Ah! there are the English for you! Behold their policy in all its ugliness! Let them talk now of humanity and philanthropy! Humanity for them is only an instrument of commerce. These tender and generous philanthropists, who so much pity negroes, see with delight torrents of blood and heaps of ruins in Catalonia. Do you know why? It is because, on the negro question, philanthropy gives them the right of search, by which means they spy after our commerce, and harass the rivals of their industry: while in the fire of Barcelona their inhumanity and savage barbarity render them masters of the trade of Spain, securing the conclusion of the treaty of commerce so long desired, and which they think they shall pick out of the smoking ruins of Barcelona! Yes, behold the philanthropy of England!'

* The trash has been more recently repeated by the paltry 'Presse,' a propos of the affair of Barcelona. After stating, falsely of course, that the English journals had congratulated their readers on the defeat and disarming of Catalonia, because no-

were necessary. We thus find M. Guizot, upon his advent to power, with but two direct supporters, the 'Débats' and the 'Globe'; the 'Débats,' notwithstanding its mighty talent, with impaired influence because of its tardy opposition to the war pranks of Thiers, which, as we have already seen, it had for its own purposes at first encouraged; the 'Globe' without sufficient circulation, notwithstanding its unquestionable ability, to make its support tell upon the public mind, while it was moreover the organ of the French planters, and not likely, therefore, to be ardent in its advocacy of M. Guizot's policy upon the question where strenuous advocacy was most needed. If M. Thiers's object was to rule the country through the journalists, that of M. Guizot would seem to have been, to hold his place in spite of them. He paid them no court. Nay, he offered them, in the prosecution of M. Dupoty, the grossest insult, and the greatest outrage, which it was possible to inflict upon so distinguished a body of men.

But could he have done this in any other state of things than this we have described? Could he have done it if the Journalists of France had remained true to themselves? Dared he have done it, and afterwards faced the French people?

One of the bitterest reproaches urged against M. Guizot by rational men, that which carried with it the most apparent truth, has been this: that he, who has written so much upon British constitutional statesmen, and British constitutional history, and written too with so evident an admiration of the maxims and principles of our laws, should yet, with the opportunity afforded him of carrying these maxims and principles into execution in his own country, where their application is so much wanted, guard with the greatest jealousy against their introduction, and violate the first principles of justice in the persons of political offenders. In another and different spirit, M. Guizot's supposed English predilections have also afforded his less rational enemies, the readiest, most convenient, and most constant topic against him. He is, forsooth, the minister *de l'étranger*; he is the pedantic Doctrinaire who would force upon the uncongenial soil of France the constitution of her untiring enemy; he would teach a love of England as the pattern of all excellence, and Anglicise his countrymen. From anything like this latter reproach, he must be said, in the matter to which we now advert, to have fairly purged himself. It could only be accepted, from one who so swears by Great Britain, as the avowal of a painfully profound con-

viction of the unfitness of France for the blessings of British freedom. In a word, the case of Dupoty was a most horribly revolting case, of justice violated in its first and most sacred principles. Let us pause upon it a moment.

A letter is found in the open public box of the 'Journal du Peuple,' of which he is editor, addressed to him by a man, against whom this letter is made the evidence of a connection in the conspiracy with Quenisset to assassinate the Duc d'Aumale at the head of his regiment. We are now reasoning upon facts which we assume to be known. The letter itself was a piece of foolish bombast, written by a republican; and whether it had reference to the attempt of Quenisset, or to an intended demonstration against the young duke in his capacity of colonel, to which in the eyes of the populace he had been prematurely promoted (and which demonstration had perhaps been defeated by this very attempt), does not distinctly appear. On that letter, however, addressed to the editor of a public journal, and thrown into his public letter-box, M. Dupoty was charged with being one of a band of regicides! was tried and was condemned by the Chamber of Peers! and is now in the gloomy fortress of Saint Michel, where he must remain until the term of five years be accomplished!

The attorney-general based his accusation upon what he called MORAL grounds. Admitting that there was no direct legal evidence of Dupoty's guilt, he contended that the Chamber of Peers was not bound to act upon ordinary rules of evidence, but that if MORALLY convinced of a prisoner's guilt, it was bound to convict him!

Of a doctrine so shocking and repulsive, what can be said? There never was so infamous a principle advanced as that of moral conviction in a court of justice. No principle can be more opposed or repugnant to the spirit of all civilized law, which ordains that the oath of a jury shall be to try according to the evidence. If a judge, or jury, or court of peers, be allowed to act upon moral convictions, no man is safe. The most iniquitous sentence might be sheltered under moral conviction. A juryman might close his ears to the plainest evidence; he might, if so disposed, sleep through a whole trial, having first made up his mind according to this inward light set up by the French attorney-general above all evidence, and having condemned without hearing, might easily satisfy his conscience that he had been morally convinced of the prisoner's guilt. A judge might in his charge set aside all evidence upon the same ground.

What in fact is moral conviction, but a substitute for positive evidence? Generally speaking, moral conviction is the cloak of vulgar prejudice. We could summon five hundred bitter theologians, who would give you their moral conviction as to the eternal condemnation of thousands, whom they would name by name. Moral conviction filled the dungeons of the Inquisition with victims, and fired the brand of every auto-da-fé kindled in Spain, in France, or in England. Moral conviction is the language of jealousy and suspicion as well as of prejudice; while justice is only justice according to the understandings of men, because she weighs that which is tangible, and that alone. Introduce moral conviction once, and the prisoner is stripped of all defence. He can only meet evidence by evidence. Moral conviction is one-sided. The moral convictions of prisoners are worth nothing. The attorney-general, or (let us give him his French name, while discussing French legal practice) the '*procureur général*' may infuse his own moral conviction into the minds of judges too indolent or incompetent to scrutinize testimony; but the unfortunate prisoner durst not allude to his own moral conviction, nor dare his witnesses to do so. In common parlance, when a man says he is morally convinced of anything, he is understood to mean very strong suspicion, but only suspicion. Poor Dupoty is therefore wasting his life on the dreary sea-girt rock of Saint Michel, because the '*procureur général*' suspected him of guilt which he could not prove, and was artful enough, or able, to impose his suspicions as proof on the Chamber of Peers, unaccustomed to deal with the subtleties of advocates!

And this was done in Paris within a few months, in the very teeth of that power which, scarcely twelve years since, had for offences less monstrous hurled a king from his throne. Here, we say, was the open and undisguised announcement of the Degradation of the Press of France. Louis Philippe might, as he soon after did, suppress another journal altogether: the '*Temps*,' the first mover of the July Revolution: this he might suppress, without a jury, by the mere decree of a police court: anything might be done when this Dupoty's case had passed without a murmur. The poor Journals, indeed, with the exception of the court organs, exclaimed against the legal enormity, but they were not supported by the public. Public confidence had deserted them. What a contrast between the position held under M. Thiers, and that of the Guizot rule! Wide as a seat in the Cabinet from the rock of Saint Michel! And

the administration which dared to do this, advanced with as little fear to meet the country in a general election; encountered the storm of unpopularity raised by the Press about submission to England and right of search: and in the battle fought in the electoral colleges, did not lose one unit of its parliamentary majority!

It is with pain that we adduce evidence of violated law and justice in proof of the utter want of sympathy upon the part of the country for the Press. We should have been glad rather to have rested our proof upon the abandonment, by the majority in the new Chambers, of him who had, by means of overflattered and subservient Journalism, stirred up the passions of the country, stopped the flow of its prosperity, deranged its finances, thrown burdens upon the people, sowed the seeds of bitter animosity, and revived that fatal lust of conquest, of which two invasions ought to have cured the French. To that proof we should have yet more gladly added the solemn confirmation of the public voice in a general election. But to be obliged to show the Press trampled, spat upon, and flung into a regicide's gaol: while the country—accepting M. Hebert's doctrine of moral conviction by its new lease of power to men who had thus outraged it, and outraged law beside—gave evidence of its own moral belief in the justice of such treatment: this is a task from which we would have willingly refrained, but that the intemperate insults offered every day to the British people oblige us to show that the quarter from which such insults come, is absolutely and utterly repudiated by the French nation.

Whilst we write, is there any evidence making itself apparent that these journalists, who must now be conscious of error, are in the least disposed, for their own sake, or for the sake of truth or justice, to redeem it? They have had some opportunities of late: how have they welcomed them?

With the bells of St. Paul's and the Tower ringing in our ears for victory after victory in Afghanistan, won upon the fields where our countrymen had been treacherously slaughtered: ringing for the restoration of our captive heroic countrywoman and her companions, the fruit of honourable triumph: ringing thanks for peace with China, and its three hundred millions brought within the pale of European civilisation:—we confess we did turn to our ceaseless libellers, in the hope that common sympathy with high deeds, with treachery so justly avenged, with strife so bravely closed, would have procured us at least one day's cessation of causeless hostility, of un-

provoked bitterness. And so it nearly, very nearly, did : for on the first day of the arrival of the news, only half our successes were told to the French people, and that half went forth with the attendant comfort of many shrewd doubts of the truth. Thus, and thus only, had we one day's respite; and even this had one exception.

Upon the evening of Saturday, the 19th November, the 'Messenger' newspaper contained the announcement of peace with China and its conditions, as conveyed by the telegraph from Marseilles. The hour of its arrival in Paris we cannot tell: all we do know is, that the steamer from Alexandria with the glad tidings had reached the former port some time upon the previous Thursday. But the 'Messenger' was as remarkable for what it did *not* contain as for that which it did; for the three sentences, "Cabool taken: Ghuznee destroyed: the Prisoners restored:" were not there. It might be that the government, knowing the excitable nature of the journalists, feared the effect of a double shock, but certainly all that was known in Paris upon the Saturday evening, was the conclusion of peace with China: peace too notwithstanding the 'Débats' had satisfactorily demonstrated a short week before the total impossibility of the English expedition ever succeeding, and with such power of reasoning that its brother journalists, now recollecting this, refused, on this memorable Saturday evening, to believe the telegraph! The 'Courier Français' and others dismissed the intelligence with a few lines of doubt: the untiring 'National' alone disturbed the dull repose of incredulity with the following thunderclap of denunciation. "All Europe will class this British enterprise among the most odious passages of its history; and this history, the world knows, is defiled with odious precedents." That being all, we think that we may fairly say that we were allowed nearly one whole Sabbath-day's truce?

But time and the 'Malle Poste' wait no man's convenience, and spare nobody's feelings, and the following Monday brought complete confirmation of this Chinese news in the despatches of the general commanding. Hardly, however, did incredulity entirely give way, even before this. The 'Journal des Débats' at once set to work to criticise the despatches, with the object of showing—what? Why that the British were the first to ask peace from the Chinese, and not the Chinese from the British! while its readers were told in the same article, in the impressive form of italics, that the ratification of the Emperor was only

'probable.' We can forgive incredulity because it conveys an undesigned compliment. That which is hard to believe has been difficult to accomplish. And a more direct testimony on this subject has been grudgingly given: grudgingly, because accompanied by harsh observations. It has been admitted that the money terms imposed upon the Chinese, being limited to the expenses of the war, were moderate. The 'Débats' upon the one side, and the 'Courier Français' on the other, admitted the moderation; though the latter journal qualified the admission by an endeavour to show that we feared to be otherwise. "Because, during the two years that the English ships were infesting their waters, no diminution of hatred of the English name was manifested. When a city was taken nothing was found there but the walls of the houses, the inhabitants escaping from all contact with the strangers. The conquerors remained isolated without *point d'appui*, without provisions, without relations of any kind with the conquered nation: an unoccupied country before them: and unless they brought with them an English colony to till the soil, they could not keep it." According to this view it was the fear of starvation which inculcated the necessity of moderation: but the moderation admitted, the motive is of less importance. The same journal went on to reward our 'moderation' by a little generosity of its own. It kindly pointed out to us means by which we might assure the fruits of our victory. "They have only to share them with Europe, and the Emperor will not be mad enough to resist the combination." The 'Courier' was too modest to say 'share them with us:' yet without fear might have said even that. The question ignorantly put by so many French papers as to our intentions of monopolizing China may be answered without 'authority.' The ports of China will be thrown open to European civilisation. Let us add, that no art which envy, hatred, or malice can suggest, will avail to snatch from England the glory of having opened this way for European civilisation to one-third of the human race. The Paris Journalists knew that: they wince under it: they cannot help, even in the midst of their slander, consciously avowing it. Not only have we found admissions of moderation qualified in the way we have shown, but even bursts of admiration strangely associated with the rankest abuse. Take the 'Presse' once more, for instance. "England," said this journal, "so far from having a right to expect indemnity for the expenses of this war, ought to be happy that she has not had to

pay a penalty, for the abominably scandalous example she has given to the world of power turned to the support of the most detestable pretensions." These vague expressions were afterwards explained in a short article, wherein, summing up the quantities of treasure found and plundered by the English in the different towns seized, the 'Presse' declared its incapability of calculating the whole amount of money obtained 'between ransoms and robbery'. We do not stop to ask where the 'Presse' found proof of any place having been given up to plunder; we content ourselves with remarking, that at the close of the article from which we have thus extracted the most moderate passage, we find these exclamations. "This is grand and magnificent success! a success which does honour to the civilisation of our era! above all, to the nation which has torn it from the pusillanimity of the authorities of the Celestial Empire!"

So much for the welcome to peace with China from the Press of France. Into the details of their fiercer and more reckless denunciations of the victories in Afghanistan we do not mean to enter, though we have something to say of the spirit which animated these. Had we to deal, indeed, with opponents who calmly weighed and impartially judged, so far as allowable prepossessions will admit of impartiality, we would have stopped, on this particular question of the Afghanistan war, to reason with them. There are few political questions which do not present debatable ground, even where they touch not the passions or the prejudices of party. But dealing with a class of men who denunciate by wholesale, we are absolved from the duty of endeavouring to lead them by mild remonstrance or quiet reasoning into right views and just appreciations. They do not want to reason: they do not wish for the truth: they shut their eyes, they stop their ears, and they only open their mouths. We have in these circumstances another duty to perform. We are called on to expose the odiousness of the intoxication of malice, as a lesson to the sober good sense of mankind.

In this place we refrain from offering upon the policy of Lord Ellenborough one word of praise or blame. What we have to do with here, are the motives of conduct attributed to us by the French press. They say, then, that having walked over Afghanistan, scattering hordes and armies before us like chaff, and taking fortresses and cities with as much ease as if we had only to stretch out hands for them, they say that

we abandon our conquest *from fear of Russia*. They say, that had we remained in the country the Afghans would have turned to Russia, and that we feared the results of such an alliance. Ah! Journalists of France! we know that you regard us as a nation so 'material,' so self-seeking, so destitute of principle, of honour, of feeling, and of imagination, that you cannot allow of our performing one generous action. We know that even the boon of twenty millions of pounds cheerfully bestowed, as the price of Negro Emancipation (a boon in every sense of the word, for we looked 'material' losses boldly in the face, because of moral and religious gains to an ill-used portion of the human family),—we know that you attributed that Christian action to a deep piece of crooked Machiavellian villany. You said over and over again, that our object was to lay the foundation of a black revolution in the United States, to be propagated and sustained by free black regiments from the West-Indian Islands! Perhaps you applauded this piece of sagacity and foresight, and only sneered at the hypocritical pretension to philanthropy with which we endeavoured to spread a sentimental savour of perfumed charity over the meditated scheme of slaughter reserved for our Transatlantic brethren. You sneered, in short, as you would have sneered at a governor-general's tears over a *razzia* in Algiers. Now we can forgive you all this, because, in so saying, you only judge us by yourselves, and expose your own tendencies and character; but, as you still pretend (falsely, we assert, and we think we have here proved) that you represent a gallant people, with whom cowardice is the most contemptible form of human baseness, you should have paused even in *your* career of recklessness before you accused England of cowardice. An eminent publicist, M. Duvergier de Hauranne, judged better when, in a late number of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' written before the peace with China was announced, he declared that the undertaking to reduce such an empire with a few thousand men, was the hardest, and, if successful, would be the most brilliant, achievement in the history of the world. Speculate if you please upon an invasion from Russia, but do not again say we fear it. You accuse us of fear even with regard to the Gallo-Belgian treaty! We read the other day an article in your 'Courier Français,' upon a fabulous remonstrance from the Four Great Powers against the proposition of a commercial union between Belgium and France: in which that journal threw down a sort of challenge to

any one of these powers to fight it out single-handed with France, and stigmatized their attributed joint remonstrance as a *lâcheté*. The whole story was a sheer piece of invention, but it served as a pretext for uncivil language. Such language, however, is very injurious to the French people in the eyes of other nations. The people of Germany, like the people of England, are engaged in developing those resources, which, blighted during war, spring up and flourish in peace; and if their governments league together for peace, the government of France is equally invited to a share in that holy league. Should France, on the other hand, distaste such quiet, and instead, as this 'Courier' most wrongly and impudently represents, challenge one of the company to a match in the Five Courts, it would not, let us assure you again, Journalists of France,—it would not be Fear on the part of the others that might possibly make them say, 'My good bully, you must leave the room.'

But even China and Affghanistan have passed away with other topics of senseless hatred seized by the French Newspapers, and the great question now is Barcelona. For in Barcelona they thought they had found some balm for the wounds of our Eastern Successes.

A revolt takes place in that city, to which revolts are natural as bull-fights, and the Journalists at once, in its very beginning, shout with common accord 'Tis all hatred of England.' Anon the demure 'Débats,' the disapprover of all excesses of party as highly unjust and indecorous, with the most candid air selects passages from some Catalonian journal, to show that it had certainly been an apprehended treaty with Great Britain which had deluged the streets of Barcelona with blood. The 'Globe' in the same tone announced that the end of the insurrection would be a demand for the abrogation of all commercial treaties with England: the same journal, now one of the favoured organs of the Guizot ministry, having described England, a few days before, as a hard lender imposing on Spain usurious conditions. The 'Presse,' as usual, revelled in malignity: inventing the most foolish untruths in the hope of inflaming popular passions, and even formally announcing the departure of a British fleet from Gibraltar to blockade Barcelona. The silly story, indeed, produced not the slightest effect; for the 'Débats,' fearing that things were possibly taking a turn somewhat too republican, suddenly stopped its own tales of Spanish rising against British influence, and declared the complete un-

truth of the assertions of its contemporaries.

Since this, however, matters have again taken another turn. The French Consul at Barcelona is gravely and openly accused of having contributed to originate and foment the insurrection; the French government precipitately and passionately adopts every act of this Consul, by rewarding him on the instant with the cross of the Legion of Honour; the French Press is again hounded to its work; and its cry swells up once more, stronger at the close than at the beginning of the Barcelona revolt, 'Hatred to England.'

But the French people, we firmly believe, are this time on their guard, and well prepared. By this time they know their Press pretty well, and they begin to know their King. We may venture, we think, to predict that the game of the Fortifications of Paris will be played with less success in its new form of a Bold Stroke for a Bourbon intervention in Spain. The newspapers are again astride their hobby, ready as ever to be cheated, but with none of the old power to cheat. The 'Commerce' may charge us with the unparalleled atrocity of Barcelona in a 'state of siege,' as the fresh crime which pollutes the history of the sanguinary and sordid policy of England; but it is not quite forgotten, either in Paris or in Lyons, that there have been such things as 'states of siege' by no means so far from home. The 'Débats' may virtuously, but very harmlessly, denounce the extra-legal severities of Espartero, so long as the extra-legal condemnation of Dupoty continues to be freshly remembered. The 'Presse,' in its wild bombastic rage, may track "the blood which flows at Barcelona," flowing "to the profit of English cottons," and, manifest "amidst the carnage of execution," and "surrounded by the light of the bombshells of the siege," may descry the finger of England: but that Spectre England has already played her part in nightmares wilder than these, and with what practical results the French people know too well. Could they by possibility have forgotten, there was a journal in the Barcelona excitement which took care to refresh their memory. Be in good heart, citizens of Paris, exclaimed that journal: go and see how the fortress of Ivry gets on. It covers more than three hundred acres; it has five enormous bastions; each bastion is prepared to receive sixteen pieces of artillery; there is a glorious drawbridge, and, commanding the entrance, a splendid rampart. "So rapidly," this writer added, "are the works relating to the Detached Forts round

Paris in the course of execution, that at this moment, should a necessity arise, four of the citadels which surround Paris might be armed and occupied."

Pleasant prospect! and solely the work of this, patriotic Press. Already we seem to hear the voice of Louis Philippe in Paris, as that of Napoleon was heard in the Desert: * Citizens! From the Detached Forts forty thousand soldiers look down upon you!

We are not unfriendly to the Press of France. Freely we admit its extraordinary talent: with bitterness, when we look to its present condition, reflect upon the enormous capability for good it has of late so utterly abused. Fallen, and with but a shadow of its former influence, we now believe that Press to be. We have shown, also, that it has merited its fall. But it may even yet be worth its while to consider, that if it be not determined upon sinking itself deeper in its present forlorn and pitiable condition, it will cease that monotonous din of which the ear of this country is weary, and apply itself to some useful work. Difficult it may be to retrace its steps, but it is not impossible. The field is ample and almost untrodden. As friends we would suggest to them, as a study, the Institutions of that people, against whom it is their pleasure to rail. Are you not ashamed, Newspaper Writers of France, that after two revolutions in the name of Liberty, there is no security for personal freedom in your country? You know that the police may enter the house of any man; and if he be from home, may frighten his wife and children, break open his drawers, and seize his papers. The letter found in M. Dupoty's box has shown you what use may be made of papers in the hands of an attorney-general, who deciphers their meaning through MORAL CONVICTIONS. Nay, more, it has again and again most bitterly occurred to you, that a man may upon mere surmise be thrown into gaol, and there, upon no better grounds than Moral Conviction, be detained until the pleasure or convenience of the authorities allow him a trial; or he may at the end of a month, or a year, or two years, be dismissed from confinement, with the stain of the prison upon him, broken in fortune and in health, and yet no satisfaction, no redress! Would

you not, O Journalists, be better employed in agitating for the adoption of a measure for the security of personal freedom (M. Guizot will tell you about our English habeas-corpus), than in rendering yourselves worse than useless by your folly, and so depriving the public of the only public defender left to it. We propose but one glorious feature of liberty to you, lest we might confound you with too much light. Here is a noble, useful, necessary object, for the advocacy of which the country would thank you, in the efforts for which the country would sustain you, and in the pursuit of which you would once more take your legitimate place as the guides and guardians of a virtuous public necessity.

If the Journalists of France adopted this counsel, the glory would be all their own. The popular leaders in the Chamber show not the least inclination to make a stand for public liberty. Thiers helped to pass the September laws against the Press, which made him what he is; and without Odillon Barrot, the Bastilles could not have been carried. We hear enough of soldiers and sailors, but not one word about civil institutions. M. Dufaure and M. Passy are separated from M. Guizot only by so many sail of the line: they have not a word to offer for the electoral franchise. Here, we repeat, is a wide, and to the shame of the statesmen and legislators of France, an untrodden path. To the Press we again say, take it, occupy it, plant it with fresh and vigorous Institutions for the shelter and security of the People, and do cease to play those tricks which make you objects of pity to your neighbours.

We are the more earnest in offering this advice, because we think the present time most favourable for an experiment in favour of Liberal Institutions. The country enjoys profound internal tranquillity; but the country is standing still: and an ardent, intelligent, and accomplished people will not consent to stagnate, while every other nation is, if not in progress, at least in a state of activity. It is because the attention of France has not been fixed upon practical reforms, that in particular fever fits she turns to foreign war as the sole path to glory. It was the hope of war, deprived of the fear of invasion by the Fortification of the Capital, which allowed that feudal measure, so full of danger to liberty, to be passed in a moment of artificial excitement. Let Louis Philippe boldly widen the popular basis of his throne, and he will secure the dynasty of whose continuance he is so apprehensive, and obtain guarantees for that peace which it is still asserted that he

* Before the battle of the Pyramids. "Soldiers, from these Pyramids forty centuries look down upon you!" The parody is the pleasant suggestion of the 'Charivari,' a paper that it has not come within our design to mention, but always full of wit, and rarely deficient in wisdom.

loves, and which it will then be his honour to have maintained. But let him mark well, that upon no other condition than this, is either the one or the other permanently fixed. And notwithstanding the grave censure which we have been obliged to pass upon the Paris Journals, we think sufficiently well of them to believe, that they would yet support the monarch in the wise, just, liberal, and yet most prudent course, which

we humbly suggest to him. A more grateful task could not occur to us than that of welcoming back the *NEWSPAPER PRESS OF FRANCE*, in circumstances such as these, to a position they never would have forfeited, if the possession of most remarkable talents, and the recollection of services for which in times past they made the whole civilized world their debtor, could of themselves have retained them there.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Gedichte. (Poëms.) Von HEINRICH RITTER VON LEVITSCHNIGG. Vienna: Pfautsch and Co. 1842.

WE must say that on opening this book our impression was a favourable one. A portrait of the author greeted us, and certainly, if the limner be faithful, he is an uncommonly fine-looking fellow. There is an agreeable ferocity in his thick *moustache*, a proud animation in his large eyes. Here, we thought, we shall have something crude perhaps, but energetic and spirit-stirring. Alas for our hopes! Patiently did we turn over poems in all sorts of metres, including ghazels and sonnets, but our feelings were untouched, our imagination was unelevated, our fancy was guided to no pleasing sport.

The author, we suspect, has taken Nicolaus Lenau for his model: a noble poet, but one very likely to lead his imitators into straits. Those excessively bold personations which delight us in Lenau, that perpetual recurrence of the most startling imagery, can only succeed when a powerful mind displays in such combinations the vigour of its grasp. Ritter von Levitschnigg is on a perpetual quest to find out something, which shall be like something else; the chase after the image is a most painful one; and the worst of the matter is, that when it is caught, it is generally singularly infelicitous. If he starts from something beautiful, it is a hundred to one that he illustrates it by something remarkably ugly.

Our mind misgave us at p. 57, when we were

told in a serious poem, that hope kept a mint in the heart, where he struck bright coins out of promises, and that when his false gold would not pass, he wrote bills of exchange payable at the bier, with the good firm 'Heaven' written thereon. We are not hoaxing you, gentle reader: turn to page 57, and then, if you can read German, you will find that we have not misled you. A little further on we found the sun compared to a golden swan floating through a blue flood. 'A golden swan!' It is this sort of poetical genius to which we are indebted for those figures that adorn our public houses, and regale our eyes from the broad surface of our twelfth-cakes. Night (p. 82) is a black beauty, and—what are the stars? Why they are eunuchs that guard the harem with bright Damascene swords. A strange taste this of Ritter von Levitschnigg! He finds himself in a beautiful real world, enlivened by hope, and adorned with celestial luminaries, and out of this he hammers an ideal world peopled by masters of the mint, eunuchs, and golden swans! If this be poetry who would not prefer plain prose!

But the stunning poem was one on Schiller (175). The poet Levitschnigg is indignant at the depreciation of Schiller which is prevalent among certain German *literati*. He predicts that the time will arrive when Europe will be a desert, and when tourists will come from Botany Bay to Germany, and that when they reach Weimar they will look into the geographical dictionaries (!) and find that it was the spot where the last German nightingale sung. We

must give two of the verses from which this is condensed :

An ihren Tagen werden sich Touristen
Zu Schiff begeben in Botany-Bai,
Und Schwer bepuckt mit Karten, Reiselisten,
Aufmachen nach Europa's Wüstenei.

Sie werden sich zu uns zu Deutschland wagen
Und auf den Trümmern einer alten Stadt,
Ein geographisch Wörterbuch befragen,
Wie weiland diese Stadt geheissen hat.

'Botany-Bai,' and the 'geographisch Wörterbuch,' were too much; and exclaiming, 'This bay will be the death of us,' we took leave of Ritter von Levitschnigg.

Cours d' Etudes Historiques. (Lectures on the Study of History.) By P. C. F. DAUNOU. Vols. I. and II. Paris. 1842.

DAUNOU, after playing a distinguished part during the troublous times of the French Revolution, devoted the latter period of his life chiefly to literature. He was born at Boulogne in 1761. In 1792 he was elected a member of the National Convention, where he voted against the death of Louis XVI., demanding that the sentence should be commuted into imprisonment during the continuance of the war, and into banishment on the restoration of peace. This brought him into connection with the Girondists, and involved him in the persecution to which the party was shortly afterwards exposed. Daunou was the first President of the Council of the Five Hundred. After the 18th Brumaire he was elected a tribune, but as he sought to defend the constitution against the encroachments of the first consul, in 1802, the latter found means to remove so inconvenient a functionary from office. Daunou thereupon occupied himself for some time chiefly with the duties of his place as librarian to the Pantheon. Napoleon, when Emperor, found an opportunity to promote him to a more important office, of which, however, he was deprived on the restoration of the Bourbons. He then accepted an engagement as principal editor of the 'Journal des Savans,' and in 1819 was attached to the Collège de France as professor of history. It was not long afterwards that he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, where he spoke on several occasions, and always voted with the liberal party.

After the revolution of 1830, Daunou had several marks of favour from the men in power. In August of the same year he received the superintendence of the archives of the kingdom, and several honourable distinctions, including that of the peerage, were conferred upon him.

Daunou enjoyed a high reputation among French men of letters, yet the works that he has left behind him are neither numerous nor very generally known. Among the most successful of his writings may be named, *Analyse des Opinions Diverses sur l'Origine de l'Imprimerie* published in 1802; *Essai sur les Garanties Individuelles*, of which a third edition appeared in 1821; and *Essai Historique sur la Puissance Temporelle des Papes, et sur l'Abus qu'ils ont fait de leur Ministère Spirituelle*, a

work in two volumes, of which a fourth edition was printed in 1828.

The work now before us consists of a condensation of the lectures delivered by Daunou, as Professor of History at the Collège de France, from 1819 till 1830. A large portion of the work had been carefully revised by the author, and the first volume was already in type, when death surprised him about a year ago. The remainder was left by him in the form of detached lectures: and as he had in his last illness expressed a decided wish, that whatever of his writings might be printed after his death, should be given to the public in the exact form in which he left them, his literary executors have felt it their duty to comply with so solemn an injunction. The first part appears, therefore, with the corrections of the author, and is divided into books and chapters; the second is divided into lectures, and would, no doubt, have undergone a severe revision had the author's life been prolonged for a year or two. The corrected portion comprises the whole of the first, and about one half of the second volume; the rest fills the latter half of the second volume, and will, we presume, occupy the whole of the succeeding volumes which have yet to appear.

The subject of historical study is divided by our author into three parts: the examination of facts, the classification of facts, and the exposition of facts. The first of these he again subdivides into two books, of which the first lays down the rules of historical criticism, while the second enlarges on the utility of history. Under historical criticism we are particularly to understand the art of examining the historical value of ancient traditions and monuments; and the comparative trustworthiness of different writers, in proportion as they were themselves spectators of the events they relate, or were likely to have received their information from pure or questionable sources.

Every history not written till a century and a half after the events to be related had occurred, is at once classed by Daunou among traditions. Thus the whole of the Roman History down to the war against Pyrrhus, is mere tradition; and in reading it, the student is warned to make allowance for the credulity, ignorance, and imaginations of the people among whom those traditions were current. In Greek history, according to our author's view, all is tradition that precedes the time of Herodotus; and the annals of the Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Medes, and the Persians, are all similarly classed. The traditional period again is preceded by what Daunou calls the mythological period, in which it is impossible for the historian, unless by the aid of Revelation, to distinguish fact from fable: and the mythological is preceded by the ante-diluvian period, respecting which our only knowledge is derived from Holy Writ. The historical period, properly so called, commences only with the year 776 before the Christian era, and gives way in its turn to the traditional period, in proportion as the several provinces of the Roman empire are overrun by the barbarians.

In judging of profane traditional history, Daunou rejects at once as fabulous every fact contrary to the known laws of physical nature;

and he receives as extremely improbable all historical narratives relative to the same period, and accompanied by an unusual concourse of marvellous occurrences; but where there is nothing improbable about a fact handed down by tradition, or where that which is natural and probable may easily be separated from that which is marvellous or fabulous, a traditional event may often acquire an all but unquestionable authority. Lycurgus, for instance, is known to us only by tradition, and gross fictions have been interwoven into his history, by his credulous and imaginative countrymen; yet no historian thinks of questioning the fact that there did exist such a man as Lycurgus, and that he did give laws to the Spartans. The existence of Homer and Hesiod again is mere matter of tradition, and we have only traditional authority for the fact that the works attributed to them were really written by them; yet those who have declared their doubts as to the existence of Homer, and have gone so far as to question the paternity of the Iliad and Odyssey, have become, in our author's opinion, just objects of derision to every sane scholar. Many other occurrences, resting only on tradition, are, nevertheless, reasonably placed in history, as unquestioned, if not as unquestionable, facts. Among these may, for instance, be mentioned, the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome, and the establishment of the consulate; the two first Messenian wars; the philosophical labours of Thales and Pythagoras; the laws of Solon; the usurpation of Pisistratus; the conquests of Cyrus and Cambyses; and the commencement of the war between the Persians and the Greeks. For all these facts we have no authority but popular tradition, and each of them is handed down to us with a multitude of fabulous details, which the judicious critic is bound to reject: still the main facts cannot be called into question without overstepping the bounds of a reasonable scepticism.

Our author next examines the value of historical monuments, among which he includes the productions of the painter, the statuary, the architect, and the mechanician. He then passes on to the subject of medals and inscriptions, the historical value of which he seems, strangely enough, not disposed to estimate very highly.

The whole of the first volume is occupied by the subject of Historical Criticism. The second volume contains the second book, on the Utility of History, to which Daunou gives, naturally enough, an extensive signification. The second great division, the Classification of Facts, commences about the middle of the second volume, and will, we presume, be continued in the third. In the classification of facts are included the sciences of geography and chronology.

The third great division, the Exposition of Facts, is of so comprehensive a nature, that it is difficult for any one not in the secret to guess the extent to which the work may eventually be carried. The two volumes now before us, therefore, may be looked upon as a portion only of the introductory matter, and it would be hazardous to pronounce an opinion on the probable ultimate value of the whole work. There cannot, however, be a doubt, that it will be the work on which will mainly depend the rank

which Daunou is to hold in the estimation of posterity; and it is but the natural partiality of his editor, Mr. Taillandier, to believe with him, that the composition will one day take a place among the highest productions of French literature.

Karl Friedrich Schinkel: eine Charakteristik seiner Künstlerischen Wirksamkeit. Von FRANZ KUGLER. Berlin. 1842.

THE name of Schinkel, one not wholly unfamiliar to our readers, has now become historical, and will mark an epoch in art, as that of the great master in architecture among his German contemporaries. Within the course of the last two years, art has lost several of its more distinguished followers: Dannecker, Geefs, Freund, Chantrey, Wilkie, Albertoli, Antolini, Wiebeking: but perhaps no one had wrought so great and sudden, if not altogether complete, a change in the department of it which he pursued, as did Karl Friedrich Schinkel.

We need not here repeat the biographical notice already given of him in our fourteenth volume, neither have we much to add to it: scarcely any further facts or particulars being supplied by Kugler, beyond the melancholy ones connected with his last illness and death; and those may be briefly told. Shortly after returning with his family from a watering-place which he had visited for the benefit of his health, he was seized on the 9th of September, 1840, with a sudden attack or paralysis of the brain, which reduced him all at once to a most deplorable condition; to a state of constant stupor, with only a few brief intervals of returning consciousness. In this sort of living death he continued till the 9th of October, 1841, when he breathed his last. Three days afterwards his funeral took place, attended by a long cortège of mourners, accompanied by crowds of spectators, all anxious to express, by their last sad homage to his remains, their admiration for the artist, and their esteem for the man.

It is of Schinkel in the first mentioned character that Dr. Kugler has given us a memoir *ad interim*—for we hope it will be followed up by some more complete and detailed account, upon the same plan. Even this, however, we think a valuable contribution to architectural biography, which is generally exceedingly vague and meagre, without any attempt at either description or criticism, although in the case of the works of a man of real eminence there is ample field for both. Dr. Kugler's little brochure is in these respects an excellent model, for it forms an almost indispensable companion to Schinkel's published designs, and should be in the hands of all who possess those 'Entwürfe.' Neither is it in his capacity of architect alone, that the biographer takes a view of his studies and their results, but adopts the same course in regard to the several other accessory branches of art to which he also devoted himself. For Schinkel was an artist in the comprehensive meaning of the word: a master who, like some of the great ones of former days, had a catholic love for art in all its shapes. Yet laudable as was this feeling, it is perhaps to be regretted that in practice he did not confine himself more

strictly to one particular province, instead of turning his mind into so many different channels; more especially after he had opened a fresh vein in the mine of architecture, the working of which would assuredly have sufficed, and would also have been attended with fame: certainly with more than he has now acquired.

Hardly need we say that we here allude to that re-adaptation and extension of Grecian architecture, of which he has left us many successful essays in some of his earlier architectural works, more especially the Berlin Museum. Yet, instead of perseveringly continuing in that route,—and it is one where so very much more than as yet has been ever attempted, remains to be accomplished,—he seems to have allowed himself to be diverted from it, just at the point where every fresh step would have been a seven-league stride. That he had left himself much to do, is evident from his having so frequently repeated some of his first ideas, without attempting to vary them. Particular features he almost stereotyped on every occasion,—such as doors and windows,—notwithstanding that they afford so much scope for invention, and for diversity both as to detail and to general character—a circumstance all the more inexplicable because ornamental design, and composition of detail for other purposes, was in a manner his forte.

If so far it is to be regretted that he did not attempt more, it would, on the other hand, have been better for his fame had he not aimed at so much, since what he has done or designed in the Gothic style rather detracts from than adds anything to it. He seems to have had very little feeling for it, either as regards its general character and elements, or the expression depending upon subordinate parts and details. Hence his designs of this class are all more or less tame and cold, feeble and spiritless; although some of the individual forms are not unsatisfactory. Instead, therefore, of adding to, or at all setting off his reputation, his attempts in the Gothic manner are little better than so many rust spots upon it: they are his weak points, in which he is open to criticism, and defenceless.

Besides this, it must be admitted that if he opened a new track, and broke through the dull and frigid mannerism of a former period, he fell, in turn, into a sort of mannerism of his own, easily caught, and therefore adopted by others: among the rest by Romberg, whose '*Stadtbaukunst*' is almost entirely made up of ideas in the manner of Schinkel. If only on this account, his later designs betray a falling off: at all events they do not realize the anticipations to which some of his earlier ones gave rise, and which were at the time expressed in this publication. Nevertheless, he was a great artist, and it behoves us to be grateful for what he has done for architecture. It is true that his designs are unequal in merit and in taste, yet even this circumstance may be turned to account in studying them, as a warning to put others on their guard.* Perhaps they may now

lead some to do what Schinkel neglected: namely, to start afresh from that point up to which he himself had advanced, and then suddenly stopped short.

However opinion may differ as to the particular merits of his buildings individually, most undeniable it is that the capital of Prussia is indebted to Schinkel for a new era in its architecture. Henceforth his name will be as much identified with Berlin, as that of Palladio with Vicenza; and but for his sudden death, when not much advanced beyond the meridian of life, it must have been still more so, as almost a new career would now have been opened to him by the important and extensive architectural undertakings to be commenced under the auspices of the present sovereign. One of these is to be a cathedral; report says, at the cost of upwards of a million sterling; and another, an additional edifice for the purpose of a museum.

Topographie von Athen. (Topography of Athens.) By P. W. FORCHHAMMER. Kiel. 1841

This treatise appeared originally as part of a collection of philological studies, to which several of the professors of Kiel had contributed. Professor Forchhammer's essay, however, was deemed, either by himself or his friends, of too much importance to be allowed to slumber among the learned lucubrations of his colleagues, and here it is in a separate publication. The object of the pamphlet, for it can scarcely be called more, is to overthrow at least two-thirds of all that has hitherto been taken for fact with respect to the topography of ancient Athens. Names like those of Leake and Müller affright not the professor of Kiel, and he has a right, unquestionably, to speak his opinion freely, without allowing his judgment to be warped by the authority of his predecessors. Should Forchhammer make good his position, he becomes an authority in his turn. It is difficult, without the assistance of the map appended to his work, to make his views clear; but an extract or two, to those who have made themselves acquainted with the subject, will at all events show the boldness of the professor's assumptions; and the map of Athens, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, will to a great extent supply the absence of the more detailed plan.

"The foundations of a wall," he says, "which extend from Museum over the Pnyx, and several intervening heights, to the vicinity of the Dipylum, belong not to the ancient city-wall, but are of a more recent date, probably of the time of the Emperor Valerian, in the third century of our era. The ancient city-wall lay much farther west and south, and enclosed the western declivity of the Pnyx and the Museum, which belonged to the most peopled quarters of the ancient city. From the Museum, moreover, the wall bent away towards the south, crossed the bed of the Ilissus, ran along its left bank, and did not cross over again to the right bank till after passing the Stadium, which was within the wall, whereas the Lykeium lay without it. Pausanias entered the city through the Porta Peiraica, which lay within the mouth of the two long walls, on the low ground between the Museum and the Pnyx. Here at the entrance to the city was situated the

* In the design of the law courts now in course of erection at Liverpool, the architect seems to have brought, to a careful and successful study of Schinkel, considerable taste and originality of feeling.

Pompeium, where the paraphernalia were preserved, not for the Panathenæic but for the Eleusynian processions. Thence ran a long street, with columns on both sides, to the Kerameikos; and that part of the latter, where were situated the Royal Hall, the Hall of Jupiter Eleutherius, the Temple of Apollo, and all the other buildings described by Pausanias, was called the market, Agora. There never was but one Agora in Athens. The fundamental error of all the topographies of Athens, lies in the supposition that there existed a new Agora: a notion to which an erroneous reading of a passage in the Harpocration gave rise, and which appeared in some measure to be confirmed by Pausanias, who names the Agora only in his thirteenth chapter. This New Agora has been placed by topographers to the north of the fortress, and has been brought into combination by them with the Hennes Agoraios, and the adjoining portico. This portico, however, is much less ancient than the gateway spoken of by Pausanias, which, to judge from a passage in Demosthenes, must have stood as early as the 105th Olympiad. The portico in question is of a much later style of architecture, and an inscription informs us that the columns still standing, together with the architrave, belonged to a temple dedicated by Cæsar and Augustus to the Athenæ Archegetis. All, therefore, mentioned by Pausanias, as situated in the Agora, and the Stoa Poikile among the rest, lay not to the north, but to the west of the fortress, where was placed the only Agora that existed in Athens."

A glance at the map of Athens will show how completely the learned author varies from the generally received opinions as to the localities of the capital of Attica. And if his errors in this respect cannot be satisfactorily shown, he ought to be frankly allowed the honour due to his laborious investigations.

To call the book before us a Topography of Athens is, no doubt, a misnomer, seeing that the professor confines himself to those points upon which he rejects the opinions of his predecessors. The appended map contains likewise a plan of the modern city of Athens.

Letters from Hofwyl, on the Educational Institutions of De Fellenberg. By a PARENT. London. 1842.

WHEN the poet Imlac, wishing to impress on the mind of Rasselas a profound idea of the dignity of his avocation, described in glowing terms the numerous gifts, acquirements, and qualifications appertaining to the character of a poet, his eloquence was more effective than it was intended to be, when, carrying the prince beyond the conclusion to which it was the orator's wish to lead him, his highness cut short the harangue by exclaiming, "Enough, thou hast convinced me that no man ever can be a poet!"

In the same manner it is not uncommon to make so high an estimate of the qualities of those to whom the task of education should be intrusted, as to cause us to end with the conviction that no man ever can be a school-master.

Even the delightful picture of the institution of Hofwyl, given in the letters before us, leaves something like that impression. The watchful solicitude, the unflinching patience, the everlasting vigilance required from its teachers, are more

than most parents would be found equal to; and cannot, we fear, reasonably be looked for from those, whose interest in the pupil must be so far less deep and permanent.

Under the guidance of the truly apostolic zeal of the benevolent De Fellenberg, Hofwyl may indeed bring forth fruits not to be hoped for from other educational establishments founded on more worldly principles: but should that guiding spirit be withdrawn, no organization, however skilful, can supply its place.

The frank statement of the difficulties experienced in home education, in the introduction to these interesting letters, has failed to convince us that it was not an over-scrupulous anxiety which led the writer to abandon her first conclusion, that "home was the safest spot for the cultivation the parents desired, and that they themselves would be the most successful labourers, because the most loving and the most earnest." Difficulties no doubt exist. Can it be expected that in the execution of so momentous a task no difficulties should be found? But we cannot conceive what advantage could be hoped for, that should compensate to children so favourably circumstanced, the injury of removal from the care of parents well qualified to fulfil such a duty.

"We did not foresee," says the writer, "that while we were educating our children, we were ourselves receiving education at their expense; we had no experience to guide us; we had studied but not practised the art." Receive education indeed we may, whilst doing our best to educate a child, for this is the appointed order of Nature, which "blesseth him that gives and him that takes:" but it is not at the child's expense. We are apt to trust too much to the processes denominated systems of education, and too little to the loving, patient, watchful observation, which is humbly content to remove obstacles, and knows how little of the vast progress made from infancy to manhood is to be attributed to the devices of the teacher, how much to natural development. The true education of a child is too deep a matter to be practised as an art, on the successive subjects that may pass under our hands.

In making these remarks, nothing can be farther from our thoughts than to suggest the slightest doubt of the superiority of the noble institutions of De Fellenberg to any existing for a similar purpose, but merely to protest against the notion too commonly received, that the last persons to whom the education of a child can safely be intrusted are those who have of all the deepest stake in the issue, whose own chances of happiness or misery are inseparably bound up with those of their children, and who will reap all the rewards, or suffer all the penalties consequent on success or failure.

It is not at the same time to be denied, that however frivolous may be the pretences often put forward to excuse the neglect of this duty, there are parents whose position renders it difficult or even impossible for them to undertake the office of educating their own children, and these will no doubt listen with grateful attention to the suggestions contained in this little volume. Is it altogether Utopian to indulge the

hope that in our own country, where lives and fortunes have been devoted to the service of the outcast and the criminal, some spirit akin to that of the founder of Hofwyl may arise, who, taking up the cause of education with higher motives than have hitherto governed such attempts, may reasonably look for nobler fruits, and who will dare the world's dread laugh by declaring his conviction that "fashioning the souls of a generation by knowledge" is as worthy an occupation for a man of rank and wealth, as that of "blowing their bodies to pieces with gunpowder?"

Deux Ans en Espagne et en Portugal pendant la Guerre Civile (1838—1840). (Two Years in Spain and in Portugal during the Civil War.) Par le BARON CHARLES DEMBOWSKI. Paris: Gosselin. 1841.

It was in February, 1838, that M. Dembowski entered Spain by way of Urdax and Ayerba, and scarcely had he passed the frontier, when he had proofs of the indomitable gaiety of the Spanish character. On the 3d of February he 'assisted' at a *fête champêtre*, and witnessed for the first time the dance called *La Ieta*, as performed among the Arragonesse peasantry.

The dance itself is full of spirit and originality; nor are the verses which M. Dembowski has preserved, and which were sung during the dance, unworthy of their accompaniment. So lively was the scene, that the writer declares, "Were I a physician, I would send any patients affected with spleen to spend a carnival at Ayerba, and if they did not return in love with life, I would pronounce them incurable." The appearance of the country around Ayerba was, however, by no means so peaceful.

"From Canfran we passed through an extremely beautiful district, but filled with villages which seem built on purpose to feed the civil war. They rise, for the most part, on strong and lofty situations, are entered only by one gate, and the houses which face the country are all embattled, and look like the wall of a fortification. A good painter would find, on the summit of the Sierra de Pequeras, materials for splendid panoramas, whether he looked on the imposing chain of the Pyrenees, or the gigantic rocks of Los Rigos, which appear like a colossal fortress rising from the midst of picturesque outworks. Not far from these rocks is an old and ruined tower, which marks the boundary of Upper Arragon."

While speaking on the subject of Upper Arragon, M. Dembowski mentions the excellent disposition of the mountaineers; and intimates that he obtained, by freely conversing with the villagers, not only a much better opinion of them as a class, but also a much more correct idea of the national character. "If ever," says he, "you journey in Arragon, beware of imitating the foolish reserve which marks the greater number of travellers." If you are in a *posada*, "sit by the people you find there, mingle in their conversations under the shade of those immense Arragonesse chimneys in which

an ox might be roasted whole, and you will never repeat it."

Our traveller entered Saragossa on the day after the *fête champêtre* described above; and as at that time there was no regular conveyance, a sort of carriage, very antediluvian in its character, was sent for from that city to fetch him and his companion. As they approached the termination of their drive, over a road as little conducive to comfort as the carriage in which the journey was performed, the enthusiasm of M. Dembowski's companion rose to a high pitch; they talked only of the sieges suffered by Saragossa in 1808 and 1809; had a vivid recollection of Agustina, the celebrated maid of Saragossa, so well known in England by the poetry of Byron, the painting of Wilkie, and the scarcely less vivid burin of Raimbach: and referred to another fair warrior, the Countess of Burita, who fought as a private soldier. The noted reply of Palafox to General Verdier, *Guerre al cuchillo*, was not forgotten; and even the expressive Spanish language failed to furnish words energetic enough for the feelings of the party. Every day spent in Spain proves how deeply the events of that memorable war are engraven upon the minds of the people, and it is certain that the good-will borne by all the best classes towards England, renders a visit to the peninsula, to an Englishman well introduced, an agreeable and useful excursion.

While looking at the Torre Nueva, the guide who accompanied M. Dembowski mentioned that that magnificent Arabic minaret had been used during the siege to give notice, by its bell, of bombardments. As soon as it tolled every eye was raised to watch the falling shells; and long after the siege, when the sound once so dreaded was heard, the inhabitants instinctively turned their eyes upwards, as though the French batteries were yet open upon them. He also instanced a circumstance in which, while it proved the gradual breaking up of the old Spanish customs, might be traced the progress of communion with the rest of Europe. Up to the year 1836, the police of Spain had been conducted on the old system by Alguacils, but then the national guard was placed in the position formerly occupied by the more antique-sounding officials. The custom of serenading, once so prevalent all over Spain, was not neglected in the province of Arragon, nor was it quite forgotten even during the continuance of civil war.

"Returning this evening from a walk about the city, I happened to meet in the street a young *mala-mor*, who was giving a serenade to his lady. My guide told me that before the national guard had been substituted for the old alguacils, it would have been impossible for us to have passed through the street till the '*rondalla*' was finished. We should have found the friends of the amorous troubador posted at each end, and ready to dispute the passage not only to strangers, but even to the inhabitants themselves. A pretension so extravagant gave cause not unfrequently to sanguinary conflicts, even under the windows of the serenaded lady, for the rival of the singer, if such there were, piqued himself as a point of honour to go and disturb the music."

Sometimes it happened that these conflicts would be suspended by mutual consent, and both parties would unite to oppose the *alguacils*, if these last attempted to interfere; but when the common enemy was beaten off, then the combatants returned to settle their own yet undecided difference. Now, however, the *ron-dalla*, as the Arragonese serenade is called, has lost its primitive character, and the streets are, though with much regret, left free for passengers.

From Saragossa the travellers proceeded by diligence to Madrid, not without great fears, for the Carlist forces were overrunning the whole country between Navarre and lower Arragon, and the first night they passed on the road amply justified their apprehensions. A few evenings previously the *posada* at which they rested had been surprised by a detachment of Carlists, and had it not been for the hardihood of the hostess, an Italian woman, the passengers would have fared badly. Advertised of the enemy's approach, she concealed her guests in a hay-loft, and taking away the key, she persisted resolutely in her refusal to betray them. This was a service by no means unattended with danger, for the chief of the band put his hand in the beds which had just been vacated by the trembling travellers, and finding them warm, demanded, with many threats, information where they were concealed. No small aggravation of misfortunes like these, were the *guerrilla* soldiers: in a great number of cases mere bandits, who availed themselves of the civil war to carry on their own operations, and who robbed and murdered alternately in the names of Carlos and Christina.

We pass from these adventures to the lively picture given by M. Dembowski of a Spanish diligence.

"The staff consists of a *mayoral*, or conductor, of a *zagal*, or aid, who sit together on a not very elevated seat, of a postboy, and a *birro*,—which last sits behind. In summer these all wear the genuine Andalusian costume; but at the present moment, covered as they are with sheepskins, they look exactly like so many Robinson Crusoes. The team consists of thirteen mules all bearing *noms de guerre*, which they will retain to their death; they are all close shaved, and the inexorable scissors of the *gitano*, which pass over their bodies twice a year, have left untouched only the end of the tail, at the root of which are left two tufts of hair, looking exactly like mustaches growing at the wrong end. This practice of shaving the mules must tend certainly to their comfort during the intense heat of summer, but in the cold and wet months of December, January, and February it is far otherwise. The mules are harnessed two and two, save the leader, on which the postboy sits; the only reins are attached to the wheelers; and the mules, ten in number, between the wheelers and the leader, are as independent as a tribe of Bedouins: habit only keeps them in their place."

The Spanish diligence must be somewhat of a noisy conveyance. It is put in motion by shouting, and its pace is kept up by a well-sustained conversation on the part of the *mayoral* with his numerous steeds. From time to time the *zagal* leaps from the bench on which he

sits, and without stopping the carriage, or even moderating the rate of progress, which is often a gallop, he rectifies any disorder that may take place in the rope harness, he springs back again with a single bound to his place when his object is accomplished, and helps the *mayoral* to talk to the mules. *Arri, Arri la Provinciala, ra ré-ri la Estudiante. Yo! Yo!* [here comes a cut with the long whip]. *Firme la Portuguesa! Oh! la la Alza macho caballo porre* (dog of a horse), the letter *r* is pronounced like the rolling of a drum. *Yo! todas yo!* concluding with a general fustigation. Thanks to these apostrophes, and to the three whips of the *mayoral*, the *zagal*, and the postboy, the diligence is by no means a slow conveyance, but will bear comparison with those of France.

The appearance of Madrid in 1838 was very melancholy: a great number of the ancient convents were pulled down by the municipality, and redoubts were built before the gates of the city, in anticipation of a visit from Don Carlos. The palaces of many *grandees* were closed on account of their owners' absence in France and England; the queen lived in great retirement; the diplomatic corps was distracted by jealousies, and the streets crowded with beggars. The only variation was during the carnival, in the gaieties of which M. Dembowski appears to have mingled to a considerable extent. Among the various masked balls which enlivened the capital at that period, the '*bales de la pinata*' appear to have been the most interesting. From the centre of the ceiling in the theatres were suspended three enormous balloons filled with all kinds of *bon-bons*, and at about two o'clock in the morning certain masquers were blindfolded and armed with long poles wherewith they might tilt at these balloons, while the orchestra accompanied their efforts with lively music. He who failed to hit the balloon was obliged to yield the pole to another candidate, until at last the silk was torn and the imprisoned sweetmeats showered down, for a universal scramble, upon the heads of the spectators.

Among the characters noticed by our tourist as peculiar to Madrid, are the *serenos*, who answer to the old English watchmen; they cry the hours and the quarters; and, under Ferdinand, they added their testimony in favour of unlimited monarchy, by shouting as they were ordered, for instance, *Son las doce. Estrellado y sereno. Viva el rey Neto*. 'Twelve o'clock. A fine starry night. Long live the absolute king!' Now, however, they cry, *Ave Maria purissima. Viva Isabel Segunda!* These personages wear a grey cloak, and carry a lantern and a pike. At the time of M. Dembowski's visit to Madrid there would seem to have been cause sufficient for these pikes, though he himself never met with any instance of danger. Great precautions were taken by the inhabitants; they opened their doors to no one without first reconnoitring the party from behind a grating, and as there were no porters, each person knocked so many times as was the number of his apartments: thus the '*logé au premier*' knocked twice; the '*logé au troisième*' four times; the party lodging on the ground-floor once.

We pass to a subject which, hideous as it is,

is not without its interest. During the abode of M. Dembowski in Madrid, he witnessed the execution of three persons, by means of the *Garota*, an iron collar fitted with a tourniquet which strangles the unhappy wearer. One of the criminals was an old woman, commonly called Tia Cotilla (Mother Whalebones): her real name was Maria de la Trinidad. In 1835, when nearly all the provinces of Spain were in arms against the Torreno ministry, there was some tumult in Madrid, and this woman, brandishing an enormous knife, had headed a furious body of rabble, and aided in the destruction of many of the military. In particular she was proved to have murdered a negro drummer, with the help of two men, named Garcia and Siete Iglesias; but she was not apprehended for three years. Justice, though slow, was in this case sure; and in May, 1838, all three were brought to trial and condemned. It was found that the wretched Cotilla had, after the murder of the negro, dipped her hands in the blood, and hastened to make the impression of them on the curtains of her bed, declaring that this would be the pleasantest object her eyes could rest upon, and that she hoped to die with the blood full in her view. After her condemnation, she appeared unchanged, and the '*Correo Nacional*' gives a frightful picture of her deportment in the condemned cell. We say condemned cell, but we ought rather to say condemned chapel, for the Spanish law requires that each criminal left for execution should pass the forty-eight hours immediately preceding in the chapel of the prison, attended by the ministers of religion. Executions in Madrid take place, not within the walls of the city, but in a void space without, an arrangement which might be adopted elsewhere with advantage. On the present occasion the whole populace was in motion; the character and exploits of la Tia Cotilla had long been the wonder of the manolos; and from a very early hour the Calle de Toledo, the Oxford-street of Madrid, was crowded in every part. The conversation among the spectators, and which was noted down subsequently by M. Dembowski, was very characteristic. The crimes of la Tia were viewed in a political, not a moral light; nor was she altogether without advocates, even amidst the general indignation.

"At this moment the prison-clock struck half-past eleven; the vast crowd was at once hushed to silence, and every eye was turned to the gates which had just opened. The procession issued forth, headed by an escort of mounted national guards; then came three of the 'brotherhood of peace and charity,' followed by ten more ranged in two files; the first three bearing the green scapulary and a rod covered with mystic emblems: the others carrying lighted torches of green wax: then followed an ass led by one of the attendants of the executioner, on which was placed Garcia, dressed in the attire prescribed for treasonable murderers, viz. a yellow robe and cap and large sackcloth trousers; round his neck he wore the scapularies of *la Virgen de la Soledad*, *la Virgen del Carmen*, and that of *la Passion*. On each side of the criminal walked a priest, who recited prayers; and the procession was closed by files of the 'brotherhood of peace and charity,' and by three alguacils with their long white wands."

The other criminals were escorted in like

manner. On the appearance of Cotilla the air was rent with imprecations, and some remarks were made by the manolos as to her personal attractions, rather marked by candour than politeness. *Que fea es la bruja!* 'How ugly the witch is!' was the most common. She, like her companions in crime and punishment, was placed astride on the ass; she was attired in the black robe of the sisters of charity, with a large white hood; she was attended by four priests, whose exhortations seemed confined to the point of her *forgiving her enemies*, i. e. the military, among whom were many of her victims; while a group of the 'brotherhood of peace and charity' gathered around her, and hid, as far as they could, from her view the national guard who escorted her. The curiosity of the crowd was extreme; those who were not in the front rank got on the shoulders of those who were; and all evinced as much eagerness to catch a glimpse of the distorted features of the wretched old woman, as though she had been an object of the most laudable interest.

"In the midst of a vast plain, covered with a dense mass of people, two companies of the 'regent's own,' and half a squadron of the royal guard, formed the sides of a square round the scaffold, which was ascended by a wooden ladder of about a dozen steps. On this platform were placed three posts, round each of which was adapted the 'garota,' and at the lower part a very narrow seat, and to the legs of which were attached cords to tie those of the criminals. At about twelve o'clock the executioner arrived, and after having inspected the instrument of punishment, descended to receive Garcia, whose *cortège* had reached the scaffold. As soon as he dismounted from his ass, he demanded his confessor, and spent some minutes with him; he then appeared quite resigned. The executioner placed him astride on the seat, and passed the garota round his neck, while an attendant bound his legs."

When these dismal preparations were finished, the priests began to repeat the creed, and at the words, 'Jesus Christ his only Son,' another priest flung a white cloth over the criminal.

"This was the signal for the executioner to set in motion the tourniquet: he did so: the scaffold trembled; and I heard distinctly a cracking of bones."

We pass the rest of the scene, and notice only the very curious accompaniment on the part of the 'parents and guardians,' who had brought their youthful charges to have their minds fortified against vice by the spectacle just described. No sooner was the cloth removed from the livid face of the dead, than a 'singular noise,' as M. Dembowski calls it, was heard all around; he soon discovered that men and women were universally employed in *boozing the children's ears*. His companion informed him, that this was the regular custom at executions, and that the object of it was to engrave on the tender memory the moral lesson just received. The execution of Maria de la Trinidad and Siete Iglesias (rather odd names for the scaffold, at least in English ears: the populace of London would be a little surprised, were they told, that *seven churches* were to be hanged in front of Newgate), offered no variations from the last. The woman ex-

claimed almost with her last breath, "No! I will never forgive my enemies;" and *Siete Iglesias* cited his judges to appear before the tribunal of heaven within the expiration of a year from that time. The bodies remained exposed for the rest of the day, and it was remarked that the features of *la Cotilla* had settled down after death into a most hideous expression of rage. At nightfall the 'brotherhood of peace and charity' came and removed them, dressed them in the Franciscan habit, and caused them to be interred in the 'Campo Santo.'

This fraternity is very ancient, and was established for the purpose of affording religious consolation to those condemned by the law to death. At one time, before the garota was substituted for the halter, they had this singular privilege, that if the rope chanced to break, and that one of the fraternity succeeded in touching the culprit, or throwing his mantle over him, before the executioner could again lay his hands on his prey, the man's life was saved, and he was sent to work out the remainder of it on the coast of Africa. This circumstance became, at one period, of so common occurrence, that an inquiry was made by government into the nature of the cords used, and it was found that they were often soaked in a corrosive liquid, and then dried before use. A decree was therefore issued, that no cord should be used for such purposes, save such as were strengthened by having leather thongs twisted with the strands; but this proved no security, and there seemed to be a fatality in the substances used for the purpose of suspension. At last the garota put a full stop to these exhibitions of philanthropy, and made the death of the plebeian convict as certain as that of the patrician whose crimes were punished by the axe.

At Segovia our author found many historical associations, and some very marvellous legends. One of the latter is worth preserving as a proof how, in the middle ages, the devil was a particularly short-sighted personage, and rarely entered into an engagement with mortals without being notoriously overreached: at least if we are to credit popular traditions. In England we are familiar with the adventure of Owen Glendower, who covenanted with Satan that he would surrender his soul to that potentate on condition of certain assistance, whether he were buried in a church or out of a church; the devil faithfully fulfilled his part of the agreement, as indeed according to the aforesaid traditions, he always does; but Owen was less upright and more crafty, for he evaded the performance of his covenant by causing himself to be buried under a church wall. The people of Segovia have a magnificent aqueduct built by the Romans, but to which they give various origins. Some, and these are the most numerous, call it *Puente del Diablo*, and say that the great personage whose name it bears fell in love with a young girl of Segovia, and by way of exchange for her affections, promised to perform for her any service she might require. She agreed, and said that as it fatigued her very much to fetch water every day, he should bring the water into the city for her. The poor simple credulous devil immediately went to work, and before

morning the aqueduct was constructed; but the lady had no idea of rewarding the labourer, so she found that one stone was deficient, and threw the cause into the ecclesiastical court, which, as any reasonable devil might have foreseen, nonsuited the diabolical plaintiff, and almost canonized the faithless lady.

On the eve of M. Dembowski's setting out for Andalusia, one Don Gil Asinelli, a corpulent dancing-master, who had a little troubled him by civilities at Madrid, paid him a farewell visit and made an harangue which ought to be given in Spanish, as it is quite evident that no other language can do justice to it.

"Senor Don Carlos, I entertain for you an esteem the most profound. You are about to journey in Andalusia: you cannot therefore do without the complete equipment of a *majo*. I have visited several warehouses of my acquaintance, without finding anything worthy to be worn by you. In my desire to see you well served, and without having to pay too much for it, I have decided, therefore, to decline in your favour a most elegant *majo* costume which I have myself worn on the stage at Barcelona."

Whereupon he unfastened his bundle and displayed all its contents to the best advantage: finally fixing a price upon them, and then taking his hat and walking away, without giving the baron time to decline the proposed purchase.

Willingly would we make further extracts from a book written in so pleasant a spirit, but time and space have their limits, and we must bring our observations to a close. They who read the little volume of M. Dembowski will rise from its perusal with a feeling of respect for the Spanish character, and admiration of Spanish conduct, which the circumstances of the Carlist war will rather enhance than diminish.

Carl Sigonius. By Dr. J. P. KREBS. Frankfurt: Brönnar. 1842.

The third centenary of the foundation of the Weiburg Gymnasium having been held on the 15th of October, 1840, Dr. Krebs, who seems the most amiable, hearty, and good-natured of philologists, and who is the *Ober-Schulrath* of the establishment, set his wits to work to find a fitting subject for a treatise, that should perpetuate so memorable an occasion. At last he recollected that a life of Sigonius, a star of the first magnitude among the revivers of learning in the sixteenth century, which he had published in Latin, in 1837, had met with a very favourable reception, and hence he thought that a German adaptation of this biography would be the very thing. For the doctor shrewdly surmised that as there were many who could not read Latin just as fluently as their mother tongue, these would probably choose rather to remain ignorant altogether of the life of the great Sigonius, than to take the trouble of penetrating the Roman husk; while he admitted at the same time, a great admission for one of his craft, that there had been Latin treatises enough. The life of the indefatigable Sigonius from his birth, at Modena, in 1523; to his death, in 1584,

in the vicinity of that town, therefore appears in a German shape; the old philologist and antiquary being held up in the title-page as 'a pattern for all students.' The biography, which is very short, but which is very fully illustrated by historical notes, and is followed by a list of the works of Sigonius, and the different editions of them that have appeared, is an invaluable contribution to the history of the revival of learning.

Atlante Linguistico d'Europa. (A Language Atlas of Europe.) By B. BIONDELLI. Vol. I. Milano. 1841.

We cannot but congratulate Italian literature on the appearance of a work like the present, and hope that the subsequent portions may be worthy of the first, which is only intended to be an introductory volume. The author has thoroughly studied his subject, and has availed himself of the researches of many of the Germans who have laboured most diligently in the investigation of this department of man's history. He has never, however, allowed his erudition to obscure his style, which is clear and agreeable; and some omissions, which may be pointed out in this introductory epitome of the whole work, may easily be supplied as the remaining volumes are going through the press.

Mr. Biondelli divides the Indo-European languages into eleven families: the Indian, the Persian, the Gaelic, the Cymrish, the Albanian, the Greek, the Latin, the German, the Scandinavian, the Slavonian, and the Lettish. Each of these is treated of separately, and the best authorities are indicated to those who wish to study the subject more in detail.

In his classification of the Indian languages, Biondelli has still much to learn from the Germans. He falls into the old error of supposing the Sanscrit to have been, even in its origin, not the general language of a nation, but the dialect of a class; for a language used only by the learned we should scarcely be disposed to qualify otherwise than as a dialect. He attributes also to the Arabic far too extensive an influence over the modification of oriental languages. The native country of the Lingua Zingarica, or gipsy dialect, he places with great confidence on the Northern banks of the Indus, and promises in the course of his work to enter more fully into this question. The Cingalese he ranges among the Sanscrit dialects and in this he is at direct variance with Clough and Rask.

Among his authorities relative to the Persian family, Seyffarth and Beer are omitted. The original home of the Persian he places in Bactria. He differs with some of the best German inquirers in the same field with respect to the origin of the Pelvi, which he looks on as the parent of the Persian.

In pointing out the vast extent over which the Celtic races were formerly spread, Illyria and other portions of south-eastern Europe ought not to have been forgotten. Biondelli gives some interesting details relative to the Celtic settlements formed in some parts of America, where the original language and manners are maintained to

the present day. The attempt to divide the Celtic into two families—Gaelic and Cymrish—will scarcely succeed; and though the Celts may, at an early period, have found their way to America, yet to derive their language thence, is a somewhat hardy speculation.

The suggestions relative to the Albanian race are bold, new, and well deserving of attentive consideration. Here, indeed, Biondelli is more at home than among the Celts and the Indians. He supposes the Albanian, at one time, to have been spread over the whole of south-eastern Europe.

Our author values somewhat too highly the antique purity of the Islandic, and, still more that of the modern Frisian; but his frank researches into the dialects and literature of the German and Slavonian tribes are far beyond what we could have expected from an Italian.

These brief remarks do but scant justice to a work like the present, but when one or two more volumes have appeared, we shall not fail to return to Mr. Biondelli's erudite inquiries.

The present volume is accompanied by the first part of an atlas, containing, among others, two maps entitled *Regno delle Lingue Indo-Europee*, and *Prospetto Tipografico delle Lingue parlate in Europa*. To the first is added a comprehensive and convenient tabular survey of the Indo-European languages. The work, when complete, is likely to be voluminous, for the author's plan is extremely comprehensive: being divided into no less than seventeen distinct sections, while to these a *Conclusion* is to be added.

1. *Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts.* (Fragments from the Biography of a Scamp.) By JOSEPH BARON VON ERCHENDORFF. Berlin. 1842.
2. *Wien vor vierhundert Jahren.* (Vienna Four Centuries ago.) A Novel in 2 volumes, by EDWARD BREUER. Vienna. 1842.
3. *Der Missionär.* (The Missionary.) A Novel, by A. VON STERNBERG. Leipzig. 1842.
4. *Die Familie Treuenfels.* (A Tale of the Thirty Years' War.) By M. RICHTER. Leipzig. 1841.
5. *Novellen.* (Tales.) By BRUNS HENRIOW. Leipzig. 1841.
6. *Historischer Roman.* (An Historical Novel.) By FR. LUBOWATZKY. Vols. I. and II. Grimsa. 1841.
7. *Das Blutende Herz von Christburg.* (The Bleeding Heart of Christburg.) An Historical Novel of the Olden Time of Prussia. By FERDINAND SCHREIBER. Meissen. 1841.
8. *Graf Ladroni, oder die Todtenkrone.* An Historical and Romantic Picture of the Times of the Thirty Years' War. By KARL SCHUBERT. Leipzig. 1841.
9. *Die Schwarzen Hussaren.* (The Black Hussars.) By AUGUST LAIBROCK. Leipzig. 1841.
10. *Xenia, Töchter des Grossfürsten Boris Godunow von Russland.* (Xenia, Daughter of the Grand Duke Godunow of Russia.) By J. SARTORI. Danzig. 1842.
11. *Aus der Schule des Lebens.* (From the

- School of Life.) By A. QUEDNOW. Stuttgart. 1842.
12. *Leichen, oder Erziehungsergebnisse.* (The Result of Education.) By DR. SCHRIF. Hamburg. 1841.
13. *Der Kerkermeister.* (The Gaoler.) By F. M. WANGENHEIM. Leipzig. 1842.
14. *Die Seelenverkäufer.* (The Soul Sellers.) By F. M. WANGENHEIM. 3 vols. Brunswick. 1841.
15. *Myosotis.* By AMELIA VON SCHOPPE, geborne Weise. Leipzig. 1841.
16. *Die Verwandten in Copenhagen.* (Our Relations in Copenhagen.) By PENSOROSO. 3 vols. Leipzig. 1841.
17. *Ibrahim Pascha.* An Historical Picture of the Seventeenth Century. By GEORGE. Leipzig. 1841.
18. *Die Marquise de Noverre.* By M. DOERING. Leipzig. 1842.
19. *Novellen.* (Tales.) By JULIUS SKIDLITZ. Leipzig. 1842.
20. *Hygea und Eros. Ein Cyklus interessanter Badegeschichten von BOHEMUS.* 3 vols. Leipzig. 1842.
21. *Mein Wanderbuch.* (My Roadbook.) By C. HÄRLOSSOHN. 2 vols. Leipzig. 1842.
22. *Grenzer, Narren, und Lootsen.* (Borderers, Fools, and Pilots.) By ERNST WILLKOMM. 2 vols. Leipzig. 1842.
23. *Erzstufen für 1842.* (A Collection of Tales.) By IDA FRICK. Dresden. 1842.
24. *Die Bandomire.* By HEINRICH LAUBE. 2 vols. Mitau. 1842.
25. *Die drei Schwestern.* (The Three Sisters.) A Novel, by CHR. LYNE. Leipzig. 1842.
26. *Das Schloss Loevestein im Jahre 1570.* (The Castle of Loevestein in 1570. An Historical Novel of the Eighty Years' War.) By J. VAN DER HAEG. 3 vols.
27. *Skizzen aus der vornehmen Welt.* (Sketches of High Life.) Vol. I. Breslau. 1842.
28. *Abendfahrten auf den Lagenen.* (Evening Excursions on the Lagoons.) An Historical Novel, from the papers of a celebrated Cantatrice, by GEORGE LOTZ. 3 vols. Hamburg. 1842.
29. *Das Tyroler Bauernspiel.* (The Peasant Game of the Tyrol.) Characteristic Pictures of the years from 1809 to 1816. 2 vols. Magdeburg. 1841.
30. *Vier und zwanzig Stunden.* (Twenty-four Hours.) By C. DRÄKLER-MANFELD. Leipzig. 1842.
31. *Die Juden und die Kreuzfahrer in England, unter Richard Löwenherz.* (The Jews and the Crusaders in England, under Richard Cœur de Lion.) By EUGEN REHPART. 2 vols. Leipzig. 1841.
32. *Don Carlos, Prätendent von Spanien.* (Don Carlos, the Spanish Pretender.) By H. E. R. BELANI. 3 vols. Leipzig. 1842.
33. *Der Zögling der Natur.* (The Pupil of Nature.) A Novel, by L. MUEHLBACH. Altona. 1842.
34. *Gesammelte Novellen* (The Collected Tales) of FRANZ BERTHOLD. Edited by LUDWIG TIECK. 2 vols. Leipzig. 1842.

Among the tales and novels of which the titles

have here been enumerated, there are many of which it would be most charitable to say nothing, and of which the only redeeming quality is their brevity. The German novelist is not bound, like his fellow-labourer in London, to the prescribed length of three volumes, but may make his story as short or as long as he will, limiting himself, at his pleasure, to two volumes, to one, or even sending his little narratives out to the world by six or eight at a time, when each is too diminutive to be ushered forth by itself. In the above list, there are but few tales that occupy more than one volume, and that volume is mostly a dwarf compared to the bulky tomes issued in such quick succession from the factories of Marlborough-street or Burlington-street.

The Baron von Eichendorff's *Scamp* is but a half-and-half vagabond. The German word *Taugenichts* is far too severe for him, for the fellow is good for something; he can play the fiddle, and not only earn his own livelihood, but afford good entertainment to the Baron's readers. Eichendorff was hardly the man to paint a scamp; for the worst scamp, in passing through his hands, had certainly been converted into something upon which, though we might not esteem it, we should be sure to look indulgently. Eichendorff has long been an active contributor to the light literature of his country; and all his works, whether in verse or prose, preserve the same good-humoured, easy-going character that has recommended him to the kindness and indulgence of idle and uncritical readers. The Baron wants vigour, and many things beside; but he has a certain grace and humorous badinage, which appear nowhere to more advantage than in his smaller poems, of which a collection was published at Berlin in 1837. The tale now before us is neatly told; but, if we mistake not, has been printed before, and that nearly twenty years ago. The present edition has nothing new about it, we believe, but the clever illustrations from the pencil of Schrödter, of Düsseldorf.

Sternberg's 'Missionary' is a Moravian, who wanders forth on his mission of love to the new world. The scene opens immediately after the death of Zinzendorf, the founder of the sect, who at his death bequeathed his spiritual authority over his disciples to his daughter Sarah. At least the elders of the sect had not been able to gather more than that, from the feeble and imperfectly articulated words of the dying man. Zinzendorf, however, had left three daughters, each named Sarah, and the difficulty was, to know which of them the father had intended for his successor. The elders, after much deliberation, decided in favour of the youngest, a widow residing in Paris, who made her appearance among the plain and unsophisticated flock of Zinzendorf, with a splendid equipage, and a host of servants. The embarrassments of the lady herself in so unsuitable a situation, and still more the embarrassments of the flock, have been woven by the author into an interesting narrative, well worthy of the repute he had before acquired.

Sternberg has now been about ten years before the German public as a novelist. His first

work was *Fortunat*, a fairy tale, which has been rapidly followed by a multitude of tales, none of which can be said to betray any marks of the haste with which they must have been prepared for the press. His *Die Zerrissenen* had a great success, and the word itself became a password in familiar conversation throughout Germany. His *Lessing* has likewise enjoyed popularity, notwithstanding its constant violation of local and historical truth. His *Molière*, intended as a companion to *Lessing*, was, comparatively speaking, a failure. But in all his works we find good taste and a fertility of invention, while his dialogues are full of spirit, and often the happiest aphorisms are put into the mouths of his characters. It is in his shorter tales, however, that Sternberg is most happy; when he has attempted to expand his subject into a novel of several volumes, he has seldom been equally successful.

The Family of Treuenfels is from the pen of an author who after a long interval comes again before the public, but with a work by no means calculated to support his former reputation. Something better might have been expected from one to whom we owe the *Old Man of Fronteja*, and *Kurt der Jägerburche*.

Lubojatzky's Historical Novel is a striking and well-drawn picture of the state of society in Paris before the revolution of 1830. The conclusion of the work is yet to come; and though there can be little of suspense as to the winding up of a tale founded on events of such recent date, we must condemn this piecemeal system of publication. Who will not have forgotten the incidents of the first two volumes when the third appears?

Xenia is from a well-known pen, but will not add to the reputation of the authoress. Sartori is only an assumed name; the lady's real name is Neumann.

The School of Life, by Quednow, appears to be the *coup d'essai* of a young author, who possesses information and good perceptive power, but after making an excellent plot, has spoiled it in the working out. There is much that is really promising in this little tale.

Blood, murder, robbery, incest, perjury, seduction, madness, blasphemy, and bombast, are mingled in edifying confusion to make up Wangenheim's *Gaoler*, a concatenation of horrors suited to the morbid taste of a certain class of readers, but utterly revolting to common sense and good feeling.

Dr. Schiff's novel of *Linchen* deserves notice only on account of the dishonest manner in which the author and the public have been dealt with by the publisher. Dr. Schiff some years ago published a tale under the title of *Lie Ohrfeige*. The thing had no more success than it deserved, but the copyright having passed in due time into the hands of another bookseller, a new titlepage was printed, and the old tale put forward under the new title of *Linchen*. The author published a declaration in the newspapers, with a view to exonerate himself from all participation in so gross a fraud; but the speculating man of trade came forth with a rejoinder, in which he insinuated that the author had been a consenting party to the trick. A

fraud precisely similar has been played by another German bookseller with August Lewald's *Seydelmann und das deutsche Schauspiel*, which has just been brought out as a new book, under the title of *Seydelmann, ein Erinnerungsbuch für seine Freunde*.

Amalia von Schoppe's novels already fill from 120 to 130 volumes, though the lady has scarcely been more than fifteen years before the public; and though she is a woman of talent, it is not surprising that her works should be hastily planned and very imperfectly finished. The collection of tales published under the title of 'Myosotis,' bears the usual characteristics of Amalia's former writings. Her historical tales show extensive reading, and just enough power to make us regret that so little pains should be expended on them. Among her writings none is calculated to excite more interest than the *Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben*, published in 1838, in which there is no doubt, her own history is represented under that of Clementine. If so, she presents herself to the public as a woman of no ordinary character, intelligent, but unimpassioned, of a frank and energetic disposition, and devoid of prudery and false sentiment. A son of Amalia von Schoppe, we perceive, has lately come before the public as a translator from the French.

Mein Wanderbuch is a lively story enough, with some good pictures of modern manners.

Willkomm is a favourite, and deservedly. He is most successful where a bold landscape forms the background to his pictures. His borderers, on the present occasion, are the mountaineers between Bohemia and Lusatia; his pilots are the denizens of the island rock Heligoland.

Ida Frick's writings, so far as literary worth goes, cannot be ranked above the commonplace, but it is impossible not to sympathize with her evident wish to raise her own sex by an improved system of education. She is an advocate for female emancipation, but her object is not a subversion of existing social relations. She envies her male friends the greater freedom they enjoy, but does so only because she sees in that freedom the means of obtaining greater knowledge, and a more vigorous development of mind. This longing to overbound the limits prescribed to the sphere of woman, is in our authoress free from all frivolity, and seems to be the result of a feeling that has manifested itself only at a mature period of life. In the collection of tales here presented to us, there is little either to praise or condemn.

The *Bandomire* is an excellent subject well treated; the story is full of happy situations, and the interest admirably sustained to the last. The provincial history of Courland, where the scene is laid, is turned to good account, but more skill might have been shown in blending the fictitious with the historical portion of the novel. Laube, the author, is one of the writers of 'Young Germany.' He has had the honour of being thrown into prison; and, as all his works were prohibited, they had for several years to be published anonymously; but Laube has outlived the days of persecution, his former offences are forgotten, and he is now known, less as a political demagogue, than as one of the best

talé-writers of his time. Among his most successful works are: *Das junge Europa*, *Die Schauspielerinn*, *Moderne Charakteristiken*, and his *Görres und Athanasius*, a pamphlet on the religious disputes raised by the collision between the King of Prussia and the Archbishop of Cologne.

Das Schloss Loevestein is a translation from the Dutch. The novel appeared in Holland in 1839, and its great success there has caused several translations to appear simultaneously in Germany. The work is unquestionably one of very high merit, but there is no probability that it will ever excite anywhere else the interest which has been manifested for it in Holland.

The authoress of *Sketches of High Life* and of *Schloss Goczyn* may be reckoned among the best living lady writers of Germany. This first volume of a new series comprises the history of a young authoress, who is introduced to us under the name of Maria von Unruh. The scene is laid at the country-seat of a nobleman, where the young lady is expected as a visitor. A strong prejudice is awakened against her. Among some she is disliked merely because she writes; others are determined to keep aloof from her because they expect to find her supercilious and vain. Among those most prejudiced is the young Count of Solms. Maria appears, and her gentle and unaffected manners win for her every heart. The young Count becomes her warm admirer, offers her his hand, is accepted, and then seeks to extort from her a promise not again to write. Maria feels the demand as an insult, refuses to unite her fate with one who thus intimates a condemnation of her former career, and is soon convinced that what she had taken in herself for love, was merely admiration of the Count's personal advantages and agreeable manners. The Count travels away to digest his mortification, and the young lady is soon taught to distinguish between real affection and a passing caprice. Several secondary characters are grouped around the principal personages, and the whole forms an extremely pretty tale.

The works of Georg Lotz are certainly common-place, but the wonder is that a man who throughout the greater part of his life has been blind and deprived of the use of all his limbs, should not only hold his place among the fertile novelists of the day, but should for several years past have edited a periodical, a great part of which is entirely of his own composition. The constant occupation in which his mind is thus kept, has prevented him from sinking into despondency, and strangers who visit him are astonished at the cheerful and lively conversation of one, who, unable to stir from his chair without assistance, and unblessed with the light of heaven, continues, nevertheless, by his mental exertions, to maintain himself and his family in honourable comfort. It has been the fortune of Lotz to find in his wife, a woman who, since he was overtaken by affliction, has softened the bitter cup by the most unremitting devotion. His amanuensis and his nurse alternately, she passes nearly every moment of the day by his side, and though she declines every invitation that would for a moment remove her from the

performance of a never-ceasing task, she does not fail to make her house as attractive as her means allow, to those who by visiting her husband, relieve in some measure the monotony of his life. Lotz's writings, as we have said, do not rise above mediocrity, but who could have the heart to judge otherwise than indulgently, of what has been written under circumstances apparently so adverse to literary composition?

The *Tyroler Bauernspiel* is a work of merit by an anonymous author, who evidently knows the Tyrol well. Andreas Hofer, and the other heroes of the Tyroless war, are sketched with a bold and animated pencil, and the local dialect and picturesque scenery are turned to good account.

Deutsche Dichter des Gegenwart. (German Poets of the Present Time.) By AUGUSTUS NODNAGEL. Darmstadt: Diehl. 1842.

AMONG the difficulties which offer themselves to the student of a foreign literature, none are greater than that of knowing what is actually going on at the present time, and the opinion which is entertained of modern poets in their own country. M. Nodnagel's book, if continued in the manner in which it is begun (for it is published in numbers) will be found even more useful in England than in his own country. He gives a biography of the German poets of the day, with specimens of their works: illustrated with copious notes, and a *resumé* of all the critiques upon them, *pro* and *con*, which have appeared in the various periodicals. Thus, with a very little trouble, is the reader put into the possession of a quantity of information, which, without such assistance, it would be impossible to obtain. The first number treats of Freiligrath and Eidendorff, and a notice of the most celebrated living poets is promised.

Die Deutschen und Franzosen, nach dem Geiste ihrer Sprachen und Spruchwörter. (The Germans and French, according to the Spirit of their Languages and Proverbs.) By J. VENEDEY. Heidelberg: Winter. 1842.

THIS is a very smart and ingenious little work, though we are at a loss to decide whether the author is propounding a serious theory, or whether he is attempting an elaborate sport. The view he maintains is, that the language of a nation being its heart, and the proverbs being the veins to carry the blood into all parts of its body, it is in these that the true essence of the people is to be sought: in less metaphorical terms, that the peculiarities of a nation are immediately represented by those of the language and popular sayings, and that therefore these may be consulted as the true index of national character. The theory is followed out with much acuteness, first through the language, and then through the proverbs, of the Germans and the French.

Thus, the French are shown to be less meta-

physical than the Germans, by the fact that they have no neuter gender. They could only grasp at the more material division into male and female, and not conceive that a spiritual glance, like that of the Germans, might distinguish a third category. When the vicissitudes of weather occur, the Frenchman is obliged to say, *Il tonne, il neige*, the pronoun 'il' meaning 'he'; while the Germans and English are enabled to throw a veil over the mystical cause of these events, by saying, '*Es donnert, es schneit*,' *It thunders, it snows*. The grammatical forms of the French verbs reveal new truths to M. Venedey. Such niceties as the distinction between '*J'avais reçu*' and '*J'eus reçu*' are unknown to the English, Germans, and ancient Romans, but belong to the French, Spaniards, and modern Italians. This shows a strong resolution in the latter nations to bind the past to the present as long as they can: these subdivisions of the past being so many cords, that it may not be let slip. On the contrary, the French language is poor in its future forms, and the

Frenchman, if he entertains a conditional wish, must use a present or past phraseology, and say, '*Si j'ai*,' or "*Si j'avais*," while the German has a conditional future accurately expressed, namely, '*Wenn ich diess haben werde*.' From this peculiar attachment both of the past and the future to the present, we gather the principle of French life: immediate enjoyment. The past is divided to connect it to the present, and the future is hastily anticipated.

This is a pretty good specimen of the author's method of reasoning, a method which he pursues at some length in treating of the national proverbs. By thus pointing out the great difference of the two nations, he does not mean to fan the flame of mutual hostility, but, on the contrary, to bind them in friendly union, by showing that one possesses what the other wants. The book, even if in earnest, is a fanciful one; but, as it is well managed, and written in a lively, 'Young Germany' kind of style, it will well repay an evening's perusal.

TABLES OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

If the recentness of Russian Literature, and the difficulty of acquiring the language, have occasioned it to be passed almost unnoticed by those who profess to give the history of European literature generally, the same reasons can be only in part assigned as the cause of like neglect with regard to that of Poland. What has been called the 'golden age' of Polish Literature, was the sixteenth century. The language had then been developed, fixed, and polished; and, so far, the Polish writers of that period were on a par with the contemporary English ones of our own Elizabethan age. Unknown, too, as their vernacular productions were to other countries, the elegant Latinity of its scholars vindicates Poland from the reproach of unlettered barbarism. The name of Sarbiewski, familiar to almost every student, fully rivals those of Vida, and other illustrious writers of 'Leo's golden days.' The Polish language itself has of late years had a fulness and power infused into it, which it did not before possess; and casting off the trammels of French models, and of the correct but tame and frigid school of classical imitation, the literature is now displaying great energy, and no little activity. Mickiewicz is confessedly a master spirit; not only a great Polish, but a great European poet: one whose celebrity has extended afar, and will remain permanent.

The present Table is by no means so complete as could be wished. It contains but few dates of births, and some of those of deaths, indicated by an * prefixed, are to be considered doubtful. Copious as it is in regard to names, Juszyński's "Dykcyonarz Poetow Polskich" has proved of little assistance to the compiler, for it is more of a bibliographical than a biographical work: besides which, although published in 1820, it does not come down to that period by about a century. In like manner Bentkowski's 'Historia' is far more of a systematized bibliography, than of a history. Neither do Krasicki's brief notices of Polish writers, or similar articles in the 'Mala Encyklopedya Polska,' furnish many dates; and unlike the 'Conversations-Lexicon,' the 'Encyklopedya' gives no account whatever of living writers, relative to whom information would be most welcome. Wisniewski's 'History of Polish Literature' will be most interesting and valuable should it be continued as it has begun. At present it is no more than a beginning, and upon such a scale that many years must elapse before it can be completed.

POLISH LITERATURE.

SIXTEENTH TO NINETEENTH CENTURY.

DIED.		BORN.	
1537	{ Krzycki, Andrzej, Abp. }	1485	{ His writings chiefly in Latin.
1543	{ of Gniezno }	1516	{ Latin Poetry, &c.
1543	{ Janicki, Klemens }	1473	{ Celebrated Astronomer. See
1548	{ Kopernik (Copernicus) }		{ <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1548	{ Nicolaus }		
1572, July 2	{ <i>Sigismund I., dies</i> }		
	{ <i>Sigismund Augustus Jagielonczyk,</i> }		
1573, Feb. 26	{ Samborczyk, Greg. }		{ Great patron of letters.
1575	{ Bielski, Martin }	1500	{ Eminent writer of Latin Poetry.
1580	{ Gornicki, Lucas }	1520	{ A History of Poland, the first written in the language.
1584, Sept. 22	{ Kochanowski, Jan. }	1530	{ History, &c. "Dworzanin," an imitation of Castiglione's "Cortegiano."
1584	{ Trzecieński, Andr. }		{ Called the "Father of Polish Poetry." See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1585	{ Dlugosz (Longinus) }		
1586	{ Stephen Batori }	1533	{ History.
1600*	{ Kochanowski, Piotr. }		
1600*	{ Rybinski, Jan. }		{ Translated Tasso and Ariosto. Eminent Poet.

DIED.		BORN.	
1608	Nagiewicz, Ray of		Moral and Philosophical Poetry.
1608	{ Klonowicz, Fabian Sebastian }	1551	Latin and Polish Poetry, Elegies, Lyrics, &c.
1609	Wolbramczyk, Jan.	1560	Poetry.
1610, Feb. 2	Treter, Thomas		Latin Poetry: "Theatrum Virtutum Cardinalis Hosii," with 100 plates, engraved by himself, Rome, 1588.
1612	Krasinski, Jan.		"Polonia," a geographical description of Poland, &c.
1616	Gorski, Simon	1589	Poetry.
1616	Petrycy, Sebastian		Translated Horace, Aristotle's Ethics, &c.
1625	Dambrowski, Samuel	1577	Religious Poetry, &c.
1629	{ Bendonsky, Szymon Szymonowicz }	1557	His "Sielanki," or Pastorals, highly esteemed.
1629, Aug. 21	Zimorowicz, Szymon	1604	Pastoral Poetry, "Sielanki," &c.
1632	Sigismund III.		
1643	Knapaki, Gregorz		Philology; Polish, Greek, and Latin Dictionary.
1644	{ Grochowski, Stanisł. Abp. of Lwow }	About 1570	Sacred Poetry, &c.
1649*	Zwardowski, Sam.		Descriptive Poetry.
1650*	Otwinowski, Waleryan		Translations from Virgil and Ovid.
1652	Brocki, Jam.	1571	An eminent scholar. Poetry, &c.
1655	Opalinsky, Christopher		Satires, "Juvenalis Redivivus," &c.
1665	{ Sarbiewski, Maciej }		Very eminent Latin Poet. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1669	{ Kazimierz }		
1670*	Jan Casimir abdicates.		"Dworzanski," or Epigrams, Pastorals, &c.
1670*	Gawinski, Jan	1608	History. "Hist. Lithuania." Ethics, History, &c.
1677	Kojalowicz, Wojciech		History, Lyric Poetry, &c.
1679	Fredro, Maximilian		Translations from Claudian, Statius, &c.
1685	Kochowski, Wespazyan		Poetry. Translations in Verse of Barclay's "Argenia."
1685*	{ Ustrzycki, Jędrze Wincenty }		
1693	Potocki, Wacław		Religious Poetry, both Latin and Polish.
1696	Jan Sobieski.		Various Works, both in Prose and Verse.
1702	{ Lubomirski Stanisł. }		Poetry. Translations of Lucan's "Pharsalia," &c.
1702	{ Heracilius }		"Adventures of Telemachus," in verse. Many other Productions, in prose and verse.
1704	Zawadzki, Benedykt	1652	Satires, and other Works.
1717	{ Chroscinski, Albert }		Latin Poetry, &c.
1717	{ Stanisław }		Celebrated Poetess. See <i>For. Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1731	{ Jablonowski, Jan Stanisław }		
1750*	Poninski, Antoni		Poetry.
1760*	Skop, Jerzy Karol	Aged 84	Polish Legislation. Organized the public schools.
1763	Drusbacks, Elizabeth	1693	A patriotic encourager of literature.
1763	Augustus III.		Religious and Polemical Writings, &c. See <i>For. Quart.</i> vol. xxv.
1764	{ Stanislaus, Aug., elected. }		Bibliography and Literary History.
1766	{ Jablonowski, Jozef }		The "Organ," an heroic-comic Poem; "Pygmalion," "Lyrical Drama," &c.
1773, Sept. 8	{ Alexander }		Historical Painter.
1773, Sept. 8	Konarski, Stanisław	1700.	
1774, Jan. 7	{ Zaluski, Andrej. Bishop }	1701	
1779, Nov. 28	Rzewuski, Wenceslaus	1705	
1780	Janocki, Daniel		
1787	{ Wengierski, Thos. Kajetan }	1755	
1788	Czechowicz, Szymon	1705	

DIED.		BORN.	
1790	Bohomolec, Franciszek		Dramatist. "History of the Polish Stage."
1791*	Zablocki, Franciszek		Comedies, Pastoral Poetry, &c.
1793	{ Stanislaus Aug. abdi- cates. }		
1796	Kluk, Krzysztof	1729	Natural History, Zoology, and Botany.
1796	{ Narussewicz, Adam, Bishop }	1755, Nov. 20	Numerous Literary Works. Poetry, Satires, &c. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1796	Minasowicz, J. Epif.	1718	Poetry.
1801	Chodowiecki, Dan. Mic.	1726	Celebrated Engraver.
1801	Szymanowski, Jozef	1748	Poetry. "Letters on Taste," Translation of Voltaire's "Zadig."
1802	{ Krasicki, Ignatius, Bishop of Warmia }	1734	The "Polish Voltaire." See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1807	Kniasznin, Dyonizius	1750	Drama, and Lyric Poetry. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1808, Aug.	{ Albertrandy, Jan Chrzciel, Bishop }	1731	History and Antiquities.
1808	Dmochowski, Francis		Translated Homer, Virgil, and Young's "Night Thoughts," &c. See <i>For. Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1808	Godebski, Col.	About 1739	Patriotic and Martial Poetry.
1809	Bielawski, Jozef		Dramatic writer.
1810	Drozdzowski, Jan.		Comedy, Poetry, &c.
1812	Kolontaj, Hugo		History, Politics, &c. His "History of My Own Times," and some works, remain unpublished.
1812	{ Trembecki, Stanis- law }	1737	Lyrical and Descriptive Poetry, "Zofiowka," &c.
1812	Rynlewski		Poetry.
1812	Brodzinski, Andrej.		Poetry.
1813, Feb. 8	Czacki, Count Tadeusz	1765, Aug. 8	Jurisprudence, &c. "O Prawach Polskich," "O Zydach."
1817	Kopczynski, Onufra	1735	Philology, Polish Language, &c.
1818	Danbrowski		
1819	{ Boguslawski, Con- stant }	1751	Biography, "Zycia Slawnych Polakow," &c.
1820	Karpinski, Franciszek	1741, Nov. 4	Poetry, Hymns, Translations of the Psalms, &c. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1820	Felinski, Aloizy		Poetry and Drama. His tragedy, "Barbara Radziwillowna," a celebrated production.
1820	Potocki, Ct. Stanislaw	1759	Eloquence. Biographical Eloges, translated Winckelmann.
1822	Molaki, Martin	1751	Lyric Poetry. Translation of <i>Æneid</i> .
1823	{ Czartoryski, Prince Adam }	1731, Dec. 1	Science and Literature. Comedies.
1825	Bohusz, Xavier	1748, Jan. 1	History and Antiquities.
1826	Staszyc, Stanislaw	1755	Poetry, Geology, &c.
1826, May 2	Malczewski, Antoni	1792	Poetry. "Marya," &c. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1826	{ Ossolinski, Ct. Ten- czin }	1746	"Notices of Polish Authors," &c. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1829	Boguslawski, Albert	1753	Celebrated Actor and Dramatic Writer, "Dziecla Dramatyczne," 9 vols. Warsaw, 1820. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1829, Dec. 4	{ Woronicz, Jan, Archbp. of Warsaw }	1757	"Kazania czyli Nauki" (Sermons), "Sybilla," and other Poems, Prose Works. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1833	Garczynski, Stefan.		

DIED.		BORN.	
1834, Dec. 20	Mochnecki, Maurice	1804	History and Criticism. "O Literaturze Polskiej," &c. As a critic, a supporter of Romanticism.
1835, June 17	{ Czartoryska, Princess Isabella }	1743	A magnificent work on "Gardens." See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1835	Bandtke, Sam.		History, &c. "Dzieje Narodu Polskiego."
1835	Brodzinski, Casimir		Celebrated Poet and Prose-writer. "Zbior Pism Pro-zowych," or Literary and Critical Miscellanies, &c. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
1836	Bernatowicz		Distinguished Novelist. His "Potata" esteemed a standard authority for language.
1838	Ossinski, Louis		Drama and Criticism.
1841	{ Niemcewicz, Julian, Ursin }	1767	"Spiewy Historyczne," very popular; "Lezba and Siora," "Jan z Tezyna," an historical romance; Life of Sigismund III.; "Visit to Gen. Washington;" Fables, Dramatic Pieces, &c. &c. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
	Baindecki, Jan		Astronomy and Mathematics.

LIVING WRITERS, &c.

		BORN.	
Bentkowski, Felix			"History of Polish Literature," a work chiefly bibliographical.
Bielowski, Augustin			Poetry. Translation of "Igor's Expedition."
Chodzko, Jac. Leonard		1800, Nov. 6,	Politics and History.
Chodzko, Alexander			Poetry, Translations from Oriental Poetry, &c.
Czaykowski, Michal			National and Romantic Tales. "Ukrainki," "Powiesci Kozackie," &c.
Fredro, Count Jan Maximilian			Tragedies.
Fredro, Count Alexander Holowinski			Dramatic Writer of talent in comedy. Has translated some of Shakspeare's pieces.
Goscynski, Seweryn			Highly esteemed Poet. See <i>Foreign Quar.</i> , vol. xx. and xxv.
Gorecki, Antoni			Poetry. His Fables replete with sarcasm.
Grabowski, Michal			"Songs of the Ukraine," Novels, &c.
Jarocki			Natural History.
Jelowicki, Alexander		1804, Dec. 18	His "Wspomnienia" an interesting piece of autobiography. Has edited and published many Polish works at Paris.
Karmicki			Tragedy.
Khulli, Wincenty			Comedies.
Kozmian, Kajetan			"Polish Georgics," Translation of Horace, &c.
Korzeniowski			Dramatic Writer.
Krasinski, Count Sigismund			Dramatic Poetry, "Nieboska Komedia" (The Undivine Comedy), &c.

BORN.		
Kraszewski, Jozef		{ Has recently obtained great popularity by his novels and works of fiction.
Kropinski		{ Tragedy.
Lelewel, Joachim	1786	{ History and Numismatology. See <i>Foreign Quarterly</i> , vol. xxv.
Linde, Bogumil		{ Lexicographer. His Polish Dictionary, in 6 vols. 4to., an admirable work.
Lukaszewicz		{ "History of the Reformation," &c.
Maciejowski, Wacław Alex.	1792	{ Jurisprudence, Philosophy, &c.
Massalski		{ Novels, &c. "Pan Podstoli," 5 vols. Paris, 1831.
Mickiewicz, Adam		{ The most eminent of all the modern Poets of Poland. See <i>For. Quart.</i> , vol. xii. and xxv.
Odyniec, Anton Edward		{ Translations from Scott, Byron, and Moore.
Okraszewski		{ Painter and Engraver.
Otczeczynski, Antoni	1796	{ National Poetry.
Padura, Tomasz		{ Writings on the Fine Arts, &c. "Histoire de l'Art Moderne."—Numismatology, &c.
Racynski, Count Edwd.		{ Popular and clever Novelist, and writer of Sketches.
Scarbek, Count Fryderyk		{ Lyric Poetry and Novel-writing.
Siemieniński, Lacyan		{ Poetry. "Kordjan," "Anielli," "Balladyna," &c.
Slowacki, Julius		{ Poetry.
Szydlowski		{ Tales.
Tanska, Clementina		{ "Jagellonide," Historic Poem, on the union of Lithuania and Poland.
Tomaszewski, Boncza		{ Poetry.
Tymowski		{ Two celebrated Tragedies, "Glinaki," and "Boleslaus."
Wenzyk, Franciszek		{ "Historia Literatury Polskiej.
Wiszniewski, Michal		{ National Ballad Poetry.
Woycicki		{ Unrivalled as a Lyric Poet.
Zaleski, Jozef Bohdan		

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHANCELLOR PASQUIER'S RECEPTION AT THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

Paris, 10th December, 1842.

It is now ten months since the Chancellor Pasquier succeeded to the academical chair left vacant by the death of the Abbé Frayssinous, titular bishop of Hermopolis. We heard yesterday the discourse brought forth after this lengthened preparation, as well as Monsieur Mignet's reply; and if in the empty phrase and wearisome diction of the first, we failed to discover one excuse for the election which excited such general wonder and indignation at the time, we may admit that we admired in the last the elegance of style, the adroitness of praise, the delicacy of touch, with which, while presenting to the assembly's notice the claims acknowledged in this new brother, he leaned too heavily on none, lest he should find them, though less brilliant, fragile as the down on the butterfly's wing, and inadvertently wipe them away.

Our readers probably recollect the echo of French surprise (for it was loud and continued) when the choice of this grave body, instituted by Richelieu "to cleanse the French tongue of any soil it may contract in the mouth of the people, or the crowd of the palace, or the impurities of chicanery, or the bad customs of ignorant courtiers," fell on the Chancellor Pasquier, who is neither statesman nor scholar, to the exclusion of Alfred de Vigny, who stood with his books by his side, with acknowledged merit, with dignity uncompromised, without intrigue, and without success. Pasquier, who has produced nothing, though he promises memoirs, of whose matter and manner we have every right to augur ill, taking his reception speech for specimen, concealed his nullity beneath his chancellor's robe; and the Academy, while it flung its doors so wide to pay this injudicious homage to the powers that be, has perhaps permitted the public to cast too close and scrutinizing a glance on some of the occupants of those seats which others fill so worthily. Faintly applauded only when he himself did homage to the venerable and accomplished author of the *Genius of Christianity*, Monsieur Pasquier's speech aroused few sympathies, though itself expressing many, more or less warm, with the governments he has served in turn, and to which he has sworn the oath grown common to him as

a bow through hisameleon life. Notwithstanding the encouraging looks of Monsieur de Barante, who sat by his side, receiving from his hand each heavy page as its tale was told, and classing it for its long sleep, the chancellor seemed to feel his position irksome, as he must have known it to be strange. He might find unpleasant the task imposed by custom, as he drew the straight undeviating line which had marked his predecessor's career, and contrasted it with the meanderings of his own. The coldness of most members, and the sleep of some, proved the little interest awakened: the nod of Chateaubriand was protecting rather than grateful: the very care with which Mignet trod showed that he shunned a precipice: and when the admiration of the assembly greeted a discourse so unlike his own, the new member grew absorbed by degrees till he sat with his back turned to the applauded orator.

The speech of Monsieur Mignet is subject to no severer criticism than this: that, seeking to justify the choice of the Academy, he was more ingenious than convincing. "*After the just preference given to men of letters,*" he said, "*where could the Academy better bear her suffrages than to those great bodies animated by the breath of public life?* It is at the head of one of these political bodies that the Academy has sought you. Her choice was not merely addressed to the illustrious friend of letters, but mostly to the orator, who, during fifteen years, has contributed to the glory of two tribunes, and whose able speech combated in 1815 those exaggerations of the law ready to consecrate and extend the excesses of party. These, sir, form your title to the seat you fill, and are the reasons of our choice." Now, the alleged just preference to men of letters has not been accorded; and, moreover, Monsieur Pasquier is no statesman, though Mignet was so careful to remind us that, as such, an ancient custom authorized the Academy to receive him among her members. To dub the statesman was more easy than to create the author. We cannot agree with Mignet, that Pasquier's name was wanting in their ranks, because that of his ancestor is already among them, in a place of merit; and all that his descendant has proved is, that genius and lofty conduct are by no means hereditary.

As to the events of the chancellor's past life, we may be allowed to add a stroke or two to the very faint outline given in these reception

speeches. He was born in 1766, the same year, we think, in which Lally Tollendal went gagged to the scaffold: we believe through his father's care. Before '89 he was a member of the Paris parliament; under the empire he obtained a subordinate situation in the Conseil d'Etat, and might have remained there unpromoted, but that on the cashiering of Dubois, after the fire at the Hotel Schwartzberg, Baron Pasquier was proposed by his friends to the emperor, then desirous to gather round him names of note in the old parliaments. So he became Prefet of Police, and as such allowed himself to be arrested in his own hotel, and imprisoned in La Force, by the General Mallet. In 1814, Napoleon having denied him a coveted place, he indited two angry letters. During the hundred days he strove to conciliate in vain. He was three times minister during the restoration: when his only firmness of purpose was shown in the attacks on the liberty of the press to which Monsieur Mignet so eloquently and delicately alluded. He was created a peer by the elder branch, and named president of the chamber of peers after the revolution: famous then for the silent prudence with which he had held aloof, till the loaves and fishes trembling in the balance weighed down one scale. He was chancellor in 1837. Above all, and through all, he has never ceased to be a courtier. These are the merits of Monsieur Pasquier, and the reasons of the Academy's choice. Alfred de Vigny is only a poet, a novelist, a philosophical writer.

In Monsieur Mignet's retrospect of the life of the Abbé Frayssinous, no longer cramped by his subject, he enlisted all sympathies. So did he also when he recalled the noble life and last moments of Cuvier. In a funeral discourse pronounced over the latter, rests Monsieur Pasquier's least disputed claim to literature. We agree with Monsieur Mignet where he disagrees with Monsieur Pasquier, and deplores that Cuvier should have given to state affairs, where he

was not indispensable, a time which, consecrated to science, where he could not be replaced, would have bestowed on the world some immortal works the more. In such topics as these, in short; in a tribute to the memory of the Duke of Orleans; in a criticism of the theologians of Louis XIV.'s time; in allusion to Chateaubriand, and denunciation of de Maistre; Monsieur Mignet seemed to seek relief from the dryness of the task more peculiarly allotted to him.

It is difficult to discover an advantage likely to accrue to a literary body by the incorporation of political incapacities. The honours it offers talent become thenceforth worthless; the justice it asserts is a mockery; the very spirit of such a society, when patched with political influence, may come to be suddenly changed. There is no need of 'remplissage' (for this word was used) as long as men are designated by their country to fill the places left empty; and even supposing Monsieur de Vigny in possession of that which must be his inevitably, France is not so poor that coming vacancies may not be more worthily filled than by men whose chief studies have turned to the repetition of like oaths to many masters, to the pronouncing villanous sentences in the chamber of peers, or well-turned compliments on the new year's day. Among the vices of the French press, we must not forget their virtues, and papers of all opinions have avenged the cause of literature thus offended. We might swell our observations to a volume by quoting but a sentence from each of the journals which have made Pasquier's chair no bed of roses. We will cite only one. "A medal," says this writer, "is about to be struck in commemoration. On one side will be a woman, young, robust, and beautiful, representing the Academy of Louis XIV., with the motto 'Mulier formosa supernè;' on the reverse of the coin merely the head of Monsieur Pasquier, with the words, 'Desinit in piscem.'"

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

BELGIUM.

On the banks of the Maas, between Ruremond and Kessel, a fisherman recently discovered some remains of an antediluvian animal of enormous size. The bones already found consist of portions of the spine and the shoulder-blade, which are eighteen kilogrammes in weight. There is reason to hope that the remainder of the skeleton will be discovered.

M. Scharges, of Brussels, has recently become possessed of a most valuable bibliographical treasure. Amidst a heap of old books, which he purchased from a priest at St. Froud, he discovered the sixth copy of the first Bible printed at Mainz. It will be remembered that Louis XVIII. gave the sum of 20,000 francs for M'Carty's copy in 1816.

DENMARK.

A Copenhagen journal (*The Fædrel*) announces the death of the musical composer Weyse, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Weyse was a native of Altona, but settling at an early period of life in Denmark, his compositions became marked with a stamp of Danish character and feeling, which in some degree intercepted the wide continental popularity to which their merits would otherwise have entitled them. He was very celebrated as a dramatic and lyric composer. His sacred writings too are justly admired.

The pope has presented several church ornaments, consisting of a chalice, a holy pyx, and a painting of the Saviour on the cross, to the Catholic church of Copenhagen.

FRANCE.

M. Thiers has lately been engaged in collecting materials for his History of Napoleon, and the archives of the Department of Foreign Affairs as well as those of the Tuileries have been freely opened to his examination. He has also been furnished with a number of unpublished documents by the family of the late Baron Fain. The Baron was actively engaged in the events of 1812-13 and 14.

The artesian well at Grenoble continues to eject a torrent of pure tepid water to the summit of the wooden Belvidere constructed above its orifice. With the view of measuring the quantity of water thrown up within a given interval, some successful experiments have been made by M. Louis Mulot. Twenty-eight seconds now afford sufficient time for pouring into a large bucket, constructed for the purpose, 1,800 litres of water. This magnificent spring is described as at present a perfect torrent.

The collection bequeathed by the unfortunate Admiral Dumont d'Urville to the Museum at Caen, has just reached its destination. Several rare and curious objects were found to be injured by the imperfect manner in which they were packed, and great care and skill would be required to restore them. The arms, articles of furniture, and manufactured stuffs were exceedingly curious. Not the least remarkable object in the collection is the jewel-case of a lady of Oceania. It is in the form of a boat, and is surmounted by a cover much resembling a jelly-mould. This casket contains a girdle, bracelets, and necklace formed of human teeth, together with various other trinkets made in the islands of Vavitoo and Tonga.

In its sifting, on the 5th of December, the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres proceeded to elect a member in the room of Count Alexandre de Laborde. The choice fell on his son, Count Leon de Laborde, the author of several works on the East, and of a commentary on the Bible.

On the front of a house in the Rue d'Avalasse, at Rouen, a marble tablet has been fixed up, with the following inscription in letters of gold:—"In this house was born, on the 26th of May, 1791, Theodore Gericault, the painter of the Wreck of the Medusa."

Colonel Lagorsse, one of the few remaining relics of Napoleon's army, died on the 11th of November, in the seventy-second year of his age. In early life Lagorsse devoted himself to scientific pursuits, and was destined to fill a professorship; but he entered the army during the revolutionary wars. Napoleon sent him on a mission to the pope, and the friendship which his Holiness conceived for the Colonel materially facilitated the negotiation of the Concordate. During the last twenty-five years Colonel Lagorsse has employed his leisure in those scientific studies for which he manifested a decided predilection in early life. At the time of his death he was mayor of Gironville in the department of Seine-et-Marne.

Baron Pasquier, who is 75 years of age, is now the Patriarch of the French Academy. M. de Chateaubriand, heretofore the oldest member, is 73 years of age.

In one of the late meetings of the Academy of Sciences, M. Arago made some observations on the comet of 1842, and on the falling stars which failed to make their appearance last November. He availed himself of the same opportunity to remark on an Aurora Borealis which appeared on the horizon of Paris on the 24th of November, and which almost entirely escaped the notice of scientific persons. The

officers of the Paris Observatory were, however, on the watch. This was fortunate; for the appearance of this unexplained and still inexplicable phenomenon becomes peculiarly important when it occurs at a time at which it may coincide with the periodical crisis of the meteors. It is impossible yet to say what are the laws which govern this approximation, or even if such approximation really exists; but circumstances tend to prove that the Aurora Borealis belongs to a particular class of astronomical phenomena, or is dependant on various matters which occupy space in the celestial regions. Considered under this point of view, the Aurora Borealis may be said to belong to the same family as the falling stars. In either case they may be regarded as portions of celestial matter, which sometimes come to visit our distant planet.

GERMANY.

Dr. Kniewell, of Dantzic, who had been long absent on a journey through France, Switzerland, and England, returned home in November last, and it is expected that he will shortly publish an account of the observations he made in the course of his travels. The attention of Dr. Kniewell has been chiefly directed to religious subjects, and in a German paper, called the *Kirchen Zeitung* (Church Gazette), it is stated, that, in his communications with his friends, he speaks highly of the progress of Protestantism and the state of Evangelical religion in Switzerland and even in France, but of that of England he speaks less favourably. He is reported to dread the success of Puseyism. On that subject he is stated to be quite an alarmist. He intends to enter into very extensive details on the various sects in England, and as the views of a pious, sincere, and learned foreigner, his remarks will no doubt have great interest.

It is now positively decided that Göthe's house at Saxe-Weimar, together with the noble collection of works of art and objects of science contained in it, is to be purchased by the German Confederation, as a national monument. This gratifying arrangement is chiefly due to the exertions of the King of Prussia, with whom the restoration of Göthe's house, for this purpose, has always been an object of particular interest. A committee has been appointed to negotiate with the heirs and trustees of Göthe for the purchase of the house and collections.

Professor Gesenius, of the University of Halle, died on the 23d of October, after a short but painful illness. Gesenius was a man of distinguished attainments, and a favourite lecturer at the university. He was one of the editors of the *Halle Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung*, and the writer of many admirable critical articles which have appeared in that publication since the year 1828.

The German journals mention an interesting discovery recently made in Bohemia, of a chest containing documents of great historical importance relating to Wallenstein. The papers consist of autograph letters of the celebrated General, and other documents calculated to throw light on some events of Wallenstein's life hitherto enveloped in some degree of obscurity.

Edward Bendemann, one of the most distinguished among the young artists of Germany, was for some time supposed to be disabled from the exercise of his art, by an incurable weakness of sight, likely to end in blindness. He had consulted a multitude of medical men, without deriving the least benefit from their advice, and was meditating a retreat from the world, when lately, as he was returning from Italy, he had an interview with the celebrated oculist, Dr. Jäger, of Vienna. Jäger, it seems, immediately declared the affection of Bendemann to be a hypochondria of the eyes, for which the best cure would be to resume gradually but immediately, and without the least fear, his former avocation. The *Prussian State Gazette* says that Bendemann has followed the counsel, and has already derived the greatest advantage from it; so much so, as to leave very little doubt of his entire recovery. Bendemann, now in his 31st year, established his popularity in Germany, about ten years ago, by his celebrated picture "The Mourning Israelites." The idea of this picture, now in the Museum of the city of Cologne, is taken from the words of the 137th Psalm:—"By the river of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion." The picture has been more than once engraved, among others, by Ruschweyh, and in Count Raczyński's "Histoire de l'Art moderne en Allemagne." When this picture appeared at the Berlin Exhibition in 1832, it at once established the author's reputation. His "Two Maidens at the Well" appeared next year. His third great picture, at present the property of the King of Prussia, was "The Prophet Jeremiah on the ruins of Jerusalem." It was criticised at Berlin by some, but at Paris, where it appeared in the Exhibition of 1837, it was hailed with undivided and enthusiastic applause. The "Jeremias" and the "Mourning Jews" are the pictures on which Bendemann's reputation chiefly rests, but his "Harvest" and similar pictures, of a lyric-idyllic style, are evidently his own favourites, and will perhaps by posterity be valued beyond his historical pieces.

In Austria the proportion which the manufacturing population bears to the agricultural is as 9, in Prussia 18, in France 36, in England 45 to 100. The population of the towns in Prussia is to that residing in villages and on the lands in the proportion of 27 to 100, in Austria 23, in France 33, in England 50. The machine power in England is equal to that of 2,500,000 horses or 13,000,000 men. Machine power in Germany, inclusive of the numerous steam-packets, is said not to exceed that of 100,100 horses. According to official tables the number of manufacturing factories in Russia amounts to 614, employing 39,820 workmen, together with 19,638 operatives in auxiliary branches of trade. Of 3000 master operatives 300 are foreigners. The value of the productive industry of Russia in 1840 amounted to 22,250,000 silver rubles, or 3,708,334*l.*, of which more than 3,000,000*l.* sterling were sold.

The opening of the Walhalla, an event which for some time previously had excited a considerable share of public interest in all parts of Germany, took place on the 18th of October last.

The idea of a grand national temple, consecrated to the memory of all celebrated Germans, male and female, was first conceived by the present King of Bavaria in the year 1806. His Majesty (then Crown Prince) was in Berlin, where he had the opportunity of consulting several distinguished men, especially Johannes Müller, on the magnificent plan which he had in view for the Walhalla. Before leaving Berlin, the Prince commissioned several eminent sculptors of that capital to execute for him several marble busts of celebrated Germans, which he proposed to place in the new Temple of Fame. In 1814 the Prince invited architects to furnish plans for the Walhalla, none of which, however, met with his approval. In 1816 he commissioned Leo von Klenze to prepare new designs, and in 1821, that which has recently been so happily executed, was made choice of. Several sites for the erection of the new temple were successively proposed and rejected, and at length, in 1822, it was resolved, at the suggestion of Von Klenze, to erect the Walhalla on the spot where it now stands—viz., near the Danube, on the boundary of the Roman empire in Germany, and in the vicinity of Ratisbon, the capital of the Agilolfingians, the first dukes of Bavaria. As soon as the plan was determined on, materials for the preliminary labours were obtained from the marble quarries of Untersberg, near Saltzburgh. It was not, however, till the 18th of October, 1830, that the first stone was laid in the King's presence, on which occasion the minister, Von Schenk, delivered a speech, which excited considerable attention. The Walhalla is situated at Donantstau, not far from Ratisbon, on a hill called the Branberg, about 250 feet above the level of the Danube. The edifice rests on cyclopean substructures of colossal magnitude. Six flights of marble steps lead from the temple to the terraces, over which it rises. These terraces command a view of inconceivable grandeur. From the north-west a road winds through a grove of oak trees to the Walhalla. To the west lie the ruins of the ancient castle of Stauff (supposed to be upwards of eight centuries old), and to the north are the woody hills which stretch away to the Bohemian forests. The King of Bavaria spared no efforts to impart the utmost splendour and impressiveness to the inauguration of the Walhalla on the 18th of October last. The Court of Bavaria, together with several members of the Royal Family of Prussia, proceeded to Ratisbon, and at two o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th, the royal cortège arrived at the foot of the terraces above which the monument rises. The King alighted from his carriage, and ascended the steps, conducting the Princess William of Prussia; next followed Prince William of Prussia, conducting Queen Theresa; the Prince Royal, leading his consort; Prince Leopold, with his sister, the Grand Duchess of Hesse; and Prince Charles, with the Duchess of Wurtemberg. At the moment when the royal cortège ascended to the second terrace, a band of instrumental performers and a choir of singers performed a *Hymn of the Bards*, composed by Huntz. When the King reached the entrance of the edifice, the president of the government, Von Zirheim, delivered an address, in

which he set forth the national importance of the great work which had been conceived and executed by King Ludwig. "The Walhalla," said the speaker at the close of his address, "will be the palladium of modern Germany, and the name of its Royal Founder will, to the remotest ages, hold a place in the memory of all who have German hearts, and who are interested in the happiness of their country." To this address the King replied in a very impressive speech, in the course of which he said, "May the Walhalla serve to develop and consolidate German nationality. May all Germans, to whatsoever race they belong, feel that they have one common country, a country of which they may be proud, and may each individual labour, according to his faculties, to promote her glory."

NECROLOGY.

WIEBEKING.—Although by no means to be compared with the loss occasioned by the death of Karl Friedrich Schinkel, architecture has sustained some loss by that of the Chevalier Karl Friedrich von Wiebeking, who died at Munich, on the 29th of last May, in his eighty-first year, leaving two sons—the elder *fifty-one years* old, the other only *eleven months*, and a widow only twenty-two. Wiebeking was born at Wolhin in Pomerania, and first of all distinguished himself by his topographical surveys of various German states; to which studies he afterwards added those of architecture and engineering, both military and hydraulic; and this last formed the subject of the first publication, which he followed up by his great work 'Wasser Baukunst,' the most complete of its kind that has ever been produced. The reputation he acquired by it caused him to be invited to Bavaria in 1805, where he was appointed chief engineer and inspector of roads and canals; which office he held until 1817, when he retired upon a pension. Instead of giving himself up to inactivity, on being thus released from professional duties, he undertook another very extensive work, viz., his 'Theoretisch-practische Bürgerliche Baukunde,' 4 vols. 4to. with an atlas of plates. This is certainly a most valuable and interesting contribution to architectural study, on account of the mass of historical information contained in it, of the number of examples (modern as well as ancient) given in the plates, and not least of all on account of the historical tables of buildings and architects, which, though not so complete as they might be rendered, are so exceedingly useful for reference, that they deserve to be published separately. Were that done, they might be extended and improved both in the manner just mentioned, and by incorporating with them much that might be borrowed from the text of the work itself. Besides the above, Wiebeking published various other works relative to architecture and engineering; and one of the very last, if not the last of all (*Analyse Descriptive, Historique, et Raisonnée des Monuments de l'Antiquité; des Edifices le plus remarquables du Moyen Age, &c.* 1840), was dedicated to Queen Victoria of England.

TIMEW.—Of those who have gone off the

stage of life within the two or three last years, not a few have been veterans in art and literature; individuals who, if for nothing else, would have been remarkable as instances of longevity. A. bertolli, the Italian architect, reached his ninety-ninth year, with the full possession of his faculties; Antolini, another Italian architect, died at the end of last year, at the age of eighty-six; Admiral Shishkov, a man of some note in Russian literature, at that of eighty-seven (April 9, 1841); Danneker, the celebrated German sculptor, at eighty-three; Madame Lebrun, a female artist, eminent in portrait-painting, at eighty-seven; Cherubini, the celebrated composer, at eighty-one; and Professor Heeren, and the Chevalier Wiebeking, both at the same age; and to these may be added the veteran German poet, Christopher August Tiedge, who died last year at Dresden, in his eighty-ninth year: no very extraordinary age as a mere instance of longevity, but extraordinary as being free not only from infirmities, but all indications of senility. Even in the last year of his life he did not appear, it is said, to be more than just turned of sixty; and the very week before he died he was at a birthday party. If in this respect Tiedge may be considered an exception from the general lot of humanity, he was in other respects not less favoured by fortune: being raised to affluence, and the enjoyment of "lettered ease," by an event that might be called romantic, were it not that there was as little of the romantic as of the every-day course of things in it. We allude to his *domestication*—than which we know of no more suitable term we can make use of—with Madame von der Recke. Contrary as it was to the ordinary forms of society, there was nothing in the connection to offend public opinion, or to give the least handle to any sinister interpretations. Both parties were persons of firm religious principles, and besides being a year or two older than the poet, the lady was almost a constant invalid. The idea of any impropriety in the connection between Tiedge and his Eliza, would be as ridiculous as any notion of the kind with regard to that between Cowper and his Mary.

If, however, there is so far a striking parallelism between the bard of 'Urania' and him of the 'Task,' and also in the religious tendency of the poets, there are, too, many points of dissimilarity between them; for while the English poet was visited by the most distressing mental affliction, the German one *enjoyed*, as has been seen, a more than ordinary length of life, exempt from those penalties which generally attend protracted existence. The religious Cowper was a shy recluse; the religious Tiedge was partial to social and literary intercourse. A post-chaise jaunt into Sussex, with Mrs. Unwin, was to poor Cowper a formidable undertaking, to which he had to nerve himself; Tiedge, on the contrary, travelled with his Eliza for several years through various parts of Germany and Italy; and on their return Madame von der Recke published her journal 'Tagebuch, &c.' of their tour through the last-mentioned country. The death of Madame von der Recke, in 1833, made no other change in Tiedge's circumstances and way of living, than that occasioned by

the loss of a companion: for the benefactress remained present in the benefits she continued to confer. Her house and establishment were kept up as before, for Tiedge's use during his life, without the slightest change of any kind.

The annals of literature may furnish instances of greater worldly success, and of more prosperity, but it is difficult to meet in them with an example of a happier fate than was that of Tiedge: since his cup was filled to the brim with the sweets of life, with as little alloy of bitterness as can be conceived. But what, it will be asked, was Tiedge the poet? for his name is not so familiar in this country as to render such question improbable, or an answer to it unnecessary. We cannot in this place discriminate his literary character; but he was certainly a poet of no ordinary powers; and although the very nature of the themes he treated excluded him from general popularity, his reputation remains upon a much firmer basis than that of many of his poetical contemporaries, whose names, once so bright, are now dimmed and lustreless. Tiedge will hold an honourable place among the classics of the literature, honourable to his character as a man as well as a writer. Since his death a complete edition of his works has been published in ten volumes, and also 'Tiedge's Leben, und poetischer Nachlass: herausgegeben von Dr. K. Falkenstein,' in four others. A very high compliment has, too, been paid to his memory by giving his name to an institution lately founded at Dresden, under the title of *Tiedge Verein*, for the purpose of assisting respectable literary characters in their old age.

ITALY.

Accounts from Palermo mention that the work on which Amari has been so long and so laboriously occupied—"A Fragment (periodo) of Sicilian History"—has been prohibited. Indeed, some months ago, the few remaining copies were not to be purchased at quadruple their original price. According to some accounts Amari is placed in confinement, and according to others he has effected his escape. The censors have been dismissed from their situations, and those literary publications which gave extracts from the work, or even noticed it, have been suspended. These rigorous measures are the more extraordinary, as the materials for the book, and especially the documents contained in it, were obtained from the archives, for access to which royal permission is indispensably necessary. The work, too, before it was printed, had been subjected to the revision of a double censorship.

NORWAY.

Prison discipline is a subject which at present occupies a considerable share of public attention in this country. The king has lately given his sanction to the new penal code, which will shortly be printed, and the Diet has voted the funds necessary for constructing a penitentiary, on the Pennsylvania plan, calculated to contain 238 inmates. As it is not expected that the establishment will be completed before the year 1845, no particular code of penal or domestic regulations will be drawn up for the establish-

ment before that time, when opportunity will have been afforded for profiting by the experience derived from similar institutions in Great Britain. A Frankfort publication (*The Register of Prison Legislation*) remarks on the projected Norway penitentiary: "The adoption of the Pennsylvania system of incarceration for a community in which the rural population is so numerically predominating as in Norway, clearly shows how little importance the Diet attaches to the opinions of those who consider the plan of solitary confinement as applicable only to the inhabitants of towns."

PRUSSIA.

Scientific Travels. About the latter end of the year 1840, His Majesty the King of Prussia adopted measures for enabling Professor Lepsius, of Berlin, to prosecute with effect his intended voyage to the Nile, and his exploring journeys in Egypt, Arabia Petra, Nubia, &c. This expedition has for its object the extension of scientific and antiquarian knowledge, and the professor is to be accompanied, at his Prussian Majesty's expense, by an eminent architect and able modeller, and several artists to supply correct representations of all interesting objects. The publication of the work, which will be the result of the learned professor and his assistants, will throw a new and important light on the early history and civilisation of mankind. In a memorial, lately published on this subject at Berlin, it is asserted that at least one half of the most interesting of the Egyptian monuments have been either entirely unnoticed or imperfectly described by travellers. Professor Lepsius is to pay great attention to hieroglyphics and all kinds of inscriptions. In this portion of his labours, he will of course derive advantage from what has already been done by Champollion, and the recent French and Tuscan expeditions. Besides transmitting geographic and ethnographic illustrations to the Berlin Academy, he will enrich the Prussian museum with numerous valuable casts. He will endeavour to collect from the monuments, and cast in gypsum an iconography of the Pharaohs, from the earliest monuments he can find to the time of the Ptolemies and Cleopatra. His Prussian Majesty has ordered 11,000 rix-dollars to be issued for defraying the expense of the commencement of the expedition, which will be supplied with additional funds in its progress. It will, it is expected, occupy three years. Professor Lepsius left Berlin on the 13th of July for London, to make preparations for the expedition. He embarked at Southampton in the Oriental steamer. The other gentlemen embarked at Trieste. The travellers all met at Alexandria in September, and were presented to the pasha. We extract from the German papers of the first week of December the following letter, which gives the latest accounts yet received of the expedition. "Cairo, Oct. 21st.—The scientific expedition which his Majesty the King of Prussia has entrusted to the direction of Dr. Lepsius, made an excursion on the 15th to the Pyramid of Ghize to celebrate the birth-day of their illustrious patron. The Prussian eagle was planted on the highest point of the Pyramid. The party, to which many consuls and

other European gentlemen were invited, drank his Majesty's health amidst loud and joyous cheers. The evening was fine, and the company returned from their excursion by moonlight. The expedition is very soon to proceed to Upper Egypt. Some of the gentlemen go by land, the rest are to embark in boats on the Nile."

The celebrated Cornelius has lately been busily engaged on some works for the King of Prussia. His large oil-painting of "Christ with the Elders" was interrupted by a slight attack of bad eyes, and he solicited and obtained leave from his Majesty to delay its completion. Since then, however, he had been proceeding with his much admired "Shield of Faith," which was ordered by the King of Prussia in commemoration of the birth of the Prince of Wales. Cornelius is now preparing to execute another work, also by command of the King. It is of such extent and magnitude that it will probably be sufficient to employ him for the remainder of his life.

A German journal contains the following paragraph, under the head of *Cornelius on English Art*: "Sir Robert Peel some time ago requested Cornelius to answer the inquiry, whether, in his opinion, the Fresco paintings intended for the decorations of the new Houses of Parliament could be executed by English artists? Cornelius answered this question in the negative. It may therefore be expected that the English government will either send English artists to Germany, to perfect themselves in the art of Fresco painting, or German artists will be invited to London, to execute the paintings there. At Berlin, a great deal of interest is naturally felt respecting the decision of the English government on this subject. Cornelius is certainly entitled to credit [!] for the candid manner in which he answered Sir Robert Peel's inquiry, even at the risk of offending the national feeling of the English."

The *State Gazette* frequently publishes very elaborate statements relative to the statistics of Prussia. From a recent article, which ran through three numbers of that paper (August 11, 12, and 13), we will here place a few extracts before our readers.

In 1841, in the eight provinces of the kingdom of Prussia,

There were born 591,505 children
The deaths amounted to . . . 415,256.
The marriages, during the year, 136,188.

Children still-born are included among the births as well as the deaths.

The Prussian state was established in its present extent in 1816, since when it has been enlarged only by the acquisition of the small principality of Lichtenberg, purchased in 1834.

Since 1816, the births and deaths in Prussia have been as follows:

	Births.	Deaths.	Excess of Births.
1816	448,052	287,101	160,951
1817	454,609	307,035	147,574
1818	463,852	313,983	149,869
1819	492,799	334,483	158,316
1820	484,398	296,909	187,489
1821	504,161	287,273	216,588
1822	502,962	314,524	188,438
1823	498,666	318,809	179,787

1824	505,338	318,520	186,818
1825	523,653	327,354	196,299
1826	525,653	355,132	170,491
1827	490,675	365,585	125,090
1828	499,507	372,880	126,627
1829	495,483	388,255	107,228
1830	497,241	390,702	106,539
1831	490,562	362,665	27,897
1832	481,973	421,128	60,845
1833	537,474	413,894	123,580
1834	556,642	424,013	132,629
1835	533,215	380,943	152,272
1836	550,622	375,588	175,034
1837	557,893	438,603	119,290
1838	566,400	392,990	173,410
1839	574,974	430,098	144,876
1840	587,275	418,624	168,651
1841	591,905	415,256	176,249
Total of			
26 yrs.	13,415,574	9,552,737	3,862,837

According to a census taken every third year, the progressive increase of the population of Prussia has been the following :

At the end of			
1816 there were 10,349,031 inhabitants in Prussia			
1819	"	10,981,934	"
1822	"	11,664,133	"
1825	"	12,256,725	"
1828	"	12,726,110	"
1831	"	13,038,960	"
1834	"	13,509,927	"
1837	"	14,098,125	"
1840	"	14,928,501	"

From a comparison of the two foregoing tables, it would appear that a considerable immigration into Prussia must have taken place, the population having increased more rapidly than can be accounted for by the excess of births. It is also probable that in more recent years the census has been taken with greater accuracy than was formerly the case.

The following table shows the number of marriages contracted within the same period.

1816	-	-	117,448
1817	-	-	112,305
1818	-	-	111,484
1819	-	-	111,084
1820	-	-	109,625
1821	-	-	106,000
1822	-	-	106,160
1823	-	-	102,247
1824	-	-	107,472
1825	-	-	112,171
1826	-	-	111,999
1827	-	-	106,270
1828	-	-	104,788
1829	-	-	108,627
1830	-	-	110,534
1831	-	-	98,673
1832	-	-	127,217
1833	-	-	130,540
1834	-	-	129,818
1835	-	-	123,953
1836	-	-	125,301
1837	-	-	128,022
1838	-	-	123,644
1839	-	-	128,676

1840	-	-	132,281
1841	-	-	136,188

Total 3,022,647

At the commencement of 1817 there were living in Prussia 1,828,813 married couples.

Thence to 1840 there were 2,767,991 marriages.

Had there been no deaths and divorces in the mean time, there would have been at the end of 1840 4,596,804 married couples.

According to the census, however, there were only 2,474,177

The marriages dissolved by death or divorce in those twenty-four years must have been 2,122,627

The children born out of wedlock, amounted to.

In 1816	-	-	83,388
1817	-	-	33,629
1818	-	-	31,142
1819	-	-	24,125
1820	-	-	33,875
1821	-	-	35,570
1822	-	-	36,288
1823	-	-	35,325
1824	-	-	35,159
1825	-	-	36,933
1826	-	-	36,913
1827	-	-	33,402
1828	-	-	32,259
1829	-	-	31,937
1830	-	-	33,260
1831	-	-	35,106
1832	-	-	32,258
1833	-	-	37,551
1834	-	-	40,750
1835	-	-	37,999
1836	-	-	38,162
1837	-	-	39,501
1838	-	-	39,774
1839	-	-	39,919
1840	-	-	40,948
1841	-	-	43,129

Total 937,302

The number of illegitimate children has increased, but not in proportion with the increase of population, and the number of illegitimate amounts to little more than 7 per cent. of the total number of births. On an average 10,000 marriages in Prussia yield 41,282 births.

RUSSIA.

A great improvement has been introduced at St. Petersburg in the manufacture of illuminating gas, by which the hitherto complicated and dangerous process is rendered simple and safe. It is stated, that by means of this new process

gas may be extracted from stone, coal, tar, oil, tallow, and all kinds of fat and oily substances, and that its cost to the consumer will be diminished by about one half. The expense of the necessary apparatus, on a large scale, is very trifling, no steam engine being required in the preparation of the gas, neither is it necessary to compress it. This new process yields in one half hour a quantity of gas equal to that produced by the old plan in six hours and a half, and the labour of one man will go as far as that of forty did before. For the purification of the gas nothing is requisite but a small quantity of chalk. The announcement of this important discovery is made in the *Northern Bee*, but the details of the process are not fully entered into.

The Russian government has recently announced the list of foreign journals which will be permitted to circulate in various parts of the empire during the year 1843. The list for St. Petersburg contains seventy German journals, fifty-one French, and twenty-one English. The list for Wilna is more extensive. It contains in all 192 journals, of which 104 are German, sixty-nine French, and nineteen English. The number of periodical publications printed in the Russian capital is augmenting every year. Fifty-four are already announced for 1843: of these four are French, three German, two English and one Polish.

The Countess Rostopchin.—Russia has acquired a clever and graceful poetess in this lady,

who has given proof of very superior talent in a small volume of poetical pieces published at St. Petersburg. Though none of them are of very great length, and manifest no power therefore in regard to sustained effort, they display imagination, feeling, and originality of thought. Some of the writer's earlier productions might have been omitted without any injury to the collection.

The Count V. A. Sollogub. The "*Otravki*," or "Fragments and Sketches from Every-day Life,"—with which production this nobleman not long ago made his literary *début*—have obtained for him high commendation from some of the St. Petersburg journals, both on account of the talent actually displayed, and the promise it gives.—"At present," says one of them, "his pictures are shadowed too darkly; he shows himself too intolerant of the vices and prejudices of society; too rude a censor of it. Its idols are not his idols: wealth, youth, beauty, love, worldly enterprise and success: all these he at present regards, or affects to regard with an indifference which a closer intimacy with the world will probably cure him of. In the mean time let him cultivate the more than every-day power which he possesses of describing every-day things." Should this be something more than a mere friendly puff, we may expect to meet the Count again, and have occasion to speak of him more fully.

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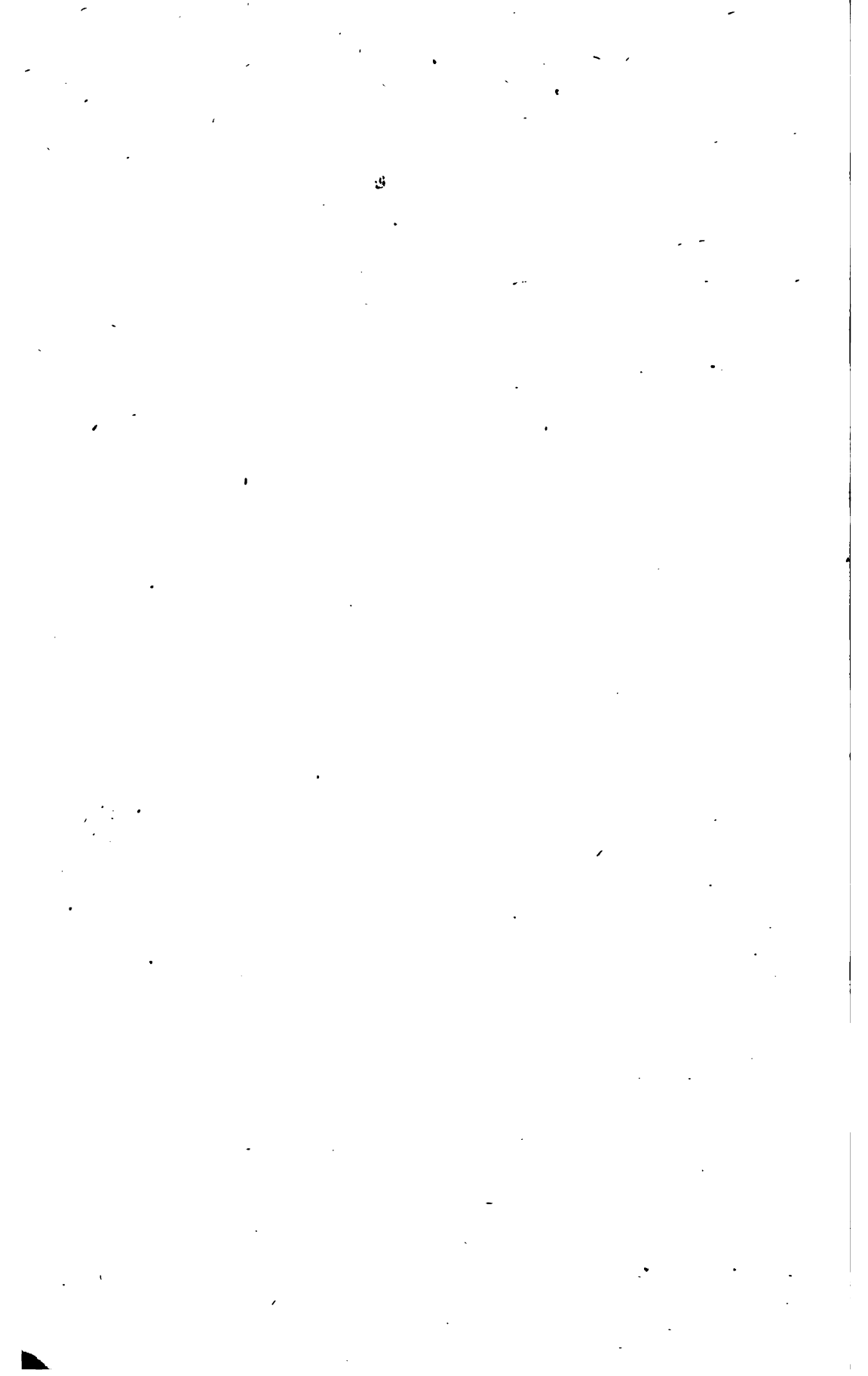
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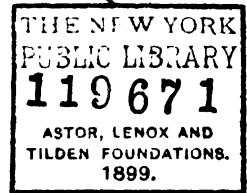
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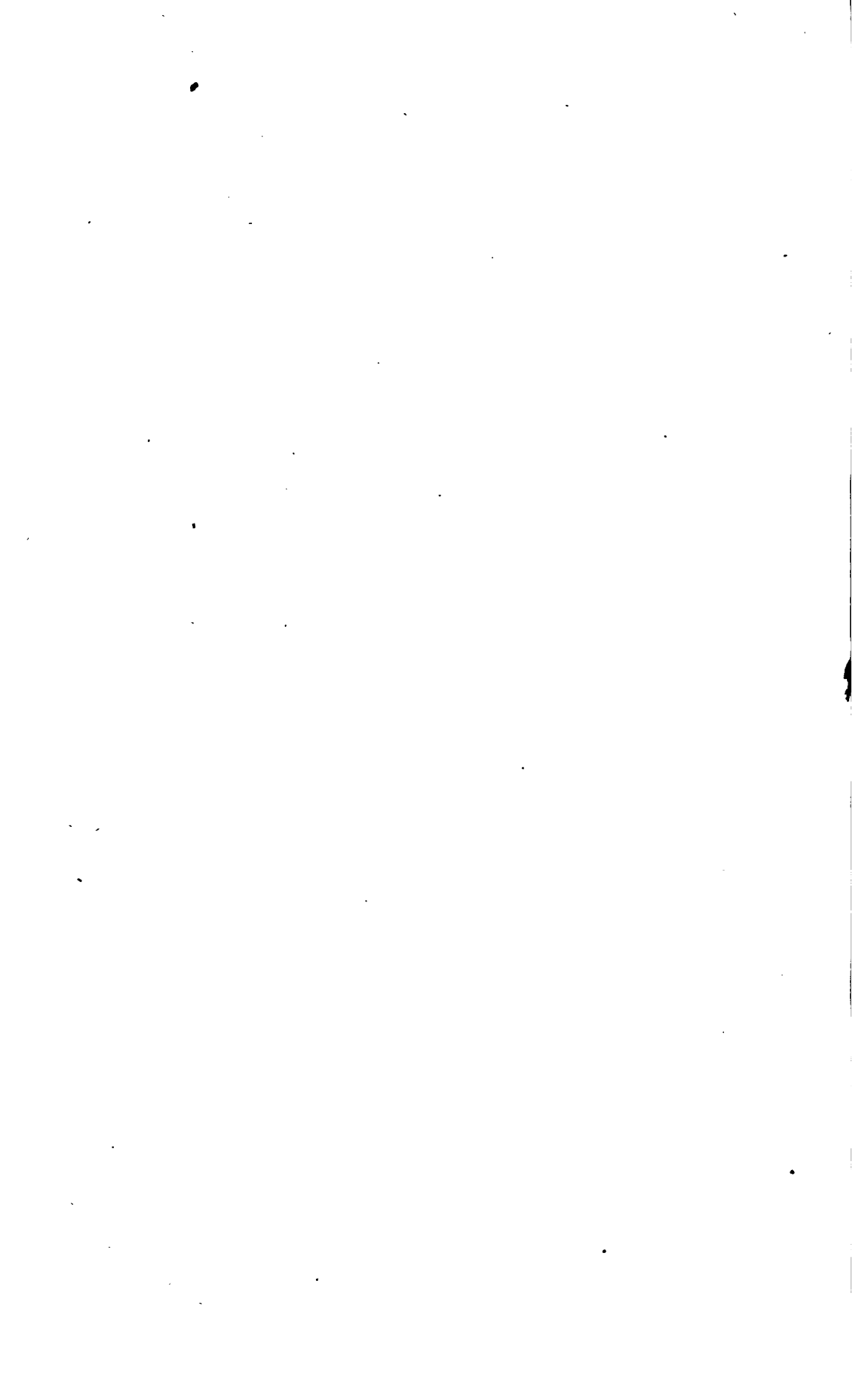


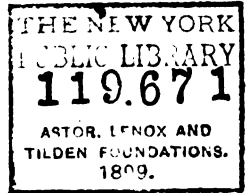
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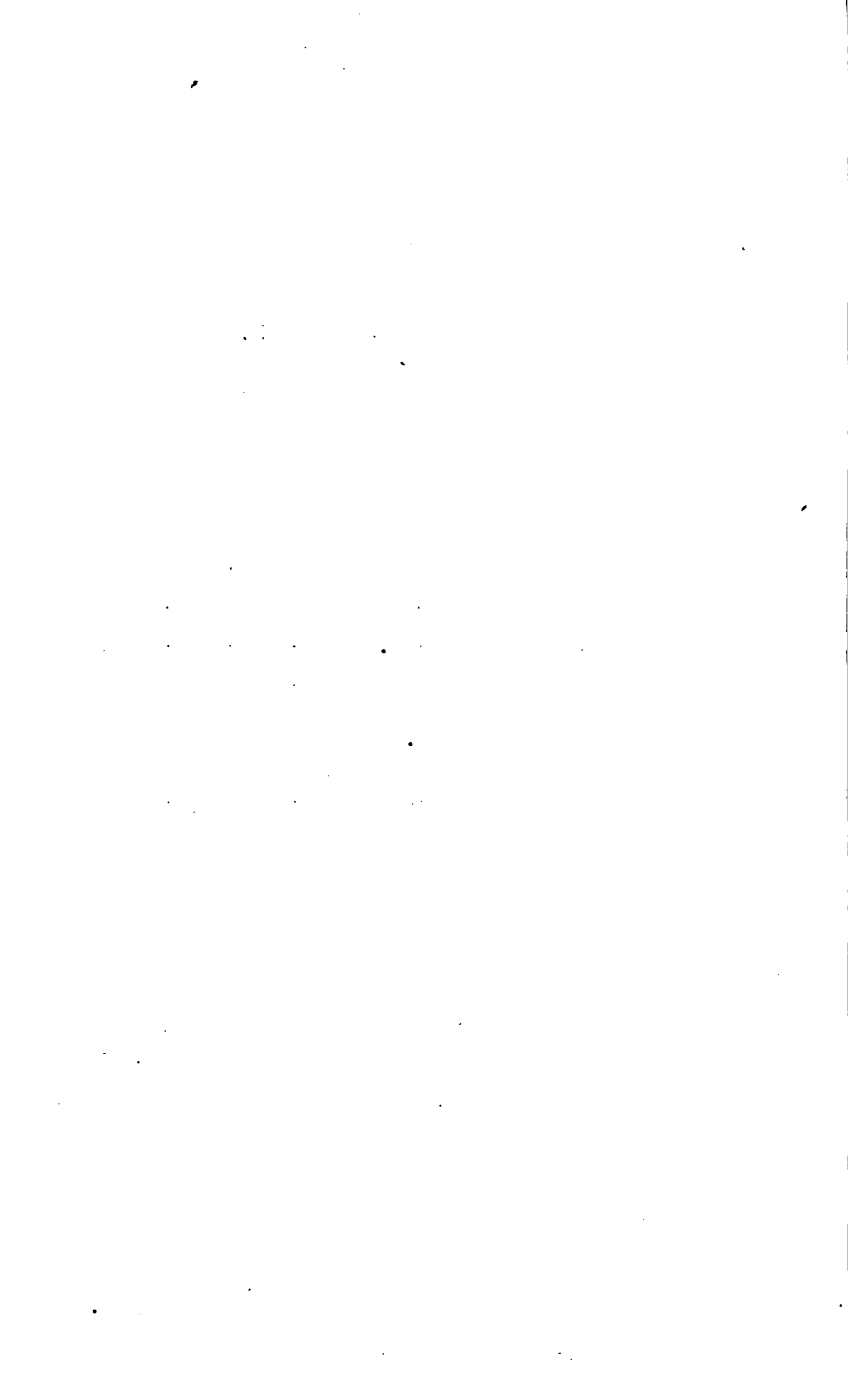


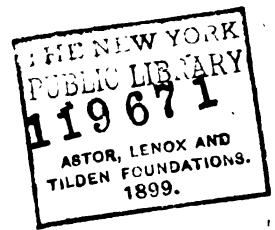
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THE

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. LXI.

FOR APRIL, 1843.

ART. I.—1. *Karl Immermann. Blätter der Erinnerung an ihm.* (Leaves in Memory on Karl Immermann). Edited by FERDINAND FREILIGRATH. Stuttgart: Kralbe. 1842.

2. *Münchhausen, eine Geschichte in Arabesken.* (Münchhausen, a tale in Arabesque). Von KARL IMMERMANN. Düsseldorf: Schaub. 1841.
Merlin, eine Mythe (a Mythos). Von KARL IMMERMANN. Düsseldorf: Schaub. 1832.

THE recent death of Immermann seems to have raised him to an importance in Germany which he did not enjoy during his lifetime; and if his productions were at one period less noticed than they deserved to be, they are now, if the little book at the head of this article is an index of national feeling, likely to be considerably overrated. Under the superintendence of the poet Freiligrath, a number of enthusiastic admirers have contributed each his mite towards the immortalization of their favourite author; and scraps illustrative of Karl Immermann are collected with the care and earnestness which distinguish the collectors of materials towards the life of Göthe or of Schiller. One tells us what Immermann did at Weimar: Freiligrath himself furnishes a few letters which he received from the deceased; and two critical gentlemen, M.M. Känkel and Schucking, give us a couple of critiques on the 'Merlin,' which, they inform us, is one of the most wonderful works that ever was penned; and hint pretty broadly, that although, from the time of its publication in 1832, it created no great sensation, it ought by rights to throw 'Faust' into the shade.

VOL. XXXI.

1

We fear our readers may not all of them be sufficiently enlightened to know much about Karl Immermann: this great genius, who in 1832 wrote a mythical drama, comprising *omnes res, et quadam alia*: a perfect system of theology, a perfect picture of the exact state of modern man, a demolition of Hegel; and all this in 244 pages of exceedingly crabbed verse. We will, therefore, shortly give the life of the man, before we enter upon his works.

Karl Immermann was born at Magdeburg, in the year 1796. He was rigidly brought up by his father, one of the old Prussian school of disciplinarians, who required the utmost industry and obedience. At the age of twelve he wrote birthday poems, and at sixteen had composed a drama called 'Prometheus,' and a romance. His dramatic taste seems to have received the greatest impulse during his sojourn at the University of Halle, when the influence of Göthe was felt at the Weimar theatre. He joined the volunteers of his country, and was present during the whole campaign in the Netherlands, and in France in 1815. Returning to his university, he engaged in a contest against a tyranny of the Burschen, and a work of his, 'On the Contentions of the Students at Halle,' was burned at the celebrated Wartburg's fest, held on the 18th Oct. 1817. After passing through several offices in the state, he became, in 1827, Landgerichts-rath (counsellor of the provincial court) at Düsseldorf. Surrounded by several young artists and authors, he now entertained the notion of forming a national German theatre; in which notion he was encouraged by the court. The scheme proved a failure, though Immermann was unabating in his energy, and is said to

have had the greatest talent as a director. Every means did he try to ensure success; and despairing of the efficacy of poetry and histrionic talent alone, he embellished these with brilliant decorations, and even with transparencies and ballets; but a year included the whole period of his management. His works, most of them dramatic, are very numerous; as a writer, he never seems to have known the sensation of fatigue; and the humorous romance of 'Münchhausen,' which he wrote not long before his death, is esteemed one of the most vigorous of them all.

It is this romance of 'Münchhausen,' as being the latest of Immermann's productions, and as being, with all its imperfections, a work evincing extraordinary talent, that we propose chiefly to notice in the present article: first slightly touching on the dramatic mythus of 'Merlin,' simply because the author's admirers place it at the summit of his productions, and boldly call upon all to look and marvel. For our own parts we are courageous enough to own that we do not see much as a work of art in 'Merlin,' though we shall doubtless draw upon ourselves the aversion and contempt of MM. Kinkel and Schucking by the assertion. The former of these gentlemen is willing to admit that there is a something in the mythus which prevents it being exceedingly popular, and that is, the quantity of learning which it requires the reader to possess respecting the early heresies in the first and second centuries. M. Kinkel is kind enough to point out that gnosticism lies at its foundation, and then proceeds to show what gnosticism is, with all the air of one who is opening a way to a treasure hitherto inaccessible! apparently forgetting that there is an article on 'Gnosis' in even that not very scarce work, the 'Conversations-Lexicon,' which gives much fuller information on the subject. The worst of the matter is, that a smattering in the doctrines of the old heretics, though very edifying in its way, will, after all, contribute but little to the enjoyment of the reader of 'Merlin,' who may think he has perused a very indifferent poem, even though the gnosticism be unquestionable enough to please the manes of Simon Magus himself. The story of the mythus is a tremendous one: too tremendous to suit the ordinary class of readers. Satan is the Demiurgos or creator of the universe (herein consists the gnosticism), and is indignant that the Deity should invade his territory by sending the Messiah upon the earth. He therefore violates a Christian virgin, and the birth of Merlin, whom he designs as a sort of Antichrist, is the result. Merlin is piously brought up: disappointing the expectations of

his father, he becomes a zealous champion of the God of the Christians, and causing the heavens to open before the eyes of the astonished Satan, shows to him, that though he made the world, he was but the instrument of a higher power. He leads King Arthur and all the knights of his round table in quest of the 'Sangreal' or real blood of Christ, which was caught in a cup by Joseph of Arimathea, and which is so prominent in the old British romance. But seduced by his love for Niniana, a petulant fair one, and the best drawn character in the mythus, he allows himself to while away the time with her, while his noble friends perish in the desert for want of his assistance. He tells Niniana a powerful word by which she will be enabled to fetter him, and as she imprudently utters it, he loses his senses, and fancies that he is a close prisoner. Satan restores to him the use of his reason, and besets him with strong temptations, but Merlin remains faithful to God, and dies with the words on his lips: "Hallowed be thy name."

That the outline of this mythus is vast, that even in its structure there is something grand and Titanic, is not to be denied; but we cannot commend a work where the merest hints are given by the poet, and all the substance is left to be filled up by the readers. MM. Kinkel and Schucking are indefatigable in pointing to every little character who speaks some half dozen lines, and in explaining what a complete representative of some class, or impersonation of some thought, is there. These well meaning gentlemen do not see that they are only setting forth more plainly how the poet has failed in expressing his own idea, since there is just the same relation between Immermann's 'Merlin' and their explanation, as between Lord Burleigh's nod, and the interpretation of Mr. Puff. In our opinion poetry should be something more than a series of hints, and as for any great effect which this work is to produce on German philosophy, we think that MM. Göchel, Marheineke, Michelet, and Hotho, may contemplate the death of Klingsoor—Merlin's rival, who we are told represents Hegel—without being fearful of any very serious consequences to the fame of their great preceptor. The plain truth of the matter seems to be, that Immermann, who was rather an imitative than a creative poet, thought that 'Faust' having proved a most successful work, he might write a "Faust" too: in which attempt he failed, however his commentators may labour to expound his crudities. Theodor Mundt says, speaking of the 'Merlin,' that Immermann's coy nature showed itself too hard for the speculative mythus, and fully subscribing to this

opinion, we pass on to the work, the name of which forms the second head to this article.

The romance of 'Münchhausen' being, as it professes to be, a history in Arabesque, it is somewhat difficult to seize its contents with a single grasp. It is a crammed book. The author designed it to hold everything; to pack into it his humour, his sentiment, his religion, his morals, and likewise to make it the vehicle of the sharpest satire. It was to be a treasury of Immermannism; to represent his loves and his hatreds; to go into the world as a confession of faith, half-laughing and half-crying; the laugh being bitter, and the tears seeming ironical; so that it is somewhat difficult to divide the jest from the earnest. It is no trivial work to read this Münchhausen. We have humoristic extravagances, which, at the first glance, seem to be bubbling up freshly from the author's fancy; but which we soon discover to be pumped up out of his brain, with a labour which excites our compassion, while the draught grows flatter and flatter as the toil proceeds. We have a love story written in glowing characters, with an intensity of passion which startles us in this age of cool propriety; but the glow continues so steadily, that after first exciting us, it lulls us to a state of indolence, like the sun in a sultry climate. We have pictures of country life drawn with a vigorous hand; the author boldly tears us from the world of civilisation, with its polish, its effeminacy, and its enlightenment, and he places us in a bracing atmosphere, in the face of a sturdy generation of men who rejoice in their strength and their prejudices. We are invigorated at the sight; it comes upon us like the snuff of country air, to one who is chained down to his desk in the city for the half-year together; but Immermann will hold us to it so long, that we begin to "hate green fields and all who babble of them," and to cry, with the lady in Pope's Essay, 'Oh odious, odious trees!' The medley contains ingredients of every degree of merit: there are figures highly finished, bold, original, concrete; in a word, stamped with the hand of a master; and there is the merest balderdash that ever witting contrived, in the fond hope that he might raise a laugh. There are touches of fantastic humour that shake the sides of the reader; and there is a species of drollery through which he will slowly and sorrowfully work his way, wondering when it will close. It is a strange jumble this 'Münchhausen' of Immermann!

But there is one great defect in the book, which peeps out throughout all its variations, and which in fact lies at the root of all its blemishes: a defect which, if it is for a while concealed, soon displays itself with redoubled

vigour. This defect is that want of originality with which the author has been charged by the critics of his own country, and to which we may almost say he pleads guilty, in the course of this very romance. In the person of Baron Münchhausen he has chosen a fantastical subject, with which an original genius might disport itself without effort, which would afford opportunities for a thousand little tricks and devices, all played off with ease, and which, imposing no restraint, has left full room for the vagaries of a petulant wit—and how has he treated it? He has availed himself of the licence, but he cannot enjoy it with ease: he makes his way laboriously from one irregularity to another. He affects to treat his reader with levity, but it is a hard-headed, circumspect levity; and his strange movements are rather like those of some heavy eccentric old gentleman, than those of a buoyant and hilarious youth. What was playfulness in Sterne, would be no playfulness in one who was steadily resolved to tread in his footsteps. A page of marbled paper in the middle of a modern novel would be but a dull device, and would argue no ingenuity on the part of the author; and when Herr Immermann begins his book with the eleventh chapter, and comes to the first some hundred pages on, we feel that he has only worked out a Shandyism. When the Baron Münchhausen astounds his hearers, by running one story into another, we seem to be still listening to the life and opinions of the great Tristram; and when he describes his life among the goats of Mount Helicon, thoughts of one Gulliver and his Houyhnhnms rise before us. Immermann is no dishonest plagiarist: we find, in the course of his 'Münchhausen,' that every author is named, to whom we could trace a resemblance in the particular parts, as if to show his readers of what stores he was possessed when he began to write. By the same evidence, he was not an unconscious plagiarist, and this is, perhaps, his fault. The most original genius cannot help straying into the paths in which some favourite author has already trodden; but in Immermann we can see that he laboriously essayed to follow. Even where we cannot detect a predecessor, we can perceive that nothing was done without toil; and in those places where the author affects to sport with the lightest recklessness, we feel that he is most seriously plodding.

'Münchhausen,' though from the variety of its contents it might be separated into fifty divisions, may readily be considered as containing two. One of these is a humoristic novel, of which Münchhausen, grandson of the great liar, is the hero, and which abounds

in strange narratives, fantastical incidents, and literary satire; while the other exhibits the life of the peasants in Westphalia. These two parts of the tale are not formally separated, but, nevertheless, they are so distinct, not only in subject, but also in tone and treatment, that the work may almost be considered as two novels united under one common title, and, as was said of a certain English history of German literature, rather connected by the thread of the bookbinder, than by a link springing from their nature. It is in the Münchhausen portion of the book that all the *Shandyisms* appear; and this portion, though it is enlivened with pictures and adventures of great humour, is certainly the weakest of the two, and often runs into mere dull absurdity. The Westphalian part, on the other hand, is only objectionable from its tediousness, since, on the whole, it is intrinsically good; and the author, if here, as in the other part, he is seen fagging hard, has at any rate solid material to work upon. Obvious labour does not appear so strange, when we find it employed in a starchy portraiture of real life, as when we find it aping the tricks of spontaneous fancy.

The scene of the Münchhausen part is the old tumble-down castle of Schnick-Schnack-Schnurr, the property of an old baron, who hopes for the return of the times that existed before the French invasion, and his consequent elevation to the honourable post of privy councillor to a Prince, whose dominion, alas! has been destroyed by the latest partition of Germany. This wish is with him a sort of *lunacy*; and he has with him a daughter, an old young lady, who believes herself born for the same Prince, and who, likewise mad upon this point, expects from year's end to year's end the appearance of her noble lover. It is a melancholy place, the old castle;—the flag-stones that lead to it have been pulled up; the rails have been taken down to relieve the necessities of the family; a stone shepherd in the garden stands with hands and mouth formed for playing on the flute, but the flute is lost; a stone dolphin turns up its nose mournfully in a dry basin:—altogether it is a symbol of the dilapidated state, of the proud poverty of an old German baron, still adhering to the French fashion of the last century. The old baron cannot for ever amuse himself with hopes—what is he to do with himself?—as a last resource, he takes to reading. A few dull books are in his library, but these will not satisfy him; so he belongs to a reading society, and becomes a student of journals.

"This amusement was quite to the old baron's taste. 'At last,' cried he, joyously, when he had made himself acquainted with the ex-

tent of the newly-discovered treasures—'at last there is something in print, which instructs without fatiguing.' And indeed his mind was wonderfully enriched by the reading of journals. If one sheet gave him a short notice of the great poison-tree in India, which infects the atmosphere for a thousand paces round; the next told him how to keep potatoes from the frost during the winter. In one minute he read of Frederick the Great; in the next, of the water-cure of Gräfenberg; at which, however, he did not stop long, as he went on at once to an account of the new discoveries in the moon. One quarter of an hour he was in Europe; then again, as if transported by the mantle of Faustus, under the palm-trees; sometimes he had a historical Redeemer, sometimes a mystical one, sometimes none at all. In the forenoon he attacked the ministers with the extreme *gauche*; in the afternoon he leaned towards absolutism; in the evening he did not know which way to turn; and at night he went to bed, as a *juste-milieu*, to dream of the juggler Janchen, of Amsterdam."

But even these varied enjoyments wear out after a while, and it is a real delight to the old baron, when a neighbouring schoolmaster, who has become insane, and who has in consequence lost his school, comes to the castle, and boldly asks the owner to receive him as an inhabitant. The origin of the pedagogue's madness will be particularly diverting to those who are familiar with the aspect of a German philosophical grammar.

"The schoolmaster, Agesilaus, who had formerly been called Agesel, had filled the office of instructing the youth of a neighbouring village in reading and writing. He dwelt in a mud cottage, the only apartments in which were his school-room and his bed-room; and he had thirty gulden a year pension, besides the schooling-money, which was twelve kreuzer for a boy, and six for a girl; a grassplot for a cow, and the right of driving two geese into a common. He performed his duties without blame; taught the children to spell according to the old fashion, that had been in use in the village for upwards of a hundred years: *G-e, Ge, s-u-n-d, sund, h-e-i-t, heit, Gesundheit*, (health), &c.; and advanced the cleverest so far, that they were frequently able to read print without any extraordinary effort. As for writing, there were some that left his hands capable of forming their own name, that is, if they were not hurried, but had proper time given them.

"Under this system our schoolmaster had attained the age of fifty years. Then it happened that the general advance of the age called forth in the land a new method of instruction, which was destined to reform even the village schoolmasters. His superiors sent him an accidence of the German language—one of those which profess to base the science of A, B, C, on deep and philosophical principles—and at the same time directed him to rationalize his hitherto crude empiricism: first to instruct himself from

the book, and then to begin the new method of teaching youth.

"The schoolmaster read the book through, and he read it through again, and he read it backwards, and he read it from the middle, and he did not know what he had read. For it treated of *Stimmlauten*, and *Mitlauten*, of *Auf-, In-, and Umlauten*;* he was, above all things, to learn to deaden (*türben*) and to sharpen (*verdünnen*) the sounds; to produce them by aspiration, hissing, pressing, gurgling, and talking through the nose; he learned that the language had roots and by-roots; and lastly, he learned that *I* was the pure original sound, and that this was produced by a strong pressure of the Adam's apple against the palate.

"He prayed to God to enlighten him in this darkness, but the heavens seemed of brass, and his prayer bounded back. He sat down before the book, with his spectacles on his nose, that he might see more clearly, although by daylight he could do very well without glasses. Alas! to his armed eyes, the frightful enigmas of aspirated sounds, and hissing sounds, and pressing sounds, and nasal sounds, and throat sounds, were but the more conspicuous! He put the book away, he fed his geese, and he gave a boy, who came to tell him that his father would not pay the school-money, two good boxes on the ear, that he might by practice gain some solution of the theory. All in vain! He ate a sausage to fortify the outer man. All to no purpose! He emptied a whole mustard-pot, because he had heard that this condiment sharpened the intellect. Fruitless effort!

"At night, when he went to sleep, he laid the book under his pillow: but alas! on the following morning he found that neither roots nor by-roots had penetrated his head. Willingly would he have swallowed the book, as St. John swallowed that brought by the angel, at the risk of the severest bodily pain, could he by that method have made himself master of its contents; but after what he had already experienced, what hope had he of the result of so bold an attempt?

"The school was at a stand-still; the children caught cockchafers, or drove the ducks into the pond. The old people shook their heads, and said, 'All is not right with the schoolmaster.' One day, after he had again worn himself out in desperate endeavours to find the meaning of the 'deadening' and the 'sharpening,' he cried out, 'If I could but lay hold of one single point in this beastly book, perhaps the rest would come of itself.' He therefore resolved, first to produce the pure primitive sound *I*, according to the direction of the book.

"He sat himself down on his grass-plot by the cow, which was lowing empirically, careless

about the rational production of sounds; he stuck his arms in his side, he pressed the Adam's apple smartly against the palate, and uttered such sounds as could be produced in this fashion. They were strange sounds, indeed so strange that the cow looked up from the grass, and eyed her master with compassion. A number of peasants were attracted by the sound; they stood wondering and curious around the schoolmaster. 'Neighbours,' cried he, resting a moment from his exertions, 'just observe whether this is the pure primitive *I*.' He then repeated the process. 'God help us,' cried the peasants, retiring home, 'the schoolmaster is cracked, he squeaks like a pig.'"

The endeavour to learn has turned the poor schoolmaster's brain. He sighs for a land where learning was unknown, and where the subtleties of modern grammar never entered; he sighs for ancient Sparta; and converting his name 'Agesel' into 'Agesilaus,' he fancies himself a descendant of the Lacedæmonian king. The good-natured Baron Schnurr, partly out of compassion, and partly to have a companion besides his wearisome sentimental daughter, allows the pedagogue to live in a little summer-house in the garden. There he dwells in an imaginary Sparta: wearing no garment but a cloak; calling the hillock upon which the summer-house stands, Mount Taygetus, and a streamlet in the vicinity, the river Eurotas; and appeasing his appetite with a home-made imitation of the antique black broth. The monotony of the castle is for a while interrupted. The baron can discuss with the schoolmaster whether Brutus was right in killing Cæsar, and what would have happened if Frederick the Great and Napoleon had been contemporaries. But the subjects are soon exhausted, the three inhabitants of the castle become as weary as the two were before the arrival of the third, and the demon of *ennui* reigns once more in Schnick-Schnack-Schnurr. A new visitor is required to break the spell, and this visitor is the Baron Münchhausen.

This descendant of the great professor of marvels, has so far a family likeness to his grandfather, that he indulges in the narration of improbable incidents; but he differs from him, inasmuch as almost all his legends have a definite purpose, and satirize some feature of the day. The state of the German stage, the vagaries of Fückler Muskau, the dreams of Justin Kerner at Weinsberg, the modern philosophy of Germany, the rage for projects and shares: all these, and more than these, receive severe sarcasm through the medium of Münchhausen. He is supposed to have an effect on his hearers almost magical. He entraps them into listening to one story, then runs that into another—and another—and

* As the above words are the very words which are used by the grammatical purists of Germany, a translation of them would destroy the humour. *Stimmlauten* and *Mitlauten* are consonants and vowels, *Umlauten* the modified *ä ö ü*, and *Inlaut*, a vowel considered as in the middle of a word. The reader, if he wish to regale himself with this language, is referred to Heyse's *Lehrbuch der Deutschen Sprache*.

another,—so that their brains are completely bewildered, and they follow him like an *ignis fatuus*. Some of the narratives are excellent, and some remarkable for their poverty; while of some perhaps it would scarcely be fair for a foreigner to judge, for a want of familiarity with the more trivial objects of the satire. The most amusing of them is his own life, in which it is impossible not to perceive that he has in a great measure followed Swift.

According to his own account of himself, his father and mother had a violent quarrel in his infancy, which ended in the former leaving his home, and setting off for Thessaly with the baby Münchhausen in his coat-pocket. The child is miserably uncomfortable in his position; he is annoyed at the presence of certain eatables, which the same pocket contains; he sighs for fresh air; and above all, he is annoyed at a habit in which his father is wont to indulge, namely, that of jumping about when he is in an ecstasy of delight, which has the effect of bumping the young gentleman against the calves of the paternal legs. He creeps out, and a vulture carries him off. An Englishman shoots the vulture, but leaves the child to starve, observing, in answer to a request to take him with him: "You would deprive me of my comfort." Dressed in the uniform of a Janizary, with a little turban, and a little tin sword, for such was the fancy of his father, who had expectations from the Turks, he finds himself alone in a desert place. He tastes of a spring—when lo! it is the Hippocrene—the eminence on which he stands being Mount Helicon. Instantly he is seized with a fit of poetic inspiration; he flings off his clothes, that he may rejoice in classic nakedness; and he ejaculates fragments of verses in all sorts of metres, these ebullitions being doubtless intended to satirize Count Platen, well known for the enthusiasm with which he regarded the forms of poetry, and his successful treatment of a variety of measures. Some benevolent goats of Mount Helicon find him exhausted, taking him for some miserable creature which has lost its skin, and by these he is adopted. Now we are introduced to the manners and customs of the goats, who are made rational creatures, and whose language the child understands. By their general wisdom and benevolence they remind us of the Houyhnhnms, and by their occasional weaknesses of the Laputans. The females have a project for relieving sick vermin, and the males for extending intellectual culture to inferior creatures, both of which projects turn out manifest failures. Gradually Münchhausen becomes more and more of a goat,

having at last contracted the habit of ruminating; and he would lose his humanity altogether, did not an old Dutch traveller find him, and take him home as a curiosity. The Batavian had journeyed to Greece for the sake of his health, and Mount Helicon was the term of his pilgrimage. Let us look at him:

"Mynheer," said his servant, "we are at the end of our journey; and, to-morrow, we shall return to our beautiful Welgelegen."

"Thank God," said the Dutchman, who felt somewhat relieved by the thought of his country-house. "When we get home I will build a summer-house, and call it: 'Vreugde en Rust' (Joy and repose). And I will not again leave my place of rest, no,—not if my dropsy should increase, so as to threaten all the dikes of Zealand. I know nothing more uncouth than these Greek places, where one tiresome mountain comes after another: then there is no view of canals and meadows, and the sky will not get rid of that unnatural blue."

"We cannot have the old Netherlands everywhere," said the servant, stopping a clay pipe. "There must be some useless places."

"When I look at my country-house, Welgelegen," continued Mynheer van Streef, who became more talkative, though his face remained as dismal as before, "what a different place is that! Close by stands Mynheer Jonghe's 'Schoone Zicht,' and on the other side Mynheer van Toll's 'Vrouwe Elizabeth,' and there stands Welgelegen in the midst. I will not speak of my own beauties and comforts, of my courtyard with many-coloured stones, of my house of shells, of my aviary, of my gold pheasants, and of my hotbed of hyacinths;—but only think, Zebulon, of the beautiful prospect of the canal, along which the six brown boats are towed every day; of the meadow behind it, extending further than the eye can reach, and in which there is not a single elevation so high as a mole-hill;—and then the twelve windmills all at work! And we do not see that every day—no; every other day it snows or is foggy, so that the deprivation heightens the enjoyment of being able to see. The sky, too, even in fine weather, is always modest and grey. How do you feel, Zebulon, when you think of all this?"

"Horribly!" exclaimed Zebulon, dashing his pipe to pieces on the ground; "may the devil take these cursed Greek deserts."

A capital fellow this Mynheer van Streef—this comfortable Dutchman, with his love of flat country, and navigable canals! He is one of the best specimens of Immermann's book, and we shall not yet let him go, but follow him home to the seat of his enjoyments: first recording that he has a temporary inspiration, from making his tea with the waters of the Hippocrene. To Holland he goes, taking with him his man-goat—for Münch-

* The names of the three villages signify 'Beautiful prospect,' 'Lady Elizabeth,' and 'Well situated.'

hausen is already covered with hair, and more than half a beast—and thus he spends his peaceful days.

"In the morning, at eight o'clock, Mynheer van Streef regularly came into his summer-house. He wore his spring-dress of green cambric, and a red portfolio under the arm. The first maidservant followed him with his pipe and his tea-things, for at home he was only waited on by females; Zebulon, who had merely been exalted to the post of valet during the journey, having resumed his post of house or garden servant at Welgelegen. Mynheer van Streef drank his tea, not quickly as on the Helicon, but, as Zebulon said, a cup in a quarter of an hour; during which repast, he slowly puffed the smoke from his lighted pipe, and, at measured periods, gazed alternately at the canal, and at us, in his menagerie. At this time he did nothing else, for he was of opinion that every occupation should be pursued by itself. After breakfast he commenced the second, which consisted in reading the text of his Kansbillets (which he kept in the portfolio), one after another, although such documents are pretty nearly alike. On the days when interest fell due, there was the additional labour of cutting off the coupons. These toils generally lasted till twelve o'clock, when a servant appeared from the house, 'Schoone Zicht,' and another from the 'Vrouwe Elizabeth,' with friendly greetings from Mynheer de Jonghe and Mynheer van Toll, and the questions from their masters: 'How has Mynheer van Streef slept, and how is he?' After a long deliberation, Mynheer van Streef answered every day in the same words; that he had had a pretty good night, and that his health, thank God, was tolerable. When these messengers had been despatched, the bell was rung for Zebulon, who was sent to the 'Schoone Zicht' and the 'Vrouwe Elizabeth,' with a courteous greeting from Mynheer van Streef to Mynheer de Jonghe and Mynheer van Toll, and the question on his side, how both these gentlemen had slept, and how they were.

"After these exertions, recourse was again had to tea and smoking, to restore exhausted powers, and the message brought by Zebulon was received. Mynheer van Streef then went into his house, came back dressed into his yard, placed himself before the aviary and every partition of the menagerie in succession, gazed at the inhabitants of the aviary, and then at every one of us: and at all of these stations shook his head, and said, as often as he shook it, 'Senseless animals.' This he did every day, even if it rained, for then Zebulon held an umbrella over his head, while he made his contemptuous reflections.

"Having finished his addresses to the aviary and the menagerie, he returned again to his house, and dined, as it might be, about four o'clock. He then took his nap, and, at about six o'clock, returned to his summer-house, with a portfolio under his arm: on this occasion, a green one. He now took his third tea, smoked of course, and read the Amsterdam city-bonds, which he kept in the green portfolio. During this occupation it grew dark. Mynheer van Streef closed his portfolio, yawning, looked once more at the canal, left his summer-house, and

returned to his house once more. As soon as it was dark, Zebulon closed the door: the lights which shone for a short time in the windows of the house gradually disappeared: a sign that master and servants were resting in their beds from the labours of the day. The deepest silence sunk over Welgelegen.

"I have forgotten to state, among the day's occupations, that Mynheer van Streef was also accustomed to mark, on a black board, which hung in the summer-house, the exact moment at which each of the six boats passed, which went daily from Haerlem to Amsterdam, and that he, every week, struck an average in the differences. I sometimes heard him say, he felt much grieved that these averages never could agree, not even if he struck them for months, and even years, and that therefore the true mean time at which a boat arrived ever remained an insoluble riddle.

"Thus passed one day after another."

There is a fine satire in the Dutchman, who is little more than a vegetable, compassionating "the senseless animals." The whole portrait is a masterpiece, the author having cleverly assumed a sort of monotony of style which admirably harmonizes with the monotony of life he is describing. We leave Mynheer with regret. His two neighbours each harbour a design against his curious beast, one wishing to steal and stuff it, and the other to have its likeness clandestinely taken by a painter on porcelain. Indignation at the notion of being stuffed rouses Münchhausen once more to manhood, and the hair of the goat falls from him. The porcelain painter turns out to be his father, and a happy meeting takes place.

This narrative, as we have said, is one of the most amusing in the book, but it is by no means amusing to the old baron, who is compelled to hear it. It is the destiny of the inhabitants of Schnick-Schnack-Schnurr to sink back into weariness, whatever temporary excitement they have felt, and Münchhausen himself, who when he at first introduced himself to them was hailed with delight, is at last voted a "bore." His entangled narratives, once drunk in with such eagerness by the old baron, who is particularly captivated by his knowledge respecting the *infusoria*, produce less and less effect; and in time his listener begins impatiently to cry out, "That's nothing!" after the most astounding marvels. Driven to the last resource, Münchhausen at last breaks out with a magnificent project of a society for petrifying air, and thus making an article for building purposes. The baron's interest is once more awakened for his eccentric guest, but the latter finds the eagerness after this project a little inconvenient, and therefore whenever the subject is started, he shirks it by forcing upon his questioner some

long narrative. One of these is the imaginary history of his childhood, and another is a description of Justin Kerner, and his residence among the spirits at Weinsberg, the chief humour of this consisting in the celebrated supernaturalist turning out to be an old woman in man's clothes.

The old baron's patience is again exhausted. He vows that if his guest does not immediately bring the air-scheme into operation he shall quit his house. But the provoking adventurer has a new expedient. He goes to bed and slumbers from day to day, merely waking to ask for his dinner to be sent in, and finally, when his unwary host is walking in the garden, he locks up the castle, and thus keeps out the lawful inhabitants. At this period, all his admirers, who have met him in various parts, flock to the castle, and it seems that to nearly all of them he has appeared in a different character. While he is known to the old baron as Munchhausen, Semilasso (Pückler Muskau), who appears as a *dilettante* traveller in an oriental costume, contends that he is Dr. Reifenschläger, whom he has met among the pyramids, and who has a project for improving mankind by cross-breeding; a pedler swears that he is Captain Gooseberry, the head of an emigration scheme; and three brothers, a philosopher, statesman, and poet, who are called the three "discontented ones," declare that he is no other than Hegel himself. The declaration of the philosopher is so excellent of its kind as a sarcasm on the Hegelian tone, that we cannot resist giving it: though few, we fear, will appreciate it:

"I say this is the greatest man of the time, yet properly no man, but the pure *Begriff* (conception) of man, or the manly *Begriff*—perhaps even this expression is too concrete; to speak more abstractly, we must call him the *Begriff—griff—riff—iff—ff*. Oh would I could express myself abstractly enough. The pure *Begriff—riff—iff—ff*, which only apparently died of the cholera on the 14th November, 1831, was apparently buried in the churchyard before the gate; where in his coffin, instead of himself, lies the nothing, which again is the something, continuing in fact to live, taking snuff, and playing whist; therefore not only concerned with the subjective feeling, opinion, and fancy, but real, and consequently rational; in one word, the great, immortal, eternal Hegel, who is the paraclete; that is to say, the spirit; promised in the fulness of time, with which begins the millennium, when the Hegelianer shall reign."

The latter part of this speech is evidently aimed at the bold declaration, ascribed to an enthusiastic Hegelianer, that Hegel was the third person in the Trinity. The truth of the anecdote is, however, very questionable.

To heighten the confusion occasioned by so many claimants of Munchhausen, Immermann himself, in *propria persona*, joins the crowd; and indeed it is to his personal strength that all are indebted for their entrance into the castle, for he bursts the door open. Between the author and his hero a curious Frankenstein dialogue ensues: the former telling the latter, that he is a mere creation of his own brain, and the latter claiming an independent existence. By this the perplexity of the tale is wound up to its highest pitch: the bounds which divide the actual from the fictitious being broken down, with a recklessness which reminds us of the comic dramas of Ludwig Tieck. But the old course of extravagance is not changed by this new event. The servant of Munchhausen, with whom the baron's daughter has fallen in love, madly taking him for her early flame, reveals the secret, that his master was never born in the regular way, but was artificially composed by his reputed father, out of certain chemical elements: while Munchhausen, to defend his claims to humanity against this new attack, daringly asserts that the chemical story is false, and that he is his own grandfather, the Old Liar, who is preserved and metamorphosed to meet the progress of the age. Shortly after this scene of confusion, Munchhausen disappears altogether; and whether he is a lying charlatan, or a supernatural being, or a phantasy existing in the brain of Immermann, is never cleared up. The best hypothesis concerning him is that uttered by a young count, of whom we shall speak presently:

"In this bragger has heaven wished to enclose all the winds of the age, jest without mind, cold irony, heartless phantasy, rambling understanding; that when the rascal dies they may be kept quiet for a season. This ingenious satirist, liar, humoristically complicated buffoon, is the spirit of the time* in *persona*: not that spirit of time,* or rather eternity, which carries on its secret work deep below in the silent hollows, but the motley buffoon whom that artful old spirit sends up among the witless multitude, that they, lured by carnival jests and sycophant declamations from him and his unfathomable labour, may not disturb the birth of the future, by their foolhardy peeping and meddling."

In other words, the author's notion of modern Germany is personified in this one picture of Munchhausen; who combines within himself the frenzy for travelling, the philosophy of Berlin, the tricks of the lyric poets, the rage for civilisation, and above all, the frivolity of the 'Young Germany' school, with the witty irony which it acquired from

* In the German, the distinction is made here between *Zeitgeist* and *Geist der Zeit*.

the other side of the Rhine. Hence to understand his subtleties, his vagaries, and his ramblings, a considerable degree of familiarity with the most modern German literature is required; and those who have not made a point of watching the progress of that literature, will read most of his strange narrations with little interest.

Far different is it with the other portion of the tale, which exhibits the life of the Westphalian peasants, and which must charm all, initiate or uninitiate, as a vigorously chosen picture of humanity, carefully finished by an artist who is glowing with a love of his subject. It is true that Immermann unfolds the low cunning and the narrow prejudices of the peasant life—it is true that he declares it is as much fettered by conventions as that of the most rigid aristocracy, and that freedom is to be found alone in the middle classes—but still it is easy to perceive that the author gladly flies from a state of ultra-civilisation, from the region of pedantry and frivolity, to the society of the hardy tillers of the soil; and that with his love for masculine firmness, he even admires the pertinacity with which they cleave to their follies. The same spirit which drives Freiligrath from modern life into African deserts, and makes him sing so many a graphic song, drives Immermann to the fields of Westphalia, and makes him achieve a representation of a peculiar state of society, which would be absolutely perfect, were it not blemished by the author's unconquerable vice—tediousness. These peasants are in the eye of Immermann the Germans *par excellence*; not the Germans of an age or a period, but the eternal Germans; the Germans of Tacitus; the Germans of Charlemagne; still living under a patriarchal government, and still preserving that once formidable institution, the Vehmgericht, or secret tribunal. Whether there actually exists any vestiges of this tribunal among the Westphalian peasants, or whether it is but a fiction of Immermann's, we are not in a position to decide; but if it is an invention, it is one of a high artist, admirably adapted to enforce that impression of durability, which it is his purpose to convey.

To render the characters in this part of his book intelligible, the author takes a description of Westphalia from an author named Kindlinger, which we cannot do better than translate.

"Westphalia consisted of single farms, each of which had its peculiar and free owner. Many such farms constituted a Peasantry (Bauerschaft), which ordinarily took its name from the oldest and most distinguished farm. It was a consequence of the original foundation of the Bauer-

schaften, that the first rank should remain with the oldest farm, where the children, grandchildren, and inmates, who had proceeded from thence, met together, and passed some days in feasting. For their meetings, the beginning or the end of the summer was the ordinary period, when every owner of a farm sent some of his fruit or a young head of cattle, to the feast of peasants. Many subjects were discussed, consultations were held, marriages were concluded, deaths were announced, and the son, as the new master of his inheritance, made his first entrance into the assembly, with full hands and some choice cattle. Quarrels, of course, occurred at such festivities, but the father interposed, as head of the oldest farm, and, with the agreement of the rest, adjusted every difference. If, in the course of the year, any cause of difference had arisen among the farmers, both parties made their complaint at the ensuing festival, and both were contented with the decision of their fellows. When all was eaten up, and the tree set apart for the solemnity was consumed, the assembly was at an end. Every one then returned home, told those of his household, who had remained behind, the events of the festival, and became to them the living and perpetual record of all the incidents of their Bauerschaft.

"Such meetings were called 'speakings,' (Sprachen); 'peasant-speakings,' because all the farmers of a Bauerschaft met to speak on their affairs; they were also called 'peasant-tribunals' (Bauergerichte), because the differences of the men, who had tacitly entered into the union, were here adjusted. As the Bauersprachen and Bauergerichte were held at the oldest or chief farm, this farm was also called the 'judgment-farm' (Richthof), and the Bauersprachen and Bauergerichte were also called 'farm-speakings,' and 'farm-tribunals,' (Hofsprachen, Hofgerichte), which have not entirely disappeared, even at the present time. The oldest farm, the Richthof, was called the farm *par excellence*, by which was signified the head farm of the Bauerschaft, the owner being the chief of the rest."

The principal figure in this portion of 'Münchhausen' is the owner of the head farm of a Bauerschaft, who bears the title of *Hofschulze*, which, for want of a better word, may be translated 'Justice of the farm.' Thus is he described by the young count, who lodges with him.

"My host is a magnificent old fellow. He is called the Hofschulze, though, doubtless, he has another name, since that one merely refers to the possession of his property. This I learn, however, is the custom here. The farm has generally a name, and the name of the owner merges into that of the soil. Hence the earth-born, the earth-toughness, and durability of the race. My Hofschulze is a man of some sixty years of age, but his huge, strong, bony body, is quite unbent. In his reddish, tawny face, is marked the sun-burning of his fifty harvests; his large nose stands as a tower in the midst, and over his shining blue eyes hang white shaggy brows like thatch. He seems to me like a patriarch, who sets up a mort-

ument of unhewn stone to the God of his father, pours on it his oil and his libations, rears his fowls, cuts his corn, and rules and judges his people with unlimited sway. Never did I see a more compact mixture of the venerable and the cunning, of reason and obstinacy. He is a right primitive, free peasant, in the full sense of the word, and I believe that men of the sort are only to be found here, where a dispersed mode of life, and the old Saxon stubbornness, together with the want of large cities, have preserved the primitive character of Germania. All governments and powers have passed over here, and have broken the extremities of the plant. The roots, however, they have not plucked up, since from these new shoots are ever springing, though they may not unite to crowns and summits."

The importance of this Hofschulze in his own district is immense, and he is fully aware of that importance. His dignity rests on prejudice, and he fosters prejudice, carefully defending it against the inroads of troublesome inquiry, for he is too clear-headed a man not to perceive what is his true foundation. The order prescribed by tradition must be preserved to its full extent: every ceremony—and there are many of them—must be performed exactly as forefathers have directed: for if one step deviate from the right path, who knows what may follow? The glory of a Westphalian farmer is the number of jackets he wears on a great occasion: these are the index of his wealth: should his importance be for a moment forgotten, a glance at this superabundant clothing will at once call it to mind. The Hofschulze wears nine of these jackets, carefully adjusted, that one may not cover the other. He can pay for nine jackets, and his father and his grandfather wore nine jackets at every wedding and christening. Is it objected to him that this attire will cause insupportable heat, and will be extremely uncomfortable, what is his reply? He answers, that it is not worn for pleasure. No, a wedding is not a festival of mere enjoyment for the Charlemagne of the peasants; the humbler souls may give themselves up to the hearty felicity of the time, but with him it is a state occasion; he sits in all his dignity; and when his own daughter is married, he is like a prince who has contracted a great foreign alliance. What monarch ever thought of comfort when the display of his royalty was concerned, and why should the Hofschulze be an exception? There is, however, one malicious character in Westphalia, an itinerant player on the hurdy-gurdy, who bears a grudge against the old patriarch, and the first exhibition of his malice is an attempt to introduce scepticism into the faith in nine jackets. Monstrous innovator! he suggests that six would be sufficient! How sagaciously does the Hofschulze refute him:

"Well then, if I follow your advice, I am to put off the seventh, eighth, and ninth. Then another will come, who is not pleased with the sixth, and another, who does not find the fifth to his taste, and another who cannot abide the fourth—and so on. When I have got rid of my jackets down to the third, there will always be people who will object to this one, and friends who will even oppose the second, and there is no reasonable ground why I should refuse these people what I have granted to you. Now then have I come to my one jacket, and my coat over it. As I have begun with stripping, and as in the heat of summer all clothing is inconvenient, I should carry the practice further, and fling off first my coat and then my last jacket: nay, if the heat were pretty powerful, I should throw off my shirt too, and go about naked, like a plucked sparrow, which would be a most unseemly sight."

The old man perfectly understands the force of the arguments of the bald man and the heap of grain, which were in such favour with the new academy, though he never heard of academies new or old. Tradition must be held firm, by every part, for if one be let go, the whole may slip away, and drag away with it the privileged orders: ay, even such mighty dignitaries as the head of a Bauerschaft. As the policy of our old potentate is traditional, so also is his system of ethics. His mind is stored with a vast collection of old German proverbs, of which he is by no means prodigal, but carefully lays down some two or three at a time as axioms, and then rigidly applies them to practice. Every day, when the labourers have finished their meal, they come to their master and say, "Father, give me a proverb." To each is given a popular saying or a text of scripture, and the acuteness of the Hofschulze is displayed in selecting such sentences as exactly suit the disposition or circumstances of the person to whom they are addressed. In the evening when the labourers return, each is expected to give a practical illustration of his proverb, and thus to show the progress he has made in his study of ethics. To give the character of the Hofschulze; to put words in his mouth that shall exactly represent strong uncultivated sense, natural logic, prejudice without weakness of intellect; is the work of a high artist. One who mistrusted his powers would prefer talking of the patriarch to letting him speak for himself, but Immermann brings him forward dramatically, and the appropriateness of his language, the consistency with which he is preserved throughout, is wonderful.

The last appearance of this good old friend, for he becomes such to the reader, is deeply affecting. He is the head of the tribunal of peasants, which is the relic of the ancient Vehmgericht, and he uses his authority in that

secret court to exclude, from all association with his fellows, a peasant who has seduced his daughter, and has since killed his son in a scuffle, though at the expense of an eye. The peasant so ruined is no other than the hurdy-gurdy player, who maliciously objected to the nine jackets. Still more maliciously he now steals the badge of presidency over the Vehmgericht, an old sword which the Hofschulze imagines is the sword of Charlemagne, but which is, in fact, a weapon of some two hundred years' date. This loss nearly drives the Hofschulze mad with grief, and his distress is still increased by an intruder having overheard the proceedings of the secret tribunal. The hurdy-gurdy player at last wearied with his state of exclusion, declares the facts of the case before one of the legal courts of his country, that he may get a valid decree, undergo the punishment that may be awarded, and set the Vehmgericht at defiance. This brings the old peasant, and all the mysteries of his tribunal, before the public gaze:—the sacred veil is torn down, the most treasured dignity is lost. In the first instance, when he discovered the listener, his impulse was to challenge him to single combat, but now he stands, not as the avenger, but as the apologizer of the traditional constitution of his country. His figure strikes the spectators as that of a prophet of the Old Testament, his white hair rises like flame. But his speech is calm and circum-spect; he dwells on his lost honours; he points out the reasons for the existence of his tribunal, that it is not inconsistent with that loyalty to the king with which the heart of every peasant beats high. It is merely a simple method of settling the disputes of the peasants among themselves, without recourse to a court of law. This address, at the end of which the Hofschulze retires both from the court and the sight of the reader, is singularly beautiful; it is the apology of a peasant Socrates. But we feel that his heart is broken! The creature of tradition cannot survive its downfall.

Were we to extract all the admirable scenes which illustrate Westphalian life, we should far exceed our limits, and yet we have a difficulty in abstaining. The description of a wedding, with all the detail of its ceremonies, is very tempting; but we must resist the temptation, as a part of it would be incomplete, and the whole of it would be too long. Let us content ourselves with one picture, which is perfect in an isolated condition, and which is at the same time most characteristic: namely, that of the pastor and his clerk going about to collect the dues of the summer season.

"At noon, the hunter heard a noise under his window, and looking out, saw a number of men before the house. The Hofschulze went out in his Sunday clothes, while by the oak forest opposite, stood a cart drawn by two horses, in which, among a number of baskets, sat a man in black, apparently a clergyman; in one of the baskets, poultry seemed to be fluttering; towards the back of the cart sat a female in the costume of the middle rank, who stiffly held another basket in her lap; a peasant with a whip stood before the horses, his arm resting across the neck of one of these animals; near him was a female servant, who had another basket under her arm, covered with a snow-white napkin.

"A man in a wide brown surtout, whose circumspect gait and solemn countenance betrayed the clerk, proceeded with great dignity from the cart to the house, placed himself before the Hofschulze, lifted off his hat and made the following rhyming speech:

Here are we all before your door,
The clerk, and eke the Herr Pastor,
Besides the clerk's wife, and his maid,
That all our dues to us be paid;
The gifts, which from the farmhouse fall,
The fowls, the eggs, the cheeses all;
Is all at hand—come tell us true,
Which in the summer time is due?*

"On hearing this address, the Hofschulze reverentially took off his hat. He then approached the cart, bowed to the clergyman, helped him down with great respect, and then stood on one side with him, carrying on a discourse (which escaped the ear of the hunter), while the lady with the basket alighted also, and with the clerk, the peasant, and the maid servant, stood as in a procession behind the two principal persons.

"The train of visitors had already crossed the threshold with the Hofschulze. The clergyman went first, behind him was the clerk, next the peasant, then the clerk's wife, then the maid, and lastly the Hofschulze, all singly. The clergyman approached the spinning daughter (of the Hofschulze), who did not raise her eyes from the ground, gave her a friendly greeting, and said to her: 'Well, Miss Hofschulze; if the bride is so industrious at her wheel, the sweetheart may expect full coffers. When is the wedding to be?' 'Thursday week, so please you, Herr deacon,' replied the bride, colouring more deeply than before; and humbly kissing the hand of the clergyman, who was still a young man, she took his hat and stick, and offered him a draught for refreshment.

"The Hofschulze and his daughter put the viands on the table with their own hands. There was chicken broth, a dish of green beans with a large sausage, roasted pork, with plums, butter, bread and cheese, with the addition of a bottle of wine: all this was upon the table at once. The peasant had left his horses, and had come in. When all was ready and stood smok-

* The reader is requested not to criticise these verses, as doggrel could only be rendered by doggrel.

ing, the Hofschulze politely asked the deacon to partake of the repast.

"Covers were here laid for only two persons. The clergyman after he had spoken a grace, seated himself, and the peasant sat down at some distance from him. 'Am not I to eat here?' asked the hunter. 'God forbid,' answered the Hofschulze, while the bride looked at him with wonder, 'no one but the deacon and the *colonus* are entertained here, you must sit with the clerk at the table yonder.' The hunter entered a room which stood opposite; after remarking with astonishment that the Hofschulze and his daughter waited on the guests at the first table.

"In the other room, he found the clerk and his wife, and the maid, standing round the table, and, as it appeared, waiting for their fourth companion with impatience. The same viands smoked on this as on the pastor's table, except that butter and cheese were wanting, and that there was beer instead of wine. The clerk took the upper seat with dignity, and fixing his eyes on the dishes, made the following speech:

To all that flies, or crawls on earth,
Did God the Lord for man give birth;
All perk, beans, sausages, and plums, oh Lord,
Are thy good gifts, thy grace afford.

"On this the company sat down, with the clerk at their head, whose gravity no more left him, than his wife left her basket, which she placed close to her, while the maid more unassumingly placed hers on one side. Not a word was spoken during the meal, which stood mountain high on the dishes; the clerk solemnly swallowed a share, which might be called truly monstrous, while his wife was little inferior to him; the maid in this instance also being the most modest of the two; as for the hunter, he was satisfied with being a spectator, for the ceremonial repast of the day was but little to his taste.

"When the meal was ended, the clerk said solemnly to the two maids who had waited at this table: 'Now, please God, we will have the "good will," and the gifts that are due to us.' The maids who had already removed the table, left the room, while the clerk seated himself on a chair in the midst, and the two females, namely, the wife and the maid, sat down on each side with the baskets before them, just opened. After the expectation, expressed by these three, had lasted a few minutes, the two maids, accompanied by their master, the Hofschulze, re-entered. The first brought a basket with wide wickerwork at the top, in which some fowls were uneasily cackling and rustling with their feathers. She placed it before the clerk, who said, looking in and counting: 'One, two, three, four, five, six—right!' The second then counted three score of eggs from a great cloth into the maid's basket, with six round cheeses, the clerk accurately counting all the time. When all was over, he said, 'Now the Herr deacon has his due—now comes the clerk.' Upon this, thirteen eggs and one cheese were counted into the basket of his better half. She tried every egg by the shape and smell, and rejected two. This business ended, the clerk rose, and said

to the Hofschulze, 'How is it, Herr Hofschulze, with the second cheese, which the clerkship yet expects from the farm?' 'You know yourself, clerk, that the second cheese was never recognized by the Oberhof,' replied the Hofschulze. 'That second cheese rested on the Baumannserbe, which was united with the Oberhof above a hundred years ago. Since then, it has been separated, and hence only one cheese is due from this farm.'

"The strongest folds had formed themselves in the clerk's brown face (which had been only able to swell them up), and divided it into many suspicious sections of a square, round, and angular form. He asked, 'Where is Baumannserbe? It was broken to fragments in the troublous times. Is the clerkship to be the loser on that account? No! Nevertheless, with the express reservation of all and every right relating to that cheese, which is due from the Oberhof, and has been a matter of dispute for upwards of a hundred years, I hereby take and receive the *one* cheese. Thus have pastor and clerk received their due, and naught remains but the good will.'

"This 'good will' consisted of new-baked rolls, six of which were put in the pastor's, and six in the clerk's basket. With this concluded the whole business of receiving. The clerk approached the Hofschulze, and made his third speech as follows:

The fowls are six, the number true,
The eggs are all found fresh and new;
The cheeses too are rightly weighed,
Good cheer upon the board was laid.
So God the Lord preserve your farm;
From famine, fire, and other harm;
For he is dear to God and man,
Who freely giveth what he can.

"The Hofschulze made a gracious bow in reply, while the clerk and the maid carried out the basket, and packed it in the cart. At the same time, the hunter saw one of the maids carry the plates and dishes out of the room, in which the pastor had dined, and wash them before his eyes, when he touched the threshold. When she had done washing, she went up to the pastor, who took a little coin out of a paper, and gave it her.

"The horses were put to the cart, and the pastor took leave of the Hofschulze and his daughter, with hearty words and shakes of the hand, while they stood before him with as friendly and reverential an aspect as during all the transactions of this day. The cart now took a way different from that by which it had come, between corn-fields and lofty hedges. The *colonus* went with his whip before the horses, and the cart moved slowly behind, with the clerk sitting between the baskets besides the two females, and prudentially keeping a feather cushion before his stomach."

But absorbed in the customs of Westphalia and the contemplation of the old Hofschulze, we find we have forgotten the hero and heroine—the lovers of the tale. A young Swabian count, who is *incog.* in Westphalia,

and who has appeared in the above extracts as the 'hunter,' is the hero. A destiny seems to guide him; he grows up with an irresistible hankering after field-sports, and yet his gun is as sure never to hit the mark as that of Max in 'Der Freischütz.' At last he wounds by accident a young girl, called the 'fair Lisbeth,' who is a foundling in the service of the old Baron Schnurr, and is on a visit to the Hofschulze. He is smitten with the most ardent love, and ultimately makes her his wife, in spite of all family considerations. Our readers must not imagine, because we have made such short work with this love story, that it is treated by the author as a mere connecting link, like the love stories in many of Scott's novels. On the contrary, it is one of the most highly wrought portions of the book: the prevailing feeling being a strange combination of mystical devotion and intense earthly passion. However, a selection was to be made, and other features in the work seemed to us more characteristic.

We close 'Münchhausen' with a mixed feeling. It was certainly a toil to get through it; we often lamented the pertinacity with which the author wore threadbare the subjects he took in hand; we often grumbled as we proceeded: but still in the better portions there is such vigour of colouring, such a strong reality given to the characters, that we part from them like familiar friends, and quit old Westphalia as if it were a place in which we had spent a holiday, pleasant on the whole, though a few rainy days may have rendered it tedious. Before we quite leave Immermann, let us take a glance at the very spirited portrait which forms the frontispiece to the book edited by Freiligrath.

The face would never strike the spectator as that of a poet. There is, to be sure, a fine expansive forehead, but the expression of the features is rather that of hardened sense than of genius; the compressed lips exhibit sturdy resolution, with a slight touch of irony. And is not this the characteristic of the writings of Immermann? He seems to us as one in whom the fountain of genius did not spontaneously spring forth; but who, having chosen the sphere of poetry as his world, sturdily resolved to work his way through it. Magnificent as his crude notions might be, the high ideal seems to have been above his reach; but where, as in the best parts of his *Münchhausen*, he had a firm reality to grasp, he seized it with muscular strength, and the result was such a picture as—the Peasant Life of Westphalia.

ART. II.—*Geschichte des Achtzehnten Jahrhunderts und des Neunzehnten bis zum Sturz des französischen Kaiserreichs, mit besonderer Rücksicht auf geistliche Bildung.* Von F. C. SCHLOSSER, Geheimenrath und Professor der Geschichte zu Heidelberg. (History of the Eighteenth Century, and of the Nineteenth to the fall of the French Empire, with especial regard to intellectual Cultivation). Heidelberg. 1836—1843.

IN the work before us Professor Schlosser has enlarged and remodelled his summary of the same history published in 1823. Three thick and closely-printed volumes have already appeared, in which the history of Europe is brought down to the latter part of the American war, and the account of the literature of the time to the era of Herder, Wieland, Diderot, and D'Alembert. An addition to the third volume, including the literary history of France and Germany, down to the period immediately preceding the Revolution, has been announced, but has not yet (February, 1843) been received in England. From the year 1789 to the destruction of the empire, it is the intention of the author to confine himself principally to political occurrences. In the portion of the work which is already completed, he has devoted about a third part of his space to the history of the intellectual and literary condition of the time, deriving his materials, as he informs us, from lectures which he has for many years delivered on the subject, and consequently adopting a style more diffuse and familiar than that which characterizes his political narrative.

Even as a lucid and connected summary of the internal changes and the mutual relations of the states of Europe during the last century, Professor Schlosser's work supplies an important deficiency in historical literature. Extending as it does, not only to the Western States which occupied by hereditary right the foreground of history, but also to the new elements of the European system, Prussia and Russia, and even to the two Scandinavian kingdoms, which offered room for the by-play of faction and diplomacy, it was impossible that it should enter into minute details, or supersede the necessity of a fuller account of every particular country and period. Yet the ordinary reader will find in it a sufficient storehouse of facts, and the historical student will recognize the value of a continuous and comprehensive narrative, in which the materials which he has collect-

ed may find their proper place. The dull-est annals are welcome, when they bring into a reasonable compass the successive and contemporaneous events of which it is necessary to have a general knowledge, before we can understand the details of any limited portion of them. It is fortunate that in the present instance, this external and positive value tends to secure the reception of a work which possesses merits of a higher and more peculiar order.

We are by no means anxious to determine the comparative rank to which Schlosser may be entitled as a writer; but we have no hesitation in determining the class to which he belongs. He is not one of the dry retailers of facts who report events as they have learned them, according to the order of time, and in the tone of contemporary narratives or documents: who discuss with obsolete interest an intrigue of Mazarin or Condé, or lament with Smollet that in a certain year the king's proclamation against vice and immorality failed to check the prevalent corruption of manners. Still less is he one of the far less useful essayists, who take a portion of history for the text of their discourses on morals and politics. Nor, although he possesses the learning and industry which becomes a German professor, is he a mere collector of the materials of history. As distinguished from all these classes he is fully entitled to the title of a historian. He writes evidently from a full mind, in which his knowledge has arrayed itself, and every portion of it found its proper place, independently of any purpose of communicating it to the world. He makes no parade of authorities, and enters into few controversies as to matters of fact, but plainly tells his story like a man who knows it, and who, therefore, attaches a meaning to every event as it explains what is past, or bears on what is to come. He tells everything as far as the compass of his plan admits of it, but he does not dwell upon every event in proportion to its apparent material magnitude. He dismisses the battle of Fontenoy in half a page, because it led to little, and proved nothing except that the superiority of the Marshal de Saxe over the Duke of Cumberland was even greater than that of the English infantry over the French. But when a personal intrigue or a diplomatic conspiracy throws light on the state of national morality, or on the relations between governments and their subjects, he does not hesitate to illustrate it from any source, however homely or intrinsically worthless. That his estimate of the relative import-

ance of events is always accurate we will not undertake to assert. In the case of England, where we feel ourselves most competent to form an opinion, we believe he is not unfrequently mistaken; but we are convinced that he is uniformly conscientious in dealing with facts, neither by a moral nor a theoretical standard, but according to their historical value, measured by their actual results. The so-called religious writer, who represents Providence as employed in the construction of edifying parables for the instruction of idlers; the philosophizing politician, who is ever on the watch for some illustration of the wisdom of conservatism, or of the irresistible march of democracy; and the moralist who inquires whether actions are good or bad, and not whether their results are great or small; all equally mistake the true function of history. Schlosser deals little in the abstract terms, which are the pest of German literature, and which sometimes threaten to overspread our own. He is at least free from the weakness of grave generalizations. He knows that the French Revolution was the result of many principles and laws of human nature, which can be fully represented in no other form than that in which they actually developed themselves, in the previous history of Europe, and more especially of France.

The strictly historical character of the work is nowhere more conspicuous than in that portion of it which is devoted to literature. A history of books is almost always tedious, because the account of the opinions of men has less interest than the narrative of their actions; but the influence of literature upon life was so peculiarly great during the eighteenth century, that a merely political history must recognize its importance, even at the risk of degenerating into literary criticism. It was necessary to inquire whether books were good or bad, before the results which they produced could be understood. It is Schlosser's merit to have conducted the inquiry with a view to the effect which they had, and not to that which they deserved. That Voltaire was not a great writer is a not uncommon paradox; but it would be utterly absurd to deny that he was a principal agent in the great changes of opinion which he lived to witness, and the chief representative of the doctrines which were held in his time by the higher classes throughout Europe. The account of the English latitudinarians may not be interesting in itself; the criticisms on the German writers before Lessing have a most unattractive

subject; but in these cases, and in every other, the literature of each time and country was the exponent of an existing state of things, and a cause of future changes. Even the sects which formed themselves around the greater writers became identified with political parties. In a succeeding generation, when Robespierre had crushed the atheist party, he execrated Voltaire as the teacher of Hebert and Chaumette, and attributed to Rousseau the honour of his own religious zeal.

A foreigner is seldom a competent judge of the style and language of an author. It appears to us that Schlosser expresses himself with clearness and vigour, but that his language is frequently harsh and unfamiliar: like that of a writer who takes the readiest word to express his meaning, without regard to the technical or homely associations which may accompany it. The sentences and paragraphs are sometimes ill balanced, the conclusions not bearing out the expectations of the beginning, as when a short anecdote is introduced by a long preamble. These objections, however, are trifling when the work as a whole presents a unity and harmony which can only result from the definite completeness of the historian's view, and the grave earnestness of his purpose. His object is to teach not this conclusion or that, but the whole complex lesson which is to be learned from modern history; and he appeals with calmness and dignity to the motives which have influenced him in his task. Advanced in age, with little taste for general society, and removed from all objects of personal ambition, he declares, what few of his readers will disbelieve, that it was only from an overwhelming sense of duty that he undertook this laborious work. He certainly could not hope to please any party, for he is reserved in his praise, while his censures are severe, and almost universally applied. He is opposed to the ecclesiastical and conservative reaction on the continent, but by no means favourable to the contrary spirit which produced it. His purpose is only to do the work for which he finds himself qualified in his character as a historian. What belongs in his opinion to the office of historian may be collected from his eulogistic criticism on Hume, to whom he assigns a place to which we doubt his right, notwithstanding the authority of Gibbon.

But if Hume's neglect to enter into the spirit of the times which he describes, seems to us in many cases to destroy the value of his history, at present it is more

necessary to guard against the opposite error. Any book, written by any man, from any point of view, except that which belongs to his own time and his individual character, is utterly worthless, except as an exercise of ingenuity: such as Swift's imitations of old ballads, or Washington Irving's 'Chronicle of the Conquest of Grenada.' The spirit of the age which he describes must be known, but not shared by the historian. Schlosser's censures are severe and tolerably general; but we believe that he distributes them with reference to the standards and opportunities possessed by the men whom he criticises. His judgment of political and historical results belongs to this generation and to himself. The history of the Eighteenth Century derives its unity on one side, from this serious and unaffected earnestness; but it has also an almost dramatic unity in itself. For ninety years, nothing of weight was done or said in Europe, which did not advance or delay, or cause or modify, the French Revolution. To us, who have the results before us, no portion of history appears more pregnant with meaning; but without the clue of experience, the separate sections of it would appear little more than random illustrations of the vanity of human intentions. Scarcely any war, or treaty, or scheme of policy during the century, had, even when successful, the effect which its authors designed. Again and again, all conflicting powers were set in motion by diplomacy or violence; and after a time, Europe always settled down into a system, which seemed independent of the previous schemes of statesmen. Measures were justified beforehand, because they were to produce one set of results; and boasted of, because their effects had been altogether opposite. The aspect of Europe might be compared to the later Gothic buildings, in which one set of arches, mechanically adapted to the support of the weight above them, appeared on the outside, while the roof was really supported by an entirely different row, concealed within the walls.

Thus the legacy which was left by William to Marlborough, as the fruit of the wisdom and valour of his whole life—the confederacy of England with Holland and Austria—in the war of the Spanish succession, had for its purpose the humiliation of France, by the exclusion of the Bourbons from the throne of Spain. The undivided possession of the monarchy of Philip II. was guaranteed to the Archduke Charles; the Emperor claimed nothing for

himself; the Duke of Savoy was the ally of Louis XIV., and the father-in-law of Philip V. In twelve years, the genius of Marlborough and Eugene, backed by the power of England, had annihilated all the resources of France; the Austrian claimant had twice entered Madrid, and Louis had consented to join the allies in the expulsion of his grandson from Spain. It only remained for England to dictate the terms of peace which should determine the future settlement of Europe. But the interests of all parties had changed. The titular King of Spain had become Emperor, and the reunion of the dominions of Charles V. would have been more dangerous than the power of France. Thus the provisions of the treaty of Utrecht offer a singular contrast to the terms of the original alliance. England received Acadia from France; Gibraltar, Minorca, and the ratification of the *Assiento* contract, from Spain; Austria gained the Spanish Netherlands, Naples, and Sardinia; the Duke of Savoy's desertion of his ally was rewarded by Sicily, and the title of King; Holland alone obtained, in the barrier fortresses, the object for which she had professedly engaged in the war; while Louis, defeated in every quarter, but successful in the scheme which had been the sole cause of the war, saw his family established in Spain and the Indies on an undisputed throne.

It would be easy to multiply examples of the same apparent incoherence in the political changes of this century. Alberoni's attack on the Italian possessions of Austria, in 1718, gave Sicily to the Emperor in exchange for Sardinia; and the participation of Austria in the intrigues of Russia against Stanislaus of Poland in 1733, provoked Henry to interfere in support of the father-in-law of Louis XV., procured to France the acquisition of Lorraine, and established a branch of the Spanish Bourbons on the throne of Naples and Sicily. Nor will the fact be forgotten, of which the Duke de Broglie has so seasonably reminded his countrymen, that the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle contained no provision against the collisions of English merchantmen and Spanish cruisers, which, by the clamour which they occasioned in England, had forced Walpole into the war of 1739.

But, although a fortunate alliance, or the possession of an able general, might determine the immediate event of a war, it became sufficiently apparent, in course of time, that folly and misgovernment were producing their usual results. The cum-

brous weakness of the constitution of the Empire, legally crippled as it had been by the treaty of Westphalia, deprived Germany, as a nation, of all respectability and influence; and left her princes at liberty to waste their revenues in a mimicry of the pompous magnificence of the old French court, or to recruit their treasures by kidnapping their subjects, and selling them, to fight the battles of France and England. Spain, governed through three generations by hypochondriac, or idiot kings, by women and Jesuits, and for years by an Italian opera-singer, sank lower and lower in the European system. France, notwithstanding the showy successes of the war of the Austrian succession, and the discreditable revenge on England, which she took on occasion of the American revolt, had fallen into the inextricable confusion of finance, which finally overthrew the monarchy, and which had earlier diminished its power and external influence. Austria alone, unchanged in her system, seemed neither to advance nor recede: but her comparative weight in the European system was diminished by the rise of the three great powers, which, differing widely from one another in the principles of their strength, contrasted equally in their vigour and prosperity with the worn-out systems of the ancient monarchies. Of these England, alone, had a hereditary claim to the rank of a great power; but it was not till the eighteenth century, that she attained her present position in Europe. During that period there were many incapable administrations, and scarcely one which had a consistent and vigorous system of policy. But England was at least exempt from the government of mistresses and confessors; and, with the freedom which the revolution had secured, and the characteristic energy of the people, it would have been impossible to prevent the constant increase of her wealth and strength, even when the national resources were most misapplied. Between the accession of Anne and the American war, the English Empire was increased by the acquisition of Gibraltar; of Dominica, Grenada, and other islands in the West Indies; by the vast regions which constitute our present possessions in North America; and by the greater part of our present dominions in India. At home, the population and revenue had increased in, at least, a corresponding degree; but the most remarkable, though the least valuable, result of English progress, was the influence which it had produced on the mind of foreign nations. Even

while the petty states of Germany were still looking up with admiration to France, the French entertained an overstrained admiration for England; and, at the end of the seven years' war, the political pre-eminence of England was as fully admitted in Europe, as that of Louis XIV. had been, after the treaty of Nimègue.

The greatness of Prussia is universally admitted to have been the work of Frederick II. He made the same discovery which Wallenstein had anticipated a century before, that a large army will maintain itself. He began by acting on the principle of selfish aggrandizement, which, in theory, was universally supported by the leaders of public opinion—the fashionable philosophers of France. Acting always for himself, with genius, courage, and economy, he had every chance in his favour, when he contended with the frivolous and intriguing cabinets of France and Germany. By degrees, and almost against his will, he became identified with a great cause. An ostentatious infidel, and an unbending despot, he was, nevertheless, justly regarded as the champion of Protestantism and liberty. His strength, indeed, at the end, as at the beginning, lay in his army; but, as the protector of the weaker German states, as the hero of liberalism and philosophy, and, above all, from his great personal ascendancy, he held in his hands no small portion of the balance of power.

The strength of Russia rested on a firmer basis. The materials of her greatness already existed before Peter the Great gave them a new form, and brought them to bear on European policy. The possession of the vast regions, which form by their mere extent an impenetrable fortress; and the absolute control of a population, which, as yet, cannot be affected by the interests which divide parties in civilized states; conferred on the Czars a power, which they must sooner or later have discovered, and been tempted to use. From the time when Peter joined with Frederick IV. of Denmark, and Augustus II. of Poland, in the attempt to profit by the youth of Charles XII., down to the partition of Poland, and again to the treaty of Tilsit, the foreign policy of Russia has varied little in the choice of its means, and seldom been checked in the progress of aggrandizement. To Peter, indeed, war was itself an object. He cared nothing for men, but he wanted an army. It was little to him that thousands of his rude vassals fell in Pomerania or the Ukraine. He was sure that a percentage of them would return as skilful and

disciplined veterans. But he also cultivated those peaceful acts of diplomacy, which have ever since distinguished his successors, whether the government was administered by weak and abandoned women, or by foreign adventurers, or by indigenous despots. When Sweden was paralyzed by an oligarchy, Russia interfered to maintain the usurpation of the nobles, against the ancient rights of the crown; because it was necessary that a corrupt and imbecile government should be supported in Stockholm, that Finland might be occupied by a vassal power till the time was ripe for the open acquisition of so convenient a province. In Poland, when the aristocracy awoke to a sense of the national danger, Russia opposed them in the name of the king; when the nation was bent on regenerating itself, Russia guaranteed the old anarchical constitution. Safe from the contagion of liberal principles for its subjects, the court of Petersburg could adopt any doctrines with equal safety. During the reign of Catherine II. even the public opinion of Europe came in aid of the material resources of Russia. The murder of her husband, the abandoned profligacy of her life, the deliberate wickedness of her foreign policy, in no way interfered with her reputation and popularity abroad; and at the very time of the partition of Poland, the sentimental reformers of Paris were bandying compliments with the Empress. It is natural to attribute success to forethought, and to suppose that the constant and prosperous use of fraud and force for more than a century, is the result of a deep and uniform policy. Nor can it be doubted that the traditions of the empire must have had considerable influence on successive administrations. But the very uniformity and consistency of the conduct of Russia points to causes more steady than any political system. The possession of irresponsible power, facility in attacking with safety from attack, the opportunity of profiting by the divisions arising from political opinions, while the population at home is exempt from controversies, are sufficient causes to account for the pursuit of an unprincipled and aggressive career. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, it was a peculiar advantage to stand apart from the revolution of opinion, which was working in the rest of Europe.

The supremacy of the five great powers over the administration of international affairs, is perhaps the most important external result of the wars and treaties of the last century. The system has survived

the Revolution and the Empire with little change; and although it may be premature to form a judgment of its eventual tendency, it seems hitherto to have had a beneficial influence in preserving peace. But a deeper interest belongs to the history of opinion, and to the series of silent changes which prepared the great explosion of 1789. The reaction of feeling since the Revolution, has produced an unduly favourable estimate of the general character of the eighteenth century. No doubt it was remarkable for open profligacy in public and private; its ruling philosophy was shallow and vicious; public affairs were conducted with avowed and exclusive regard to individual interests; religion sank into general disrepute; and many wholesome prejudices of former times passed away for ever. Yet, notwithstanding these various drawbacks, it appears to us that the eighteenth century was far in advance of the seventeenth, and that it witnessed a steady progress from its commencement till the breaking out of the troubles in which it closed. A great part of the seeming increase of vice was, in fact, an awakening consciousness of good and evil. Men began to be more and more aware of their principles, and to feel the inconsistency of their practice with their language. As they had professed Christian morality, and practised no morality whatever, it would no doubt have been better to seek consistency by a change of conduct. The Regent Duke of Orleans and the Cardinal Dubois might, with great advantage, have become honest in pecuniary transactions; and by precept and example, have encouraged among the French nobility, sobriety and decorum, and respect for conjugal fidelity. But as the courts and aristocracy of Europe did not become virtuous, perhaps it was not without some advantage that they were professedly vicious. It is a proof rather of weakness than of lingering regard for principle, to retain the name of religion when the substance is gone. Louis XV., with his masses and mistresses, was as bad a man as the regent, and far more deserving of contempt. For a time the French aristocracy, followed by all the nobility of Europe, avowed their profligate selfishness openly; while their friends the philosophers provided them with a suitable code of ethics, deduced from actual observation of life. Theory and practice were brought into unprecedented harmony; and the perverse earnestness which the process implied, was the first step towards reform-

ing both. Men easily acquiesce in the neglect of a good doctrine, but they will not long be satisfied with professed corruption. Moreover, a spirit of inquiry must in the end be favourable to truth. Voltaire and his disciples were fatal enemies to hypocrisy; and were not devoid of that species of honesty, which consists in the sincere avowal of opinions which lie on the surface. They were not so conscientious as to think deeply, but they were frank enough to say what they thought. It was their worldliness and frivolity which called forth the indignant eloquence of Rousseau against the heartless licentiousness of the age: but they were really working to the same end. They taught the great to despise the traditional faith of the people in established institutions; and it was but another step to the contempt of their own privileges. The same process was going on in actual life. The conduct of kings, such as Augustus II. of Poland, and of nobles like the Marshal de Richelieu, amounted to a renunciation of the sacredness of ancient rights, and an admission that power must henceforth be maintained by force, or find some new basis to rest upon. Accordingly a better generation succeeded. Men, like Turgot and Lafayette, sought to realize the visions of philanthropy in which they had been led to seek for principles of new morality. The well-meaning dulness of Louis XVI., or even the misdirected energy of Joseph II., belonged to a sounder period than that which followed the reign of Louis XIV. And if such an improvement took place, we cannot but look for its cause in the comparative earnestness and sincerity which had accompanied the immorality of the age. Not evil, but the good which is mixed up with the evil, produces regeneration—

τὸ δυσσεβὲς γὰρ ἔργον
μετὰ μὲν πλείονα τίττει·
σφετέρᾳ δ' εἰκότα γένηται.

'For the unholy deed has doubtless a numerous offspring, but after its own kind.'

Yet in reading the history of the age of Louis XV., it will be difficult for any one to trace this element of good, who has not observed in ordinary life, how often the open defiance of some generally admitted and generally neglected rule of morality, proceeds rather from the greater strength of character than from greater weakness of principle. Theory is torn up by the roots rather than left to shame the practice which contrasts with it. In itself the smallness of the proportion in which

wisdom and virtue then entered into the government of the world, is curiously instructive; and we believe that Schlosser has done valuable service to the present generation, by the picture which he has produced of so remarkable a period. Little disposed as he is to abstractions and moral inferences, he sympathizes heartily with the successful war against the traditions of the middle ages, and at the same time regards with an indignation worthy of Tacitus, an era only better than that which Tacitus described, because it was advancing instead of receding.

The histrionic magnificence of Louis XIV., had impressed the princes of the Continent with profound admiration; but in France, the misfortunes of his old age, and the hypocritical austerity of his court, under the influence of Madame de Maintenon, had turned the current of public opinion for the time, and prepared it to welcome the regency of his able and abandoned nephew. The anecdote writers of later times have no doubt taken advantage of the traditional character of this reign of the Duke of Orleans, to raise upon it a superstructure of imaginary profligacy; and his foreign policy in uniting himself with George I.—in opposition to Spain, to the claims of the Stuarts, and to the ultra-Catholic party—was favourable alike to the interests of France and to the peace of Europe. But abroad the interest of his country coincided with his own; at home he spared neither tyranny nor fraud to enrich the government at the expense of the people, and to supply the demands of his own licentious extravagance. After setting aside the claims of the late king's legitimized sons to share in the regency, his first act was the institution of the inquisitorial tribunal of the *Chambre Ardente*, for the examination of all persons who, during the reign of Louis, might be supposed to have enriched themselves at the expense of the public. All official persons were forbidden to quit Paris, and were subjected to examination, to the testimony of corrupt witnesses, and to the torture, till sufficient sums could be extracted from them to meet the immediate expectations of the court. Four thousand four hundred and sixty persons were fined, and the fruits of the extortion amounted to two hundred and twenty millions of livres, which, instead of being applied to the public service, were, for the most part, wasted on the orgies of the regent and his followers. For two years the persecution continued, and when public feeling, in the

expression of which Voltaire, at the age of twenty-two, bore an honourable part, became too strong for the court, the unhappy victims were obliged to purchase their exemption from further oppression. The next step was to depreciate the coinage, and for that purpose to forbid the importation and exportation of money; but a profit from this operation, of seventy-two millions, was but a sop to the rapacity of the government. The institution of Law's Bank, and the adoption of his notes by the regent as the authorized currency, have obtained a more lasting celebrity. The unjustifiable measures which led to a depreciation of this paper—equal to that of the assignats under the Committee of Public Safety, and far less excusable—and the national bankruptcy which was the result, are as notorious as the pecuniary dishonesty which the mania of stockjobbing developed in the highest nobility. This sense of honour was as insufficient a security for their honesty, as their boasted refinement for the observance of the ordinary decencies of life.

Every reader of French memoirs is familiar with the edifying suppers of the regent, and of the dukes and duchesses of the time. The most habitual drunkenness, in both sexes, was considered equally genial and social with other instances of the universal contempt for the generally received maxims of morality. We would particularly recommend to the notice of the student, the instance of Madame de Boufflers, afterwards Maréchale de Luxembourg, and the most influential person in the highest society of Paris. Amongst her other accomplishments, she was accustomed, when in her cups, to begin à *parler Anglois*, which may be translated, to talk very broad French. As the avowed mistress of the Marshal (the second of the name), she had lived on intimate terms with his first wife; and he married her with the full knowledge of her character and conduct. It was considered, however, a drawback on her merits, that she exhibited a certain diabolical malignity of disposition; as when she remarked in the hearing of her dying step-daughter, that she felt as if there was a corpse in the room. At this time also, the young Duke of Richelieu commenced his long and consistent career, by carrying on intrigues at the same time with the daughter of the regent, and with another princess of the blood, Mademoiselle de Charolois. The very excess of their own licentiousness gratified the pride of the aristocracy, by

distinguishing them yet further from the people. The vanity of birth was at its height, and, as usual, each class sought to widen the interval which separated it from the next below. The Duke of Orleans, as grandson of France, and virtually sovereign, stood pre-eminent in rank as well as in ability and profligacy. The 'princes légitimes,' the Bourbon Condés, and Contis, despised the 'princes légitimés,' whom Louis XIV. had given them for rivals. The nobility of the sword looked down on the nobility of the robe, and the dukes and peers struggled to obtain exemption from the necessity of fighting marquises whom they might find it convenient to insult. The intrigue which was intended to attain this result unfortunately failed; but the attempt is peculiarly instructive to the exclusive admirers of the dignity of high birth.

The Baron de Besenval relates with becoming indignation an attack on the equal rights of the nobility, which consisted in a combination of the duchesses at a court-ball, to prevent the young king from dancing with any lady of inferior quality. Fortunately, a champion stepped forth from the ranks of the untitled (*femmes non titrées*), and, with a deep reverence, placed herself in front of the king, who stood, as a boy well might stand, embarrassed and blushing, till the Duke of Orleans whispered to him, that he must ask the lady (*Madame de Gontau*) to dance. And it was afterwards thought, says the historian, that the whole scheme was contrived by the regent, to check the presumption of the ducal party. We are indebted to Schlosser for a fuller knowledge of the pretensions of this party, as set forth in an amazing document which he has copied from the royal Archives of Paris, entitled '*Requête de Messieurs et Mesdames les ducs et duchesses à S.A.R. Monseigneur le duc d'Orleans, régent.*' They begin by complaining that nobody thinks much of them ('*qu'on fait peu de cas d'eux dans le monde*'), and that even some of the dignitaries of the church pretend to rival them; whereas the church has acquired a position in the world only because a certain number of peers have condescended to take the title of bishop and archbishop. To counteract the effects of these errors, they demand that they may receive the sacrament from bishops only, and enjoy certain additional distinctions in the church services. The regent is requested to order that peers alone shall keep the "crown of the causeway" on

horseback or in carriages: all private persons standing aside, whatever inconvenience may arise ('*et cela non-obstant tous les embarras qui en pourroient arriver*'). They must always have the back-seat in a carriage, and must not be expected to offer it to any one by way of civility. They must have their health drunk before that of the master or mistress of the house. They alone must be entitled to keep pages, écuyers, and demoiselles. They must have the front boxes at the theatres, even though others move to make room for them, "because it is not fair or endurable that peers of the realm should sit below persons of condition." They need not fight a simple nobleman, even though he may have cudgelled them. Further, they demand that no lord, gentleman, or officer, shall make pretensions to any government except on their refusal of it. As to the *tiers état*, the commonalty, "*messieurs the dukes are, and ought to be, so much above the people by their birth, that they ought scarcely to have any knowledge of them: nevertheless, as it is sometimes necessary to make use of this mean class, it is as well to make a regulation once for all.*" The first suggestion is admirably prudent. No workman or tradesman is to demand from a duke payment of his bill; he may remind him of it, but not often, because it is for *messieurs the dukes* to do justice to such people when they find it convenient. The orders of dukes and duchesses are always to be executed first, and all other work is to be left for theirs. Lastly, as a nobleman may not challenge a duke, so a nobleman's lackey may not force the duke's lackey to fight with fists or sticks, and the ducal menials are enjoined to let all their bones be broken, sooner than sacrifice, by self-defence, the honour which attaches to them as servants of their masters. It is impossible not to regret that the regent refused these excellent dukes permission to be horsewhipped with impunity; but the parliaments took up the question, and reminding them that even dukes and peers belonged to parliament, remonstrated against their insolence in including in the *tiers état* this most august body of the realm. Accordingly, *messieurs the dukes* were compelled to retain their solitary virtue of bravery, and the duchesses had not even the exclusive right of becoming mistresses to the king.

The courts of Germany followed the example of France, with more or less success. In vice, the imitation was generally successful; but sometimes there

was a provincial coarseness of manners, which would have appeared strange at Versailles. In Hanover, the Minister von dem Busche exercised despotic power, a few years later in the name of George II. One day, at his table, the Paymaster of the Forces, Heiliger, said that a certain dish which the minister called lamb, was made of veal. The cook was summoned, and prudently agreed with his master. The minister called out, 'Herr Heiliger! Herr Heiliger! are you still eating veal?' 'Yes, your Excellency, it is veal, and will be veal, though the cook agrees with you to please you.' Then the minister got into a passion, and said, 'Herr Heiliger has never had such a haggis at his own table, and yet he interferes in things which he does not understand.' Heiliger wanted to continue the dispute, but the company interfered and agreed with the minister. But still the minister kept calling out, 'Herr Heiliger! Herr Heiliger! is the haggis still made of veal?' and Heiliger went off with his hat on his head.

Perhaps the worst prince of the age was the celebrated Augustus II. of Saxony and Poland. In the Grüne Gewölbe, and the Armoury, at Dresden, the traveller still admires his extravagant collection of toys, his jewelled suits of armour, and the horse-shoe which he broke with his hand. In his own time, the French and German nobility were lost in wonder at the magnificence of his feasts, and the splendour of his mistresses and their children. That he was basely faithless to treaties; that he was a cowardly deserter of his country in the distress which he had brought upon it; extortion, wastefulness, profligacy, and even incest; were considered but trifling defects in the character of the best rider at tournaments, and the best contriver of pageants who then existed in Europe. While Charles XII. was avenging himself on the people of Saxony, and Peter with his savage hordes was plundering Poland as the ally of its king, Augustus and his minister Flemming, were employed in the arrangement of banquets and spectacles, and the land was left undefended, that the elector might hire out an army to the states of Holland, and embezzle a part of the pay which they gave to his soldiers. His people, perhaps the best and soundest portion of the German stock, admired the magnificence of their prince, and bore their own sufferings as an unavoidable dispensation of Providence. Too simple and uninstructed to judge fully of his conduct, they were too loyal to censure him at ran-

dom. They saw his example imitated by all the petty princes around them; and even the ecclesiastical electors of Mayence and Cologne wasted their revenues equally on parasites and on pageants.

Schlosser is, we believe, the first historian who has done justice to the only German prince who resolutely opposed the fashion of French licentiousness and extravagance. His daughter, the Margravine of Baireuth, and Voltaire, in his imitably witty and malignant Memoirs, have immortalized the foibles of Frederick William I. of Prussia; but they both sympathized too fully with the prevalent scorn of the people, and love of luxurious refinement, to do justice to the homely honesty of a king who kept his family on short commons, and provided his country with a treasury and an army. His whimsical fancy for a regiment of giants, whom he purchased or kidnapped in all parts of Europe, was a fair theme for ridicule. Marquises or philosophers were no safer than peasants, if his recruiting sergeants found that they were of the standard height; and he was in the habit of consigning to his equally unscrupulous contemporary, Peter the Great, supplies of engineers and artisans, to be paid by proportionate returns of grenadiers of six feet and a half. But, if he left behind him a useless body of giants, he also left the means which raised his son to the first position in Europe. He allowed no French to be spoken in his presence, and he treated with utter contempt the Berlin academy which his father had instituted in imitation of that at Paris. He said he did not want men who knew thirty languages, or who could enumerate all the books of science that had ever been written; but practical, judicious, efficient servants. He compelled the nobility to submit to taxation, and when they presented him a French protest, filled with Latin law phrases, and ending with the assurance *tout le pays sera ruiné*, he answered with equal humour and decision in a mixture of three languages, '*Tout le pays sera ruiné? Nihil credo*, but *I credo* that the country gentlemen will have their authority ruined. I establish the *souveraineté* like a *rocher of bronze*.' He was thoroughly Protestant in belief and practice; he abhorred the immorality which he saw in every court but his own; and when Augustus II. offered him a compliment suited to his own licentious taste, he treated him with open and deserved contempt. Even if he had not raised from nothing the richest

exchequer and the best army in Europe, at the same time improving the condition of his subjects, he would have earned their love by showing them in his own person the example of a plain, thrifty, and well-conducted German householder. It was a similar merit, which, after all the errors and faults of the first twenty-five years of his reign, won for George III., when the Coalition and the India Bill had at least identified his cause with popular feeling, the affection and respect of the best portion of the people. In consideration of these qualities, Frederick William may be pardoned for horsewhipping dancing-masters in a capital where, according to Voltaire, the upper classes had not yet attained to the refinement of wearing shirts, but hung shirt-fronts round their necks by strings. In his foreign policy he was indecisive, and hampered by his electoral reverence for the emperor; but in general he maintained the peace, which was undoubtedly his true policy. He could never have won the rank which the genius of Frederick II. secured with the army which he left him. His people willingly pardoned his foibles and his despotic caprices, in favour of his sturdy respectability; as they afterwards felt themselves compensated for all the sufferings of the seven years' war, by the honour which Prussia derived from the genius and fame of her king. Each was suited to his own generation; but the worst fault of the father was the violence which drove his son into the opposite errors.

In England the personal character of the king had far less influence on the welfare of the nation. The Hanoverian dynasty had not been selected for their virtues; but even as far as the individual princes were concerned, the choice was on the whole not unfortunate. If George I. had mistresses, they involved him in no wars; and his court was remarkable rather for dulness than for profligacy. His foreign policy was directed mainly to the aggrandizement of his electoral dominions, but his interests in the main coincided with those of Europe, and he had shown his patriotism as a prince of the empire in the war of the Spanish succession, by accepting, after the death of Louis of Baden, the thankless office of general of the army of the circles. He knew nothing of the English language, and little perhaps of the character of his subjects; but it was impossible to have acted more fully in the spirit of the constitution than he did, when he made the ablest leader of the party which had raised him to the throne, responsible for the government of

the country. This minister had many of the faults of his time, but in consideration of his great capacity, and of the general wisdom of his policy, the mature judgment of posterity has ratified the choice of the king.

Schlosser, who, as we have already intimated, is seldom sparing of his censure, treats with contempt and indignation the attempts of modern writers, and especially of a celebrated Edinburgh reviewer, to excuse the corruption of Walpole. Yet public opinion is right in distinguishing between the giver and the receiver of a bribe. If he gave pensions to members of parliament, he used the votes which he had bought to secure the peace and promote the prosperity of his country. If he sometimes procured money for the king's continental projects, he kept them on the whole within bounds. And it must be remembered, that the right of the Crown to follow a personal policy stood far higher at that time than now. Openly avowing the loose principles of his age, his conduct was rather above than below his professions. He laughed at boyish notions, as he called them, of patriotism and virtue, in the same jovial spirit in which he drank and swore; and it was therefore natural that his opponents should forget that, while they were intriguing with the Jacobites, he was maintaining and firmly establishing the throne of a constitutional king. There is no reason to suppose that he wasted the public money on converts when they were to be had on easier terms. "According to your wish," he writes to his brother Horace, then ambassador at Paris, "I enclose a letter for you to show to the cardinal and M. Amelot. It is necessary to take in the two great men, and if they are willing to be satisfied with fine words, I am sure there is nothing so cheap." This humorous consciousness of the undignified nature of his minor political acts is characteristic of a strong-minded man, and of an age of growing earnestness. It is, however, from the great results of his conduct that his real justification must be drawn. It was well that the first two Hanoverian sovereigns appreciated his merits. George II. has often been accused of coldness and heartlessness; but he never forgot the words of his wife, who, on her deathbed, recommended her husband and her kingdom to the care and protection of Walpole.

It was fortunate that the policy of the French court, both under the Duke of Orleans, and during the long administration of Cardinal Fleury, coincided with the pacific disposition of England. The regent had always been jealous of Spain, and the aged cardinal had nothing to gain by war, and enter-

tained a conscientious dislike for its horrors. The period of his ministry is the least discreditable portion of Louis XV.'s reign, as he was the last and only person who ever gained an ascendancy over the king by his virtues and merits. His policy was to avoid war, to discourage innovation and open immorality, and to tolerate abuses which he was too weak to check. He had the singular felicity of retaining for nearly twenty years, the power which he had acquired after the age of seventy; and it is to his honour, that, as long as he lived, the king was comparatively free from the vices which disgraced his later years. But it was out of his power to apply any effectual remedy to the real grievances of his country. The licentiousness of the nobility acquired a new zest from the external decorum which was imposed upon the court; and their tyrannical insolence was too powerful to be combated by the well-meaning and timid cardinal. It was during the earlier part of his administration that Voltaire was imprisoned in the Bastille, and afterwards banished from Paris, for challenging a man of rank who had caused him to be grossly assaulted in the streets. His consequent residence in England contributed greatly, through the admiration which he then imbibed for some parts of the national character, to produce in after times the enthusiastic desire of freedom, and hatred of religious despotism, in which Frenchmen supposed themselves to be imitating an English model.

The year 1740 forms a new epoch in European history. The death of the Emperor Charles VI. gave rise to wars which, with an interval of breathing time, lasted for twenty years; at the same time that the accession of Frederick II. supplied the new generation with its representative and hero. The principles and habits, which had been spreading for twenty years, began to bear their fruit. Men were prepared to be tolerant of splendid crimes, and despised inaction as imbecility. If impartial patriots had then exercised any influence in the government of nations, it would have been difficult to explain the causes of a general war. The succession of Maria Theresa in no way interfered with the balance of power, and had been guaranteed in the pragmatic sanction by the Diet of the Empire. The claims of Brandenburg in Silesia, remained the same which had formed for a century the subject of diplomacy and litigation. Charles Albert of Bavaria was powerless to enforce his pretensions to the hereditary states of Austria. France was utterly unconcerned in the dispute, and above all

things interested in the preservation of peace. But Frederick had determined to make Prussia a great power. "Troops ready for action," he says, "a full treasury, and an active character: these were my reasons for making war on Maria Theresa, Queen of Bohemia and Hungary." Louis XV., with the jealous cunning of conscious incapacity, had already commenced the system of employing private agents, to check, and sometimes to oppose, his ostensible ambassadors: choosing rather to be the dupe of irresponsible intriguers, than to submit to be governed by his ministers. He was the tool of nobles, who wanted plunder and distinction; and of mistresses, who wished to support their credit by the disposal of military patronage. Madame de Mailly, and her sister and successor, the Duchess de Chateauroux, were the least disreputable, as they were the earliest of his avowed mistresses; but they were leagued with Belleisle and Richelieu, and eager to share the theatrical pomp with which Louis XIV. had dazzled the nation, when he visited his armies in Flanders. On the side of Bavaria, the meanest sycophancy was used to secure the protection of France. The aged Cardinal, who was unwillingly dragged into the war, was called the Elector's father and protector; the Imperial crown was to be acknowledged as the gift of Louis; and the candidate, who was to swear, on his election, to protect the rights and territories of Germany, did not blush to enter into an agreement, that, as Emperor, he would never reclaim any city or province, which his French ally might conquer from the empire. The Marshal de Belleisle was received with the honours of a sovereign prince; and the vanity of France was gratified by seeing her client crowned at Frankfort. The smaller German states had an interest of their own in the war. Their princes traded in alliances and mercenaries; and when France and England were embroiled, they were always sure of customers. In this war, the Elector Palatine received subsidies from France, to oppose the maintenance of the pragmatic sanction, to which he was a party, and to submit to see his own dominions plundered by his own allies. Cologne, Wurtemberg, Bamberg, were all for sale to the highest bidder; and the Landgrave of Hesse acquired, as was usual with his family, an infamous pre-eminence, as a dealer in soldiers, by hiring out six thousand men each, at the same time, to England and to the Emperor

Charles VII. Nor must the still more influential interests of ministers and negotiators be forgotten. Nothing was to be gained without a bribe; and peace or war depended on the wants, or the greediness of statesmen. Belleisle declared that it was necessary to his influence with the Diet, that relays of post-horses should be stationed, to bring dishes, cooked in Paris, to supply his table at Frankfort. Brühl, who governed Saxony in the name of Augustus III., was open to corruption from all quarters; and, throughout Europe, it was the interest of the governing class, that there should be a demand to meet the inexhaustible supply of treachery and intrigue, which they were ready to furnish. All men professed selfishness, but it was only Frederick who had the firmness to follow his own interests steadily. While Charles VII. was squandering, in pageants, the price for which he had sold the independence of the empire to France, the King of Prussia had conquered Silesia, concluded a peace in which Austria recognized his acquisition, and was ready to bring his arms and policy to bear, in whatever quarter new advantages might offer themselves.

The traditional and well-founded principles of English policy fully justified the government in opposing the dismemberment of the Austrian monarchy; but no continental war has reflected less honour on our arms. From the victory of the pragmatic army under George II. at Dettingen, to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the superiority of the French armies was as uniform, as it was unprecedented. It is strange to find in the popular literature of the time, the general apprehension which was expressed, and sometimes perhaps felt, of the approaching subjection of England to France. With fuller means of judging of the intrinsic resources of either power, it is easy for us to despise the form in which gossiping politicians then happened to develop their shallowness; but the real weakness of France was as little known, as the vast and growing strength of England. The advance of wealth and enterprise in the midst of war, and the dormant spirit which Pitt was afterwards to awaken, were not obvious to the common observer and alarmist; but all men could understand that we were defeated at Fontenoy; that we were losing town after town in Flanders; and that a handful of mountaineers had been allowed to march as conquerors, from Edinburgh to Derby. We had abundant strength in reserve, but

no one knew how to call it forth. It was easier for Pelham to subsidize German Powers, and keep the King in good humour by employing the Duke of Cumberland, than to substitute able men for the aristocratic league which he represented, or to find a general to restore the military fame of the country. The Duke of Newcastle's character is generally known, though his failings have been greatly exaggerated. Of his still more incapable colleagues, we may form some estimate, from the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Duke of Bedford, whose memory has been preserved by the libels of Junius, and defended by Lord John Russell in his recent publication of his correspondence. His letters show, how an arrogant and selfish nobleman, without attending to the duties of his office, could retain all the power and patronage attached to it; and, by the mere influence of rank and wealth, control the general policy of the government. The deference with which a rich duke who owned many boroughs was treated, even by his peers, if they were of lower title and smaller fortune, shows the extent to which an oligarchical principle had begun to enter into the constitutional system, and in some degree explains the external feebleness of the State. Weak kings, and thoughtless democracies, often employ able ministers; but incapable aristocrats must administer their power in person.

It was not, however, to any superiority in council that the showy successes of France were owing. The objects for which the war had been undertaken were soon found to be hopeless. Louis had nothing to gain by war, but the reasons which had caused the war remained, when the objects to which it was avowedly directed were at an end. The conduct of affairs was worthy of the principles on which it was founded. The king visited the armies with his mistresses at an enormous expense, and to the constant hindrance of operations. In his illness he dismissed Madame de Chateauroux, and when he recovered, he avenged himself for his weakness on the bishop who had urged it. The nobility at one time filled the army with licence, at another left it unofficered to enjoy the pleasures of Paris. The Duke de Grammont occasioned the defeat of Dettingen by disobedience, and nevertheless retained his command of the guards till he fell at Fontenoy. The Marshal de Belleisle sacrificed five thousand men in Piedmont, to give his brother an

opportunity of earning the staff of a marshal. Richelieu embezzled countless sums while the treasury was exhausted; and when the controller of the finances complained, the secretary of state was obliged to apologise, and to appeal publicly to the protection of Madame de Pompadour. The general distress was greater than it had been in the time of Marlborough's victories; and, for a time, the enemy advanced unresisted into the heart of Provence.

The military reputation of France was only preserved by the genius of the Marshal de Saxe and of Loewendal, one a German and the other a Swede. There is no stronger proof of the dependence of the fortune of war on the abilities of generals, than the successes which were achieved by the two marshals in the Netherlands, with the ill-paid troops of the line, and the unruly gentlemen of the *Maison du Roi*. Their conquest of the barrier fortresses which had occasioned so many wars, enabled France to make peace on honourable terms; when all her resources were exhausted, when Holland was entering into the quarrel, and had joined with England in hiring thirty thousand Russians, who were at the moment marching on the Rhine.

The hero of the war of the Austrian succession was perhaps the best representative of the ideal of the European nobility of his time. Count Maurice of Saxony, once elected Duke of Saxony, once elected Duke of Courland, and afterwards the celebrated Marshal of France, inherited the licentious tastes of his father, Augustus II., of Poland, but adorned them by a spirit and genius peculiarly his own. Among the French he found his proper sphere; they admired his valour, his military skill, his aristocratic contempt for knowledge, his dignified indifference to the rights and liberties of the vulgar. Even the king, jealous as he was of intellectual superiority, tolerated a great general who lived on good terms with the royal mistresses, and threw the court into shade by the number of his own. The ministry had sometimes trouble in checking his eccentricities; as when he formed a speculation for fitting out privateers against the Dutch, at a time when they were at peace with the court; but in less serious matters his general extravagances were universally tolerated and admired. He calculated justly on public taste when he directed the actress who was at the head of his campaigning theatre, to make

the celebrated announcement of the performances of the week: "To-morrow, gentlemen, there will be no performance, in consequence of the battle which the marshal intends to deliver; the day after, the 'Coq du Village,' &c." 'All doors are open to me,' he said, when he conducted the wife of Poplinière, the former general, back into the house of her husband, who had turned her out in consequence of an intrigue with Richelieu. The gratitude and sympathy of the court was shown when he lay ill at his country-house, by a *lettre de cachet*, which authorized the lieutenant of police to convey one of his refractory mistresses, Madame de Chantilly, under arrest to his residence. The deep impression of respect which his character produced on the French mind appears from the example of Marmontel, who had had the good fortune to succeed with two of the marshal's mistresses, and justly feared the infliction of some personal outrage. But his crime was either unknown or overlooked, and the culprit was even complimented on the merits of his tragedy by the hero, whom his gratitude soon afterwards led him to honour with an epitaph, which shows how he curbed the leopard of England, and clipped the wings of the Austrian eagle.

It is only from the memoirs of the time that a just notion can be formed of the miserable condition of the French government from the death of Fleury till the accession of Louis XVI. The war of the Austrian succession, the troubled peace which followed, the unnatural alliance with Austria, with its disastrous results, indicated no political theory, no views of national advantage, but depended entirely on the interests of the abandoned companions of the king. This absolute authority was wielded not only without regard to public good, but without consideration of advantage to himself. The illusion which had so long surrounded the crown was almost dissipated, and, for the first time, Versailles was going out of fashion at Paris. Wisdom and decorous conduct was not required of Louis XV.; he might have continued to be profligate in his private life, and unprincipled in policy, without offending public opinion. The low birth of Madame d'Étiolles was soon forgiven in favour of her power as Madame de Pompadour; but unfortunately for the king, he was a bigot as well as a profligate, and all the sycophancy of Voltaire failed to modify his instinctive aversion to philosophers. The literary

society of Paris was becoming every day more powerful, and the nobility, even the king's own Marshal de Richelieu, added the influence of their rank to the cause of enlightenment and irreligion. As yet they had no desire to oppose despotism, and probably the king might have bribed them by judicious treatment to postpone their attacks on Christianity. But in their great task of reducing theory to coincide with practice, the insolent hypocrisy of a court which supported the priests, while it set all morality at defiance, was necessarily an intolerable scandal. Their system led them to attack rather the hypocritical pretence than the abandoned practice, and the pleasure of consistency and of a kind of new-born earnestness, soon united the greater part of the French aristocracy in the easy crusade against the profession of a long-neglected creed. Prejudice (*les préjugés*) fell an easy victim. The Jesuits and the clergy on the one side with the king, who protected them; the parliament and their Jansenist pietists and miracle-mongers on the other; became the subject of universal contempt: and it was indignantly pointed out as a proof of the weakness of Louis, that the influence of his confessor had prevailed over that of his mistress to exclude Voltaire from the academy. Security for wise government or for personal liberty was not as yet felt to be a want. Public opinion would have condemned as hypocrisy a domestic and orderly life, like that which afterwards brought Louis XVI. into contempt. A free-thinking mistress, who would issue *lettres de cachet* against priests, would have given universal satisfaction. The moral and sentimental Marmontel dwells touchingly on the disappointment of his virtuous aspirations, when some years later, his friend Madame de Seran, seemed likely to succeed to the rank of favourite. "I had the pleasure," he says, "while waiting for the result of her private interview with the king, of forming castles of ambition in the air. I saw the young countess all-powerful, the king and court at her feet, all her friends loaded with favours; myself honoured with the confidence of the mistress, and by means of her influencing the king to do whatever good I wished. It was the most beautiful prospect imaginable ('il n'y avoit rien de si beau')." We are indebted to the same amusing writer for an earlier and still more edifying scene of the same kind, got up as a last resource by the falling minister of war, D'Argenson. Nay, the right of the king to impri-

son his subjects was not only fully conceded, but connected with a moral obligation which rendered it incumbent on him to issue a *lettre de cachet* at the request of any favoured servant! and it was only some peculiar abuse of the power which excited public indignation. A literary diner out, the same whom we have so often quoted, repeated at Madame de Geoffrin's table, some satirical verses which a discarded stage composer had written on the Duke d'Aumont, the director of the *menus plaisirs*. Hearing that he was in danger, he went to the Duke de Choiseul, and satisfied him that he was innocent of composing the satire. "I believe you," said the minister, "but the duke has requested the king to grant him a *lettre de cachet* in consideration of his own services, and of those of his ancestors, and I cannot interfere." It would have been well if this prerogative had never led to anything worse than Marmontel's residence of a fortnight in the Bastille.

The destruction of the moral influence of the court was completed by the measure which most clearly proved its undisputed political authority, the alliance with Austria which led to the war of 1757. The King of Prussia, by his military reputation, by his literary pretensions, by his hostility to religion (*les préjugés*), and by the court which he paid to Voltaire and his followers, had already become the hero of the Parisian saloons, which governed public opinion. Fashion for once supported sound policy. Prussia might be a useful ally against Austria, and could not be a dangerous enemy. Above all, the country required an interval of peace in which the finances might recover from the disorder of the last war. But Kaunitz knew the weak points of Versailles, and showed the reigning favourite the insecurity of her tenure of power in time of peace. The virtuous empress condescended to write an autograph letter to Madame de Pompadour; and the Abbé de Bernes, whom the mistress had formerly employed to write her letters to the king, was raised to the ministry for the express purpose of signing the treaty, which seemed to ensure success to the schemes of Austria and Russia at the expense of France. It was, perhaps, well even for the French interest that Frederick's effectual defence in the struggle which has immortalized his name, prevented Austria from becoming supreme in Germany, and the Russian dominion from advancing to the Oder. From the time

when, anticipating the maturity of the schemes of the enemy, the king broke into Saxony, and forced the elector's army to surrender at Pirna; while the wretched Brühl looked down in safety, on the consequences of his purchased intrigues, from the impregnable heights of Königstein; through all the varying fortunes of the war to his final desertion by his only ally, his firmness never failed him. One day defeated, another triumphant; while Prussia was taking oaths of fealty to the Czarina, and while Austrian cavalry were ravaging the Mark of Brandenburg, and bivouacking in the streets of Berlin—still keeping firm hold of Saxony, and knowing that his army was his kingdom, he trusted to the course of events to dissolve the coalition, and, at the worst, he determined to perish with the power which he had created. In his utmost distress, his gaiety never forsook him. A deserter excused himself by saying that he only left his cause when it seemed hopeless. "Wait till the end of this campaign," said the king, "and if things do not mend, I will then desert with you."

As between England and France, although they had exchanged allies, the war was virtually a continuation of the last. But the Marshal de Saxe had left no successor, and Pitt came forth to call out the energies of his country. However small his merit may have been in the expeditions which he planned, he had the inestimable quality of confidence in himself and the nation. It was better to waste money in fruitless invasions of France, than to stand, as in the last war, on the defensive at home. The people were willing to support an army in Germany, when they found that Duke Ferdinand led it to victory; and the conquest of Canada, coinciding with the almost incredible advances of Clive in India, once more renewed the national consciousness of superiority which had lain dormant since the days of Marlborough. Protestantism also came in support of patriotism; for all Germany felt that the great question of the freedom of religion was at stake; and the enthusiasm of England for the cause of Frederick was redoubled, when it was known that the Austrian commander had received a present of talismanic relics, to mark the special favour of the Pope. No wonder that the conclusion of the peace in 1763, was the commencement of the well-deserved unpopularity which attended George III. for more than twenty years. The nation saw that the

honour of the country was sacrificed, and the opportunity of humbling its ancient enemy thrown away, because the ill-taught and obstinate young king, under the influence of Lord Bute, hated Frederick as a freethinker, and resented as an encroachment on his prerogative the transcendent superiority of Pitt. The speeches and writings of the day were not sparing in their imputation of corruption and baseness to the hated Scotchman and his master; but, for once, fiction was less strange than truth. It was not known that the last operations of the war were a fraud on both sides; that England, with a stake of a hundred thousand men in the field, was urging France to attack her own general, Duke Ferdinand, and complaining, "You will let yourselves be beaten, and we cannot make peace, we shall not even dare to propose it to parliament." A Frenchman, who knew the state of the national resources, might more easily have pardoned his government for their conduct, in consequence of Lord Bute's remonstrance. "As soon as you receive this letter," wrote the king to the Prince de Soubise, "you will pass the Helde and attack the enemy, without considering whether the arrangements are suitable; and whatever may be the success, you shall not be responsible for it." "The letter of the king," added the minister, "is too formal to make it necessary for me to add anything. But I can tell you, that if the king's army should be destroyed to the last man, and it should become necessary for me to levy a new one, his majesty would not be alarmed." Choiseul might well be proud of the diplomatic skill with which he had drawn Spain into the war in time to share in the sacrifices which the defeated party must make. He might also think himself fortunate in the character of the English Ambassador, the Duke of Bedford, of whom we have already spoken. The charge of Junius that he was influenced by bribes, is destitute of all probable foundation. In deserting the King of Prussia, and even volunteering to secure a part of his dominions to Russia, as well as in a general readiness to make concessions to the enemy, he could hardly exceed the wishes of George III. and Lord Bute: but he seems to have sacrificed the claims of his country with a grace peculiarly his own. The Duke de Choiseul objected to the establishment of English garrisons in some of the small islands on the coast of Newfoundland. The Duke of Bedford related, in answer, the explanation which Bouret, a wealthy

financier, had given him of the enormous expenses which he had incurred in fitting up a house which was occasionally honoured by royal visits. "It is indeed expensive, but it is for the king." "In the same manner," he continued, "I say to you, there shall be no garrison in the islands of Miguelon and St. Pierre. It may perhaps cost me my head; *mais, monsieur, c'est pour le roi.*"

It is a singular proof of the perverted judgment of the European aristocracy, that France was never more generally admired and looked up to than during its lowest period of political debasement: from the beginning of the seven years' war, to the death of Louis XV. The feudal splendour and luxury of the great nobility combined with the brilliant reputation of the literary circles which met at the tables of Helvetius and of Holbach, to make Paris the acknowledged capital of Europe. It united the convenience of old abuses with the satisfaction of contempt for them. Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, and his nephew, the celebrated duke, who was long afterwards bribed or beaten by Dumouriez, always professed to regret their position as Germans. "Be assured," said the hero of the English victory of Minden, "that there is no German, however noble or powerful, who would not be proud to serve under the banner of France. What happiness to serve in your company in war, and to live at Paris in time of peace!" Gustavus III. of Sweden, and Catherine II. of Russia, thought a correspondence with the philosophic leaders necessary to their reputation; and Frederick himself maintained through life, the contempt with which his father's homely tastes had unhappily inspired him, for the language and customs of his native country. But at home, the French themselves were beginning to form a truer judgment. Familiarity, and the opportunity of looking behind the scenes, produced the same feelings with which Italians formerly regarded the Pope, while credulous ultra-montanes trembled at his authority. While Louis sank into the lowest depths of contempt, and the patronage of the infamous Du Barry raised the Duke d'Aiguillon to power in the place of Choiseul, the better class of Frenchmen were beginning to look for some principle of national regeneration. Political economy, utilitarianism, Anglomania, were all proofs of the sounder and wholesomer feeling of the second generation of philosophers. Those who were sanguine, hoped for regeneration; while those who found them-

selves at ease, thought that it was already come, because religious wars and persecution, which Voltaire and his disciples always represent as the worst affliction to which mankind are liable, seemed for the time to be at an end. The best proof of a Providence, it was said, is that under Louis XV. France should enjoy prosperity. If the fact had been true, the fairer inference would seem to be somewhat different. The insuperable difficulty of reform consisted in the hold which the principles of the upper classes had taken on the people. The Revolution showed the pattern of the Richelieus and d'Aiguillons worked in a coarser stuff. But before the result was known, it was right and natural to hope the best, and even to over-estimate the casual advantages which resulted from the conflicts of rival statesmen. All wise and honest men rejoiced when Choiseul expelled the Jesuits; and when d'Aiguillon and Maupeou had incurred the odium of destroying the parliaments, it was justly considered a grave error in Louis XVI., that by the advice of Maurepas he restored them. The unprovoked attack on England which followed Lafayette's volunteer expedition to America, was ultimately more injurious to the government which commenced it, than to the enemy: but the enthusiasm for supposed popular rights which accompanied it, was a better symptom of the moral condition of the nation, than the wanton indifference to bloodshed with which Belleisle or Bernes had plunged into war. Honest men, such as Turgot, Necker and Lafayette, as well as men like Mirabeau, of mere ability, were prepared to reform many of the abuses which oppressed the country. But to this, power and the support of public opinion were necessary, and respect for authority was one of the superstitions (*les préjugés*) which the people had been effectually taught to despise.

In the rest of Europe, the spirit of change took a different course. The example of Frederick of Prussia, recommended by his great reputation, led kings and ministers to reform, by removing the impediments which checked the action of absolute government. The French philosophers had done them the service of making chartered privileges, and sacred foundations, contemptible; and although the people clung, as in all but extraordinary occasions they will cling, to the usages of their ancestors, the approbation of those who guided public opinion supported the introduction of the centralizing

monarchies which still govern a great part of continental Europe. Pombal, in Portugal; Charles III., with the assistance of Tanucci, in Naples; and afterwards of Aranda in Spain; acted in the same spirit with Gustavus III., when he overthrew the Swedish oligarchy; and with Joseph II., in his unsuccessful attempt to renew in the house of Hapsburg the authority of the Franconian Emperors. The suppression of the Jesuits was equivalent to a public declaration, that kings were no more to be governed by confessors; and the general indifference to established institutions made way for a firmer and more practical, though less gorgeous system of monarchy. It yet remains to be seen how far human improvement will be promoted by the theory of government, which Frederick exemplified, and Napoleon carried to perfection; but there can be no doubt, that to nations oppressed by obsolete and complicated systems of power, the establishment of a utilitarian despotism, offers, for the time, relief.

Of all the kings and statesmen of the century, Schlosser appears to confine his admiration almost exclusively to the King of Prussia. That he was the greatest man of his time, all will admit, and that he had great defects, few of his admirers will deny. When we consider his selfishness, his encouragement of profligate French literature, his contempt for his countrymen, his tyranny to the Saxons, his participation in the gigantic wickedness of Russia towards Poland, we feel inclined to think him a bad man: as we might be led to doubt his political foresight and wisdom, by some of his financial and political measures. He imported financiers from France, to introduce into his dominions the universally reprobated system of the farms; and he kept accounts only so far as to know that his receipts exceeded his expenditure. In other respects, notwithstanding the change of circumstances, he altered none of the official arrangements of his father, who had made it his chief object to confine his ministers to the business of clerks, as a security for his own absolute power. His absurdly vexatious excise regulations were the natural errors of a crude political economy; but it seems to his discredit as a statesman, that he had reduced the whole monarchy so completely to a machine which no one but himself knew how to set in motion, that under his weak and indolent successor it seemed on the point of dissolution. The secret despatches of Mirabeau from Ber-

lin, where he was residing on a diplomatic mission at the time of the great king's death, offer a lively picture of the helpless confusion which followed the removal of the presiding hand. But it is safer to listen to the judgment of his countrymen, and to look at great results. Prussia is still a powerful monarchy, and the spirit of its chief founder has produced many of the changes which he neglected. He has long been forgiven by Germans for despising them, in consideration of his having raised them above the contempt of others. If he was selfish, he wasted no money on luxury or pageantry, but sought his own interest in the welfare of the kingdom, to the aggrandizement of which he devoted his life. As compared with his amiable contemporary, Augustus III. of Saxony, he forcibly exemplifies the universal truth, that a merely able man will govern better than a merely good one. The general testimony of friends and enemies is seldom widely mistaken; and it may guide us in our judgment to remember, that in 1813, the Prussians contrasted the timid vacillation of their court, with the heroic vigour of Frederick; and that to this day, he is the object of the bitterest malice of all the Catholic bigots in Europe.

The same feeling of German patriotism, which explains Schlosser's grateful admiration of Frederick, accounts for the regret with which he regards the failure of the schemes of Joseph II. During fifteen years of his reign as Emperor, he was kept in check by the authority of his mother, who retained the administration of the hereditary states; but it is not probable that his plans of reform could, under any circumstances, have succeeded. The interests of the princes of the empire must always have united them against an attempt to enlarge the imperial prerogative; and even if France had heartily supported Austria, the power of a German League, under a leader such as Frederick, was too formidable to be defied with prudence. Nor are we satisfied, that even for the chance of recovering the national unity, it would have been prudent for Germany to support the ambitious policy of Joseph. An accomplice in the partition of Poland, he could pretend to no regard for national independence; a confederate with Catherine in the Turkish war, he was guilty of a fatal error in aggrandizing his most formidable neighbour: and the universal dislike with which he was regarded: the imprudent disregard for popular opinion, which lost him the Netherlands; and in

general, the bad success of his projects; prove that he was undeserving of the confidence, which he could never obtain. His principles of regeneration were those of his age; involving a removal of abuses by a disregard to rights, and a levelling of all subordinate inequalities, to leave free room for the sovereign authority to act. If the jurisdiction of the imperial courts was clogged by technicalities, its forms were nevertheless the relics of the old constitution, and not merely the impediments to its energy. The principle of adherence to forms involved the maintenance of general rules, to the exclusion of the arbitrary interference of the sovereign; and if Joseph had succeeded in establishing his own right to influence the administration of justice, his success would have been more fatal to the remains of a central authority in the empire, than even his failure. In the Aulic Council at Vienna, as well as in the Imperial Chamber at Wetzlar, the Emperor's energetic attempts at innovation were defeated by the invincible slowness and ingenuity of lawyers, whom Schlosser compares to Lord Eldon; and when Joseph, in despair, turned his attention to the extension of his hereditary dominions, he found himself controlled by the arms and preponderating influence of Frederick.

The influence of lawyers in Germany is with Schlosser an ever-recurring source of indignation. Whenever an act of spoliation was to be committed, when Frederick required Silesia, or Charles Albert Bohemia, jurists were ever ready with *deductions*, as they were called, of the rights of the claimant, which were not unlike the documents which had of old preceded an irruption of the Plantagenets into Normandy or Aquitaine. With the state of justice in the several states of the empire we are not at present concerned; but the general tendency of the jurisdiction of the Imperial Courts appears even in the eighteenth century to have been in favour of justice and good government. It was, as Mr. Hallam remarks, from the public law of Germany, that the public law of Europe arose. The mere profession of appealing to right was some check on the unrestricted use of force. But in detail, we doubt not that the proceedings were as vexatious as the circumstances which gave rise to them were sometimes singular.

There is no portion of Schlosser's work more valuable than his incidental notices of the internal condition of the German

states, especially of Bavaria, with its vain struggles against the hateful dominion of the Jesuits; but we are unable to follow him into details, or even to enter into a general outline of the history. We must pass over his instructive summary of the revolutions of Sweden, and his forcible description of the unparalleled crimes and great successes in Russia. On the subject of England he is, as it seems to us, scarcely unprejudiced; but we are well aware how easily a bias on the other side may arise from national feeling. At the same time, the universal adoption by German writers of our common division of Europe into England and the continent, is, we believe, the index of a well-founded belief, that our national character offers peculiar difficulties to a foreigner. Nor are we satisfied that the effect of the many years of one-sided falsehood, during which Napoleon controlled the press of Germany, will have worn out till another generation has passed away.

We are not inclined to enter into any general defence of the national character as it exists at the present day. It may be true that we aim too exclusively at the attainment of utilitarian objects; it is, we believe, certain, that public opinion is hostile to independent inquiry, to speculative philosophy, and to freedom of thought and opinion, which seems, indeed, from the time of Socrates, to have been considered incompatible with free political institutions. The wide separation of the different classes of society, the sycophantic deference which is paid to rank, have been long, and with good reason, established among our indigenous commonplaces, and we cannot complain if they are reprobated by the additional authority of a foreign historian. But we are at a loss to conjecture the grounds on which Schlosser has formed his judgment of the state of private morals in England. The higher classes were, in the middle of the last century, as he justly observes, licentious and dissipated; but, he adds, they had not reached the same height of profligacy with the Russian nobility of that time, or with the English aristocracy of the present day. In other words, the race from which Fielding and Smollet drew their characters, the immediate successors of the companions of Chartres and Beau Fielding, were better than the English nobility of the present day, who are on a level with such men as Menzikoff and Orloff: with ministers who received the

knout without losing office, with the ornaments of a court where empresses drank brandy with corporals, and where a chaste woman was as unheard of as an honest man. There is more plausibility perhaps in the assertion that the punishment inflicted on the rebels of 1745, exceeded in barbarity any torments allowed by the criminal codes of civilized Europe. Yet the disgusting accessories of execution for high treason did not commence till life was extinct; and Schlosser himself furnishes us with abundant examples of far more cruel punishments. Judicial torture existed in some parts of Germany till within the present generation. In Bavaria, curiously refined modes of execution were devised after the seven years' war. Christian VI. of Denmark passed a law by which murderers were to receive seventy-two lashes a week for nine successive weeks, and then to be broken alive on the wheel. We may add the well-known case of Damien, who, in 1757, was tortured and broken on the wheel; and of the Chevalier de la Barre, who, in 1766, was, for an alleged blasphemy, executed at the age of seventeen, after undergoing the rack, and having his tongue cut out.

We willingly admit that Schlosser's knowledge of the details of English history is both extensive and minute. He quotes Lord Brougham and Miss Martineau with his usual dispraise; and condescends even to bestow a few sentences of contempt on Madame D'Arblay's diary. There are a few inaccuracies of little importance, which it would be desirable to correct hereafter, as they may confuse a careless reader. Thus Sir William Howe, the brother of the admiral, is called Lord Howe; Mr. Stuart Mackenzie, Lord Stuart Mackenzie; and Mr. George Grenville receives the title of Lord Grenville, which was first created in the next generation. The well-known Mrs. Montague of Boswell and Madame D'Arblay, becomes Lady Montague; and from this trifling mistake, an erroneous inference is drawn of the superior rank of her circle to that of Mrs. Vesey. There are some theoretical conclusions, which seem to involve more serious errors.

The historian attributes the popularity of Junius to his supposed defence of the Saxon rights of the people, against the Norman privileges of the landed aristocracy (*Junkeraristocratie. Squirearchy*). We believe the Saxon law is mentioned only once by Junius, when he compares the encroachments of Norman lawyers after the

conquest, with the alleged innovations of Lord Mansfield; but however this may be, nothing was further from the thoughts of Junius, or of the party which he represented, than to preach down the land interest. Lord Chatham and Lord Shelburne always appealed to the country gentlemen for support, against the court and the borough-owners. Junius himself repeatedly hints, that his sympathies are those of a man of birth and station; and he finds no fault with Sir William Draper, when he eulogizes Lord Granby, for giving men of rank and fortune a preference in the disposal of regiments. The great judge, whom he so bitterly hated, was the creator of mercantile law, which assuredly was not to be found in any Saxon code; but in the chief attack which he makes upon him, with respect to the admittance of Eyre to bail, he draws his argument almost entirely from laws enacted since the Conquest, of which the earliest is the statute of Westminster, passed in 1275. The modern enthusiasm in favour of the Saxons belongs not to the time of Junius, but to the age of M. Thierry, of Sir Francis Palgrave, of Mr. Kemble, and of Lord Durham.

A graver error seems to be involved in the language in which Schlosser speaks of the legal proceedings against Wilkes, in 1763, for libel. The popular rejoicing on the occasion of his discharge from the Tower is represented as the mistaken triumph of a multitude, whom their aristocracy had cheated out of substantial freedom, by giving them specious words and legal forms instead. To this we answer without hesitation, that the inviolability of legal forms is the true test of constitutional liberty. A nation which disregards them may be capable of a successful riot; but it has only its wishes, not its rights to struggle for. A constitution can only be said to exist, when it is impossible to violate the rights of the people without entrenching on some legal form; and conversely the sound instinct of Englishmen teaches them, that freedom is in danger when law is tampered with. It is impossible that so true a friend to liberty can think that the defeat of the court, and the release of a demagogue, would have been a worthier cause of popular rejoicing, than the assertion of a principle that a warrant must apply to a definite person, and recite a definite crime? Lord Camden and the Court of Common Pleas declared that Lord Egremont and Lord Halifax, as secretaries of state, were limited in their power of

committal by the same rules which bound a simple justice of the peace; that a general warrant was absolutely void; and that Wilkes was therefore entitled to his discharge. It followed as a matter of course that he was afterwards entitled to compensation from the ministers who had restrained his liberty; and thus justice was obtained without the necessity of a revolution; even without an act of parliament; and in defiance of an illegal resolution adopted by both Houses. It appears to us that the assertion of a general proposition, which should have embodied all the Rights of Man, would have been of comparatively little value.

If we are right in considering such views as these mistaken, the error is one into which an English historian would not be likely to fall; but Schlosser's position and habits of thought give him many counterbalancing advantages. He is apparently exempt from the party feeling which expresses itself as often by forced candour as by zealous advocacy; and he greatly prefers naked truth to the edifying use which may be made of it. He expressly disclaims the power of graphic and objective description, as far as it depends on the projection of the writer into his subject by assuming the feelings and spirit of another time or place. Things as they appear to him, not as they might have appeared to him if he had witnessed them, form the subject of his work; and in his account of literature, as well as in the political portion of his history, he uses the language, and judges by the standards of the present day. The general severity and frequent bitterness of his censures seem to us to arise from the entire and unaffected seriousness with which he writes: it is at least consistently indiscriminate; Jesuits, Pietists, and Encyclopædists: Jacobins and Doctrinaires; the careless shallowness of Voltaire; the supercilious indifference of Goethe; England with its narrowness; Germany with its inefficiency; all move his indignation in turn, because they all seem to him defective in moral earnestness. In some cases he may be unintentionally unjust, but it is from a mistake in the fact, not in the rule by which it is estimated. He neither thinks bigoted positiveness the test of earnestness, nor love of innovation equivalent to a desire for improvement; and he holds men responsible for wilful ignorance, as well as for neglect to act up to their knowledge. In England, where opinions, if firmly held, are supposed to justify

themselves and their practical results, we think that Schlosser's history may in this respect, as well as in many others, produce a beneficial effect. As a general history of the eighteenth century, it takes up ground which has not, as far as we know, been preoccupied by any English writer. In approaching the French revolution and the Wars of the Empire, the historian will have many competitors. What his comparative success may be it is not necessary to anticipate; but it is at least certain, that a sufficient history embracing the whole of that time still remains to be written.

ART. III.—GEORGE HERWEGH. *Gedichte eines Lebendigen, mit einer Dedikation an den Verstorbenen.* (Poems of a Living Man, with a Dedication to the Dead.) Zweite Auflage. Zurich und Winterthur. 1841-2.

GEORGE HERWEGH comes of humble parents in Wurtemberg, and received his first education at one of the state schools, in Stuttgart, where Strauss, Idewald, and others, got their first rudiments of learning. Subsequently, he studied at Tubingen, and on the conclusion of his University course was thrown upon his own resources for subsistence. He became sub-editor of a literary journal of no great mark—the 'Europe'—of which A. Lewald is director, and further occupied himself with translating the poems of Lamartine, which he rendered in the author's metre. These translations are said to have merit.

In the midst of these avocations he was called upon to serve his time in the army; and it is evident that his literary labours could not have been very profitable to him, for he had not the wherewithal to purchase a substitute, and his parents were too poor to buy his exemption. He was, moreover, too proud, or too timid, to address himself to his friends; and the consequence was, that the poet was seized upon, one unlucky morning, by a squad of police, and carried off—not to prison—but to the regimental barracks, where he was bidden to share a bed with a brother recruit: some big countryman, fresh from the Schwarzwald.

The young republican wrote off, in the bitterness of his heart, to his friend Lewald, assuring the latter that he would infallibly hang himself, unless he was released from prison within the four-and-twenty hours. On this, the editor of the 'Europe' put all his wits to

work in behalf of the imprisoned bard; and, in the first place, got a physician's certificate, by which Herwegh was respited from the barrack to the hospital; and, finally, was lucky enough to procure from the war minister an unlimited leave of absence for this gifted and refractory recruit, who was thus enabled to return to the peaceful exercise of the pen.

Some short time afterwards, as ill-luck would have it, Herwegh was at a public ball, where he quarrelled with an officer present, and a challenge was the consequence of their dispute. But the officer, as it happened, was a lieutenant in that very regiment of which George Herwegh was a private on leave of absence: his leave was immediately withdrawn, and he was ordered to join his regiment the very next day.

But one night, and half a bed with the big Schartzwalder, had been enough for the poet, and he preferred to sleep in some free republican solitude, rather than in that odious company and barrack. The Swiss frontier is not more than four-and-twenty hours distance from Stuttgart; so the young man quitted the *finis patriæ* and *dulcia arva* of Wurtemberg, and was in Switzerland on the very day when they were looking out for him at his regiment. No doubt the lieutenant was much disappointed, and that Herwegh's name still figures on the regimental lists, with a 'D' before it.

He got work upon a journal, called the 'Volkshalle,' published by Dr. Wirth, at Belveue, near Constance, but soon quitted that paper, and established himself at Zurich, where he devoted himself exclusively to poetical composition, and where the first edition of his 'Gedichte eines Lebendigen' was published.

The book met with the most extraordinary success: two editions were sold in the course of the first year, and his publisher then made him editor of a newspaper, published by the former with indifferent success up to that period, and called the 'Deutsche Bothe in der Schweiz' (The German Messenger in Switzerland). Herwegh, accepting this post, determined to go into Germany, to seek for contributors and subscribers.

Then commenced for the young poet such a series of triumphs and successes, as never young poet enjoyed before. Toasts, meetings, balls, banquets, saluted him everywhere; and, in Berlin, especially, the applause with which he was greeted was unbounded. All Berlin was *for* about him, as it had been of Liszt three months before, and of Börne and Madlle. Sontag a dozen years ago. Nor were the triumphs of George Herwegh altogether so unsubstantial as those of some other literary

lions have been; for, our informant states, a young, rich, and handsome Berlinerinn became desperately enamoured of the republican bard, and is now a rich, handsome, and happy republican bard's wife. Royalty itself condescended to catch the infection of enthusiasm, and hence took place that famous interview between the king and the poet, whereof the German papers have talked so much. His majesty probably expected to convert the disciple of republicanism, as his well-known discourse indicates; for, likening the young missionary to Saul of Tarsus (indeed we know not why) he said he would find his Damascus somewhere: meaning that his conversion would one day happen, when no doubt his name would be changed from Herwegh to Von Herwegh.

But Herwegh still remains unconverted, although the courtiers say that his presence before Majesty had a prodigious effect upon him, and that the republican lion became exceedingly mild and abashed in presence of the awful royal animal.

To disprove in a manner this charge against his courage and constancy, Herwegh wrote the famous letter, which appeared in the 'Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung;' whereof the King of Prussia instantly interdicted the sale in his majesty's dominions. But it is probable that that well-conducted paper, which is liberal in its tendency, and manly in its tone, had already awakened the royal solicitude, before Herwegh's missive appeared in it: at least, other journals, Ruge's 'Jahrbuch,' for instance, and the 'Rheinische Zeitung,' have been abolished and interdicted, although Herwegh's name does not appear among their contributors.

Such, we are given to understand (by a countryman and very warm admirer of the author who neither knows, nor, we fear, will approve of our criticisms on his friend), have been our young author's *antécédens*. His opinions cannot, of course, be very precisely formalized in verse; but we gather from a perusal of his volume, that they are of the strongest republican kind. His hatred of priests is intense. He says, 'their temples are shut for him,' and falls on them, whenever they come in his way, with bitter epithets of scorn. Kings he has in similar abhorrence, and, finally he detests Frenchmen and Cossacks, as, perhaps, a hearty German should. 'Woe to him,' cries the young bard, 'who trusts prematurely the son of the Frank. He brings our bride back, but it is when he is tired of kissing her.' By which the poet means, no doubt, that the Germans are to work out their own freedom.

The general rising against priests and mon-

arches he foretells to be very close at hand, and his verses abound with numberless allusions to that event. 'Tear the crosses from the earth (says he, in pursuance of his double purpose)*—tear up the crosses; they shall all be turned into swords, and God in heaven will pardon the deed. Cease, ye bards, to sweat at verses; on the anvil lay the iron; Saviour shall the iron be.' He, for his part, will no longer remain as of old, 'and pass the hours midst idle flowers, with beauty near him—to battle ranks a charger's flanks, henceforth shall bear him†.....Henceforth he'll have no music save the trumpet's ringing. Be ye free men, O bards, and then resume your singing.' He will write no more: he will go into the throng of the bravest, where action calls him. 'Ho! bring me banners here!' concludes the poet, in the verses from which we quote.

It will be seen that, though Herwegh, the man, is disinclined to military service, Herwegh, the poet, has a great appetite for war; and indeed it is not once, nor twice, nor twenty times, that the sentiment is uttered in the course of his songs: but the shout 'To arms!' is repeated almost *ad nauseam*, and the poets are ceaselessly enjoined to give up their guitars for battle-axes.

One may, in the first place, quarrel with the doctrine—from a firm belief that throat-cutting never advanced the cause of freedom much, that leaden types are better than leaden bullets, and that five hundred tons of iron hammered into swords will not further liberty so much as the same quantity of metal laid out into railroads—but it is not of M. Herwegh's politics that we are anxious to speak, so much as of the quality of his poetry, and of his turn of mind. He is very young yet, very much intoxicated by his success; and the egotism, consequent on it, is quite ludicrously manifested in his book. In those visionary combats which he foretells, he himself is made to bear a very considerable share. He warns his love, (what poet is without one!) that he must leave her, and that a dubious fate awaits him. He prophesies a

'Thermopylae, and many a grave in the shade,' for himself and his brother warriors; he calls himself an eagle (he is very fond of instituting comparisons between himself and that royal bird*); he says the eagle will be captured, nay, that its fate may be still more summary and pathetic, and that he may fall under some tyrant's arrow, as well as be imprisoned in his cage.

Wonderful indeed is the German capacity for belief. Go to a theatre to a dismal comedy of Kotzebue, and you will see the whole house in tears: the noble ladies in their exclusive tier of boxes, the citizens' wives opposite, the officers sobbing in the orchestra, the bourgeois and students whimpering in the pit. The faith is marvellous; and for all sorts of imaginary woes the easy tears are ever ready to gush. All the romances of all languages are read and wept over: *Esmeralda*, *Snake*, the *Flower-girl of Pompeii*: nay, heroines who have discoursed originally in Chinese or Sanskrit find ready translators to *ver-deutschen* (bedutch) their histories, and in the German fons lacrymarum an abundant measure of sympathy.

There is a literary paper published at Berlin (we believe the 'Morgenblatt'), which was mentioned some time ago, by a quarterly reviewer, as having prefixed to a notice upon the work of an English author, the author's name inscribed in a wreath of laurel. The quarterly reviewer cried out against the propriety of such a distinction for the writer in question; but the fact is, it was no distinction at all. It is a stereotype wreath in which every writer's name is enclosed. And so with the German public, there is a crown of laurel for everybody. The plentiful growth of that German evergreen must be borne in mind, when we consider how it has come to adorn so many heads so profusely; and we fear it is not by his crowns that we must judge of M. Herwegh's merits.

Let this most easy and catholic charity too be kept in view, when we consider the undeniable popularity which the poet has had; for if such fame as he has undeniably won, were only sparingly dealt out, and awarded in a few rare cases, one might be led to think that the opinions advocated in his five editions, had a corresponding number of believers in the country, and that Germany was on the eve of republicanism. But if we consider what *other* popularities there have been in the country; and how they have risen and fallen; and round what sort of brows, republican, monarchical, destructive, conservative,

* Reiss die Kreuze aus der Erden,
Alle sollen Schwerter werden,
Gott im Himmel wird's verzeihn.
Lasst oh lasst das Verseschweissen,
Auf den Ambos legt das Eisen,
Heiland soll das Eisen, seyn!

† Nicht mehr in Blumenhügeln möcht
Ich liegen auf der Wacht,
In eines Streithengst's Bügeln möcht
Ich wiegen mich zur Schlacht.

Lasst endlich das Geleier seyn
Und rührt die Trommel nur;
Der Deutscher muss erst freier seyn,
Dann sey er Troubadour.

* Du traumst vom Schmetterlinge, ich von Aar.
Vom hohen Thurme schauet ein Aar, etc.

sceptic, angelic, satyric, mystic, that easy laurel wreath will fit; we need not alarm ourselves prematurely with regard to a German revolution. The public has discovered a wild young man who sings in what is (happily) a new style; and if they flock to listen to him, it is not, let us hope, so much on account of his opinions, as on account of their strangeness. They have been listening hitherto to artists, speculators, philosophers; here appears an author of quite a different nature, and they rush to the new exhibitor. There was—(this is a very uncomplimentary and familiar illustration)—there was a man hanged when the writer of this was at college, and that morning all the lecture-rooms were deserted.

Indeed, we must, then, think that it is the coarsest and worst part of M. Herwegh's genius which has occasioned his popularity, and that but for his ferocious descriptions of blood and slaughter, he might have written twice as well and been twice as much a republican, and yet scarcely found an admirer. And, for our parts, these dark prophecies and sanguinary images have excited in our minds anything but a feeling of terror. The man is not in the slightest degree, as we take it, a hero or a martyr, or an eagle, or a Spartan; nor is his violence as likely to make an impression in this phlegmatic country as it may have caused to our neighbours, who are more easily moved. There is scarce so much sedition in his poems as can be bought for fourpence in a Chartist newspaper; and not more irreligion than might have been read the other day in Holywell-street, until Mr. Bruce ('turning his cross into a sword,' as our poet has it) assailed the obnoxious print-shop. It may be true, that one day, as Herwegh sings, mankind shall be so pure as to form an universal priesthood; and twenty years ago a lad rising at an university debating club, and proclaiming that event as imminent, might possibly have been applauded by some young philosophers present. But the razor crops off a number of those fancies which beset 'the growing boy.' Do we travel 'further from the East' as we grow old? Please Heaven, not a jot. In youth or in age, an honest man is no nearer or farther from the sun: but he is not so restless after a time: and finding the world not altogether so bad, nor himself so gifted, leaves off abusing the one too much, and admiring the other, and so stays quiet, and hopes calmly for better things.

This is what our fiery young bard calls indifference, and it provokes greatly his restless, generous, eager spirit. He opens his book with an onslaught on Prince Puckler, the 'Verstorbene,' and lashes him gallantly for

his weariness of life, his selfishness, and his affectation of *rouerie*. The satire applies to a school of German poets, who, it is said, have profited by it; and the intelligent friend, from whom we had our account of Herwegh's private life, says, that his poetic influence has been of use in checking the sickly 'Semilasso' style; and that the young Germans are now following a heartier and healthier mode of thought.

He may be the destroyer of a prevalent cant or affectation, but can it be that Herwegh is the founder and father of a school? Surely a young man of six-and-twenty, who is no great scholar, no great poet, can hardly be a *chef-d'école* in a country where learning and poetic genius are both so remarkable. We would hardly set Tom Dibdin to preside over a British poetic academy, although, perhaps, during the war time, no man's songs were more generally sung and rapturously encored. 'The British Grenadiers' is as exciting to an Englishman as any war-song in our language; but we should hardly have made a laureat of the writer.

There is this, however, to be remembered in M. Herwegh's favour. That as 'The British Grenadiers,' a very humble and ordinary piece of poetry, does undeniably excite warlike and delightful emotions in the English mind; and if handed over to a foreigner, although the latter were quite conversant with our tongue, would probably call forth from him no enthusiasm whatever: so we may lose a great deal of the local allusions which make Herwegh's ballads precious, and cause them to ring in the souls of his German admirers.

Here is one of his ballads, which forms a sort of key to his politics and poetry.

DAS LIED VON HASSE.

Wohlauf! wohlauf! über Berg und Fluss
Dem Morgenrot entgegen!
Dem treuen Weib den letzten Kuss
Und dann zum treuen Degen!
Bis unsre Hand in Asche stiebt
Soll sie vom Schwert nicht lassen:
Wir haben lang genug geliebt
Und wollen endlich hassen!

Die Liebe kann uns helfen nicht,
Die Liebe nicht erretten,
Halt' du, O Hass! dein jüngst gericht,
Brich du, O Hass, die Ketten!
Und wo es noch Tyrannen giebt
Da lasst' uns keck erfassen:
Wir haben lang genug geliebt
Und wollen endlich hassen!

Wer noch ein Herz besitzt, dem Soll's
Im Hass nur Sich rühren;
Allüberall ist dörres Holz
Um unsre Glut zu schüren;

Die ihr die Freiheit noch verbleibt
Singt durch die Deutschen Strassen.
Wir haben lang genug geliebt
Und wollen endlich hassen !

Bekämpft sie ohn Unterlass
Des Tyrannei auf Erden ;
Und heiliger wird unsre Hass
Als unsere Liebe werden !
Bis unsre Hand, in Asche stiebt
Soll sie vom Schwert nicht lassen.
Wir haben lang genug geliebt
Und wollen endlich hassen !

THE SONG OF HATE.

Brave soldier, kiss the trusty wife,
And draw the trusty blade !
Then turn ye to the reddening east,
In freedom's cause arrayed ;
Till death shall part the blade and hand,
They may not separate :
We've practised loving long enough,
And come at length to hate !

To right us and to rescue us
Hath love essayed in vain ;
O Hate ! proclaim thy judgment-day
And break our bonds in twain.
As long as ever tyrants last
Our task shall not abate :
We've practised loving long enough,
And come at length to hate !

Henceforth let every heart that beats
With hate alone be beating—
Look round ! what piles of rotten sticks
Will keep the flame a heating—
As many as are free and dare
From street to street go say't :
We've practised loving long enough,
And come at length to hate !

Fight tyranny, while tyranny
The trampled earth above is ;
And holier will our hatred be,
Far holier than our love is.
Till death shall part the blade and hand,
They may not separate :
We've practised loving long enough,
Let's come at last to hate !

The German reader has no need to be told that the spirit of this rude hearty song has evaporated in the accompanying English version. 'Wir haben lang genug geliebt und wollen endlich hassen' are gallant fierce lines of obloquy ; and the hissing of the word *hassen*, as well as the rattle and spirit of the double rhyme, are not to be had in English, where the versifier has but a poor stock of dissyllabic rhymes.

But with the exception of the words 'über Berg und Fluss,' which mean over mount and stream, but which for the rhyme's sake have been perverted into 'in freedom's cause arrayed,' the sense is pretty similar ; and the public will no doubt allow that there is no great portion of this quality in the ballad. Nor

is there any variety of thought. 'Love cannot help us ; love cannot rescue us ; down with tyrants.' Many a set of conspirators have sung such a ditty on the theatrical boards, and so shouting 'Death !' have marched off with tin battle-axes to drink small beer in the slips.

The refrain, however, is admirable. The song was written upon it evidently. Other men have written songs in the world besides George Herwegh, and know the value of those dashing sounding rhymes. But though such may pass muster on the boards aforesaid, great Poets are in the habit of producing different kind of wares. The very first poem, with its antithetic title, "From the living to the dead," contrasting the "Lebendige" Herwegh with the "Verstorbene" Muskau, had a touch of the theatre and the rivals, which led one to be suspicious as to the quality of the book.

We now come to another poem, in which martyrdom, republicanism, destruction of priesthood, and other favourite doctrines of the young bard, are given.

ZURUF-

Schaut der Sonne auferstehn !
Strahlend blickt sie in die Runde—
Strahlend, wie zur ersten Stunde
Und hat viele Jahre Leid gesehn.

Wie's auch Stürme, haltet Stand
Junge Herzen unverdrossen,
Der ihn einstens angegossen
Hat den Geist uns abermal gesandt.

Bald erschallt nach Ost und West
Jubel Millionentönig,
Freiheit heisst der letzte König,
Und sein Reich bleibt ewig Felsenfest.

*Nimmer schwingt in unsrem Hans
Der Kosake seine Kunte,
Unsre Deutsche Zauberruthe
Schlägt noch manchen goldenen Frühling aus.

Junge Herzen unverzagt !
Bald erscheint der neue Täufer
Der Messias, der die Käufer,
Und Verkäufer aus den Tempel jagt.

Und die Götter nicht allein—
Schon der mensch wird heilig leben ;
Priester nur wird's fürder geben
Und kein Laie mehr auf Erde seyn.

Doch wie Donner est sein Gang
Und er naht nicht unter Psalmen,
Und man streut ihm keine Palmen,
Der Messias kommt mit Schwerter-klang.

* This stanza is quite beyond the powers of the translator, and indeed has been shown to a German friend, who confesses that he is at a loss regarding the meaning of the last line.

Darum legt die Harfen ab!
 Lasst darin die Windsbraut spielen,
 Unser wartet Thermopylen,
 Perser—und in schatten manchen Grab.

APPEAL.

1.

Behold, when the red sun appears,
 He shineth as bright in his station,
 As he shone on his day of creation,
 Ere he looked on the woes of long years.

2.

Young hearts be ye, steady and bold,
 Confront ye the tempest undaunted,
 For he who the Spirit has granted
 Is with us to-day as of old.

3.

For the last of all kings, make ye way,
 A million glad voices proclaim his
 Avatar, and FREEDOM his name is,
 And boundless and endless his sway.

4.

Have courage, young hearts, never falter!
 He comes to the temple's high places,
 The mighty Messiah who chases
 The sellers and buyers from the altar.

5.

And not only Heaven as of yore,
 But earth shall be pure and divine,
 One priesthood man's sanctified line,
 And laymen among us no more!

6.

Make way for our Saviour and Lord;
 It is not with hymns that we greet him,
 It is not with psalms that we meet him,
 But he comes with the clang of the sword.

7.

Then bards, lay aside for the blade,
 The harp and its idle diversions:
 Thermopylæ waits for our Persians,
 And many a grave in the shade!

If after having translated the above poem to the best of our ability, we may venture upon still further cruelties to it, and criticise it, we think the reader will agree with us, that though there is considerable energy of words and figures in the ode,—much blue lights and fierce grouping,—the thoughts are here, too, exceedingly rare, and the construction of the poem very careless. The new Divinity, who is to end the woes of the world, is compared to the Baptist, and to another character still more sacred, in the same sentence. Man's similarity to the gods, the abolition of the laity, the approach of the new Saviour, and Thermopylæ,—image upon image comes crowding together; nor surely are they ar-

ranged with the precision of a master. Taken by itself, the last line is a fine one; but it has clearly no business in such a place as that where it is found. We shall be understood as desirous to speak only of the *manner* of the poem here, not to quarrel with the matter of it, which is open to a just, but a different line of censure.

When the French actor in the times of the revolution, and of the atheistic rage which characterized a part of that period, came to the footlights and defied Heaven, calling upon the Divinity, if Divinity there were, to prove His existence by striking the player dead there before the lamps: the unhappy wretch no doubt thought he was entering a very energetic protest against superstition, and that his action was a courageous and a sublime one. Before ten years are over, M. Herwegh will know that such coarse blasphemies are not in the least sublime or poetical; and (merely as a point of art) that this furious and mad kind of yelling is by no means a proof of superior energy or power. Even the Semilasso school, which he attacks, is a wholesomer one than his: for scepticism is much more humble than hatred; and a man whose unlucky temperament or course of thought has led him to doubt and be unhappy, is at least not so culpable as another, who sets himself up to propound new creeds, and to act as a prophet on his own account. This is the line which some silly French speculators have taken of late; such, for instance, as Leroux, Lamennais, and that questionable moral philosopher, George Sand. Not one of these but hints in his disquisitions, that he or she has a special mission from Heaven, and delivers oracles with an air of inspiration.

Our young poet, who, if we mistake not, in spite of his hatred for French politics, has drunk not a little at that extremely polluted well of French speculation (it were absurd to call it a science or a philosophy), labours too under a great consciousness of the tremendous importance of his own calling, and talks of the 'himmlisch' or heavenly, as if he were urged by a direct afflatus from that quarter. Here is a sonnet in which he announces the existence of some such supernatural influences within him.

Trug ich ein Schwert als Krieger um die Lenden,
 Ging ich als Landmann hinter einem Pfluge,
 Dan sass' ich Abends froh bei meinem Krüge
 Um mit dem Tag mein Tagewerk zu enden.

So aber, wenn sie sich zur Ruhe wenden,
 Schweift mein Geist noch auf irrem Wanderzuge,
 Und meine Seele kreist in stetem Fluge,
 Ihr will kein Abend seinen Frieden spenden.

Dem Himmlischen erbau wir keine Schranken,
Es folgt uns nach im laute Weltgetriebe,
Und wird im Schlummer auch nicht von uns
wanken.

Kein Ort—dass ich vor ihnen sicher bliebe !
Gleich Blitzen zücken um mich die Gedanken,
Und treffen mich selbst in dem Arm der Liebe.

Wore I a soldier's weapon on my thigh,
Drove I a rustic's plough upon the lea,
At early eve I'd fling my labours by,
And drink my homely cup and so be free.

Such calm for spirits like mine may never be,
My soul hath restless pinions and will fly,
Still eager soaring higher and more high,
And the kind evening brings no rest for me.

We raise not barriers to the Heavenly thus,
Thought tracks us on the wide world's busy
ways,

It watches when we sleep—there is no place,
To shelter from that constant genius !
Its lightnings round about us ever blaze,
And even in love's arms it reaches us.

The last line is surely of French origin.
That mixture of earth and heaven, that vast
celestial genius, and the quarter in which it
is sometimes discoverable, are worthy of the
peculiar philosophy which always takes such
an occasion to manifest its claims to divinity.
Depend upon it that some years hence, when
M. Herwegh, the worshipped of silly Berliners
no more (ere then they will have consecrated
and pulled down a dozen other altars)
—when M. Herwegh shall be a quiet family
man, with his rich wife, and comfortable house
and family, he will find out his mistake respecting
the superhuman origin of his poems. It is not on every occasion, or in behalf of every
young poet, that Heaven is called on to inspire.
Nec Deus intersit, &c. We cannot do better than abide by the safe old maxim;
and in solving the small question why this or that bard is induced to write, we cannot
decently ask the gods to interfere.

In the following pretty lines our author gives some advice to a lady who is tempted to publish her verses :

Du willst den Lorber auf den Locken drücken
Nicht einsam mehr in stillen Nächten beten ;
Hin auf den Markt mit Deinen Thränen treten,
Ein müßig Volk mit Deinem Schmerz beglücken.

Nur Rosen sollten Deine Stirne schmücken
Und nicht die Martyrkrone des Poeten,
Das ist fürwahr der Mund nicht zum Profeten
Und würd mit Küssen leichter uns entzücken.

Dass meine Nachtigall im Dunkeln bliebe !
Schwer wird die Höh' nach der Du strebst, erkommen

Wär's auch dass Dich ein stärker Genius triebe.
Nur Hekatomben werden angenommen

Auf dem Altar des Ruhms ; auf dem der Liebe—
O Liebe !—ist ein Schärfflein auch willkommen.

On humble knees of silent nights
No more my lady prays ;
But now in glory she delights,
And pines to wear the bays.
The gentle secrets of her heart
She'd tell to idle ears,
And fain would carry to the mart
The treasure of her tears !

When there are roses freshly blown
That forehead to adorn,
Why ask the Poet's martyr-crown,—
The bitter wreath of thorn ?
That lip which all so ruddy is,
With freshest roses vying,
Believe me, sweet, was made to kiss,
Not formed for prophesying.

Remain, my nightingale, remain,
And warble in your shade !
The heights of glory were in vain
By wings like yours essayed ;
And while at Glory's shrine the Priest
A hecatomb must proffer,
There's Love—oh, Love ! will take the least
Small mite the heart can offer.

Are they hecatombs exactly which M. Herwegh has offered in the shrine of the muses ! If we may judge of German oxen (and Sir Robert Peel has given us an opportunity since the new tariff), our Poet has not slaughtered a vast number of them, although his knife is as large, and his air as solemn, and the drapery of his robe as princely arranged, as that of many other sacrificers. No, no, most of these we take to be French animals ; of that four-legged sort, which, as we read in the story, once tried to puff themselves out, and to look as large as oxen, but failed in their swelling endeavour, and disappeared with a most lamentable and pathetic explosion.

Perhaps it is from hearing that the young poet was at one period of his life occupied in translating Lamartine's verses, that we are led to fancy his manner has been formed not a little on French models. Some of his epigrammatic turns in this manner are very neat and happy : as, for instance :

Wieder weil ein Jahr verging
Sprudelt man Sonette,
Singt von einem neuen Ring
An der alten Kette.*

And the song to Béranger, written with a refrain, quite in the French way, contains something far better, and has some passages of exceeding tenderness and beauty.

* 'Once more because the year is done, they are clinking their sonnets, singing of a new link added to the old chain.'

Er küsste jede Freiheit in der Wiege,
 Er weinte jeder in der Grube nach;
 Er war der zweiter Held bei jedem Siege,
 Er rief den Donner für Tyrannen wach.
 Wer lag am Boden den Er nicht erhoben?
 Und wessen Herz ist seinem Lied zu klein?
 Wo ist die Hütte drum Er nicht gewoben
 Hätt' einen Paradieses-heiligensein?*

Here are some more fine lines of hearty satire:

Der Fischer Petrus breitet aus
 Aufs neue seine falschen Netze.
 Wohlauf! beginn mit ihm den Strauss,
 Damit nicht einst in Deutschen Haus
 Noch gelten römische Gesetze.
 Bei jenem grossen Frederick nein.
 Das soll doch nun und nimmer seyn,
 Dem Pfaffen bleibe nicht der Stein
 An dem er seine Dolche wetze †

And we have marked out a couple more ballads, of which the first is serious, and with a wild sadness in the metre, which lies beyond our humble powers of translation.

Was soll der Becher
 Ihr tobenden Zecher,
 Was soll die funkelnde Flasche
 In eurer Hand?
 Es trauert in Sack und Asche
 Das Vaterland.

Was soll ihr Bräute
 Das Jubelgeläute?
 O heisst die Rosen erblassen
 Am Deutschen strand,
 Vom Brautigam ist verlassen
 Das Vaterland.

Comrade, why the song so joyous—why the goblet in your hand?
 While in sackcloth and in ashes, yonder weeps our Fatherland.

Still the bells, and bid the roses—wither, girls, on German strand;
 For deserted by her bridegroom, yonder sits our Fatherland.

Wherefore strive for crowns, ye princes?—quit your state, your jewels grand,
 See where at your palace portal, shivering sits our Fatherland.

Idle priestlings, what avail us—prayer and pulpit, cowl and band?
 Trodden in the dust and groaning, yonder lies our Fatherland.

Counting out his red round rubles, yon sits Dives smiling bland—
 Reckoning his poor wounds and sores, Lazarus, our Fatherland.

Wo, ye poor! for priceless jewels lie before ye in the sand,
 Even my tears, my best and brightest! lie there, wept for Fatherland!

But, O poet, cease thy descant—'tis not thine as judge to stand,
 Silence now—the swan hath sung his death-song for our Fatherland.

This is the second—and last.

Was soll ihr Fürsten
 Nach Kronen das Dürsten?
 Zerreisst die goldenen Schnüre,
 Das Prunkgewand!
 Es frieret vor eurer Thüre
 Das Vaterland.

Was mach, ihr Pfaffen,
 Euch also zu schaffen,
 Was soll uns jetzo das Beten,
 O eiter Tand,
 So lang in den staub getreten
 Das Vaterland!

Weh euch ir Reichen,
 Die nicht zu erweichen,
 Ihr zahlt die Rubel die Runden,
 Im Sonnenbrand,
 Der Lazarus seine wunden,
 Das Vaterland.

Weh euch, ihr Armen,
 Was heischt ihr Erbarmen?
 Es liegen viel Edelsteine
 Vor euch im Sand,
 Auch meine Thäne auch meine
 Ums Vaterland.

Doch du, O Richter,
 Bist nimmer der Richter,
 Gebeut der fertigen Zungen,
 Gebeut ihr Stand,
 Dein Schwanenlied ist gesungen
 Dem Vaterland.

To the reader unfamiliar with German, we can only offer the following bare version of the lines.

* 'He kissed each Freedom in its cradle and followed it weeping to its grave. He was the second hero at every victory. He called down thunder on all tyrants. Who was ever cast down but Béranger uplifted him; and what sorrow was too humble for his song to pity? What hut is there, but he has surrounded it with a halo borrowed from Heaven?'

† 'The Fisher Petreus spreads his false nets abroad once more—Come on! begin the strife with him, that it never may be said that Roman law passed in a German house. No! by the name of Frederick, no! We swear that it never shall be so; and that the priest shall not have a stone left to him whereon to whet his dagger.'

PROTEST.

So lang ich noch ein Protestant,
 Will ich auch Protestiren,
 Und Jeder deutscher musikant
 Soll's weiter musikiren.
 Singt alle Welt der *Freie* Rhine,
 So sing doch ich, ihr Herren nein!
 Der Rhein der Rhein konnt' freier seyn,
 So will ich Protestiren.

Kaum war die Taufe abgethan
 Ich kroch noch auf den vieren,
 Da fing ich schon voll Glauben's an
 Mit Macht zu Protestiren.
 Und protestirte fort und fort,
 O wort und wind, O wind und wort,
 U Selig sind, die hier und dort,
 Auf ewig Protestiren.

Nur eins ist Not, dran halt' ich fest,
 Und will es nit verlieren,
 Das ist mein christlicher Protest,
 Mein christlich Protestiren.
 Was geht mich all das Wasser an
 Von Rheine bis zum Ocean?
 Sind keine freie männer dran,
 So will ich Protestiren.

Von nun an bis zum Ewigkeit
 Soll euch der Name zieren,
 So lang ihr Protestanten seyt,
 Musst ihr auch Protestiren.
 Und singt die Welt der *Freie* Rhein,
 So singst ach ihr Herren nein!
 Der Rhein der Rhein konnt' freier seyn
 Wir müssen Protestiren.

THE PROTEST.

'As long as I'm a Protestant,
 I'm bounden to protest,
 Come every German musicant
 And fiddle me his best.
 You're singing of 'the Free Old Rhine,'
 But I say no, good comrades, mine,
 The Rhine could be
 Greatly more free,
 And that I do protest.

I scarce had got my christening o'er,
 Or was in breeches drest,
 But I began to shout and roar,
 And mightily protest.
 And since that time I've never stopt,
 My protestations never dropped;
 And blest be they
 Who every way
 And everywhere protest.

There's one thing certain in my creed,
 And schism is all the rest.
 That who's a Protestant indeed,
 For ever must protest.
 What is the river Rhine to me?
 For from its source unto the sea
 Men are not free,
 Whate'er they be,
 And that I do protest.

And every man in reason grants,
 What always was confest,
 As long as we are Protestants,
 We sternly must protest.
 And when they sing 'the Free Old Rhine,'
 Answer them, 'No,' good comrades, mine,
 The Rhine could be
 Greatly more free,
 And that you shall protest.

The satire here is an honest and fair one: nor indeed is it easy, amidst the vast multitude of German songs, to fix upon a poorer effusion than that pompous ballad of Becker's which obtained, and possibly still possesses such a wonderful popularity. National songs must be made of better and simpler stuff if they are to endure for more than a day; and the only excuse for the German public in admiring Becker's ditty as they unquestionably did, is that the song expresses a national feeling which was exceedingly strong at the time, and was sung, not as a poetical composition, but as a protest against the insults of the French.

A far cleverer person than Becker is M. Herwegh; for the performances of the former are characterized, as far as we have seen them, by an irredeemable dulness and pomposity, which never deviates into poetry or sense. Herwegh, on the contrary, has fancy, wit, and strong words at command. He has a keen eye for cant, too, at times; and in the Sonnet to the Poetess which we have quoted, and in another on German mystical Painting for which we have not space, shows himself to be a pretty sharp and clear-headed critic of art. But it is absurd to place this young man forward as a master. His poetry is a convulsion, not an effort of strength; he does not sing, but he roars; his dislike amounts to fury; and we must confess that it seems to us, in many instances, that his hatred and heroism are quite factitious, and that his enthusiasm has a very calculating look with it. Fury, to be effective either in life or in print, should, surely, only be occasional. People become quite indifferent to wrath which is roaring and exploding all day: as gunners go to sleep upon batteries. Think of the prodigious number of appeals to arms that our young poet has made in the course of these pages; what a waving and clatter of flashing thoughts; what a loading and firing of double-barrelled words; and, when the smoke rolls off, nobody killed! And a great mercy it is too for that cause of liberty which, no doubt, the young man has at heart, that the working out of it is not intrusted to persons of his flighty temperament. No man was made to be hated; no doctrines of peace and goodwill can be very satisfactorily advocated by

violence and murder; nor can good come out of evil, as is taught in those old-fashioned 'temples' which our young bard says he cannot frequent. Is he much better or happier where he is?

But the wonder is, what could the public want with a half-score of editions of his works? If we were disposed to take an angry or misanthropical turn, the anger should vent itself, not so much on the young man, as on the large portion of the human race which has encouraged him by purchasing his poems. Will they encourage him equally when he does something infinitely better? The blessed chance lies entirely open to both parties.

ART. IV.—*Memoiren des KARL HEINRICH, RITTERS VON LANG.* (LANG'S MEMOIRS). Brunswick. 1843.

THERE has been a great variety of lives and autobiographical sketches published in Germany of late, as well of men still living, such as Steffens and Arndt, as of others less remarkable in a country where despotic government admits of the shining forth of no eminence short of the very great man. These memoirs are not, any one of them, very interesting as such; for the Germans want the inventive, exaggerative, and ostentatious qualities of the French memoir writers; but still each with its obscure history gives some curious insight into the domestic life and habits of the people, and contains matter that is worthy of attention.

The two volumes before us are the autobiography of the Ritter or Chevalier von Lang, a friend and *employé* of Prince Hardenberg, engaged all his life in diplomacy or administration, and consequently coming in contact with all that was eminent in Germany. With more than ordinary interest and expectation, therefore, we took up his personal sketches. For independently of these opportunities, he was a man known by his writings and his independence of character. He was one of the few, who, amidst the almost universal degradation, political and social, into which his country has fallen, kept clear of the moral contagion; and no one could be more intimately acquainted, not only with the relations of the times in which he lived, but with the characters of the paltry political drama that was acted in his life. That all our expectations have been realized we cannot say. There is no lack of diverting incident, of masterly sketches from the life, and of diplomatic and court chit-chat; but we had looked for

more. We expected, besides the humorous strokes of character and satire for which Lang was famous, something of the grasp of events and relations for which his historical writings were admired; and, while he dwelt on the incapacity and misrule to which the destinies of Germany were in those days so unfortunately intrusted, something of his old manly earnestness. There is little of either. The main tone throughout is that of ridicule and humour. A desire of procuring for the book something of the popularity which attended his '*Hammelburger Reisen*,' but which was denied to his more serious efforts, will at the same time better account for this than any change in his earlier convictions, or any acquired lukewarmness for the interests of humanity. As it is, the memoirs have considerable value. They are a sufficiently faithful delineation of the deplorably corrupt condition of the states of the empire in his time. Well might the first shock from without shake such a rotten fabric to its base.

The book opens with an account of the author's native district, the principality of Oettingen Wallerstein. His father was priest of the parish of Balgheim therein, where our Ritter was born in 1764. His grandfather had been bred in the prince's palace, and was, to his great horror, created Kammer Director, or chancellor of the prince's exchequer, about the middle of the century. Old Lang was rich, with a competent landed property, and therefore was he elevated to the rank of minister; for the prince wanted to go to the baths of Pyrmont, and had not a louis to pay the expenses of his journey. He therefore promoted old Lang to be Kammer Director, in order that Lang might, on the credit of his own property, obtain money for the prince from the court-Jew Rothschild. The said court-Jew would not, of course, have lent a stiver to the bankrupt prince. He lent it to Lang, however, for the prince: who went to enjoy himself with the money at Pyrmont, whilst the Langs were ruined, and only obtained a small indemnity for their loss in the great year of 1815. This little story strikes us as highly illustrative of the poverty and morality of a petty German court.

The subject of the present memoir was at first in the service of this potentate. Having left the university of Jena, where he studied the laws for three years, he obtained the post of secretary to the judicial court and council of government of the Prince of Oettingen. The description which Lang gives of the sittings of this judicial court of a petty German prince, is as ludicrous as, at the present day, it must seem incredible.

"The gentlemen did not arrive before ten o'clock, when a long conference immediately began, which every moment passed over to the news of the day, and other irrelevant topics. Frequently, when a counsellor would open a cause, involving perhaps a question of inheritance, and another member or the president, desire to inspect the documents, these, on presentation, would be found to treat of a sale of oxen, or of something quite as foreign to the matter in hand. At the stroke of twelve every member got up to go: the usual phrase being, 'Mr. Secretary, here are the papers; please to put the tails to them.' All then instantly left the court, to adjourn to the tavern."

Lang having been much noticed by the president for his promising talents, had soon to share the discredit in which the latter, who happened to be a man of impartial conduct and honourable sentiments, stood with the prince and the rest of the council. He was accused to the prince of being a freethinker, and required to take the sacrament or quit his service. Lang would willingly have chosen the latter alternative; but the court-Jew who had advanced old Lang the money, now thinking he might lose it altogether in case young Lang were dismissed, entreated him with all the zeal of a missionary to communicate; and at last in conjunction with his cook, who was also interested in the matter, fairly forced him into the church, where the clergyman received him "with a real Catilinian discourse." Soon after this he gave up his place, as the prince threatened to have him conducted into the sitings by a corporal!

Lang now repaired to Vienna, where, disappointed in finding any employment, his limited means at last obliged him to accept a tutor's situation in Hungary. This, being but little suited to his taste, he soon relinquished, and returned once more to Vienna, where he succeeded in obtaining the office of private secretary to the Wurtemberg ambassador there, Baron Bühler, with a salary of 200 dollars. The picture of German diplomacy and diplomatists which is now presented, is not less astounding than his picture of the petty German principality's court of law. On every post-day, that is, twice in the week, after the ambassador had passed the whole morning with his colleagues, court-agents, brokers and Jews, in collecting intelligence, the secretary was required to draw up a despatch for the court of Stuttgart. This was done amidst endless orthographical disputes between his Excellence and the secretary; and when at last they had come to an agreement on these points, the whole was copied fair, with numberless fine flourishes, and sent off at night. A secret bulletin for the Duke, in French, always accompanied

these important despatches; and this cost the ambassador no little time and labour, when he was not so fortunate as to receive it, ready drawn up, from some old Frenchman, who made it his business to collect all the *on dis* in circulation. The despatches which the embassy received from Wurtemberg were quite of a similar description. The ambassador was required to procure certificates of deaths, &c.; to give orders to tradesmen from the duke; or to commission the secretary to look out for old bibles and black-letter rarities! The following anecdotes, which the author relates, are quite unique.

"The ambassador's valet, on one occasion, knocked at two o'clock in the morning at my door, with the words, 'Monsieur Lang, son Excellence vous désire parler ce moment.' On arriving to learn what important matter could so unexpectedly have happened, the Baron began by saying, 'Monsieur Lang, I have long noticed that you do not place your dots directly over the i's in writing, but on the side; sometimes too much to the right, sometimes too much to the left. I intended several times to tell you of this; but as it just now occurred to me in bed, I preferred to send for you, at once, lest I should again forget it.' On another occasion, I confess I was much annoyed at *not* having been called up. The valet, with an air of great mystery, informed me one morning that the Baron had been engaged the whole night in writing; a courier having arrived late from Stuttgart. The bulletins of the next day contained the following information: 'On dit que son Excellence M. le Baron de Bühler, Ministre Plenipotentiaire de S. A. Monseigneur le Duc de Wurtemberg, avait reçu la nuit passée un courier, qui a remis des dépêches de sa cour d'une très-haute importance, et qui doivent concerner, à ce qu'on présume, la nouvelle dignité électorale, qu'elle est due à cette maison illustre il y a long temps.' Desperate at not being able to get at the truth, I seized on a moment, when the Baron was gone to see his little boy, to pounce upon the compartment where the court despatches were usually deposited, and found the following communication: 'My dear Baron von Bühler—By the present courier, my private secretary Pistorius, I send you a shoe of the duchess, my spouse, as a pattern for you to get twelve pair made by the most celebrated workmen in Vienna, but with such expedition, that the returning courier may be able to deliver them in time for the next grand assembly on the —. The present letter not having any other object, accept my greeting, &c.'"

Tired of the wretched trivialities of diplomatic life in Vienna, Lang seized with ardour a proposal from the ambassador to attend the hearing of a cause at some court in Moldavia; on his return from which, he was offered the post of court-secretary to prince Wallenstein, a nomination which presents us with other satirical pictures, in this court of a petty

German prince. The collegium, or ministry, one and all, were, it seems, in disgrace at the time of his arrival. The prince, therefore, only intrusted to it, with considerable restrictions, the administration of justice: all other business he took under his own direction. The service which Lang had to perform was rendered intolerable by the prince's capricious humour. Although often in attendance by appointment, he, and every one else, whatever their rank or business, had to wait day and night in the anteroom, till the prince was pleased to admit them. When, at last, he did succeed in obtaining an audience, it seldom lasted less than three hours, at which, after speaking of the four quarters of the globe, the conversation ultimately reverted to the affairs of the principality of Wallerstein. The mode in which the prince transacted business was as follows. The documents presented to him he laid one upon another till they reached a certain height, when he set to work to reduce the pile, taking a paper sometimes from the top, at other times from the bottom or middle. After writing his decision in a few words on each, they were handed to the secretary to be despatched to the collegium. The latter, however, annoyed at many decisions having been delayed for several years, determined to make the prince feel the injustice he committed, by sending in every month a fresh copy of the original document of such cases: so that at last, from the prince's manner of doing business, it often happened that five or six different judgments were pronounced in the same case.

"One poor devil was kept in prison at Harburg, for several years, because the ministers did not know which of the sentences pronounced in his case was to be carried into execution, whether he was to be hung, or whipped, &c. At last he settled the point himself by breaking out of prison."

Though highly entertaining, our limits do not allow us to accompany Lang to the coronation of the Emperor Leopold II., at Frankfurt, whither he was sent to make observation for transmission to the court of Wallerstein. Soon after this service, Lang, in irrepressible disgust, quitted his post at the prince's court, and repaired to Göttingen, where he once more resumed his academic studies; and from whence he was induced to solicit Prince Hardenberg, the Prussian minister, to give him employ. He obtained promises, but nothing positive, until he offered to write a history of the Hardenberg family. This offer caught the old prince, and Lang was instantly taken into pay, and given apartments in Hardenberg Castle for the purpose. He describes

the ancient family-seat of the minister on the road between Göttingen and Nordheim, and the estate and all the old odd domestics. He depicts the castle in its solitary state, and contrasts this with the bustle which reigned when the prime minister came there with his numerous suite and world of suitors. Hardenberg employed Lang on several state occasions, which let him into some strange secrets. One was at the death of the old, and the election of a new Prince Bishop of Wurtzburg and Bamberg. On this occasion Hardenberg distributed 30,000 florins amongst the electors, on the condition that they would elect the most incapable fool that could be found, and one who could make no effectual opposition to Prussia in central Germany. The electors performed their stipulation. So much for episcopal election. Hardenberg afterwards gave Lang the post of councillor and archivist at Bayreuth, though he had completed the family history not quite to the content of his chief, who expected to be shown to have descended at least from Wittkind, the Saxon.

Lang came into employ more honourable and congenial to him, when sent by Hardenberg as attaché to the legation going to the congress of Rastadt. Haugwitz, whom Lang depicts as a timid, irresolute, and jealous dreamer, had been so envious of Hardenberg's success in negotiating the free accession of Nuremberg to Prussia, that he actually broke that most advantageous engagement. To avoid a repetition of this, Hardenberg sent Lang and another faithful person to give him information of all that passed at Rastadt. These Memoirs contain sketches of all the diplomatists at Rastadt: and the host of German statesmen, negotiators and politicians, assembled on that memorable occasion, are characterized with infinite originality and humour.

"The amusing comedy of seeing Buonaparte himself at the head of this puppet-show of ambassadors I unfortunately missed by the lateness of my arrival (Dec. 18, 1798). I found, however, the three colleagues he had left behind, namely, M. Treilhard, who resembled one of our stage notaries, only in a bright coloured instead of a black coat, called in, as it were, to draw up the last will and testament of the expiring German empire, and perpetually sawing the air with his arms; M. Bonnier, always in black, and looking like a well-fed parson, but at the same time grim, arrogant, and dumb; and Monsieur Jean de Brie, a dark, thin, little man, with a fiery eye, who tried to preserve himself from German dullness by arguing stoutly and incessantly for the classics, and for the wisdom of the Greeks. In all three a profound contempt for everything German was visible in all their looks and actions. M. Treilhard did not remain

long, having been appointed to the place of-director; but in order, as it would seem, to preserve the triad entire, his loss was supplied by a M. Roberjot, a shopkeeper converted into a diplomatist, who, by his commercial loquacity and habit of politeness to German customers, seemed to revive, in some measure, the drooping courage of my countrymen, and to afford much amusement to the old school of the courtly. At the special conferences in Setz, the celebrated François de Neufchateau was present, who, while negotiating about the river boundaries, favoured us, at the same time, with his watery verses and idyls. The general secretary of the embassy was a M. Rosensteil, brother to the Prussian counsellor of mines, and if I mistake not, an Alsatian; who, having long filled some subordinate diplomatic post, acted as prompter—at least as regarded form—to his principals, who evidently did not know exactly how to set to work. Being the only one who understood German, he was also employed to interpret the protocols of the deputation of the empire. At the head of the imperial Austrian embassy—composed in like manner of a holy triad—was the imperial plenipotentiary, Count Metternich, a stately, portly, embroidered, old-fashioned gentleman; next came a Count Cobenzel, who had shortly before concluded with Buonaparte the treaty of peace of Campoformio, a spongy, dried-up, chalk-white, little-eyed, blinking, twitching mannikin, but clever in the forms of the world, of which he seemed to have seen much, and with no unobservant eye. The third part was performed by a Count Lehrbach, a perfect caricature in features, dress, and motions: the upper part of his face being Chinese, and the lower African, with the complexion of a gipsy; a cue pointed to the sky, like a telescope, its tip projecting above his head like the point of a lightning conductor; and a gait and carriage as if he was perpetually going through an English hop-dance."

The portraits of the ambassadors from the lesser powers are drawn with no less humour and originality; and among them the son of old Metternich, the present prince, who was there as representative of the Westphalian noblesse, is described as 'agreeable and courteous."

One of the most disgraceful chapters in German history is this same congress of Rastadt. Every German power is at the foot of France—none of them stricken by their common ruin and humiliation, but each seeking to profit by the general disaster, and to rob and weaken his German neighbours, instead of all uniting in a common sentiment to oppose the French. Austria, ceding the Low Countries, was to be indemnified by the spoil of Venice. But she stipulated, moreover, that Prussia should get nothing. Prussia, learning this, declared that she wanted no indemnity for the duchy of Cleves, provided Austria got none for the Netherlands. France demanded the frontier of the Rhine, and all the lesser German states were eager to grant

this, because France promised them, in return, the secularization of ecclesiastical property. This shameful crouching and cowardice before the national foe, and the mean avidity to plunder and hurt each other, which at this time disgrace the name of German, and which can only be excused and accounted for by the fact that political affairs were confined to courts and diplomatists, is ably depicted by Lang. Public opinion was, however, even now rising, and seeking the liberty of expressing its contempt and horror of all that had been achieved. It shows how strongly fears and tendencies run in families, that the elder Metternich should, at this very time, call Lang to him, and offer him pay and place if he would undertake, as a writer, to combat the rising frowardness of public opinion. Lang, who thought public opinion pretty much in the right, drew back from the advances of old Metternich. Whatever Lang says against Austria must, however, be taken *cum grano*; thus, he does not shrink from accusing Baron Lehrbach, one of the Austrian plenipotentiaries, of having given the orders for the murder of the French plenipotentiaries.

Lang was summoned by Prince Hardenberg to Berlin in 1801. The domestic life of the minister, his connection with Madame Schönerman, the actress, and the persons of his society, furnish the memoir writer with so many pictures. He goes with the prince to Munich, and by his interest becomes one of the governor-commissaries of the Margravate of Anspach. Here he meets the French again: Bernadotte, "fiery-eyed and dark-browed," who had at this time but one idea, that of getting a principality or a kingdom for himself. He thought of Anspach, and hoped to become prince of it; till, despairing of this, he sent Berton to persuade the good burghers of Nuremberg to elect him as their feudal prince, under French suzerainty. The honest burghers excused themselves by alleging that they did not understand General Berton's mode of speaking either French or German! Poor Mortier, Lang knew, "with his stiff head and statue-like expression." Davoust was "the least restless of the French in his cantonments, whilst as a waltzer he was, on the contrary, indefatigable."

From Anspach, Lang was removed to be Director of the Archives of Munich. Nor was his place there such a sinecure as it might seem. The old king issued an ordonnance, that no person should ever enter his employ, unless he could produce proofs of his nobility. This set all Bavaria in movement to prove nobility; and the archive-director was the person to give or refuse these indispensable

titles. Lang gives an amusing account of the several claims: of the Esterhazys to descend both from Attila and Enoch; of the Ruffini to descend from the Roman Dictator, Publius Ruffinus; of the Widmers to be derived from the Ostrogothic kings. Not the least amusing was Count Aretin, who descended from a king of Armenia on the Persian Gulf, in 1515—the parchment proved—but who really was the natural son of the Princess Palatine Theresa Cunegunda. Lang gives a laughable account of her.

The author's portraiture of old Montgelas, the prime minister of Bavaria during the days of French supremacy, is rather favourable. His sketch of Marshal Wrede, who was the chief of the anti-French party, and who concluded the treaty of Ried with Austria in 1813, unknown to Montgelas, is quite the reverse. Lang says, that however cruel and unjust the French regime was in Prussia and the north of Germany, it was more beneficent than otherwise in South Germany, which France had delivered of all its feudal fetters; adding moreover the Tyrol to Bavaria, and thus placing the latter in direct communication with Italy. So, on Napoleon's fall, Wrede, instead of stipulating the *status quo* for Bavaria, which might have been done, gave up not only the Tyrol, but Salzburg, to Austria. Notwithstanding this diatribe of Lang's, Bavaria got her indemnity in Nuremberg, Wurtzburg, and that wealthy portion of central Germany, the Palatinate, which were at least worth Salzburg and the Tyrol.

Our memoir-writer was, however, evidently attached to Montgelas, whilst the triumphs of Wrede flung him out of favour and the way of promotion. He remained long enough at Munich, however, to be one of the committee for drawing up or preparing the constitution, the ruling principle of which was very simple: being how to give the noble chamber all power, and the lower chamber none. Lang was finally driven from the Bavarian service, and he returned to old Hardenberg. The following is the account which he gives of the declining days of this statesman:

"Prince Hardenberg was at his ancient seat of Hardenberg, which, however, he had sold to the Count Hardenberg of the other line. He received me cordially, kept me to dinner, and conversed of the succession to the Duchy of Baden, and the expectancy of the Count of Hochberg. The prince was greatly sunk and shrunk, and heard with difficulty. He had with him his granddaughter, the Princess Puckler-Muskau, and her husband, a proud, gay, prattling bullfinch. Much change had taken place in the family: the old prince being even separated from his former wife, Madame Schöneman, suspected of too great

intimacy with his Jew physician Koref, a man of much talent. It was even said, that they had conspired together to make away with the old prince, and make the most of his heritage. Of this story I do not believe one word. The princess went off to Paris with Koref, who was succeeded, as physician to the prince, by an Austrian, Dr. Rest. The prince was beset by a crowd of aunts and nephews, who took upon them to travel at his cost, and drag him to and fro as they listed. They brought the wearied old man next year as far as Genoa, where he died. His son, Count Hardenberg-Reventlow, heir of the rich Reventlow property in Denmark, took the prince's title."

A brief interview between Lang and Göthe must be our last extract.

"Arrived at Weimar, I was blinded by the devil to write, to old Faust Göthe, an humble and complimentary little epistle. I was received at half-past one. A tall, old, ice-cold, stiff personage, like the syndic of an imperial city, or rather, like the stone statue of the Commander in 'Don Juan,' came to meet me, silently motioned me to a chair, and remained impassible, giving forth no sound, though I tried to elicit some by striking him on every side. I told of the Prince of Bavaria's efforts, &c. &c. &c. All in vain. At last he broke out by asking, 'Was there an insurance company at Anspach?' Being answered in the affirmative, he would have every particular of our insurance company, and of how it acted in case of fire, &c. And on no other subject would Göthe talk."

But two volumes of these memoirs have appeared. This last scene of the second volume is in 1825. The whole of the latter part of Lang's life was passed at a small estate he possessed near Anspach. He died in 1835.

ART. V.—1. *Poésies complètes de ROBERT BURNS, traduites de l'Ecosais* (Complete Poems of BURNS, translated from the Scotch), par M. LEON DE WAILLY; avec une Introduction du même. Paris: Charpentier. 1843.

2. *Rimes Heroiques, par AUGUSTE BARBIER* (Heroic Rhymes). Paris. 1843.

3. *Fables, par M. VIENNET, l'un des Quarante de l'Académie Française*. Fables, by M. Viennet, one of the Forty of the French Academy). Paris: Paulin. 1842.

M. LEON DE WAILLY, who presents to his countrymen the poetry of Robert Burns, is already distinguished as a translator. He has followed up his mastery of the difficulties of Tristram Shandy by an achievement of equal

merit, the work before us. His first intention would appear to have been, to have rendered Robert Burns into French verse; for we find the poem of 'Tam O'Shanter,' and the equally idiomatic and difficult, though short piece, the 'John Barleycorn,' so translated. But whether dissatisfied with his performance, for some reason certainly unsupported by the style of his execution, or whether he shrunk from the further prosecution of so difficult a task, the original design was clearly abandoned. With the exception of the poems first named, the rest are all literal translations, line for line; simply presenting to the eye, what may be called the physiognomy of versification. We regret the more that M. de Wailly did not follow out what we presume to have been his first intention, because of the evidence he affords us, in an ably written notice of the life of the Scottish poet, that he had thoroughly imbued himself with his history and his spirit. It may be, that, so keenly feeling the beauties of his author, he was struck with the powerlessness of his own language to render them. The longer he breathed over the heather, the less inclined he felt to place it under a polished vase. How serve up 'mountain dew' in Sèvres porcelain? How give the broad, strong, yet sweet and simple Scotch idiom, in the language of the salon?

We acknowledge the difficulty, and would probably have deemed it insuperable, had our translator given us less striking proofs of his feelings and his powers. As it is, he cannot have worked in vain. If he has enabled but one of his countrymen to relish the healthy flavour of the poetry of a right-hearted son of nature, he has done good. It is an infection that will spread. As a specimen of M. de Wailly's original design, we may show how faithfully he has rendered the highly fanciful passage in 'Tam O'Shanter,' beginning "For pleasures are like poppies shed."

Mais les plaisirs sont des pavots qu'on cueille,
Vous saisissez la fleur, elle s'effeuille;
Ou bien encore flocons de neige au flot,
Un instant blanche—et fondant aussitôt;
Ou bien aussi l'aurore boréale
Qu'on veut montrer et qui s'enfuit avant;
Ou l'arc-en-ciel à l'orage rendant
Sa forme aimable, et qui dans l'air s'exhale—
Nul bras mortel ne saurait retenir
Temps ni marée; il faut s'en revenir.

We subjoin also one of the unrhymed translations, and select, for the sake of its expression, in which lies all its charm, 'My wife's a winsome wee thing.' The want of anything like equivalent words in French has here imposed upon the translator a difficulty, of his conquest of which the reader must judge.

C'est une charmante petite créature,
C'est une belle petite créature,
C'est une jolie petite créature
Que ma chère petite femme.

Je n'en ai jamais vu de mieux,
Je n'en ai jamais aimé mieux,
Et contre mon cœur je la porterai
De peur de perdre mon joyau.

C'est une charmante petite créature,
C'est une belle petite créature,
C'est une jolie petite créature
Que ma chère petite femme.

Nous partageons les tracas du monde,
Ses luttes et ses soucis;
Avec elle, je les supporterai joyeusement
Et croirai mon lot divin.

In the notice of the poet's life, which has many points of great beauty, M. de Wailly dwells with delight upon the manly independence of Burns's character, and his religious assertion of the unselfish principle which animated all his labours. The following passage, in relation to this topic, is calculated to leave a very favourable impression of the writer.

"It was in vain that Thomson insisted on his accepting payment for his active co-operation in the collecting and writing of the Scottish songs. In his opinion, this would have been an indignity offered to his muse. He therefore refused to accept any other compensation for his labour than a copy of his own exquisite poems. I am wrong—he received money. His evil destiny, thwarted by his noble independence, vowed humiliation. A hatter, to whom he owed a small sum of money, seeing his death was not far distant, brought an action against him, and would infallibly have had him arrested. The idea of imprisonment in the deplorable state of health in which he was—the fear of being separated from his family, before the final separation—nearly deprived him of reason, and forced him to have recourse to Thomson, whom he had hitherto so obstinately refused. He wrote to him a most affecting letter, begging an advance of £5.

"What a discouraging example! What a heart-rending thought! Misfortune makes you its victim. In the midst of wretchedness, one sole sentiment sustains you—that of your dignity. To preserve this pure and sacred in your soul, you have imposed privations upon yourself and others, sacrificing all to SELF RESPECT; and a day arrives, when this last consolation is snatched from you—when your delicacy becomes a ridiculous ill-sustained pretension—when coarse feelings seem to find their vindication and their revenge in your defeat. Lord Byron once resolved that glory should be the only revenue he would draw from the labours of his pen—yet he, wealthy, and a peer of England—he, an Englishman and a poet—he, the proudest of the proud—was obliged to act otherwise. Let his example, then, console thee in thy tomb, Robert Burns! Thou more courageous, and still more refined, for thou hadst to combat against the temptations of poverty and parental tenderness!

Society will not pardon those virtues which are a perpetual commentary upon and reproach to itself. Sooner or later they must yield in the unequal struggle."

It was shortly after the revolution of July, that Auguste Barbier, then a very young man, brought out the poem which, his contemporaries agree, at once raised him to the rank he has since held. We remember the author shared the enthusiasm it awakened. He was sought in the street by strangers, shaken by the hand, and congratulated with a warmth which efforts as meritorious must fail to arouse in an atmosphere of less excitement. This poem was 'La Curée.' He followed up his success by other volumes, which had also the seal of originality upon them.

Barbier is not what is ordinarily called a descriptive poet, and seldom a poet of tenderness. His inspiration is not of the mountain or the forest; the outward forms of the grand and the beautiful are not necessary to its awakening; he has found it most in the thick of cities, in truth always. He is not a bard of soft numbers, but to be noted chiefly for the characteristic boldness and manly vigour he has thrown into a form of verse not commonly deemed susceptible of either. Always harmonious he is not, but for the most part he is something better. He selects the word of his thought; it veils slightly, or lays wholly bare; but it is truth which is below, and sometimes in her rudest nakedness. He is a child of the Paris he knows so well, and has portrayed so truly. To an earlier volume he wrote one of those rare prefaces which speak this author's purpose frankly.

..... In this uncertain world,
Before the injury and uncured evil,
The poet should stand forth, sublime protester
In name of justice and humanity.

Over Barbier's phrase there is spread no gloss. It never pitifully implores the oppressor's mercy, but ever indignantly gives voice to the wrongs of the injured. 'The sound the echo of the sense' sometimes to exaggeration, he forces into the ranks of his rhyme rebel words not always formed for such an office, and while he presents a lofty subject nobly, it may be admitted that what is vile is seldom in his hands much raised from its native coarseness. To unfinished statues left by some able sculptor, his poetry may in general be not unfairly compared. Added touches would have softened, but the rude chisel has inscribed thereon the thought which guided it, and the muscles of the body have their strength, and the lines of the face their story.

Barbier deserves to be better known

amongst us. He is a man of a strong and healthy mind, and has at all times scorned to lower himself to the less worthy passions and prejudices of his countrymen. We could not offer clearer evidence of his power or of his character than by an endeavour to set forth his 'Idole' in an English dress: in our judgment one of the finest of his poems, and yet untranslated. We shall therefore make the attempt. The subject is Napoleon's bronze statue: of late years moulded and raised to the summit of the column, whence the allies pulled down its twin. It commences by a daring description of the casting of the figure, and is famous for the vigour of its lines on Napoleon, and on the presence of the Russian, and for the curse it courageously invokes on Buonaparte's memory.

THE IDOL.

Come, stoker, come, more coal, more fuel, heap
Iron and copper at our need,—

Come, your broad shovel and your long arms
steep,

Old Vulcan, in the forge you feed!

To your wide furnace be full portion thrown—

To bid her sluggish teeth to grind,

Tear and devour the weight which she doth own,

A fire palace she must find.

'Tis well—'tis here! the flame, wide, wild, intense,

Unsparing and blood-coloured, flung

From the vault down, where the assaults commence

With lingot up to lingot clung,

And bounds, and howlings of delirium born,

Lead, copper, iron, mingled well,

All twisting, lengthening, and embraced, and torn,

And tortured, like the damned in hell.

The work is done! the spent flame burns no more,

The furnace fires smoke and die,

The iron flood boils over.—Ope the door,

And let the haughty one pass by!

Roar, mighty river, rush upon your course,

A bound—and, from your dwelling past,

Dash forward, like a torrent from its source,

A flame from the volcano cast!

To gulp your lava-waves earth's jaws extend,

Your fury in one mass fling forth—

In your steel mould, O Bronze, a Slave descend,

An Emperor return to earth!

Again NAPOLEON—'tis his form appears!

Hard soldier in unending quarrel,

Who cost so much of insult, blood and tears,

For only a few boughs of laurel.

For mourning France it was a day of grief

When, down from its high station flung,

His mighty statue like some shameful thief

In coils of a vile rope was hung.

When we beheld at the grand column's base,

And o'er a shrieking cable bowed,

The stranger's strength that mighty bronze displace

To hurrahs of a foreign crowd.

When, forced by thousand arms, headforemost
thrown,
The proud mass cast in monarch mould
Made sudden fall; and on the hard, cold
stone
Its iron carcase sternly rolled.

The Hun, the stupid Hun, with soiled rank
skin,

Ignoble fury in his glance,
The Emperor's form the kennel's filth within,
Drew after him in face of France!

On those within whose bosoms hearts hold
reign,

That hour like remorse must weigh

On each French brow—'tis the eternal stain,
Which only death can wash away!

I saw where palace walls gave shade and ease,
The waggons of the foreign force;

I saw them strip the bark which clothed our
trees

To cast it to their hungry horse.

I saw the northman, with his savage lip,

Bruising our flesh till black with gore,

Our bread devour—on our nostrils sip

The air which was our own before!

In the abasement and the pain—the weight
Of outrages no words make known—

I charged one only being with my hate,
Be thou accursed, Napoleon!

O lank-haired Corsican! Your France was fair,

In the full sun of Messidor,

She was a tameless and a rebel mare,

Nor steel bit nor gold rein she bore.

Wild steed with rustic flank—yet, while she
trod—

Reeking with blood of royalty,

But proud with strong foot striking the old sod,

At last, and for the first time, free—

Never a hand her virgin form passed o'er

Left blemish nor affront essayed,

And never her broad sides the saddle bore,

Nor harness by the stranger made.

A noble vagrant—with coat smooth and bright,

And nostril red and action proud—

As high she reared, she did the world affright,

With neighings which rang loud and long.

You came. Her mighty loins, her paces scanned,

Pliant and eager for the track,

Hot Centaur, twisting in her mane your hand,

You sprang all bootied to her back.

Then, as she loved the war's exciting sound,

The smell of powder and the drum,

You gave her Earth for exercising ground,

Bade Battles as her pastimes come!

Then, no repose for her! No nights, no sleep,

The air and toil for evermore,

And human forms like unto sand crushed deep,

And blood which rose her chest before!

Through fifteen years her hard hoofs' rapid
course

So ground the generations—

And she passed smoking in her speed and force

Over the breast of nations.

Till—tired in ne'er earned goal to place vain
trust,

To tread a path ne'er left behind,

To knead the universe and like a dust

To uplift scattered human kind—

Feebly and worn, and gasping as she trode,

Stumbling each step of her career,

She craved for rest the Corsican who rode.

But, torturer! you would not hear,

You pressed her harder with your nervous thigh,

You tightened more the goading bit,

Choked in her foaming mouth her frantic cry,

And brake her teeth in fury fit.

She rose—but the strife came. From farther fall

Saved not the curb she could not know—

She went down, pillowed on the cannon-ball,

And thou wert broken by the blow!

Now born again, from depths where thou wert
hurled,

A radiant eagle dost thou rise;

Winging thy flight again to rule the world,

Thine image reascends the skies.

No longer now the robber of a crown—

The insolent usurper—he,

With cushions of a throne, unpitying, down

Who pressed the throat of Liberty—

Old slave of the Alliance, sad and lone,

Who died upon a sombre rock,

And France's image until death dragged on

For chain, beneath the stranger's stroke—

NAPOLEON stands, unsullied by a stain!

Thanks to the flatterer's tuneful race—

The lying poets who ring praises vain—

Has Cæsar 'mong the gods found place!

His image to the city walls gives light;

His name has made the city's hum

Still sounded ceaselessly, as through the fight

It echoed farther than the drum.

From the high suburbs, where the people crowd,

Doth Paris, an old pilgrim now,

Each day descend to greet the pillar proud,

And humble there his monarch brow—

The arms encumbered with a mortal wreath,

With flowers for that bronze's pall—

(No mothers look on, as they pass beneath—

It grew beneath their tears so tall!)

In working vest, in drunkenness of soul,

Unto the fife's and trumpet's tone,

Doth joyous Paris dance the Carmagnole

Around the great Napoleon.

Thus, Gentle Monarchs, pass unnoted on!

Mild Pastors of Mankind, away!

Sages, depart, as common brows have gone,

Devoid of the immortal ray!

For vainly You make light the people's chain—

And vainly, like a calm flock, come

On Your own footsteps, without sweat or pain,

The people—treading towards their tomb.

Soon as Your star doth to its setting glide,

And its last lustre shall be given

By Your quenched name—upon the popular tide

Scarce a faint furrow shall be riven.

Pass, pass Ye on! For You no statue high!

Your names shall vanish from the horde.

Their memory is for those who lead to die

Beneath the cannon and the sword;

Their love for Him, who on the humid field,

By thousands lays to rot their bones;

For him who bids them Pyramids to build,

And bear upon their backs the stones!

The volume now before us, containing up-
wards of thirty sonnets, bears the title of

'*Rimes Heroïques*,' suggested to the writer by a like collection, under a similar name, by Torquato Tasso, mostly celebrating the house of Este. 'I thought,' says Barbier, 'the title would better apply to verse inspired by those who have devoted themselves to the good of their fellow-men, and I have therefore assembled here such lines, as, in the course of study or travel, the emotion caused by a pious remembrance of lofty action may have suggested to me. Selecting such as treated of names known in history, and grouping them according to their date, I have composed a kind of portrait gallery, and decorated it with this title. I have not always sung the most brilliant and applauded, but rather the least happy and most pure, and those with whom my own views and feelings most led me to sympathize.' Monsieur Barbier's sonnets more than fulfil the promise held out by a preface, whose modesty but makes their merit more apparent. "The sonnet," he says, "accustomed to give forth a sigh, is susceptible of other tones:" and these indeed ascend to proud notes, and give forth manly accents. Here is Arnold of Winkelried at Sempach, before the archduke's impenetrable army, embracing a sheaf of lances; and as they are buried in his breast, bidding 'Victory and Liberty pass through the space he has opened;' here Madame Roland in the fatal cart, in white robes and calm, with insult around her and the scaffold before, speaking her last words to the misused form of Liberty; here Egmont, his blood flowing over the pavement of Brussels; here Leopold of Brunswick, sinking beneath the waters of the Oder; and Barra, the republican boy of thirteen, already a soldier in the Blues, is here alone on the heath of la Vendée. He has met some stragglers of the royal army, who offer him life, and bid him cry 'Vive le Roi!' He is 'pale and silent, till, the angel of the people soaring before his eyes, he shouts *Vive la République!*' and dies.

From among these sonnets we select two, not because better than others we have named, but because the subject of one is Madame Roland, and that of the other our own Falkland, who felt with the Commons, while he died for Charles. We must at the same time say with truth, what the translator of Burns has said in modesty, that if the beauty of these sonnets fail to strike, the fault must be with the interpreter.

LORD FALKLAND.

Her sovereign decree had Murder given:

A drenched soil drank the dark blood's mighty tide.

Their backs to earth, their chargers laid beside,
The dead showed livid faces unto heaven.
Some by the swift shot stricken while they
chanted

The sombre Puritan's inspiring hymn—
And some upholding Charles's flag undaunted,
Which haughty subjects did dispute with him.
All in their cause believing unto death!

Only amid' the carnage one, ill-starred,
With honour for a banner and a faith
Was FALKLAND—(Virtue bear him to reward!)
Swathed round by FREEDOM's flame, vain lighted
ring!

In silence he expired—for the KING.

MADAME ROLAND.

'Tis well to hold in Good our faith entire,
Rejecting doubt, refusing to despond,
Believing, beneath skies of gloom and fire,
In splendours of an aerial world beyond.
As erst, when gangs of infamy inhuman
At Freedom striking still thro' freemen's lives,
Her great support devoted to their knives,
The Soul of Gironde, an inspired woman!

Serene of aspect, and unmoved of eye,
Round the stern car, which bare her on to die,
A brutal mob applauded to the crime.
But vain beside the pure the vile might be!
Her heart despaired not; and her lip sublime
Blessed thee unto the last, O sainted Liberty!

We think that many of our readers will now be well disposed to a more intimate acquaintance with M. Barbier. Independently of any question of genius, it is impossible not to be struck with the honest conviction and high moral courage, which breathe through all his verses.

Is it simple *bonhomme* which causes M. Viennet to style himself 'one of the forty?' We hope so: for with our recollections of Gay and Lafontaine, we are inclined to think that only a kind, wise, and simple man, and if an old man all the better, should make fables. M. Viennet has, however, prefaced his fables with a memoir from which we learn that he has been a persecuted author, and has had his *bonhomme* in various ways assailed. We shall, without further remark, let him speak for himself.

"My character is an odd mixture of benevolence and causticity. I distrust the world in general, yet give confidence to the first comer. Constraint, artifice, ambiguity, grimaces, fatigue and irritate me. Nature has infused into some part of my body, through the veins of my father, a conscience, which believes itself to have a right notion of the false and the true, of just and unjust, so that my tongue can neither disguise nor betray truth, nor refuse a reply to any one who asks me a question."

So far 'benevolence:' 'causticity' follows.

"This is the most fatal gift heaven can be-

stow upon a man obliged to live with his fellow-men. The surest means to make him a dupe all his life."

Indeed!—Now for M. Viennet's passions.

"As for my passions, I have only one that is real. I was born with a prodigious love of glory without alloy of lucre."

And this passion was so exclusively literary, that he refused an appointment offered by Napoleon. He arrives in Paris, with a tragedy for Talma, when lo! an order comes.

"The marine artillery is ordered to Saxony—and sweating from the reading of my 'Clovis' I make but one jump from the committee of the theatre, who had accepted it, into the diligence for Mayence. I return to Paris, across three or four battle-fields and the prisons of Pomerania."

The return from Elba again upsets his little bark—once more, however, he is right again—but no sooner is the restoration fixed, than a new revolution breaks out, caused by the romantic school. He is shocked: all the old paths are abandoned: this turns out to be the worst revolution of all.

"No new book can appear under pain of death with an old name, the ballad excepted. What our ancestors called 'Poésies fugitives' are now named 'Meditations' (a touch for Lamartine). 'Dithyrambes' are named 'Messemenes' (ah, ha! Casimir Delavigne). And then they invented such odd names, 'Orientales'; 'Feuilles d'Automne' (take that, Victor Hugo); 'Iambes' (that for you, Auguste Barbier): and such like."

What was the consequence?

"My tragedies and epistles were like an old-fashioned coat, while for the sake of 100,000 francs a year I would not have sought a new title for my compositions."

In politics he was not less uncompromising. For telling the truth to the restoration, he was deprived of his military rank. But even that wrong did not prevent his being the declared enemy of revolution, and the consequence was, he says, that he made all parties equally his enemies. He thus details his persecution:

"Five hundred epigrams a year were made against my person, my face, my poetry, my cravat, my speeches, my thin hair, and my green frock-coat. Every scapegrace from college, who tried his pen at a feuilleton, thought it incumbent upon him to deal me his first kick. Could I have cast fables at such a public? They would have been prettily received! My poetry would have been parodied. People had so cried me down for an ass, a veritable ass, with four feet and long ears, that they ended by believing me one! A bookbinder actually had me so drawn in a prospectus."

No wonder that unfortunate M. Viennet fled from the world, and appealed to posterity. He was so forgotten, that the author of the 'Guêpes' (Alphonse Karr) published his death. But dead he was not. The Academy could not let him die. They bade him live. They applauded his Fables. The public, who assisted at the Institute, heard them with delight. Even the journals retracted their injuries. And now, therefore, he publishes the Fables. See what it is to be sustained by the Academy! And have we not given a more than sufficient reason why M. Viennet should proudly proclaim himself 'un des Quarante'?

An analogy might not be inapt, by the way, between Michael Steno, one of the Forty of Venice, and M. Viennet, one of the Forty of Paris. Steno affixed an unpleasant truth upon the chair of power, just as M. Viennet did upon the rickety throne of the tenth Charles. The Forty of Venice sustained their libeller, and the Forty of Paris do no less for their fabulist. We must not omit to add, in justice to M. Viennet's 'causticity' as well as his 'benevolence,' that if he be thankful and grateful to the Forty, he continues not the less to discharge bile against those who are beyond this pale of the élite. Take, for instance, Fable III. of the 3d book—of which we offer a plain translation.

THE EMANCIPATED SCHOLARS.

Over a grassy mead—

A troop of scholars wild from school
And freed from parents'—master's rule—

Frisk'd, romp'd, and play'd.
Now love of mischief is the measure
Of every little schoolboy's pleasure;
And soon each nicely-plaited shirt
Was spatter'd o'er with mud and dirt:
The whiter and the nicer, more
With filth was it all blacken'd o'er.

As silken waistcoat, beaver hat,
Received, the one a darkling stain,
The other by a blow press'd flat,
A shout of laughter shook the plain.
A stranger passing ask'd "What place
Claim'd such a savage little race?"
And from an urchin, sharp and sly,
Got this reply.

"Monsieur, receive for information,
We come from Paris—royal city,
Abode of all that's wise and witty,
Of earth the greatest nation."
"Oh! ho!" then cried the stranger, "Fling
Dirt at each other—brickbats fling,
Nor fear reproach nor blame!
Say to your elders who reprove ye,
Let no thoughtless anger move ye,
You ALL do just the same!"

ART. VI.—*Hundert Tage auf Reisen in den Oesterreichischen Staaten.* (A Hundred Days' Journey in the Austrian States. By J. G. KOHL.) Dresden and Leipzig. 1842.

THE 'Foreign Quarterly Review' was the first English journal in which the delightful volumes on Russia, published by M. Kohl during the last two years, were described and welcomed. To most of our readers, therefore, the peculiarities of his style must be familiar. He has abandoned Russia for a while, and has commenced a series of pictures of the Austrian States. The work before us is the commencement of that series.

In writing of Austria, M. Kohl naturally supposes that the German public, to which he immediately addresses himself, is already acquainted with the subject of his descriptions; more so at all events than with Russia; and acting on this supposition, he enters less frequently into those extremely minute details, which charmed so much in his pictures of Russian life. Still in its general spirit the present work carries with it most of the characteristics of the author's earlier productions. It is very ably written, and is full of the always amusing gossip, not of a superficial observer, but of one who has studied with care the character of the people whom he endeavours to portray.

Austria has lain somewhat out of the road of our tourists, but steam navigation, and multitudinous railroads, are rapidly changing the character of German travelling. In two years more, perhaps in less, Vienna will in all probability be brought quite as near to London as Paris is now; that is, if we reckon the relative distances not by the number of leagues of country to be traversed, but by the facility of access, and the economy of time.

There are few countries in which the inquisitive and observant traveller will find more to repay his investigations than in the Austrian states. Nowhere else has centralisation done so little towards assimilating the various races connected under the same government. The Slavonian, the Hungarian, the German, and the Italian elements of the population, maintain to the present day the distinctions that marked them centuries ago. Little or no fusion has taken place, and the different portions of the monarchy have neither language, laws, nor institutions in common. Perhaps one of the strongest bonds of union by which these varying lands and nations are held together, is their noble stream the Danube, which traverses the fairest portion of the emperor's dominions, has been at least doubled in value by the application of steam to navigation, and

will become even more important than it is, when the termination of the railroads now in progress shall have placed the lordly river in direct communication with the Adriatic, the Rhine, the Elbe, the Oder, and the Vistula.

M. Kohl commences the narrative of his Austrian journey in the courtyard of the diligence office at Dresden, where at the very outset he finds matter for pleasantries in the embarrassments of an English traveller, who is proceeding on a tour through all the provinces of the Austrian empire, without having the least knowledge of any language but his own. "Such men," he aptly remarks, "remind me of the husbandman who went forth to till his field, but found, when it was too late, that he had left his plough behind him."

At Peterswalde the diligence crossed the frontier and entered Bohemia, a country, whose natural limits are more distinctly marked than those of any other inland country in the world. Nearly the whole frontier runs along a mountainous ridge, of oval form, within which lies a fertile plain traversed by a number of rivers, whose united waters combine to form the majestic Elbe. In a country so circumstanced, a disputed boundary is about the last thing we should expect to hear of; yet even between two states situated as Bohemia and Saxony are, whose limits have continued unchanged for many centuries, such a dispute does at the present day exist. There is a tract of hilly country, the inhabitants of which have, time out of mind, managed to avoid the payment of all taxes, by declaring themselves Saxons when any Bohemian collectors ventured to show themselves, and, when favoured with the presence of Saxon officials, by announcing themselves the liege men of the emperor. A late trigonometrical survey has brought this piece of local policy to light, and the cabinets of Dresden and Vienna have engaged in a grave negotiation, to determine to 'which king' the mountaineers should be held bound to render their allegiance and pay their pence.

The 'Erzgebirge,' which forms the northern boundary of Bohemia, is not so much a chain of successive mountains as a huge continuous mound, the elevation of which from the Saxon side is extremely gradual, but on the Bohemian remarkable for its abruptness. The consequence is, that the 'Erzgebirge' presents nothing of an imposing appearance to Saxony, whereas, seen from Bohemia, it appears as a precipitous mountain ridge; and, on the other hand, the traveller arriving from Saxony, when he reaches the summit, sees the lowland country of Bohemia spread out

before him like a map; while, on turning towards Saxony, he beholds a prospect comparatively tame and monotonous.

Our author's first stage was Teplitz, the well-known watering-place which, during the last few years of the late King of Prussia's reign, acquired great importance in the diplomatic world, in consequence of the annual visits of royalty: visits, singularly enough, always coinciding with those of a number of diplomatic dignitaries, whose accidental comings together bred multitudes of ominous reports, afforded matter for comment and anxiety to the newspapers for a certain number of weeks, and were then forgotten till a next year's visit called them to life again. It was here also that, in 1813, the sovereigns of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, met to sign the treaty of alliance against Napoleon.

Few watering places are so delightfully situated as Teplitz. The little town is surrounded with an amphitheatre of hills, and of these many are crowned by romantic ruins, picturesque monasteries, parks, palaces, gardens, and monuments. So many points of attraction are thus offered to the crowd of idlers and hypochondriacs who periodically visit the beautiful valley of Bila, and it is not too much to say that the beauty of the country, and the cheerful tone of its society, have quite as potent an effect in attracting visitors, as the far-famed mineral springs themselves, whose medicinal virtues are said to have been prized as early as the eighth century of our era! The favourite excursions of the valitudinarians of Teplitz, are to the two neighbouring mountains, the Schlossburg and the Milleschauer; the latter is an extinct volcano, nearly three thousand feet high, crowned by the ruins of a castle which must once have been of great extent. The view from the summit ranges over half the kingdom of Bohemia. On the highest pinnacle of the Milleschauer may still be seen a wooden chair, with a canopy erected over it. This truly royal seat was erected for the Prussian king, who is said to have been in the habit of spending hours there in minutely gazing on the magnificent landscape that lay stretched beneath him. From this point the spectator may watch the glorious sun as he rises from behind the giant mountains, the eastern barrier of the land; and may follow him in his course, till he sinks again behind the western hills, and leaves Bohemia shrouded in darkness.

Among the ancient castles around Teplitz, none is calculated by its associations more to awaken the interest of a stranger than the castle of Dux, once the residence and property of the renowned Wallenstein, the formidable

Duke of Friedland, a title that offers singular contrast to the life and character of him who bore it. The collection of paintings here is valuable; but the two portraits of Wallenstein himself, by Van Dyke, are those to which the attention of visitors is chiefly directed. In the one, the duke stands before us as a handsome young man; in the other, he is presented as a warrior of more mature age. It is interesting to compare the two pictures, and to trace in that of later date the changes wrought, less by time than by ambitious passions. The furrowed countenance of the veteran scowls angrily and imperiously from the canvass, while the handsome features of the youth are marked with a frank and kindly expression. The painter has heightened the contrast, by giving to the one portrait a blue unclouded sky as a back ground, but to the other a sky heavily laden with the dark fore-runners of a storm, apt symbols of the closing scenes of Wallenstein's career. Among other curiosities preserved in the castle, is the supposed skull of its once powerful owner. The relic has undergone searching examinations; and phrenology affirms its development to be a highly satisfactory confirmation of all the histories that have reached us of Wallenstein's life and character.

About Teplitz the population still bears a German character; but as we approach Theresienstadt, on our way to Prague, we find the country peopled by a Slavonian race, who profess a cordial contempt for everything German, and look upon it as an outrage against their nationality that the land they inhabit should be counted a portion of Germany. There was a time, indeed, when Bohemia had some right to assume the lofty tone in which her sons still love to indulge. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when the university of Prague was at the zenith of its greatness, a Bohemian might scarcely have been deemed guilty of arrogance who had claimed for his countrymen the foremost rank among nations, so far as learning at least was concerned; but prosperity was ever insolent, and the university, too confident in her strength, by her own measures prepared her own downfall. Under the original constitution of this body, strangers had enjoyed equal privileges with natives, and the system of equality contributed to attract students from every country in Europe; so much so, that the number, from 1348 to 1409, is said to have exceeded 20,000. No sooner, however, was the attempt made to contract the immunities enjoyed by foreigners, than the decline of the great institution commenced, and the infant universities of Leipzig and Cracow prospered by the spoils of their more

ancient rival. Religious persecution followed, to complete the work which academical presumption had begun, and Bohemia, once the chosen land of learning, has now been left so far behind in the race, that in all central Europe there is none more barbarous and benighted. But we are anticipating; let us hasten onward with our author to the antique capital of the mountain-girted land.

Prague is a city of recollections, and the traveller who lives only in the present time, whose mind cannot transport itself back to the heroic ages, when religious freedom yet struggled against the mighty foe that bore her down, will find little in the city save its romantic site to interest him. It sits enthroned on hills, to receive the homage of attendant mountains that encircle it. The most ancient portion of the town occupies the hill called the 'Vissehrad,' where the royal prophetess Libussa is said, as early as the year 722, to have founded a city which she foretold would rise to be the sun of cities (*sol urbium*), a prophecy that many of the zealous towns-people look upon as having literally come to pass, and many, no doubt, would still deem it no exaggeration to apostrophize their ancient capital in the words of one of their old chroniclers: "O ter magna triurbs! triurbs teringens! O orbis caput et decus Bohemiæ! Pulchræ filia pulchrior Libussæ!"

The 'Vissehrad' is the Acropolis of Prague, a hill on each side, steep and difficult of access, with a level space on the summit. Such a site was particularly desirable in the middle ages, but little likely to continue in favour with the comfort-loving generations of our own days. The Vissehrad has, accordingly, in modern times, been deserted, and where for five centuries a busy population thronged the streets and lanes of a bustling town, solitude now reigns almost undisturbed. The ancient church, indeed, still rears its venerable form aloft, silently mourning over its departed congregation, and an aged sexton and his daughter had charge of the holy edifice when our author visited it. These good people are the living chronicles of the place. They have read the marvellous tales of some of the local historians, have picked up a number of legends from the officiating priests, and embellishing all this with the suggestions of their own imagination, they have gone on from year to year, telling their wonderful histories to all the pious pilgrims who have visited the church for the last fifty years, till the tales of 'Joseph Tschak' of the Vissehrad have become authentic truths to every true believing gossip in Prague,—ay, and to many out of Prague, too, for few travellers visit the

Bohemian capital without ascending the church-crowned hill, whence they rarely fail to carry away with them some of the legendary lore of old Joseph Tschak. M. Kohl has devoted a whole chapter to his interview with the solitary pair, and the first words with which the daughter seems to have greeted him, afford in themselves a lively picture of the state of seclusion in which her life had been passed, though constantly within hearing of the hum of the bustling metropolis.

"It was the Feast of St. Anne, a great popular festival in Prague, and every house of public entertainment was thronged with guests; every public dancing-house poured forth the sounds of mirth and revelry. The Vissehrad, however, stood amid these joyous scenes, abandoned and forgotten, as was its wont. A moist wind was blowing over its naked head, and the ravens were winging their homeward flight to lower regions, for even these lugubrious birds have quitted the deserted dwellings of men, and have sought more convenient resting-places along the smiling banks of the Moldau.

"'And are you then really come, sir?' were the words with which the daughter of Joseph Tschak saluted me; 'I was just sitting there with my father, and, as it is St. Anne's day, we were weeping over the memory of my poor mother, whose name was Anne. Thou shalt go down to St. Jacob's Church to-morrow, said my father, and have a mass said for mother, Anne. I will do so, thought I. Mother is dead now. Father lived with her up here for forty-five years, and he too is old. Should he die I shall be alone, for other friend I have none in the world. So I thought I would have a prayer read for father too, that God may leave him to me yet for many years.'"

With these two guides our author proceeded to visit the aged church, where the first thing presented to his notice was a saintly legend, which will probably be new to most of our readers.

"A poor man one day went into the wood, where he met a smart merry-looking hunter. That is, he thought it was a hunter, but in truth it was the devil in disguise. 'Thou art poor, old boy,' said the devil. 'Ay, indeed,' replied the other, 'poor and borne down by care.' 'How many children hast thou at home?' 'Six, your honour,' said the poor man. 'I'll give thee heaps of money,' said the devil, 'if thou wilt give me, to all eternity, that one of thy children whom thou hast never seen.' 'With all my heart,' said the foolish old man. 'Nay, but thou must give me thy promise in writing.' The man did so, and received a quantity of gold; but when he came home, he found he had seven children, for his wife had just been delivered of one. Hereupon he was troubled in his mind, for he now became aware that the devil had talked him out of his child. So he named his son Peter, dedicated him to the Saint, and prayed him to protect the boy against the devil's art. Now

St. Peter appeared to the father in a dream, and promised to do what he could for the boy, provided the latter were brought up as a priest. This was done, and Master Peter grew up to be a good, pious, and learned man; and at twenty-four years old he was installed as a priest in the church of the Vissehrad. One day, however, the devil came to ask for what he thought was his own, but the holy Apostle Peter interfered, and protested that the deed on which the devil rested his claim was nothing but a forgery. The poor priest, frightened out of his wits, ran into the church, and betook himself to reading the mass. Now, as the devil and the saint could not come to an understanding, St. Peter proposed, by way of compromise, to cancel the old deed, and enter on a new compact. 'Fly to Rome,' he said, 'and bring me one of the twelve columns of St. Peter's Church, and if thou bring it me hither before my priest have read the mass to an end, he shall be thine, but else I keep him.' The devil accepted the proposal, thinking he should have plenty of time; and sure enough, in a few seconds, St. Peter saw him flying back with the pillar in question. Indeed he would have had several minutes to spare, had not St. Peter met him halfway, and begun to belabour him with a horsewhip. The devil had no way to protect himself but to drop his load, which went plump to the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea. He was not long diving for his column, but still it took him some little time; and the priest had just said his *ita missa est*, and finished his prayer, when the devil reached the Vissehrad. Peter laughed heartily at the devil's disappointment; and the old fiend, in his rage, pitched the huge pillar at the church, knocked a hole in the roof, and left the shattered column behind. The hole in the roof remained, for though many attempts were made to repair it, the masonry never would hold; so that for centuries the roof continued open to wind and rain. At last, the Emperor Joseph gave positive orders to have the roof made perfect, and two keys were carved in the keystone of the arch, since which time the roof has held good in its position."

All these ancient legends agree in showing us what a sorry hand the devil must have been at driving a bargain; yet one would think he might have grown wise by experience, if by nothing else, seeing how often he had been tricked out of his own, after he had honestly performed his part of the agreement.

The Emperor Joseph not only had the roof mended, but ordered the three fragments of the column to be removed from the floor of the church, saying, that "in the holy edifice men should think only of God, and not of the devil and his impious works." The priests, however, though they had lost the hole in the roof, could not bear to part with the old stones broken by the devil, which were carefully deposited before the church-door, and some

mosses of which the sexton generally allows his pious visitors to chip off, by way of relic.

The Vissehrad is rich in legends, and most of them are authenticated by the presence of some solid memorial. Among other curiosities, there is shown in the church a large stone sarcophagus, the coffin of St. Longinus, a Roman centurion, who was present at the Crucifixion. Longinus was blind, but a drop of the Saviour's blood having fallen on him, he recovered his eyesight, and exclaimed, 'This is Christ the Anointed!' Whereupon the soldiers stoned him, put the body into a stone coffin, and threw it into the sea. The coffin, however, would not sink, but continued to float about until it arrived in Bohemia (Shakspeare had authority, it seems, for a shipwreck on the coast of Bohemia), where the saint and his coffin were respectfully received by the Christian inhabitants, and deposited in the church of the Vissehrad. Old Tschak, from whom our author had most of these particulars, appears to be a bit of a philosopher, for he readily admitted, that the Emperor Joseph might have doubted the Old Gentleman's horsewhipping, and yet not be guilty of any heinous sin. As to the coffin of Longinus, the old sexton's daughter said,

"Who knows whether it's all true or not; but of one thing there cannot be a doubt: an arm of St. Longinus is still within the coffin. When their Majesties the late blessed Emperor Francis, and his Majesty the Emperor Alexander, and the Prussian King, Frederic William—when all their three Majesties were up here, and they were alone with me and my father, only one soldier with them, they were very particular about this coffin, and we had to take two candles from the altar, that they might look at it more closely; and the Russian Emperor's Majesty was most particular of all, and crept as far in as he could, in hopes of handling the saint's arm, and he covered himself all over with dust and cobwebs."

The legend of the fair Vlasta, no doubt, is known to many of our readers, for it was dramatised some years ago at Paris, and afterwards seized by one of our own 'dramatic authors.' Vlasta, disappointed in her hopes that the king would marry her, placed herself at the head of a band of jilted damsels, waged a sanguinary war against the king for several years, and was not subdued till after she had defeated the king's troops in sundry battles, taken numberless castles by storm, and pitched down from the walls of her mountain-fortress

some hundreds of nobles and knights. But enough of legends. Every corner of Prague has hosts of them to furnish forth to the marvel-loving stranger; and were we to tell of all the wonders that were told our author by the sexton, we should hardly leave ourselves room for matters that have perhaps a better claim on our attention.

Having detained our readers so long on the Vissehrad, we will spare them the rest of the churches, and will even pass over, though somewhat unwillingly, our author's interesting account of his visit to the Carmelite convent, into which he managed to introduce himself by a pretended veneration for some saintly relic committed to the guardianship of those austere nuns.

A highly interesting chapter of M. Kohl's book is devoted to a description of the Jews' quarter of Prague. The Israelites form a numerous community there, and, according to their own account, have done so for more than 1200 years: which would make them residents there two centuries before the foundation of the city by Queen Libussa! The Jews rest their claim upon a stone, still preserved in their cemetery, bearing an inscription dated in the year 632, at which time Bohemia and Moravia were governed by a Slavonian king of the name of Samo, who, being known to have done everything in his power to encourage commerce, is supposed likely to have imported a Jewish colony. The story, however, is at best apocryphal; and, by the majority of Bohemian historians, the authenticity of the stone referred to is altogether denied. Ill-founded, however, as may be their claims to a residence of such early date, it is not to be denied that at the present day the Jews form a numerous and increasing community. There are about 10,000 of them in Prague, and about 60,000 more in the rest of Bohemia, where they are mostly shut up in separate quarters, as in the capital, or are obliged to reside in particular towns, which in their turn are shunned by the Christian part of the population. It is not many years since a similar system prevailed in other parts of Germany.

The cemetery of the persecuted race at Prague is described by our author with his customary minuteness.

"It lies within the Jews' quarter (Judenstadt), and is surrounded on all sides with buildings and narrow lanes. It is an irregularly-shaped piece of ground, from which sundry inlets run off, and wind themselves in among the houses and their lofty walls. This very form seems to plead for

the antiquity of the cemetery, showing how in the course of centuries one patch was added here and another there, in proportion as a fresh piece of land could be obtained and brought under the grave-digger's tillage.

"In the central part of the ground, the gravestones have accumulated amid the green bushes to a degree I have never seen equalled elsewhere. Round about the City of the Dead, on the inside of the wall, runs a path, and a man must walk very fast to effect the circuit in a quarter of an hour. The Jews do not, as is often done in our burying-grounds, use again the grave in which the remains of a former tenant have already mouldered into dust. With them, on the contrary, each corpse has a separate grave, and the accumulation of tombstones is, in consequence, enormous. In the cemetery at Prague, I am certain, there are several hundred thousand. They all resemble each other closely, being plain, four-sided tablets of stone, with carefully executed inscriptions, and these stones stand literally as closely together as ears in a wheatfield, for though each body has its own grave, yet one grave is often made over another, and to each there is generally a separate stone. All these monuments appear to have been carefully preserved, though some have nearly sunk into the ground, leaving little more than a point of stone visible above the surface. The whole is overshadowed by elder bushes, some of which are so interwoven with the tombstones that both appear nearly of the same age. This custom of leaving the elder tree in almost exclusive possession of the churchyard, seems to prevail in every part of Bohemia.

"Narrow paths intersect, here and there, these close thickets of elders and gravestones, and here and there, in the centre of the thickets themselves, a small open grass-grown space has been left unoccupied. The inscriptions are mostly in Hebrew. Nowhere did I see one in Bohemian, and only on a few of the newest stones had German letters been inscribed. The date of the year of each grave stands at the head of the stone. On those which cover the remains of one of Aaron's race, two hands are always engraven, and the tomb of a Levite is as regularly distinguished by a pitcher: to indicate the office of the descendants of Levi, to pour water over the hands of those of Aaron, when the latter perform their ablutions in the temple.

"The descendants of Aaron must never visit the cemetery till they come to take their final repose there. During life they are not allowed to enter it. Every contact with a dead body is a pollution for them. They must not even remain in a house in which a corpse happens to be lying. The only exception permitted, is on the death of an Aaronite's father, when the son may approach within three ells of the body, and follow it to the cemetery till within three ells of a grave. In the same way the Jewish law prescribes the distance at which an Aaronite must keep from the burying ground; that distance, however, is not calculated from the outer wall, but from the grave nearest to it. Now it so happens that there is in Prague one street that passes close to the burying ground, and moreover, just at that point the graves approach very

closely to the wall, and it is even believed that the street itself passes over ground in which bodies lie interred. Without due precautions this street would be impassable for an Aaronite. That the passage, however, may not be interrupted, and at the same time that an Aaronite may not be exposed to the danger of infringing the law by stepping over a grave, the whole street has been carefully tunnelled and vaulted to the depth of a hundred ells, by which means, it appears, the surface of the street has been raised a thousand ells from the bottom of the vault, for, according to the Jewish law, an empty vaulted space of one hundred ells, counts for as much as a thousand ells filled with earth.

"As in every Jewish cemetery, so here also, a space has been set apart for the reception of still-born children, and those of untimely birth, and these have accumulated to such a degree as to form a hill or dam, eighty paces in length, ten in breadth, and twelve feet high. A child that dies before the fifth week is called in Hebrew, Ephel, and this name of Ephel is here applied to the mound formed of the heaped-up infantine remains. Close by stand some houses of great age, which are now propped up by beams resting upon the Ephel: the mouldering bones of deceased children thus affording support to perhaps the houses of their living parents.

"About sixty years ago, the Emperor Joseph prohibited the interment of the dead within the walls of the city. The Jews had just before purchased a piece of land, and had consecrated it as a new cemetery. In consequence of this consecration, the land has become holy, and may never again be sold, although no dead have ever been, nor ever may be, buried there; but though the land may not be sold, the law, it seems, does not prohibit its being let for hire, and it has accordingly been let to a timber merchant, who uses it as a place to store his wood in. The whole cemetery, indeed, has ceased to receive new bodies, and can only be looked on, since the publication of Joseph's ordinance, as an interesting monument of times gone by.

"Among the graves were pointed out to me those of various highly-venerated members of the community. One neatly chiselled monument, I was told, covered the remains of a beautiful Jewess, whose comely face had raised her to be the wife of a Polish count. Many monuments marked the resting-places of Rabbis and Levites whose memory still lived in the affections of the community. One stone covered the grave of a youth, an early marvel of wisdom, learning, beauty, and virtue: 'too pure and good for this world, for which reason God called him away in his eighteenth year,' and the heavens were darkened, and other miracles were performed on the day of his death. There was also the grave of a rich and charitable Israelite named Meissel. This man inherited no fortune from his parents, and lived all his life in apparent penury, as a dealer in old iron; yet out of his savings he was able to build a council-house for those of his own confession, and four synagogues. Moreover, six streets were paved at his expense, and sixty poor people were weekly fed by him. Whence he got his money, or where he kept it, no one had ever known.

"The Jewish cemetery shares the fate of most

ancient ruins that are but rarely visited. It serves as a hiding-place for thieves and deserters, who are often able to conceal themselves for a long time among the gravestones.

"Among the houses that adjoin the cemetery, are an asylum for children, an almshouse, and a hospital. The children have been allowed to break a hole through the wall, and to appropriate to themselves, as a playground, a small unoccupied corner of the burying ground. I could not see the little creatures sporting about in such a place, and winding garlands with flowers and weeds plucked from the graves, without asking myself what influence such a play-ground must have upon the development of their minds. I left these little orphans to visit the almshouse, where many in extreme age had sunk back again to the helplessness of infancy. There was an old Jewess who had outlived a century, and had been crooked, blind, and bedridden for several years. She lay almost motionless upon her couch, and the only sign of life she gave was an occasional whining noise. About forty old men were coughing, hobbling, and groaning around us. A distinguished member of the community was my guide on the occasion, and the aged inmates of the house came about him and saluted him quite in an oriental fashion, kissing the hem of his garment, and wishing him health, long life, and the blessing of God. Many of these poor people possessed nothing in the house but a bed in a corner of the room, and there was little about the house to call forth particular commendation; yet they were all loud in their expressions of gratitude for the mercies vouchsafed them, and it made me shudder to think what that wretchedness must have been, to be rescued from which awakened in them such lively sentiments of thankfulness. In point of fact, some of the dens of misery in the Jews' quarter in Prague are horrible even to think of; and many of the poor Israelites breathe their last there in such abject misery, that even a house like that I have alluded to, must be looked on as entitling, to public gratitude, the benevolent persons who have erected and endowed it.

"How ample a scope is here still left to the exercise of humanity, was strongly impressed upon me by the history of a deserted child, whose strange and unaccountable case I will relate, as nearly as possible, in the words in which it was told me. The boy seemed to me to be about ten or twelve years old. He had been found wandering about the street. He seemed to have no knowledge of any language, and was delivered over by the police to the Jewish magistrates, who, unable to learn anything of the child's parents, placed him in the hospital, and gave him the name of Lebel Kremsier. We found him cowering in a corner. 'He is wild and ungovernable,' said the guardian of the house, 'and though I have many times flogged him for it, he will often jump out of the window like a cat, and go hiding among the bushes of the burying-ground. He is fond of hunting-cats, and when he catches them he kills them. His limbs are strong, and his teeth particularly so.' Here the man opened the child's mouth to show us his teeth, and then continued: 'He'll eat as much as two grown men. He is not dainty, but swallows everything that is given him. At times he

is particularly wild, and then he is dangerous, biting and scratching all that come within his reach; all except me, of whom he stands greatly in awe. He has no idea of language, and if any of us speak to him, he repeats the sounds, but without attaching any meaning to them.' The face of this boy was regularly formed, and his eyes not devoid of animation, though there was a scowling look about them. I asked him his name (*Wie heisst du?*) and he answered in a half-articulated echo '*eisst du.*' 'Are you not cold?' I said, (*Lebel Kremsier, ist Dir kalt?*) and again the last word was imperfectly re-echoed—'*alt.*' As he spoke, there was upon his face a constant trembling grin, which I attributed to embarrassment, or to a latent feeling of kindness, but our guide told me it was the result of fear, and then, for the first time, I observed the boy's whole body trembling like a leaf. We turned away and left him, and after a while I looked again, and saw him still in the same posture, still trembling and grinning as before. Such wild abandoned beings have at times been found in secluded places, in forests or marshes for instance, but how in such a city as Prague a creature like Lebel Kremsier should grow up to the age he had attained, is a riddle I cannot pretend to solve."

The length of the preceding extract obliges us to pass over the remaining portion of M. Kohl's interesting description of the Judenstadt, with its schools and synagogues, its Aaronites and Levites.

Of the great national movement that has of late years been going on among the Bohemians, our author affords us only a few occasional hints. It is in the cultivation of their language and literature that this movement particularly manifests itself. Twenty years ago, the literature of Bohemia was insignificant, and was confined chiefly to traditional ballads, the memory of which had been preserved among the people. Not so now. A Bohemian dictionary, said to be a work of no ordinary merit, has lately been published; many of the most popular German and English works of fiction have been translated; and the performance of dramatic pieces in the native dialect has become a frequent and popular entertainment. Whether this movement will be permanent, is doubted by many. Among the educated classes, German is spoken almost exclusively; in the schools, German only is taught; and, among the nobility, many cannot even understand Bohemian; a knowledge of which is almost useless to any one who contemplates a public career in the service of government. There was a time, indeed, when some Slavonian enthusiasts dreamt of a union with Russia, as a means of preserving their nationality; but such a sympathy, if it ever existed to any great extent, has been nearly obliterated by recent occurrences in Poland. Some, indeed, persist in

treating the stories of Russian tyranny in Poland as German calumnies; but such opinions are confined to the least educated classes; the well-informed among them know full well the real nature of that sympathy, which the philosophers of the north occasionally express for the whole Slavonian race. There exists, indeed, at Prague, a Bohemian Patriotic Association; but its activity has hitherto been confined to the collection of provincial antiquities; and its coins and medals form at present the most interesting portion of its museum. Among these coins, there are some of a date antecedent to the first introduction of Christianity into the country.

The Austrian government discourages, but does not openly oppose, this national movement. Bohemian versions of the Bible are found in every part of the country; yet the importation of Bohemian Bibles is strictly prohibited, nor is it lawful to print them within the country itself. Nevertheless, large quantities, printed chiefly at London and Berlin, are continually smuggled across the frontier; and the extent to which the trade must be carried on, may be estimated in some degree by reference to a seizure effected, two years ago, by the Austrian douaniers, of two waggon-loads of Bibles, which were lately still lying under lock and key in a government warehouse. But Bohemia may be counted a classical land in the annals of religious persecution. Nowhere was the Reformation combated in a more sanguinary and unrelenting spirit; nowhere was religious freedom more completely drowned in torrents of blood. But we shall hasten to accompany our entertaining traveller on his tour to the princely castles of the Schwarzenberg family, in the south-western corner of Bohemia.

The vast estates, situated about the Upper Moldau, and now owned by that family, were formerly the patrimony of the house of Rosenberg: a house in its time connected by marriage, not only with the royal family of Bohemia, but with many other of the reigning houses of Germany. There was a Bohemian, and a Courland branch of the family, and both branches became extinct nearly at the same time; the Bohemian estates passing into the hands of the Schwarzenbergs, who continue in possession of them. The most important of these estates are Krummau, Wittingau, and Frauenberg, which, upon most of the maps of Bohemia, will be found laid down like so many cities; and indeed, there are cities in the world, that make a great figure in geographical dictionaries, which yet are surpassed in population and extent by these Bohemian castles. When Bernadotte

visited these vast domains, in 1805, his attention was called to the beautiful prospect from the terrace of the castle of Frauenberg, and he was asked what he thought of it. "What strikes me most about it," he characteristically answered, "is the thought that, all I see should be the property of your prince." It was a tempting spectacle to a French marshal of the days of the empire, to see from an elevation, hills, forests, lakes, villages, and thousands of corn-fields, and to know that they were all the property of one man. The estates of the prince are supposed to bring him in a yearly revenue of four millions of florins, or about £400,000. With such an income, a man may afford to build himself a fine house; and accordingly, we need not feel much surprised to learn, that Prince Schwarzenberg has just commenced a series of repairs and embellishments at Frauenberg, the cost of which is not expected to fall far short of half a million of florins.

The castle of Frauenberg is celebrated throughout Bohemia for the magnificence of its boar-hunts. The preserves in which these animals are kept extend over a space of one German square mile and a half, or nearly 20,000 English acres; and even on recent occasions, 300 boars have sometimes been killed at one battue. The following is our author's account, as described to him by one of the officers of the castle, of one of these great hunting festivities:

"Near the Thiergarten (the great preserves just spoken of) lies a reedy lake, which, on three of its sides, is surrounded by gently rising hills, while the shore on the fourth side is low and swampy. This pond is the scene of the annual boar hunt. On the marshy side of the lake is an artificial mound, raised upon spacious vaults, into which the wild boars are driven, preparatory for the important day. Small wooden tribunes or rostra, just rising above the level of the water, project into the lake, and furnish standing places for the prince and his guests. On the mound are stationed the prince's foresters and huntsmen, all in splendid uniforms, and ready, in case of danger, to fly to the assistance of the lords of the chase. On these occasions there are seldom fewer present than twenty foresters and one hundred and fifty huntsmen. The animals are then let out, fifty at a time, and are driven into the lake by a whole legion of peasants collected together for that purpose. The grunters, of course, take to the water, in the hope of gaining the opposite hills, but on their way, the greater part of them fall by the fire kept upon them from the lordly tribunes. I observed to my informant, that such a species of hunting must, after all, be but a monotonous kind of butchering, but he assured me that the scene was full of excitement, owing to the extraordinary pomp of all the accessories. There was always, he added, a splendid band of

music, and an amphitheatre for spectators, of whom thousands came from the surrounding country."

Near the boar's lake lies an old castle, erected expressly for the convenience of bear-baiting. Similar buildings were formerly found in many parts of Germany, but with the advance of civilisation they have disappeared nearly everywhere.

"It is a large building, with apartments below for huntsmen and keepers, dens for the wild beasts, and kennels for the dogs. On the upper floor are rooms for the owner of the castle and his guests, and a large balcony, for spectators, projects into the court yard, which is surrounded by lofty walls. In this court yard all sorts of wild beasts were baited, but chiefly bears. The last bear-baiting took place there about sixty years ago. The principal saloon of this castle is hung round with splendid pictures by Hamilton, the celebrated painter of animals. He spent the years 1710 and 1711 here with a prince of Schwarzenberg, and several bear-baitings, stag-huntings, and boar-slaughterings, were got up for the painter's sake, on whose account there was then probably as much powder consumed, as when in Italy an old frigate was blown up for the amusement of Philip Hackert. Thus inspired, Hamilton painted this magnificent series of pictures, which may now be said to 'waste their sweetness on the desert air,' for it is only at intervals that they are contemplated by a real lover of the arts. The figures are all as large as life, and represent stags overpowered by dogs, bears battling it with their persecutors, wild boars surprised by hunters in a thicket, and other scenes of the same kind. The dogs are all portraits of favourites, celebrated in their time, and quite as deserving of celebrity on canvass as when alive. When the French were here in 1742, they would gladly have packed up the whole collection, but for some reason or other they contented themselves with cutting the best figure (a wild boar) out of the best picture. The picture has been since repaired, but the wound is still evident, and so is the inferiority of the modern artist's workmanship."

Of the extent of these Schwarzenberg estates in Bohemia, some idea may be formed from the fact, that one of them, the Castle of Krummau, includes among its dependencies, four towns, 123 villages, and 247 ponds for rearing carp and pike. The estate of Krummau is indeed said to extend over fifteen German square miles, or nearly 200,000 acres; and the estate of Wittingau, though not quite so extensive, is said to be quite as valuable.

Another extensive Bohemian estate, visited by our author, was that of Grätzen, formerly the possession of a Protestant family of the name of Schwamberg. After the battle of the White Mountain (1620), the estates of this family were confiscated, as were the estates of nearly all those who refused to embrace the

Catholic religion; and the domains of Grätz were bestowed upon a soldier of fortune, a Frenchman of the name of Bucquoi, who had fought in the ranks of the imperial army. The battle of the White Mountain, which established the permanent supremacy of the house of Austria, is still looked back upon by every Bohemian, with painful recollections, as the era of national humiliation. But to the victors more than to the vanquished, the day ought to be deemed one of indelible shame. The expulsion of the elector Palatine, the elective King of Bohemia, was followed by religious persecutions scarcely matched in any other country or age. Many of the first nobles perished on the scaffold, and a still greater number escaped a similar fate only by precipitate flight. Others were stripped of their wealth, and condemned to waste their remaining years in gloomy dungeons. The estates of nobles confiscated amounted in number to 728. By a refinement of barbarism, certain gradations of capital punishments were established. Some were to die by the axe and others by the sword; some were to lose the right hand, or to have the tongue torn out before execution; and in other instances this species of mutilation was to be reserved till life was extinct. Yet, what was the crime of these men? They had rebelled, indeed, against the house of Austria, but the house of Austria had by an arbitrary act converted an elective into an hereditary monarchy. And this violent change was of comparatively recent date. The Austrian sovereigns, moreover, had not only abolished the constitution by an ordinance, but had trampled on the religious freedom of their Bohemian subjects. On the death of Matthias II., the Bohemians attempted to recover their ancient right of electing their sovereigns, and the choice fell on the elector Palatine, Frederick V., the unfortunate son-in-law of James I. of England. Frederick's reign lasted scarcely for one year, and his expulsion marked the commencement of a period of deep affliction for the country. In every town and village, a system of religious inquisition was organized. Not only the master of each house, but his wife, his children, and his servants, were separately called upon to give an account of their religious belief. The questions put to them were generally these: 'Are you of Catholic parents?' 'Are you a Catholic now?' 'Are you willing to be converted to the Catholic faith?' If these questions were answered in the negative, the offender, if poor, was disqualified from the exercise of any corporate trade; and if rich, was stripped of his possessions, and driven out of the country. Nay, so far was the system carried, that in the hospitals and

almshouses the same inquisition was enforced, and the poor inmates who refused to abandon the faith in which they had been reared, were declared disqualified to be the recipients of public charity! The Austrian sovereigns had at least the melancholy satisfaction of attaining the end they aimed at. Protestantism was extirpated in Bohemia; nearly the whole population was brought within the pale of the Catholic church; and though, since Joseph II., the principle of religious toleration has been established, the Protestants continue to form an insignificant minority in a country where, two centuries ago, more than three-fourths of the inhabitants had embraced the doctrines of the Reformation. But this is a digression to times gone by, and our business is with the present, not the past.

In speaking of the dependencies of a Bohemian's estate, we have mentioned fishponds. The rearing of fresh-water fish in that country is no unimportant branch of rural industry, and many a Bohemian noble derives a handsome addition to his income from the sale of his carp and pike in the markets of Vienna. M. Kohl enters with much minuteness into a description of the manner in which these ponds are tended, and furnishes many particulars likely to be of interest to lovers of the rod.

Having paid his visit to the lordly seats of the all but sovereign prince of Schwarzenberg, our author prepared to cross the mountains by the railroad, on his way to the Danube. The railroad from Budweis to Linz is remarkable as being the first railroad ever constructed for the conveyance of passengers. It was finished rather more than twenty years ago, and owed its existence to the enterprise of Baron von Gerstner, whose name deserves to be better known in England than it is, for it may be questioned whether there is any other person to whom we are more deeply indebted for the extension which has since been given to railroads in Europe and America. Baron von Gerstner, after having completed the railroads from Budweis to Linz, and from Linz to Gmunden, was invited to St. Petersburg, where he directed the works of the railroad to Zarskoye Selo. He subsequently went to America, to examine the railroads of the United States, and died at New York just as he was preparing to return to Europe. His widow who had accompanied him throughout his American journey, has since published his papers. They contain much valuable information on the American railroads, but of course the work is much less perfect and satisfactory than it would have been, had the author himself been able to superintend its publication.

The railroad between Budweis and Linz is of great importance, as forming, in some measure, a connection between the navigation of the Elbe and that of the Danube. Immense difficulties had to be surmounted in the construction. The intervening country is mountainous, and to avoid as much as possible the inequalities of surface, the road had frequently to make important deviations from the straight line. The distance between the two cities is only ten German miles, whereas the railroad is seventeen miles in length; and, after all, there is a difference of elevation of about 1000 feet between Budweis and the highest point on the line. The primitive character of this venerable parent of railroads we will allow M. Kohl to describe in his own words.

"It consists of only one pair of rails, but at certain distances arrangements have been made to enable two trains to pass each other. We observed, however, that there was frequently a most inconvenient crowding together at these places of passage (*Ausweichstellen*), where a good deal of time was sometimes lost. The rails, chiefly of Styrian or Bohemian iron, are rudely nailed on to cross beams of wood. The whole road is already showing signs of dilapidation, the rails being in many places loose, sometimes even projecting into the air, and at many places a very decided jolt announced to us a marked difference between the elevation of two succeeding rails. In some parts the descent is so steep that it becomes necessary to lock the wheels of the carriages, and in some parts the rails were so completely worn away that on one or other side the wheels appeared to me to be running upon the bare ground. The rails were very dirty and slippery, though it was in August that I travelled over them, and I quite shuddered to think of the state the road must be in, in winter, after it has been freezing and snowing in these mountain regions for four good months.*

"The trains are drawn not by 'locomotives,' but by horses; and one horse is generally able to pull three carriages with great ease. If the train happens to consist of a greater number of carriages, one or two additional horses are yoked on. A horse will pull about 100 cwt. at an easy walk; for the passenger trains the horses are less heavily laden, and perform the journey at a smart trot. Upon a common road, in this mountainous country, a horse is never expected to draw more than 12 cwt."

By referring to an official report, we find that the number of passengers who travelled along the railroad we have just described, amounted, during the first ten months of the last year, to 14,274. During the same period of time, however, no less than 519,662 cwt.

of merchandise were conveyed along the same line, without including 4538 'klafters' of wood. The traffic was suspended towards the close of October, and was not expected to recommence before April. Railway travelling, by-the-by, however convenient it may be to tourists, is often pregnant with great disappointment to the readers of tours. Our author, generally so animated in his description of every country he passes through, has very little to tell us respecting his journey over the mountains from Budweis to Linz, except his conversation with a respectable Saxon Hausfrau, from whom he received a very elaborate recipe for the manufacture of that celebrated Dresden delicacy, a 'Stangentorte,' for the particulars of which we must refer the curious to M. Kohl's own pages.

Our author's account of Linz, upon the whole, is more interesting than the chapters devoted to Prague. His visits to the woollen manufactories, to the lunatic asylum, to the Jesuits' colleges, and to one or two of the monasteries, are in his happiest style.

"It cannot exactly be said," he observes, "that the Jesuits are making any very enormous progress in Austria. Here and there you may hear complaints that they are too much favoured by the nobility, but it is scarcely possible that things can ever again become what they were. All enlightened people, of whom there are many in Austria, are decidedly opposed to them, and even the humbler classes are not disposed to look on them with friendly eyes. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied, the Jesuits have made a very pretty beginning of spreading out their fine but strong-fibred nets. In Galicia they are most numerous. In Hungary they have not yet obtained a footing. In the German provinces they have three 'houses,' one at Grätz, one at Linz, and one at Inspruck. At the last of these three places they have obtained the most influence, for not long ago the gymnasium of that city was delivered into their hands. It is from their own body that the teachers of that institution are now selected, and since the commencement of the new system, complaints are frequently heard that the promotion of the students is made to depend less upon their industry and ability, than upon the rank or station of their parents.

"On the occasion of my visit to the 'house' at Linz, the superior was absent, and I applied to one of the priests for permission to inspect the interior. We passed through the rooms devoted to study. The young pupils live two and two together, according to the principle of the Jesuits, never to leave a member of their order without the companionship and superintendence of a brother member. Upon this principle, when one of the community obtains permission to go into the town, he must always go in company with his 'socius.' In this way, no Jesuit can get into a dispute or a disputation without having the assistance of a companion at his command. They move about, in this way, always with two

* Our author does not seem to have been aware that all traffic is suspended upon the Budweis railroad during the winter months.

tongues and four arms, and the rule is unquestionably a most politic rule. In the house at Linz, at the period of my visit, there were about thirty Jesuits; nine priests, nine lay brothers, and the remainder novices."

His reverend guide took especial care to impress upon M. Kohl's mind, that the Jesuits considered their present position in Austria only as a stepping-stone to more ample power. 'Wir hoffen' (we hope) were the words most frequently on the priest's tongue, and the present state of things was as constantly spoken of as an *ad interim*, which, it was to be hoped, would not be of long duration. Among a people so little instructed as the Austrians, a body so cunningly organized as the Jesuits may no doubt in time become dangerous again; where, on the other hand, education is generally diffused, and where the freedom of discussion is not restrained by the government, the Jesuits may safely be left undisturbed. To instruct is the only effectual way of counteracting teachers of error, and such is the only disqualification to which we wish to see the ministers of superstition subjected.

The wealthy abbeys that played an important part in the middle ages, were swept away from nearly every part of Europe by the French Revolution. In Austria, however, the jovial fathers escaped the torrent of reform that swept with such impetuosity over other countries; and, accordingly, among the convents that hold their state along the banks of the Danube, there are still many that are endowed with princely revenues, and exercise an all but sovereign power over many square miles of land. The good fathers have in general the character of doing their spiriting gently, and rarely abusing their power. They are looked on at once as kind landlords, and intelligent proprietors; their estates are usually well cultivated, and their tenants prosperous.

"I had heard much," says M. Kohl, "of the magnificence of the Austrian abbeys, that extended like a chain of palaces along the right bank of the Danube, but I must own, when I entered the courtyard, and afterwards visited the apartments of the convent palace of St. Florian, all my expectations were far surpassed. Among the monarchs of Europe there are several who have no such mansion to boast of as the 'Augustine Canons of St. Florian, in Upper Austria.' On both sides of the main entrance, handsome marble stairs lead to the principal floor, in which corridors, fifteen feet broad, run round the four spacious courtyards that form the interior of the pile. The corridors, as well as all the halls and outer passages, are elegantly paved with black and white marble, and the scrupulous cleanliness which prevailed everywhere showed the rigour

with which every particle of dust or litter must have been swept away by the brushes and brooms of the holy men. Along the corridors were the doors, or rather the stately entrances to the cells of the monks, to the dwelling of the prelate, to the imperial hall, to the library, to the cardinal's rooms, and to the other apartments.

"I was at a loss what door I should apply to, for at each, I was apprehensive, I might be intruding upon the privacy of some personage of importance. At length I mustered resolution, and having once more carefully rubbed my boots upon a mat, I entered one of the cells at a venture, when my good fortune conducted me to the very best guide I could have wished for in such a labyrinth, namely, Father Kurz, a man celebrated throughout Austria for his learning and his historical works.

"The large abbeys and monasteries of Austria have ever been the nurseries and the retreats of learning and science. Each has its museum of natural history, its library, often even a gallery of pictures, and each had its celebrated names, either of those whose memory is affectionately preserved by the present inmates, or of those who still continue active in their endeavours to benefit their race. Of the latter is the worthy Father Kurz, who presented himself to me under the form of a kind goodhumoured old man of seventy-two. He was for many years professor of history at the Gymnasium of the Convent of Linz, and has written many compendious and learned works on the history of Austria. Old age and impaired health have induced him to retire within the walls of the monastery, where he occupies his time, partly with historical compositions and partly with the affairs of the house. In his cell, I found two peasants, who had come to ask his advice relative to a lawsuit in which they were engaged, and a little peasant-girl, to whom he was giving a recipe for her sick mother.

"I doubt whether my brother protestants of the North have any very clear notion of the influence, of the sphere of action, and of the manner of life, of one of these great Augustine or Benedictine monasteries in Austria. Those judge very unfairly who suppose them to be mere receptacles for the fattening up of idle monks, of men who spend their whole lives in praying and eating. On the contrary, the many relations in which one of these great establishments stands to the world without, invest the monks rather with the character of active men of the world than of mere praying hermits. It is only a small number of them that really reside within the house. To the Monastery of St. Florian, for instance, there belonged, at the period of my visit, ninety-two ecclesiastics, of whom only twenty-one dwelt within the walls. The other members of the community were mostly absent on conventual affairs or missions: to perform the religious duties of some dependent church, to superintend the cultivation of a farm, to officiate as teachers at some school, or as professors at the gymnasium of Linz. It is only the aged and debilitated members of the order who reside within the convent, or such as have been appointed to offices which require their

presence there. Thus, one acts as house steward, another as master of the forest, a third as librarian or superintendent of the museum. Some convents have astronomical observatories, in which case one of the monks is generally invested with the office of professor of astronomy. The observatory at Kremsmünster, for instance, enjoys, at this time, a very high reputation. Even the sick and old monks, who have settled down in their cells for the remainder of their days, are constantly drawn, whether they will or not, into the consideration of worldly affairs, for they become the friends and patrons of those who have favours to ask of the convent. The prelates, as the superiors of the great convents are usually called, even when they are not nobles by birth, live like nobles, and have all the power and influence, and also many of the cares and vexations of wealth. They are frequently members of the provincial states, and as such, despite their monastic character, find themselves involved in all the discussion and turmoil of political warfare. On the whole, the large abbeys on the Danube may be looked on as the main pillars of the Austrian state edifice. In the middle ages, the abbots often furnished important reinforcements to the Austrian armies, and in later periods the war contribution of a single convent has often amounted to eighty or a hundred thousand florins; even Maria Theresa, at her accession, was not able to obtain a loan at Genoa of three millions of florins, till the Austrian abbots had become security for the debt.

"The Monastery of St. Florian possesses, in landed property, 787 houses and farms, or, according to the technical expression, 787 'numbers.' Yet it is only what is called a 'three-quarters' monastery. Most of them are only quarter or half monasteries. Kremsmünster is one of the few that rank as *entire* houses. I could never distinctly learn the standard according to which the people applied these designations, and even the monks were unable to satisfy me on the point. Perhaps the distinction may be of very remote standing, and may have marked the proportion in which each house was bound to contribute to the war contributions. Thus, when St. Florian paid 50,000 florins, Kremsmünster had to pay 80,000."

Our author's next visit was to an opulent farmer, one of the tenants of the abbey. The peasants of Austria have been relieved from the feudal state of servitude to which those in Bohemia and Hungary are still subject; but the military conscription, the maintenance of soldiers, and a number of other local and public burdens, from all of which the nobility are exempt, press heavily upon the peasant. Nevertheless, the country, upon the whole, is fertile, the people frugal and industrious, and the magistrates, on all occasions, disposed rather to favour the peasant than the noble. Agriculture appears, in consequence, to be in a flourishing condition, and the Austrian farmer is, for the most part, a thriving and comfortable-looking man.

We shall not detain our readers with any account of the steam voyage down the Danube, a trip much more agreeable to make than to read of, and which has also of late years become familiar to English readers. Availing ourselves therefore of the convenient rapidity of steam travelling, we will make free at once to transport ourselves and our author to the emperor's ancient capital of Betsch, a city of some 400,000 inhabitants, situated in the south of Germany, where it is generally pointed out to our juvenile students in geography under the more euphonious appellation of Vienna. To the Hungarians, the Turks, and to most of the eastern nations, the place is known only by the name of Betsch; to the natives and to the Germans generally it is *Wien* (pronounced *Veen*), which the French have corrupted into *Vienne*, and this, like many other French corruptions, has been carefully imported into England.

The city of Vienna, one of the smallest capital cities in Europe, perhaps in the world, for in no part can it boast of a length or breadth of three-quarters of an English mile, is surrounded by a broad ditch, and by a rampart from forty to fifty feet in height, with eleven bastions and twelve gates. Confined within so narrow a space, the people, as Lady Montague expresses it, had no way of providing houseroom for themselves, except by building one town on the top of another. The houses are all extremely high, many of them having as many as seven or eight stories; but even these lofty tenements became in time insufficient for the growing population, and the suburbs have grown by degrees into such importance that they now contain six times as many houses as the city itself, and cover at least twelve times as much ground. The law, however, did not allow any house to be erected within six hundred paces of the city wall, and the consequence is, that the old city of Vienna is separated from the new city of suburbs by an open space of nearly a quarter of a mile in breadth. This ring is called the *Glacis*, and if judiciously laid out, might be made a great ornament to the city. In its present condition it is a windy, dusty piece of ground, intersected by some formal avenues of trees: yet it is of value to the inhabitants, and particularly to the juvenile portion of the community, whom it provides with a wide range for play and exercise.

Not that the love of sport and amusement is confined in Vienna to the rising generation. On the contrary, Vienna is celebrated throughout Germany for its multiplicity of diversions, and for the variety of its places of public entertainment; it need hardly be added, that

gaiety and a love of pleasure must characterize the inhabitants of a town in which so great a number of theatres, ball-rooms, and other places of amusement, are maintained by public patronage. Of houses of public entertainment, great and small, there are at least 1500, and of these there are few where music is not provided for the entertainment of the guests. During the Carnival, on an average, 800 public balls are given, and these it is calculated, are rarely visited by less than 300,000 persons.

Many circumstances contribute, with this characteristic gaiety of the people, to give an appearance of great animation to Vienna. The concentration of most of the public buildings within the walls of the city, draws naturally a large portion of the bustle of the capital to this its central quarter; while the numbers of Slavonians and Orientals met with in all directions, tend greatly to diversify the physiognomy of the busy crowds. Of all the Orientals, the Servians are the most numerous. They are known in Vienna under the name of Ratzen, and in Hungary under that of Rasie. They have formed complete colonies in Pesth and Vienna, and are met with in nearly every town along the Danube, on which river they have almost a monopoly of the inland navigation. They are seldom absent from the public places, where they appear with their wives, in a singular mixture of European and Turkish costume. Next to the Rasie, the Spanish-Turkish Jews play the most important part in the commercial relations between Vienna and the East. This 'singular branch of a singular people,' has, since its expulsion from Spain, spread itself over the whole of Turkey, and many have found their way to Vienna, where they are among the most active agents of the commerce between Austria and the Levant. They wear the Turkish costume, but have retained the language of Spain, in which alone they speak or correspond among themselves. They enjoy various privileges at Vienna. Among others, that of residing there permanently without losing their character of Turkish subjects, in which they stand under the immediate protection of the Turkish ambassador, and are nearly as independent of the native authorities as the Franks are at Constantinople. In addition to these, there are many Greek and Armenian merchants at Vienna, and among the Greek houses there are some of great eminence, as for instance, that of Sina, the first bankidg-house in the Austrian empire. Of late years, the rapidity and facility of communication by means of steamboats has greatly augmented the number of Oriental residents and visitors at Vienna. M. Kohl

estimates them at 1000 souls; but this must be far under the mark. The 'Conversations-Lexicon' calculates the Greeks alone as amounting to 1000, and the Jews to 1600. To show the rapid increase of the Oriental residents, our author has recourse to the following standard:

"I had an opportunity at the Alien Office of Vienna, of casting my eye over the registers in which all foreign residents and visitors are enumerated, and found that during the nine years, from 1822 to 1831, the names of the Turkish subjects had filled a large folio ledger. A similar ledger had been filled during the five years, from 1831 to 1836, and another during the four years from 1836 to 1840."

M. Kohl's highly-finished pictures of St. Petersburg had prepared us to expect a series of equally minute delineations of Vienna. In this we have been disappointed. He writes for German readers, to whom many of the details of Vienna life must be familiar; and in his dread of fatiguing by an enumeration of twice-told tales, that portion of his present work which refers to the Austrian capital assumes rather the character of a succession of detached sketches, something in the style of the well-known *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, than of a connected description of a foreign city. Thus, one chapter contains an account of his visit to the top of St. Stephen's steeple, whence, from apprehensions of insecurity, the colossal cross that crowned it has lately been taken down. This has given rise to a local pleasantry ('einen wiener Witz') that St. Stephen has lost his wife and become a widower. Another chapter is devoted to a description of the menagerie at Schönbrunn, but the remarks elicited by the scene are much the same as might have been made at the *Jardin des Plantes* or our own *Zoological Gardens*.

The fishwomen of Vienna, to whom our author also gives a separate chapter, appear to be a kindred race with the *Dames des Halles* in Paris. We have no corresponding class in London, for our common markets have, in these days of improvement, become as refined and civilized as Mark Lane or the Stock Exchange. We still use the name of Billingsgate as synonymous with vulgar abuse, but it is very certain that this modern Billingsgate of ours is sadly traduced in this respect. Nothing can be much more orderly or polite than the way in which the finny tribe of Billingsgate are nowadays prepared for their journey westward to the costly repositories of the Haymarket and Piccadilly. The transactions at this market indeed, as at Covent Garden, are now all wholesale dealings; and

markets, in the proper sense of the word—markets at which the consumer may buy directly from the producer—can no longer be said to exist in London. Why the inhabitants do not make an effort to re-establish a public accommodation which no other great city in the world is without, is one of many questions much more easily asked than answered.

The fishmongers form privileged corporations in most of the inland cities of Germany, and in Vienna they are in the enjoyment of many rights and immunities conferred on them by successive emperors. The favour of princes, however, cannot hold up a trade when the patronage of the many is withdrawn; and if we may believe M. Kohl, 'there is no trade, except that of wigmakers, which in modern times has lost more of its ancient brilliancy, than that of fishmongers.' This is attributed to the general relaxation of the Catholic custom of eating fish in the place of flesh on certain fixed days. Thus the general democratization of society, and the alarming spread of atheism among the people, are nowhere more constant topics of sorrow than in the fish-market of Vienna. "The times have altered sadly within the last forty or fifty years," said a veteran dealer to M. Kohl. "I remember the time when people set some store by religion, and when in a decent house nobody would have touched, on a Friday, as much meat as would have gone on the point of a knife. And then there were the convents. What loads of fishes they bought! The Carmelites, the Augustines, the Minorites, the Barbarites, and whatever else their names may have been. I had myself the supply of one convent, where the monks fasted all the year round, and I had every day to send them cart-loads of the most delicate and expensive fish in the market. All that is sadly changed now. The great have given up fasting and fish-eating altogether, and even the monks are growing less and less devout every day!" The honest fishmonger's disinterested lamentations over modern infidelity and degeneracy, will remind many of our readers of complaints not less amusing that may be daily heard somewhat nearer home.

The public gardens of Vienna, with the far-famed concerts of Strauss and Lanner, the two great rivals who divide the favour of the Austrian public, might have afforded materials for a more interesting chapter than we are favoured with. On the other hand, we have a valuable chapter on the manufacturers, another on the shopkeepers of the emperor's capital, and the concluding chapters, descriptive of various excursions to the environs of Vienna, are in the author's happiest style.

Upon the whole, we are not disposed to value the present volumes as highly as we did those on Russia; and for the reason we have more than once alluded to; the apprehension under which M. Kohl has evidently been labouring, lest he should tell his German readers what they already know. This makes him pass over a multitude of details respecting which we should gladly have had some of those minute descriptions that lent so peculiar a charm to his German pictures. With all its comparative defects, however, the Austrian journey is a delightful excursion, and whether a man go north or south, he may look a long time before he will meet with a more agreeable companion than M. Kohl, to gossip with by the road-side.*

ART. VII.—*Discours de M. DE LAMARTINE, prononcé à la Chambre des Députés, revu par lui-même.* Paris: Pagnerre. 1843.

THE first session of the new Chamber of Deputies has been signalized by one solemn act, and more than one fruitless discussion. The act was the melancholy one of the Regency, over which presided the sad recollections of the untimely fate of a gallant prince, with the prospect of a lowering and uncertain future. This performed, both Chambers halted for breath, and when they reassembled in January, it was, so far as the deputies were concerned, to indulge in a debate about the slave-trade, which ended in nothing—and a happy, although most undignified, ending it was. That storm, and its agitations, afforded excitement enough for the month of February, and with March burst another explosion, under pretext of voting the secret fund. Through these dreary whirlwinds of words, little reaches us that we would have cared to notice, but for the eccentric movements of one particular speaker: unsteady, uncertain, very inconsiderate, very ill-advised, but, as we believe, sincere.

M. de Lamartine has broken with the Soult-Guizot cabinet. Taking for granted the honesty of his motives, we must think the moment chosen to have been eminently unfortunate. Lamartine, the strenuous advocate of slave emancipation, suddenly withdraws his support from the government at the time when they

* In our 'Short Reviews' will be found an account of M. Kohl's 'Journey through Hungary,' published since his 'Hundred Days in Austria.' It is difficult to keep pace with so untiring a traveller.

are clinging with almost desperate fidelity to treaties whose aim and object are the destruction of the blood-stained traffic. At such a moment does he abandon a party with whom his differences are speculative, to join an opposition with whom he finds himself in utter discord upon a pressing practical question. Can we be surprised if we find him, in such circumstances, a source of embarrassment to his new allies, almost sufficient to afford satisfaction to the friends he so abruptly deserted?

In offering this opinion upon M. de Lamartine's course, we resist the temptation of using it in support of opinions professed in this Review. In our last number we spoke, as we think it becomes every honest man to speak, of the institution of that legal enormity, called "Moral Complicity." M. de Lamartine thinks, upon reflection, that it is sufficient to justify even now his abandonment of a government which sanctioned it. We denounced the Bastilles in course of erection round the capital. Lamartine believes the doctrine of 'moral complicity' to have been the bitter fruit of that Fortification Bill. We advocated peace, as the best security for prosperity, with constitutional progress as the only security for peace. To these views M. de Lamartine offers cordial assent. The merits or demerits of the Regency Bill we leave in the hands of Frenchmen; remarking, by the way, that we see no reason why the regency was not intrusted to the mother of the future king, and that in England it would certainly have been so. Even here, then, we are not in disagreement with Lamartine. We acknowledge every fault which he attributes to the government, as, in the indication of some of them, as well as of the remedies, we had the honour of preceding him. We arrive at the point where we differ, and in fairness allow him to speak for himself:

"One course remains for those who, like me, feel every day more and more opposed to the system which compromises the country, both at home and abroad: it is to join together, to rely upon one another, and to keep aloof: to take up a strong stand, upon the ground of constitutional opposition, where we may collect, one by one, every principle, either openly violated, or artfully removed from the eye of the country: all her complaints, all her interests, all her compromised dignities: it is to assemble together every generous instinct of the nation, moral and progressive, in order, that when, at some future day, the system shall have reached its ruin—whether by the absolute decay of public spirit—whether by that political interdiction, in which it has allowed itself to be placed by Europe—the country may know where to seek the principles of its revolution, its glory, its public spirit, its safety, in the asylum where we shall have preserved them untouched, and may find them

once more in a loyal and firm opposition, instead of going, at a moment of crisis, to look for them among factions." (Prolonged bravoos at the extremities).

The idea of forming a party, out of the few disinterested individuals who exist in the various existing parties and modifications and shades of parties, which make up that many-coloured assembly called the Chamber of Deputies, is a piece of eclecticism, which argues either a singular ignorance of human nature, or a curiously exalted view of the virtues of political partisans. It is assumed, for instance, that there are legitimists, willing to unite with republicans: these anxious to sacrifice Henry Cinq—those zealous to mount the white or any cockade: provided only that they can, by alliance, overthrow that darkly mysterious thing, now called 'The System.' But how are the several units of parties to know that they are thus called by a divine voice, whispering within to be honest to their country and treacherous to their leaders? They have only 'to examine their instincts'—to ask if they have got a call—and to range themselves under the banners of the new prophet!

The remark upon this at Paris is very simple: people shake their heads, and call M. Lamartine a poet. We have been surprised at the abundant sneers of this kind we have found in the Paris papers, the organs of that public which calls us a nation of shopkeepers. Nation of shopkeepers as we are, it is matter of honourable reflection to us that we think differently of these things. There is hardly a single statesman in our annals—even Burleigh and Bacon not excepted—who has not written verses, and escaped reproach for it. The list is long and brilliant, and holds the names of Wyatt, Essex, Sackville, Raleigh, Falkland, Marvell, Temple, Somers, Bolingbroke, Pulteney, Burke, Fox, Sheridan, Canning, Wellesley, and Macaulay. Milton devoted himself to political affairs. Addison was a secretary of state. Prior was a diplomatist, at whose appearance 'stocks rose or fell,' and Pope was mouthpiece to Secretary Bolingbroke. All our famous poets have been politicians—none of our famous politicians have despised poetry. It is only among the French, who profess to be a people of ideas, and call us traders, that it is supposed impossible for a man who writes verses to have feasible political notions. It is just to Lamartine to say that, great as his error may be in the matter we are at present considering, he sets forth arguments in its behalf too practical to be answered by a sneer. We cannot entertain a doubt that he will fail in his attempts to snatch, from the

floating ever-changing mass we have described, and bind them consistently, his imaginary sect of generous instincts. But he believes he will succeed, not because he is either poet or prophet, but because, as he says, under the restoration an opposition similar in object, commencing with only seventeen voices, was formed, and eventually triumphed.

This precedent, however, cited with so much confidence, betrays a fallacy. Under the restoration there was, it is true, an opposition intellectually as well as numerically strong; but the government was strong; and a strong government is precisely what is now wanted. M. de Lamartine reasons upon quite a contrary supposition. Hearing him speak, one would be led to suppose that the evil the country laboured under was the nightmare of a government, so strongly fastened, fixed with such a power of enduring, so oppressive, and so exhausting, that no hope remained save in the accumulation of slowly-gathering forces, to be brought against it at some distant day. Suppose we ask M. de Lamartine, in return to this, what the average life of a French cabinet may be? Is it not odd if it passes the brief term of one year? From August, 1830, to October, 1840, there took place exactly twenty-two changes of government. Suppose we asked him to take upon himself the formation of a cabinet; to get together his 'faisceau' of generous instincts from the right, the left, the centre, the extreme right, the extreme left, and the left centre, and their various subdivisions—like nebulae in the process of formation—and tell us how long he could hope this notable 'faisceau' to last? Dream of its creation he may, but of its vitality he surely could not but despair. And yet he would have us believe that in France the opposition is powerless and the government invincible. Why it is notorious that every government has lived, and does live, and will continue to live, upon the sufferance of some portion of the opposition: never by its own internal strength. The Soult-Guizot cabinet itself is obliged to lean upon a portion of the left centre; and to the mere wavering of Dufaure and Passy may be traced the late onslaught, the second within a month, under pretext of a discussion of the secret service fund. The difficulty is, not to create an opposition, but the supreme difficulty is to get together a government, out of the opposition. Lamartine himself must have had some suspicion that if he spoke out boldly the words 'weak opposition' and 'strong government,' he would have uttered something ludicrous, from its palpable remoteness from truth, and so he veils his meaning under the mystical phrase 'System.' He is

opposed to 'The System.' Thus he would have it understood that whether the government be Molé, or Thiers, or Guizot, 'The System,' whatever that be, moves steadily onward. 'The System,' then, must mean the King, and the plain inference is, that Louis Philippe has, by degrees, not only brought back the revolution of 1830 to the principles of the restoration, but that he is as strong as was Charles X., with Guizot for a second Villèle. But the analogy cannot hold. The difference is wide, to the whole of this extent: that then the opposition encountered a government of prodigiously superior strength, while now, every government is so fickle, so changing, and so uncertain of continuance, as to afford 'The System,' even with sober constitutional thinkers, something like apology for interference.

Charles X. did make the gross mistake of not recognizing a constitutional opposition. Casimir Perrier should have been his Fox. Then was the time for the forming of that Whig party, of which Lamartine now aspires to be creator. George III. hated Fox, but had a sufficient instinct of self-preservation to accept principles of constitutional government, which Charles X. never could. More fool Charles Dix! Had he acted on the plan of George III. and called Casimir Perrier to his councils, he would, in process of time, have had his Villèle or his Polignac, with strength steeped and renovated in that wholesome spirit of discipline and restraint, which is best learned upon the benches of abstinence and hope.

Thus M. de Lamartine has not read the lesson rightly, whose application he seeks to make to a different order of things. The restoration found a country fatigued rather than exhausted, and willing to repose under the olive branch, which the Bourbon had planted. The prudence, good sense, lively wit, and easy temper of Louis XVIII. had secured all that was necessary for the glory and happiness of his successor. The legacy was thrown away upon a thriftless, brainless heir; and the people rose, and undid once more the machinery of government. To restore government, with the guarantees of better principles for its conduct, became the business of the system of July. Now we take it to be the duty of such men as M. de Lamartine, to stick fast by that system, and at the same time to watch narrowly the preservation of those guarantees. It is by the party founded by Casimir Perrier, the famous 221, with which Lamartine has hitherto acted, that the principles of the revolution can best be worked out. We humbly conceive that before Lamartine determined upon pronouncing the discourse

we are examining, he should have asked himself, wherelie the wider difference—between himself and his friends, or between himself and his quondam opponents. He should have then considered, whether he was selecting such a moment for changing sides, that his desertion could inflict no injury upon any cherished principle or contemplated measure. Had he prudently taken this council of his conscience, he would surely not have stumbled upon a career at the least as inconsistent, as the historical mistake to which we have just alluded was palpable and gross.

The party with whom M. de Lamartine proposes to act for the present, or, it may be, to lead, is that section of the opposition called the 'Gauche.' His direct reason for abandoning his own party is because they supported the Fortification Bill, the Moral Complicity invention, and the Act of Regency. Well: the 'Gauche' supported the Fortification; nay, they did all but originate it; the then friends of Lamartine being lukewarm or divided. In support of the Bastilles, the 'Gauche' united to a man. With what eagle directness of vision should the sublime Lamartine regard his object, if he missed the broad stare of surprise with which Odillon Barrot must have received an announcement of coalition founded upon such a motive as that. As to the Moral Complicity invention, what voice in the Chambers was raised against its atrocious violation of law? The 'System' may indeed lay claim to the honour of the invention; but the 'Gauche' must share the odium of moral complicity in allowing its application, without one word of remonstrance. And it is to these talkers about liberty, who in practice have proved their incapacity to appreciate it, that Lamartine carries over his enthusiasm, his honour, and his splendid diction. The Regency Act met with such faint opposition, that it might be said to have been unanimously adopted; so that to fix upon one side of the Chamber, or the 'System' which stalks behind it, the responsibility of a fault in this, if fault there be, were to deny that there exists such a thing at all as moral complicity of any kind. So far for particular acts. But on certain wide general principles, Lamartine may still hope to find himself in accordance with his new allies: *en attendant*, be it always understood, the advent of the 'faisceau' of generous instincts, who are to place that many-coloured banner in his hands—which will blend the Bourbon white with the Republican tri-colour, will be topped by the Napoleon eagle, and hoist for its staff the famous old umbrella handle of the Citizen King! Now the most important of these general principles is that of Peace; for without

it, all the rest which may be summed up in the term, constitutional progress, must stand still. And as to Peace, what is the acknowledgment of M. de Lamartine?

"The government of July, from the first day, proclaimed—Peace. I honour it eternally for so doing. I myself have ever been, and ever shall be, the partisan of peace. I never have shared, and never will share, this false liberalism, which affects to see liberty in war alone, and which would advance, through smoke and glory, to a sure military despotism, if ever we began a war, not demanded by our necessities or our duties. The government of July has done well in wishing peace; a negotiating reign can be greater than a conquering reign; treaties are victories."

Before whom are these fine pearls thrown? The Left. They who are doing all they can to embroil France with England: with that country, from which our orator not only draws his precedents, but the very language of its parties, for he would be 'a Whig.' And where does he find the pearls? Why he plucks them from the diadem of the 'System,' whose existence he endangers, and so endangering, renders war inevitable, and constitutional progress but the phantom of a dream. Suppose him once more to address Odillon Barrot, and in something after this fashion: 'My love of peace is so great, that I desert the tiger Guizot, and lie down beside the lamb O'Barrot.' Odillon should indeed be a saturnine man, if he refrained from laughing outright. Indeed it is more than whispered that the 'Gauche' are already in high and somewhat amusing discussion as to what they shall do with their new recruit. 'Where shall we place him in our regiment?' said one of the leaders the other day in great distress. 'Dans la Musique,' was the reply. And truth to say, the well-tuned period and melodious phrase might perhaps be less harmlessly employed than among the pipes and fiddlers of the band!

The occasion selected for Lamartine's change of parties is another evidence of the grave error it involved. The debate was upon the right of search; for in reality the whole discussion upon the address reduced itself to that question. Had the Left been able to force a clause upon ministers, 'Declaration of the necessity of abrogating the treaties which embraced that principle, not only should the Cabinet have resigned, but its successors must have come in pledged to the annulling, by fair means or by foul, by negotiation or by war, of the only known efficacious method for the destruction of the slave trade. Lamartine is a strenuous advocate of slave emancipation; yet we do not find in his published and corrected speech, one reservation

made in favour of those treaties which had occupied almost exclusively the attention of the Chamber. His silence evinced an indifference, of which the opponents of mutual right of search would have enjoyed the advantage. M. de Lamartine has special reasons for condemning moral complicity, in whose toils he has so nearly fallen.

In the attack upon the cabinet contained in the memorable speech before us, M. Guizot is emphatically marked out. He is in fact the only minister named. Upon a former occasion, we took the liberty of urging on M. Guizot that the time had arrived when, in the practical application of his cherished constitutional principles, might be found the safety of France. M. de Lamartine differs only so far, that he would postpone this application to some indefinite period, coeval with the creation of that new party, of whose character our readers have by this time formed some notion. Lamartine thinks the country, in difficult crises, would look to it instead of to factions. Why it is the remarkable feature of the present government, to have so far put down factions, that it is the only one which, for a period longer than the existence of any of its predecessors, has been undisturbed by an émeute. But let us turn to the speech which this debate extorted from Guizot.

The temper of the Chamber had been shown in a division on something about Syria, in which the ministry had been left in a minority of three. The next day, M. Guizot was the first to mount the tribune. The Journals were raging without—the Chamber sullen, after its agitation. There was Dupin in the midst of the minister's own friends, treasuring up his jokes, arranging his sarcasms: proud that his stomach could not digest an English bird, nor his lips articulate an English sound.* And there was Thiers, too cunning to commit himself, patting upon the back a second-rate advocate, the paid defender of the slave-trading 'Marabout'; while his smile, in which a physiognomist might have read the subtlest expression of super-subtilized finesse, was enjoying the minister's supposed embarrassment, and perhaps indignation, at having to stoop to such a quarry. And there was Tocqueville, unconsciously fixing himself upon the horns of Lord Brougham's dilemma. And there were Dufaure and Passy, waiting a more favourable occasion to play their pranks of pretended

disinterestedness. And there were the false friends within the camp, wanting only honourable boldness, and a less keen sense of interest, to follow Lamartine into ranks where hung no tempting fruit. And before this motley array rose Guizot. We need not repeat how he defended the maintenance of treaties. We can only lift up our hands in astonishment, that at this day, the most civilized nation of the continent could be misled by a delusion as gross as that which bewildered the followers of Mr. Thom of Canterbury. But we must rejoice that Guizot had the manliness to utter those expressions of proud self-sustaining integrity, which at once compelled his opponents, incapable of an honourable confession of error, to shamble out of their difficulties into the acceptance of a plain paragraph, with a pretended equivocal construction. "I will never hold power," said M. Guizot, "save upon the conditions, that I can be of service to my country, with honour to myself;" and returning to the treaty, of which he had been obliged to refuse the ratification, that of 1841, he boldly declared that he remained in power, after that event, only because he, of all living men, was the fittest to draw France from the diplomatic embarrassment into which that refusal to ratify her own act had placed her.

No two men can differ more widely from each other than Lamartine and Guizot. The one must be confessed theoretical, without the least approach to practical ability; the other, with principles and views as wide and as capacious, is eminently practical—he is so to over-caution. We have even associated this latter quality with fear: but perhaps not justly. He believes the time not yet arrived for the reducing of his doctrinaire principles to practice. And it may be doubtful if he can well be blamed, after the occurrences of the last two months, which make reasonable Frenchmen, like M. de Gasperin, blush, and chain the tongues of such statesmen as Molé and Thiers. The ideas of Lamartine move about in a certain vague atmosphere. He sees prospects both extensive and beautiful, but over them hang mists, which hide the sharp clear outlines of sublunary things. Nor is he content to approach objects by ordinary footsteps. He must mount the wings of Icarus, or proceed by balloon. His friends, accordingly, look on with admiration, not unmixed with pity. Guizot, on the contrary, having cast his eye upon the horizon, and refreshed his rich mind with a draught of knowledge, girds up his loins, takes his staff, and descends to the highways of men. The oratory of each is equally characteristic. That of Lamartine is full, swelling, harmo-

* The anecdote of M. Dupin having declined a portion of an English bird, at the royal table, because it was English, appeared in a late number of the *Times*. The affectation of inability to pronounce an English word, occurred in the debate to which we are referring.

nious, and pointless: that of Guizot logical and close—not a word too much or a word too little—no new argument advanced till the previous one is fixed—and all strung together, link by link, till an invincible chain is formed. He may be overwhelmed, as his enemies so often allege him to be, by the rock of an opposition Polyphemus, but it will be still to realize the metamorphosis of Ovid. An ever-flowing fountain of truthful eloquence succeeds, enduring long after prejudice and outrage are forgotten, or remembered only to his honour.

The titles of the two most celebrated collections of Lamartine's poems are characteristic of the author—'Harmonies' and 'Meditations.' We have asserted, against certain French writers of newspapers, that poets are not by their calling unfitted for public affairs: poetry, like every other great exertion of the mind, having common sense for its basis. But poets of the turn of Lamartine would do better perhaps *not* to abandon the scene of their 'meditations,' for the stormy action of public assemblies, with tumult on the surface and intrigue below. And we say this all the more emphatically, from thinking that these 'Harmonies' of the poet do absolutely merit their title. Before their appearance, there was no French poetry so perfectly harmonious: the very vagueness of the language—the indistinctness which belongs to sentiment, and is repelled by more hardy thought—served the writer. In his hands the French language softened from its clear, glancing, epigrammatical expression, into something like the round and charming fulness, which our own is so capable of receiving. Of his political course we will only add, that had he remained with his party, we think that he might really have done much for popular liberty. But his late conduct has been in every way as inconsistent, as his language is illogical. A friend of peace, he joins the partisans of war, and weakly hopes that the arm which he thinks failed to press on his former friends, will be powerful enough to restrain his present uncontrollable allies.

We had written thus far, when the last number of the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*' (for March, 1843) brought us the last published production of M. de Lamartine. It is the fragment of a tragedy, with the title of '*The Slaves*' (*Les Esclaves*). This tragedy, we are told in a note, has been some time composed, but M. de Lamartine's political position has not yet permitted him to offer it to the *Théâtre Français*. What this means we do not quite understand. Does he think dramatist and statesman incompatible—seeing

tragedies and orations may put one another to the blush? Then why write at all—or, having written, why make public *just now*?

In this last question lies probably the gist of the matter. Our readers have observed the painful position in which Lamartine would assuredly have found himself placed, if his desertion of Guizot in the slave treaties debate had struck down ministers and emancipation-cause together. Reflection would embitter this thought in a mind so generous as we believe Lamartine's to be. What was to be done then? Something to show his undiminished interest in the slave—and on the impulse away goes a scene of his old unfinished tragedy of '*Toussaint l'Ouverture*' to the editor of the '*Revue des Deux Mondes*.'

Alas! that we should have to say it, with all our great admiration for what is excellent in Lamartine—but if the slave should wait what good the tragedy would bring him, he might abandon hope for ever. The poet is even less at home in the agitations and passions of the Drama, than in the intrigues and cross-purposes of the Chamber.

The fragment is described as the address of Toussaint l'Ouverture to the blacks of St. Domingo, "to encourage them to reconquer their liberty." And thus he begins. Our translation is rude, but sufficient. The reader will judge if his words are encouraging, or in any manner likely to raise the spirits of his friends.

... You, nature hates and man denies,
To whom the milk of bosoms bruised with chains
Has made a heart of spleen in a thin body—
You, like to all which constitutes the beast—
Reptiles! of which I am the hand and head!

Vous que hait la nature et que l'homme renie;
À qui le lait d'un sein par les chaînes meurtri
N'a fait qu'un cœur de fiel dans un corps amaigri;
Vous, semblables en tout à ce qui fait la bête;
Reptiles, dont je suis et la main et la tête!

He bids them remember the affronts of the white men, which are like "the goad planted in the bull's flesh, till at last, turning his stupid forehead, he strikes with his horn his tyrant in the stomach."

C'est l'aiguillon saignant qui, planté dans la peau,
Fait contre le bœuf se regimber le taureau;
Il détourne à la fin son front stupide et morne,
Et frappe le tyran au ventre avec sa corne.

Toussaint next proceeds to tell his "*frères d'ignominie*" how gunpowder is made,

Avec le sel de pierre et le noir de charbon,

and the extraordinary effects it produces: concluding with this recommendation:

Ram down your hearts as is rammed down this powder!

You are salt-petre, coal, and thunderbolt—
I will be Fire—and the White Man the Target!
Show in your bursting, race at last avenged,
With what explosion time has loaded you!

Eh bien! bourrez vos cœurs comme on fait cette poudre,

Vous êtes le charbon, le salpêtre et la foudre.
Moi, je serai le feu, les blancs seront le but.
De la terre et du ciel méprisable rebut,
Montrez en éclatant, race à la fin vengée,
De quelle explosion le temps vous a chargée!

At this point of the speech, some slight noise is heard, whereat the assembled negroes are betrayed into slight agitation.

Fear you the white man? You afraid? And why?

Listen to me, for so afraid was I.

Avez-vous peur des blancs? Vous, pour d'eux! et pourquoi?

J'en eus moi-même aussi peur; mais écoutez-moi.

He then proceeds to employ one of the most remarkable arguments we can ever recollect to have read, for the purpose of dissipating fear. This argument may be thus briefly stated: a white man, dead and flayed, is no more dangerous than a negro similarly circumstanced. The reasoning is in the shape of an anecdote of Toussaint's life, whereon the poet seems to have intended to lavish all his tragic power. Thus it runs.

Having escaped, on a certain occasion, to the Maroons, and taken refuge in a churchyard, his sleep was disturbed by the arrival of a tiger, who appears to have commenced what used formerly to be pretty well known on this side the channel, as 'body-snatching.' We were not aware of this tiger-habit of *digging up* food: it is a fact in natural history altogether new to us. But Lamartine's tiger certainly dug up two dead bodies.

One was a slave, the other was a master,
And mine ear heard him feed on both of them!
L'un était un esclave, et l'autre était un maître;
Mon oreille des deux l'entendit se repaître.

The tiger, in due time, finishes his feast, and goes: and the day dawns: whereupon down comes Toussaint from the tree, resolved to find what remains of the negro, and replace it in the earth—leaving the white man's relics to go to the deuce as they might.

Vain hope! vain effort! of both skeletons
The tiger hath the framework left entire—
But gnawing both from head unto the toes,
Had made them similar by flaying them!
O'ercoming horror—'Let us see,' I said,

'Where 'twixt them God has placed the barrier.
What unshared organ and what sheaf of nerves
Nature creates alike and different?

Whence comes the difference in their lot so great,

That one obeys and th' other still commands?
I plunged at leisure in the mystery.

From soles of feet to fingers of the hand
Comparing them in vain, membrane by membrane!

There were the same lights piercing the skull's walls—

Like bones—like senses—all the same—all equal—

The tiger making on them common banquet.

Vain désir! vains efforts! de l'un, l'autre squelette

Le tigre avait laissé la charpente complète,
Et rongé les deux corps de la tête aux oreilles,

En leur ôtant la peau les avait faits pareils.
Surmontant mon horreur, 'Vouons,' dis-je en moi-même,

'Où Dieu mit entre eux deux la limite suprême!
Par quel organe à part, par quel faisceau de nerfs,

La nature les fit semblables et divers?
D'où vient entre leur sort la distance si grande?

Pourquoi l'un obéit, pourquoi l'autre commande?
À loisir je plongeai dans ce mystère humain,

De la plante des pieds jusqu'aux doigts de la main;

En vain je comparais membrane pour membrane:
C'étaient les mêmes jours perçants les murs du

crâne;
Mêmes os, mêmes sens, tout pareil, tout égal,

Me disais-je; et le tigre en fait même régal.

Poor work this, after Shylock's grand burst on the wrongs of his fellow-bondsmen, and their "senses, affections, passions." It may be doubtful if more is proved by it than that Toussaint was a bad natural anatomist—though it seems clear, to his own satisfaction, that he has proved everything. Fear! he exclaims. And will you still fear him whom the worm dissects and the jackal may devour!

Et craindrez-vous encore
Celui qu'un ver dissèque et qu'un jackal dévore!

To which we would only again humbly submit, that it by no means follows he is not to be feared *when alive*.

This has not been an agreeable task, but we have discharged it fairly and in no spirit of attack or banter. And the reader will require no further proof, we think, that the Verses of M. de Lamartine on this particular occasion are to the full as unhappy as the Politics which have led to their publication. Sincerely do we regret both.

ART. VIII.—*Was ich Erlebte; aus der Erinnerung niedergeschrieben.* (Facts and Feelings from my Life). Von HENRICH STEFFENS. 6 vols. Breslau. 1840-1-2.

Of the living German writer of note whom everybody, that is to say, everybody that looks into foreign literature, knows, at least by name, there is none more German in all respects than HENRICH STEFFENS—and yet he is, properly speaking, no German, but a Norwegian by birth, and a Dane by education; German only by intellectual relationship, and Prussian by assumed denizenship. The modern Danes however are, like Horace's Canusianians, a bilingual race, as Oehlenschläger and Baggesen by their writings sufficiently show: this may account for the fluency and luxuriance with which Steffens expresses himself in the German tongue: and as for the fiery fumes of thorough Germanism that steam out from his inward man, these may come by direct descent from his grandfather, who, as he himself carefully tells us, was a respectable distiller of spirituous liquors in the good town of Wilster in Holstein, about the beginning of the last century.

Be this as it may, Henrich Steffens, born in the Norwegian seaport town Stavanger, the 2d May, 1773, (in the same year with Ludwig Tieck, and the same year and day with Novellia), and now a notable professor of 'Naturphilosophie,' and a writer of novels, in the Prussian university of Berlin, is a German of the Germans in all the good qualities of that generation, and in some of the bad qualities too. In all the good qualities: first, in that deep emotional swell and eager pulsation of the inner man, which gives a sort of glowing reality to the most abstract speculations of our brethren beyond the Rhine, and a poetic life to the driest details of science in their hands; then, in that devout and reverential tone, the furthest possible removed from a mere church formalism, which acknowledges Christianity not merely as the solemn celestial background of a terrestrial scenery, but uses it as the heart of all vitality, and the keystone of all knowledge—or, if it cannot do so, rejects it altogether; then, in that uncontrollable instinct of speculation, which, diving deep and soaring high, is never content with a mere arithmetic and classification of facts, however comprehensive, but is ever uniting the highest to the lowest by the secret thread of cognate ideas, which are all acknowledged as parts of one whole—Nature, and all traced to one common centre—God; then again, as a consequence of this speculative tendency, in that true-hearted wrestling with doubt and difficulty through a long course of spiritual

change and metamorphosis, which makes the history of a man's internal feelings a matter of more real consequence than that of his external experience—reveals from his heart a living body of divinity, and exhibits in his diary a miniature history of philosophy; and lastly, in a certain irregular sweeping vastitude of intellectual activity, in a comprehensive many-heaving surge of thought, feeling, and knowledge, which is ever plunging from prose into poetry, and from poetry back again into prose, and from all things into philosophy. In these most characteristic points of intellectual strength, Henrich Steffens is a thorough German in the best sense of that word—'*ein reicher Geist und ein beredter Schriftsteller*'—'a richly-furnished intellect,' as Menzel says, 'and an eloquent writer too' in all that earnest breadth of development which in so many Germans we so much admire, even when it confounds us rather than edifies. But he is a German also to the backbone in his vices, which grow, as is mostly the case, out of the same root with his virtues; and in no vice is he more a German (as the publication which has given occasion to these remarks abundantly testifies) than in this, that he knows not to rein and to restrain the careerings of his soul, and is continually sinning against that Aristotelian maxim so felicitously adapted by the Roman Lyrist.

There is a measure and a bound in things,
Which he who passes and who reaches not,
Misses the mark of right.

What have we here in fact? six volumes of autobiography, and six more perhaps to come, from a man, who though tossed about a little more than most men, both by sea and land, like Æneas, was neither a Shakspeare, nor a Walter Scott, nor the Boswell to any Johnson. We may say of Steffens's '*Was ich Erlebte*,' as the '*Edinburgh Review*' said of Wordsworth's '*Excursion*,' and with much more justice: "*This will never do!*" *Es ist zu breit, gar zu breit*; even with Steffens's fine flow of German feeling, and multifarious German discursiveness, not a little wearisome. This, however, is what one expects in a German book; and it is only a wasting of paper to say anything particular about it. '*Μεγα βιβλιον μεγα κακον*;' which, being translated into German, means, "a book which is not a big book is no book at all." How, indeed, should we expect biographical notices, or personal memoirs of any reasonable compass, from a nation of speculators who are continually tracing the mysterious nucleus of a *Weltphilosophie*, in every infusorial germ of an idea that floats through the small drop of the individual mind; and who are continually

dragging Spinoza and Schelling, and a whole host of solemn philosophers, into the midst of their *Butterbrot* and *Sauerkraut*, and 'æsthetic teas,' and whatever else appertains to the good old German dynasty of the Dressing-gown and the Nightcap? One might as reasonably expect an Englishman to write daily in a political paper, and not be tintured strongly with mere party politics, as that a German, erudite and inquiring as he always is, should compose a narrative of facts, not smoked to the marrow with speculation, and belted round to the height of ten atmospheres with disquisition.

Steffens's book, therefore, must be regarded as another proof (in addition to what we have lately noticed*) of the utter incapacity of the elephantine German mind to excel in the more light and graceful style of composition which memoirs demand. Nevertheless there is much to be learned from their *Denkwürdigkeiten, aus meinem Leben, Erinnerungen*, or by whatever names their late frequent essays in this department may be designated. Only, to learn from them, one must be thoroughly initiated into the German region. For the general English reader there is nothing here, except what few facts the kindly critic may patiently fish out for him out of the vast whirlpool of speculation—

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

We say the *general* English reader; for those in this country, and we may say they are an increasing few, whom Coleridge or Carlyle supply with the metaphysico-theological food that is convenient for them, will find something deeply to interest them in almost every page of Steffens. His account in particular of his early religious impressions, their subsequent vanishing, and future restoration—the fermenting process his mind went through in the successive study of Spinoza, Schelling, and Kant—possesses no common psychological interest; and we venture to assert, that the thinker who carefully and sympathetically reads what is said of Spinoza in the third volume of this work, will know more of the practical worth and worthlessness of that most original and powerful mind, than the combined erudition of Bühle, Tennemann, and Ritter could teach him. For as Goëthe says, somewhere, 'Die Philosophie musz gelebt und geliebt werden;' a philosophy, like a religion, must be lived and loved before it can be understood; one must either work it out experimentally in his own experience, or feel it worked out in the intellectual history of a fellow man, before he is in a capacity to

pass any critical judgment on its merits. Those, therefore, who feel themselves vitally attracted by the mysterious developments and strange phases of the inner man (which after all is the only central and substantial man) in Germany, will not allow themselves to be deterred, by anything here said, from casting more than a careless glance into those mostly edifying, sometimes pleasant and entertaining volumes.

Next to the spiritual history of the author, the importance of which we do not magnify when we say that it possesses, not merely a personal, but German, and in some views a European significance, the accounts which he gives us from time to time of the manner in which he was affected by the various intellectual influences of German literature during the last century, and the personal sketches of some of its most noted heads, stand forth out of the vast mass with an interesting prominence. Of these we shall give a few extracts, and such as we hope may be able to command the attention of the general as well as of the German reader. Here, for instance, we have some criticisms on Klopstock and Schiller which display great freedom and healthiness of view in a German youth at the end of the last century; and which are a complete justification of that one-sidedness of estimate with which—as some German critics will have it—we on this side the channel are fond to depreciate the worth of their literary heroes.

"Klopstock was the first of our German writers whose language caused me any difficulty; and I was not surprised at this, as even my father, a born German, and other persons of ripe age, were always saying that this author, on account of the profundity of his thoughts, was difficult to understand. This, however, only acted as a spur to my juvenile ambition. As for the 'Messiah,' after some little trouble at the outset, I did not find it so unintelligible; but it was difficult for me to find in it that extraordinary merit which others seemed to perceive. I could by no means understand why the events, the revelations of the New Testament, which in their original sublime simplicity opened up to me an unfathomed world of mystery, should be presented to me here in this strange metamorphosis. For I also had lived with the Saviour, I had accompanied him and his disciples as he travelled and taught through the towns and villages of Palestine. The simple traits in St. Matthew, and more than all in St. John, contain within themselves an infinite world of description. The characters, the events, the doctrines themselves, come forward in such definite and clear outline that for a boy of vivid imagination, whose inmost nature had been deeply moved by religious feelings, they could not but reveal a panorama of the most sublime views, glowing with an interest equally human and divine. These angels and

* Vid. 'Varnhagen von Ense's Memoirs.' 'F. Q. R.' No. LII.

devils of Klopstock, their good and evil passions spread out with so much pomp and circumstance of description, disturbed the simple picture, which, complete in all its parts, had long stood before my imagination. There were moments even, when this product of a foreign fancy, intruding into the holy world of my religion, seemed a perfect profanation. And thus it happened, that the great and meritorious poet, to whom German literature owes so much, was not only not acknowledged by the enthusiastic boy, but in his violent one-sidedness totally rejected. With Klopstock I would have nothing to do. The simple Gellert I looked upon not indeed as a poet, but I found myself edified by him always, by Klopstock never. And this boyish opposition took at that time such deep root in me, that I have never up to the present day been able to feel any sympathy with the poet of the 'Messiah.' *He appears to me to be a man who had formed a fixed resolution to make a poem such as Milton had made before him, and in such a form as his classical studies in the School Pforte had rendered most familiar to him. He wrote poetry from a RESOLVE not from an IMPULSE.* (Er dichtete weil er wollte, nicht weil er musste).

"His odes, indeed, in the matter of language, were somewhat more difficult to understand; but when I had occupied myself for some time in reading those of Horace, I was not long in discovering the source of these pompous-sounding barricades of words and violent transpositions of sentences. I then began to resolve this complication, and to reduce it to its original elements, and found generally in this way a thought perfectly plain and simple, which neither attracted me by its profundity, nor deterred me by its unintelligibility. I remember well, on one occasion, making a simple experiment of this kind before my father. He possibly had been reading one of these odes hurriedly, and found it difficult; perhaps with no great interest in the subject, and wanting the patience to consider it more narrowly. He then naturally fell in with the general opinion, that this poet, on account of his depth, was difficult to understand; and thought it the most convenient plan to admire him at a distance. Finding me accordingly occupied one day with one of these odes, he expressed himself very violently thus: 'Junge, du bildest dir doch nicht ein, etwas verstehen zu wollen was selbst alten und verständigen Männern unverständlich und räthselhaft cheint?' 'Boy, do you presume to understand that which old and wise men spell painfully, and, after all their pains, often find to be a riddle?'"

Thus far on Klopstock. What follows on the declamatory style of Schiller is equally just. After speaking of the general good effect of the 'Piccolomini,' when represented at Weimar for the first time in 1798, Steffens proceeds to state his main objection to the piece, and to Schiller's dramatic compositions generally, as follows:

"But the thing that appeared most offensive to

me, and united itself strongly even with the first and most favourable impression, was the monotonous declamatory garb which characterizes all the productions of this poet. The effect of this was a too great likeness between the different characters; an unvarying uniformity of representation intolerably wearisome to the spectator; and which makes it difficult even for the best actor to seize, and to maintain, the marked and peculiar physiognomy of his own part. I have since seen quite clearly how this rhetorical tendency of Schiller's has proved very pernicious to the German stage; how this one-sided declamation has banished all deeper individuality from the characters of their dramatic representations; and how, emanating from that, a general theatricality of diction arose which, cherished, if I mistake not, by Iffland, has gained a mastery not only over the stage, but has forced its way into other departments, is heard in every oration, is thundered from our pulpits, and reaches even to the schoolboys' recitations, where, however, happily, it ironizes itself and becomes ludicrous. The declamatory manner necessarily produces another evil; as a foil to the prevailing monotony, the artist is compelled to call in the aid of mere external effect. The drama is made to impress the mind by striking changes and imposing circumstances; but these, as they are not calculated to open up the inner mysteries of personal character, move the mind only by the general swell of excitement which they produce. Unquestionably not in literature only, but in the fine arts, in painting, and above all in music, this declamatory tendency, and this production of effect by matters mainly external, are observable. For as in the drama the distinctness of individual character is sacrificed, so in music the deep-felt independent melodies have been swamped. Thus have we put everywhere an intellectual abstraction in the place of a living, personal, and significant idea. All our hopes for the future depend upon this, that the rhetorical deluge with which we have been flooded, becomes daily more and more shallow; that, as Göthe formerly, so Tieck still ceases not to impress upon our poetry strongly the peculiarities of living persons; that the necessity of this is recognized by painters of the highest genius; that the immortal Thorwaldsen dignifies our sculpture, from whose plastic hands every figure receives the living breath of independent individuality; and that finally, by the genius of Felix Mendelssohn, the national melodies upon which all music is founded, are allowed to preserve that primitive form in which they speak to us out of the depths of our nature, are allowed to come prominently forward out of the confused chaos of harmonies, transplanting us with the might of a more richly developed handling of the theme into the lovely days of Handel and Bach."

So much in the disquisitional style. But we have facts also, and living sketches, in the multifarious 'Erlebtes' of Steffens, that are at once more interesting to the general reader, and more valuable to the literary historian. Personal memoirs, except in a few rare cases, are then best when they are pieced together

from sketches of all persons of note, except the person who writes; he either being, or appearing to be, a mere cicerone and showman. Steffens, as we have mentioned, does not take this position exactly, for himself and his own spiritual development are a principal matter through the whole work; but, being a restless and rambling spirit, now in Denmark, now in Norway, now in Sweden; a professor first in Kiel, then in Halle, then in Breslaw, and now, last of all, where he could not be higher, in Berlin; he crossed the orbits of not a few great planets and comets in his life-career (as the Germans would say), and the occasional notices of these conjunctions and collisions possess a substantial value in our eyes worth volumes of criticism. Thus, for instance, in vol. ii., p. 178, we have a description of LAVATER as he appeared in a Danish pulpit in the year 1792. There we see him bodily before us in the Reformed Church at Copenhagen. The tall, thin man, with a sharp, keen physiognomy, whose every line shows the traces of long-continued inward struggles, and seeming to bear the weight of more years than he had; but his eyes are all fire, brilliancy, and clearness. There he stands; and there with his hoarse, hollow, Swiss accent, offends the liquid Danish ear not a little when he first opens his mouth; but that is soon forgotten; and the Evangelist goes on to discourse with that irresistible eloquence whose root is experience, whose breath is earnestness, and whose emphasis is conviction. "BETET!—PRAY!" The word fell into Steffens's ear and sunk into his heart; and though he knew not how to pray then, nor for years afterwards, he could at no time escape from the echo of that earnest apostolic word, BETET! This is what one looks for in a book of memoirs: a chip of substantial reality—'*Ein Stück Leben*,' as Göthe used to say—a piece of genuine life, a dramatic moment, not got up, but really acted.

Another leaf from reality is the following. For the sake of Zacharias Werner we should scarcely, perhaps, have made such a long extract; but Göthe is brought in also, in a manner which reminds us of some of the best things in Falk and Eckermann. The time is 1811, when Steffens was on his migration from Halle to Breslaw.

"It was in Jena that I first became acquainted with the once famous German poet, Zacharias Werner. His works, I confess, had never any particular attractions for me. The '*Sons of the Valley*' and '*the Cross on the Baltic Sea*' appealed to my sympathies in vain: they appeared to me like a shallow water, which by a swell of waves artificially created, seemed to be laboriously busy in getting up a show of profundity.

The man himself had something startling and unpleasant about his appearance. Tall, and in his gait somewhat slovenly, and in every motion uncouth, his gaunt face and powerful nose had something forbidding, almost terrific. He came to Weimar to get some of his plays acted there, and had made a run over to Jena to pay a few visits. He entertained me with news about my friends Friedrich Schlegel, Oehlenschläger, Simondi, and a few others, who were at that time living together at Geneva, in Coppet. This was pleasant enough; but he had not spoken long in that slow manner which was peculiar to him, when he pulled out of his pockets a mass of dirty torn papers, scrawled over with sonnets composed by himself; these he immediately began to declaim to us in a very awkward and tasteless style. I at once conceived an antipathy to the man; one-sided certainly, but I could not help it. No doubt he had excellent talents in a way; but what ruined him, as I conceive, was the fanatical dream that made him believe he was a prophet destined to promulgate mighty things to men. But for sustaining the character of prophet well, he wanted that steadiness of character and confidence of conviction, which, even when united with intellectual powers of narrower compass, is so powerful in exciting the admiration of the multitude, nay, can oftentimes command the respect even of the wise. Unhappily he was always altogether dependent on the present moment, and was continually catering for the applause of those around him.

"I shall never forget the day when I met this eccentric character, a short time afterwards in Weimar. Göthe had invited me and my wife to a family party. On arriving we found at table, besides Madame Göthe, Meyer, and Riemer, only Werner. Göthe himself was remarkably cheerful; the conversation turned on a variety of interesting topics, and the free and unconfined manner in which our illustrious landlord scattered his wise sayings, filled us all with delight. He also showed us how perfectly, when he pleased, he could forget his poetry and his philosophy, and play the ladies' man in the most amiable and engaging style imaginable. After the talk had gone on promiscuously for some time, he at length turned himself to Werner. 'Now, Werner,' said he, in his calm, but always somewhat commanding manner, 'have you nothing to-day to entertain us with—no poems, no sonnets to recite?' Werner immediately plunged his hands into his pocket, and out came the bundle of dirty torn papers as before; and there they were, spread out on the table in such profuseness, that I shuddered inwardly, and blamed in my heart our worthy landlord not a little, for having in such an uncalled-for manner interrupted the free flow of general conversation. However, there was no help for it. Werner now began in a most frightful style to declaim a long string of sonnets. I was not particularly inclined to listen to any, but one of them at last fixed my attention. The subject of the sonnet was the clear full moon floating in a cloudless Italian sky. This the poet compared to the sacred host; a similitude which raised my whole nature up in rebellion, and created in Göthe's mind also a feeling of manifest disgust. 'Now, Steffens,'

says he, turning to me calmly, but with an expression of suppressed displeasure; 'now, Steffens, what say you to that?' 'Herr Werner,' I replied, 'but a few days ago did me the honour to declaim before me a sonnet, in which he complained that he had gone too late, too old, to Italy; and I thought at the time that he was quite in the right. I scarcely dare to say whether the moon or the mysterious symbol of our holy religion have lost the more, by the present comparison.' Göthe now threw his composure altogether aside, and spoke out what he thought on this point, with a violence such as I had never seen in him before. 'I hate,' said he, 'this perverse religiosity (*diese schiefe Religiosität*), and don't you think that it will ever receive any countenance from me. On the stage certainly, disguise itself as it may, it shall never appear here: so long, at least as I have anything to say in Weimar.' Having gone on in this strain always more decidedly and more vehemently, he at last calmed himself again, and turning his discourse to Werner, said, with an earnest air, 'You have spoiled my dinner: you know that such absurdities are to me intolerable; you have forced me to forget what I owe to the ladies.' He then put on an air of perfect composure, and turning to the ladies, commenced talking with them on some indifferent matters. He did not, however, sit long, but rose soon after and left the room. It was manifest that a great violence had been done to his feelings, and that he sought solitude to regain his wonted tone. Werner sat like a man annihilated."

Not less characteristic are the following notices of Schelling and Fichte. They belong to the year 1799; the place Jena.

"Schelling had just arrived from Leipzig, and was, as I was informed, only recently recovered from a severe illness. On the day appointed for his introductory lecture, professors and students were found crowding the lecture-room in great numbers. Schelling entered and mounted the cathedra. He had a youthful appearance, and was indeed two years younger than myself, and at the same time the first of the notable German philosophers whom I had an inexpressible desire to be acquainted with. In his whole manner there was something very decided; something like an air of defiance. His cheek-bones were large, his forehead high, his temples prominent and wide, the nose with a small cast upwards, and in the large clear eyes there lay the might of intellectual command. When he began to speak he appeared a little embarrassed, but this lasted only for a few moments. The subject of his discourse was that which then occupied his whole soul. He spoke of the idea of a philosophy of nature, of the necessity of proceeding in the study of nature from the point of her essential unity, of the light that would spread itself over all branches of natural science, as soon as naturalists should dare to plant themselves in this central position of the unity of reason. I was completely carried away by his eloquence, and hastened the next day to make a personal visit to him. Galvanism at that time was the engrossing matter of speculation with natural

philosophers; that mysterious point of a higher unity in which electrical and chemical agency seemed identified, was prominently brought forward. This subject had infinite attractions for me. Schelling received me not only with the greatest kindness, but with manifest satisfaction. I was the first professional naturalist that had attached myself to him, unconditionally and with enthusiasm. Among that class of men indeed, hitherto, he had met only with opponents; and with that class of opponents, too, unhappily, who were more anxious to refute the philosopher, than to know what philosophy they were refuting.

"From Schelling I went to Fichte, who was that day delivering the introductory discourse to his lectures on the *Destination of Man*. This short, strong-built man, with his sharp, commanding features, made, I cannot deny it, a great impression on me when I first saw him. His very language had a cutting sharpness. Already acquainted with the incapacity of a general audience for metaphysical subjects, he sought in every possible way to make himself intelligible to them. He set himself, in the most articulate style of patient logical argumentation, to demonstrate his every proposition; but at the same time there was an air of command in his discourse, as if he wished, by an intellectual fiat, to enforce unconditional acquiescence. 'Meine Herrn,' said he, 'collect yourselves; go into yourselves; we are not here to talk of anything external, but simply and sheerly of the internal self.' The auditors, thus addressed, appeared in real earnest to be preparing to 'go into themselves.' Some changed their position, and raised themselves up, others drew themselves together, and fixed their eyes on the floor; all were manifestly waiting with great expectation what was to follow so serious an address. 'Meine Herrn,' continued the philosopher, 'denken Sie sich die Wand' (Gentlemen, think to yourselves the wall; and immediately I observed how every one was actually employed in 'thinking the wall,' and how all of them appeared to succeed. 'Haben Sie die Wand gedacht' (Have you thought the wall)? said Fichte. 'Nun, Meine Herrn, so denken Sie denjenigen der die Wand gedacht hat' (Now, gentlemen, think him who thought the wall). It was strange to observe how, at this point of the argument, a manifest confusion and embarrassment immediately made itself visible in the company. Not a few of the auditors seemed really altogether at a loss to discover him who had thought the wall; and I now understood how young men, who in their first attempt at metaphysics had stumbled so awkwardly on the threshold, might in the course of their future studies, fall into a very unpleasant and unsafe state. Fichte's delivery was excellent, marked in everything by clearness and precision. It was impossible to resist the earnestness of his manner; I was altogether carried away by the subject; and confess that I never heard so striking a lecture again."

With these extracts we hope we have succeeded in giving the English reader some idea of what sort of general human gleanings are to be gathered from this very German book.

There are politics, indeed, as well as literature, philosophy and theology, in the 'Erlebtes'; but of these the germ only appears in the present volumes; we are to look for the fruits in those that are to come. Steffens was at Halle in the eventful days which preceded and followed the battle of Jena; and the account of the state of public feeling in Prussia at that time, given in the sixth volume of these memoirs, is not without interest to the historian. He afterwards took an active part in the moral reaction which swept the merely physical bonds of Napoleon's German power in 1813. But all that relates to this, and whatsoever else of public and political interest the long series of the 'Erlebtes' may contain, we reserve for a future notice—if it shall seem expedient.

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- ART. IX.—*Le Verre d'Eau ; ou, les Effets et les Causes.* (The Glass of Water; or Effects and Causes).—*Le Fils de Cromwell.* (The Son of Cromwell). Comedies, par EUGÈNE SCRIBE. Paris. 1842.
Gaetan, H Mammone. Drame, par FREDÉRIC SOULIE. Paris. 1842.
Halifax. Comédie, par ALEXANDRE DUMAS. Paris. 1842.
La Main Droite et la Main Gauche. (The Right Hand and the Left). Drame par LEON GOZLAN. Paris. 1843.
Les Deux Impératrices ; ou, une Petite Guerre. (The Two Empresses; or, a Little War). Comédie, par Madame ANCELOT. Paris. 1842.
Robert Macaire ; rôle créé par FREDÉRIC LEMAITRE.—Vautrin. Drame, par M. de BALZAC. Paris. 1841.
Une Chaine. (A Chain). Comédie, par EUGÈNE SCRIBE. Paris. 1842.

THE atmosphere of the French Academy, which has always had an unhappy influence upon the genius of dramatic writers, has lately transformed Eugene Scribe, the Vaudevilleiste, into a Professor of English History. In the pursuit of this new vocation, the learned lecturer has discovered, to his exceeding mirth, that the historical trophies of England are in general but the result of some mean accident, which entirely strips them of their ideal glory; and his success has, as usual, called a host of imitators into the field. The Sorbonne is transferred to the Théâtre Français, and Scribe takes the place of Guizot. The dramatic doctrinaire, with his 'Verre

d'Eau' before him, without which French professors cannot speak, broaches his leading doctrine, worthy of the attempt and of the occasion, in the words of his second title: 'Great Effects from little Causes.' Having illustrated this from the reign of Queen Anne, he plunges half a century deeper into our annals, and, side by side with the 'Fils de Cromwell,' brings up General Monk, to make him relate to a Parisian audience, how love of a gentle fair one, of whose name the uninquiring English had never heard, converted the old Roundhead into a cavalier, and so brought about the restoration. No longer let us wonder, then, why our second Charles devoted himself to the fair. Eugene Scribe has for ever silenced the wicked satirists or dull moralists, who expose or reflect upon the gallantries of the Merry Monarch.

The 'Verre d'Eau' is founded upon an anecdote to the effect, be it fabulous or true, that the Duchess of Marlborough, during the period of her ascendancy over Queen Anne, in a fit of anger allowed a glass of water to spill upon the robe of her royal mistress. To this circumstance, designed or accidental, is attributed, by our French professor, the fall of the favourite: the overthrow of the Whigs: the Duke of Marlborough's deprivation of command: and that peace with France, which probably saved the last days of the once great Louis the Fourteenth some deeper disasters and humiliations. M. Scribe seizes upon the anecdote for the purpose of illustrating his favourite maxim, that the most important public events turn frequently, if not always, upon accidents of a contemptible character. But M. Scribe is as wrong in his general principle, as he is mistaken in the bearing of the present particular fact, assuming it to be true. Trivial circumstances are in this life pretexts, not causes, for breaches of long-established connections. They are the ready available facts which discover the depth of an existing difference; they are seized to decide an already established rupture. Such an occurrence as the falling of a glass of water could, if an accident, have been apologized for and explained, unless indeed, as a pretext, it had been wanted and watched for. If, on the other hand, as M. Scribe assumes, the Duchess did insolently commit an outrage upon the queen, by purposely letting fall a glass of water, then the cause ceases to be petty; for as human society is constituted, an insult, no matter how followed by important conse-

quences, is held to be adequate to any result. But this principle of mean causes and mighty effects runs throughout the whole of this politico-philosophical comedy. Comedy, indeed! The victorious progress of Marlborough and Prince Eugene stopped; the fortunes of England in the balance; the fate of France, too, as a nation; all depending upon the tremor of a hand which offered a glass of water. *That*, a comedy! Shakspeare felt not so, when he described in his inspired, and because inspired, profoundly human lines, 'the tricks of man, dressed in a little brief authority,' as 'making angels weep.' Accidents arising even from the infirmities of human temper, when they affect human destinies, are no longer subjects for laughter; and the levity with which historical circumstances of great political import are treated in these comedies, is assuredly no very gratifying evidence of the spirit of the time. It is the antagonist of reverence: not only of reverence for things sacred, but of reverence for historical and traditional associations—for great names and great characters. We quarrel with it as an unwise and unmannerly invasion of the comic drama. We have already had enough of it in the sombre melodramas of the Porte Saint Martin, and it is with pain we see it take the ground occupied hitherto by the pleasant spirit of Molière.

The political hero, so to speak, of the 'Verre d'Eau,' is Bolingbroke, reduced, in M. Scribe's hands, to a small intriguer. The romantic hero is a young protégé of the statesman, named Masham. The heroine, Abigail, afterwards the famous Mrs. Masham, is the daughter of Mr. Tomwood, a jeweller in the city. Bolingbroke, like Archimedes, wants only a place on which to rest his foot, to disturb the course of the whole political world; and true to his leading maxim of great effects from little causes, he discovers in this pair of simple beings, the very tools for his purpose. The manner in which Miss Abigail Tomwood is introduced at court, shows M. Scribe's ready method of inventing expedients. Queen Anne, according to our dramatic historian, loved to lay aside the oppressive state of royalty; but far from seeking her pleasure, as Pope would have it, on the "bosom of the silver Thames," she loved better, like Charles Lamb, the streets of London, where she could look at the shops, 'gossip with her trusty subjects, the shopkeepers' wives and daughters, and make little purchases. Among shops distinguished thus by the royal

favour, was that of Mr. Tomwood; in which, one day, the Queen having bought a trinket (a trifle of only thirty guineas' worth), she found she had forgot her purse, and was blushing before Abigail, when Miss A. put an end to the embarrassment by requesting the unknown lady to put the trinket in her pocket, and pay for it the next fine day she happened to be passing in the neighbourhood. The Queen hereupon followed up her first act of simplicity by a second. She gave the jeweller's daughter her address, and a pressing invitation to call upon her, with the view of providing for Abigail a place in the household of the Duchess of Northumberland; for her majesty had learned, in the course of confidential communications in the shop, that old Tomwood was on the eve of bankruptcy. When Abigail calls the next morning, she to her surprise meets Masham, who at that moment is talking politics with Lord Bolingbroke; while his lordship, so far from feeling himself interrupted, at once takes Miss Tomwood into the conversation. Bolingbroke recognizes the handwriting giving the unknown lady's address to be that of the Queen; and his fertile brain, upon this frail ground, proceeds without delay to build up a magnificent scheme. Abigail shall be the favourite of the Queen; Masham shall rule Abigail; he rules Masham. Taking for granted, then, on the spot, that the whole plan is settled according to his wishes, he opens to the eyes of the city girl, the state of relations between France and England, and informs her that she is to play a great part in the affairs of the two nations. His immediate object is to have a letter from the French ambassador secretly presented to the Queen. The new political pupil of Bolingbroke naturally doubts her power of presenting an ambassador. She is *si peu de chose*. We shall give what follows, because it contains the whole doctrine of Bolingbroke and M. Scribe, as to great effects and little causes.

Bolingbroke.—You must not despise petty things—they produce great effects. You perhaps think, like all the world, that revolutions, political catastrophes, the fall of empires, proceed from grave, profound, and important causes. What a mistake! States, it is true, are subdued or led by heroes, by great men; but these great men are themselves led by their passions, their caprices, their vanities; that is to say, by all that in this world is most mean and miserable. You are not aware that a dispute about a window at Trianon, condemned by Louis XIV. and defended by Louvois, caused the very war which now inflames Europe. To the wounded

vanity of a courtier, the kingdom owes its disasters; to some more trifling cause, it shall, perhaps, yet owe its preservation; and, without going farther, I, who speak to you, I, Henry St. John, who, to the age of 26 years, was looked upon as a dandy, incapable of serious occupations—do you know how I became a statesman, a member of parliament, and a minister?

Abigail.—No, really.

Bolingbroke.—*Eh bien*, my dear girl; I was made minister because I danced the sarabande; and I lost power by a cold.

Abigail.—Is it possible!

Bolingbroke (*Looking towards the queen's apartment*).—I will tell you all about it another time—and how, without allowing myself to be depressed, I fight at my post in the ranks of the conquered.

Abigail.—And what can you do?

Bolingbroke.—Wait and hope.

Abigail.—Some great revolution?

Bolingbroke.—Not at all—a chance, a caprice of fate, a grain of sand, to overturn the car of triumph.

Abigail.—But you cannot create this grain of sand.

Bolingbroke.—True; but finding it, I can push it under the wheel. 'Tis not for talent to thrust itself in the way of providence, and create events—but to profit by them as they come. The more trifling in appearance, the greater their effect. Great effects from little causes: such is my doctrine. I rely upon it, and you shall see proof of my being right.

Here the Duchess of Marlborough enters, and between the politician and her grace are exchanged some sharp sarcasms, which are interrupted by Bolingbroke presenting Abigail, and stating her claims. So backed, these are of course treated with scorn; but Bolingbroke has the means of carrying his point. '*Abigail is a Churchill!*' upon hearing which, the duchess exclaims '*O Ciel!*' and Bolingbroke follows up the effect with the following singular threat:

"You understand, madam, that for me, who am a faded author, there lies, in the narration of this adventure, the means of establishing myself once more with my readers; and the 'Examiner' will be delighted to amuse the public at the expense of the noble duchess, cousin of the shop girl."

But the noble duchess is not without her resources. Her grace having bought up the debts of Bolingbroke, she is *his sole creditor!* 'and if the pleasant anecdote, with which he threatens her, appear in the morning journal, the evening paper shall announce that the witty author, Mr. St. John, is at that moment in Newgate! engaged on a treatise upon the art of going in debt.' Here is tit for tat with a

vengeance! And worthy of observation is the vulgar coarseness of the threats, to say nothing of the improbabilities they involve. The buying up of debts upon the one hand, and the supposition, on the other, that the mere fact of there being a poor relation would overwhelm an English lady with ridicule! But the plot waits. Masham, at this moment of the interview, rushes in, to tell Abigail (*aside*) that he has just killed an unknown gentleman in a duel, who had insulted him. This event turns out to be of the greatest importance to Bolingbroke, for the unfortunate defunct is his lordship's cousin, whose fortune and title now devolve upon Mr. Henry St. John (*so*, speaking correctly, we ought to have called his lordship up to this point). This relation had behaved ill to his heir; for he it was who first purchased up Mr. St. John's debts, and then assigned them to his enemy, the duchess; Bolingbroke does not, therefore, much regret the event; yet still, it being his interest to feign sorrow, he craftily bethinks him of mournfully accusing the queen's ministers with having contrived Lord Richard's assassination, 'because he was one of the opposition, and a defender of the people's liberties.' A likely imputation! The duchess, on the other hand, is now in the very thick of a busy intrigue against Abigail; and in order to induce the queen to withdraw her interest in her favour, confers an obligation upon her majesty by procuring from the duke a captaincy for the young favourite, Masham, who has ingratiated himself with his royal mistress by reading for her, every morning, the '*Journal des Modes!*' Bolingbroke is by this time authorized to pursue the murderers of his cousin, when he learns from poor Abigail the name of the real author of his death. 'What will you do?' asks Abigail, imploringly. To which Bolingbroke gaily replies, '*Parbleu!* I shall not do anything. Some noise—some newspaper articles and speeches—until he (Masham) be out of the way. Then I will show myself, and pretend to pursue him with fury, such as becomes a cousin.' And Abigail rewards the agreeable cool hypocrite, with the following naïve expression of admiration and gratitude: 'Ah, you are so good! so amiable!' 'tis well designed, wonderfully well. As he fled yesterday, he must already be far away.' Masham, however, had not got far away. He is overtaken on the road by an officer, who, so far from being charged to arrest him, presents the

fugitive with a captaincy in the Guards, in a box bearing the identical diamonds purchased by the fair incognita in Tom-wood's shop! and accompanied by an anonymous note, in a lady's hand, commanding his instant attendance at court. Abigail having heard all this, becomes straightway jealous: of whom she knows not, and dares not whisper her suspicions. But now, through the persevering Bolingbroke, the perplexed Miss Abigail finds herself already on a high road to the post of favourite; and the power of the duchess begins to wane. The moment at length arrives, which is to put the influence of all parties to the test. The passports of the French ambassador are ready; for in those days, according to M. Scribe, passports were as necessary in England as in France. Are they to be delivered to his excellency, and all accommodation broken off? or is he to be received at court, and peace proclaimed? Who is to win the prize, of war or peace? the Duchess of Marlborough, or Miss Abigail Tomwood? These are the momentous questions. The duchess has prepared a letter for the queen's signature: it is to be submitted at a certain hour. In the mean time, Bolingbroke rushes to the queen, and addresses to her majesty the most urgent remonstrances. They fail. But though to the politician the queen is deaf, to a calumny the ear of the woman is open. Bolingbroke hints that the proud duchess is carrying on an intrigue with Masham, and that her object in urging on the war, is to find employment for her husband abroad, that she may pursue at ease her guilty career at home. Whereupon the queen, having herself a *foiblesse* for this lucky young gentleman, exclaims: 'I will never believe it.'

Bolingbroke.—'Tis the truth, however! And this young officer, Arthur Masham, could, if he pleased, furnish your majesty with proofs sufficiently exact.

The Queen (with emotion).—Masham! What do you say?

Bolingbroke.—That he is beloved by the duchess.

The Queen (trembling).—He! Masham!

Bolingbroke (going).—He! or somebody else: what matter!

The Queen (with rage).—What matter, do you say? (*Starting from her seat*). If I am abused! If I am deceived! If, under pretext of state interests, private interests are advanced—No! no! all must be explained. Remain, my lord, remain. I will—I, the queen, must know all. (*She retires to the side gallery, looks out, and returns*).

Bolingbroke (aside).—Can it be? the little

Masham! O destinies of England, upon what do ye depend!

Queen Anne jealous of the Duchess of Marlborough upon account of little Masham!! But let us proceed:

The Duchess enters, advances proudly. Seeing Bolingbroke she stands stupified, and exclaims, 'Bolingbroke!' and the latter bows. The Queen endeavouring to conceal her anger, says coldly, 'What do you want, milady?'

The Duchess.—Here are the passports of the Marquis de Torcy, and the letter which accompanies them.

The Queen.—Very well. (*She throws the papers on the table*). I will read them.

The Duchess (aside).—O Ciel! (*aloud*). Your majesty had, however, decided that it should be this very day.

The Queen.—Yes—but other considerations oblige me to postpone—

The Duchess (with rage, and looking at Bolingbroke).—It is not difficult to see to what influence your Majesty yields at this moment.

The Queen (endeavouring to control herself).—What do you mean? What influence? I know of none—I yield but to the voice of reason, of justice, and of the public good.

Bolingbroke.—We all know that!

The Queen.—The truth may for a time be hid from me—but once it is known, once the interests of the state are in question, I hesitate no longer!

And so the queen proceeds in this declamatory strain, which is intended to be very satirical, her majesty having before turned a deaf ear to the very reasons she now urges. But as, by this time, the hour is come for the queen to go to chapel, Abigail enters with her Bible and her gloves, and observing the emotion of her royal mistress, the latter tells her there is a mystery which must be solved. She must see the person of whom they had been speaking, in order to interrogate him. And 'Here he comes!' she cries, as Masham enters, and Abigail utters the usual exclamation of 'O Ciel!'

We are now led to the famous glass of water scene, by the same labyrinth through which we have been treading, of mean motive and petty intrigue, unredeemed by a fine thought, a happy expression, or a kindly characteristic of human feeling. At the queen's salon in the evening, Masham is to meet the duchess. At the same time, and in the same place, he is to receive from his unknown protectress a signal, which shall at once point her out; and convey, moreover, that she cannot that evening give him reception. The signal is to be a call for a glass of water. Bolingbroke has determined that the French ambassador shall be invited; and as it is Lady Marlborough's duty to ad-

dress letters of invitation, he calls upon her to write him a note for the Marquis de Torcy. The duchess is astounded at his impudence, but Lord Bolingbroke once more sinks the nobleman, in the more formidable character of editor of the 'Examiner.' He exhibits the anonymous billet addressed by a fair lady to Masham, with his commission in the Guards, and once more threatens a ludicrous exposé, in his mirth-moving journal. The duchess feels that appearances are against her: quite enough at any rate, for a wit and a wicked public. But she does not give in without a struggle. As she once bought up his debts, she has now procured some letters of his wife's, addressed to Lord Evandale. 'For value received, no doubt'—is the dry and delicate retort; and the shocked and frightened lady puts an end to the coarse combat, by writing the letter of invitation for the ambassador. In the latter's presence takes place the great scene. The queen is playing at backgammon with his excellency, when suddenly complaining of heat and oppression, she calls for 'a glass of water.' The duchess, who had herself previously learned the expected signal which was to discover the unknown inamorata of Masham, utters a cry of irrepressible astonishment; but on the instant recovering her self-possession, pretends that she was jealous of her right of serving her majesty being thus conferred upon another. The queen, with a sneer, commands her to perform the desired duty. The duchess obeys; but is either so troubled, or so angry, that in the act of presenting the glass of water, she allows it to fall upon the queen's robe, and is at once dismissed before the whole court.

More secret history remains yet, to be revealed for ignorant posterity. The queen relents. And why? She has heard of the scandalous report in connection with Lord Evandale; and as her own heart is upon the point of capitulation, she feels a sudden sympathy, and perhaps the want of a frail companion with whom to exchange some certain confidences. She resolves upon the recall of the duchess. Bolingbroke, alarmed, flies once more to the queen, and adroitly turns the suspicion from Lord Evandale to young Masham. The duchess' object, according to him, is to get back to the palace, only that she may be near Masham. An interview between the royal lover and the favourite succeeds, and they are nearly surprised in it by the sudden entry of the duchess: so nearly, that no place of concealment is at hand

but the queen's bedroom. The duchess, peeping through a window, sees him, and the queen is in her power. But no! the devoted Abigail advances; takes upon herself the blame of having concealed her lover; and thus, to save the queen, compromises her own reputation. The queen, struck with gratitude, abandons her designs against 'le petit Masham,' and Abigail becomes the celebrated lady of that celebrated name.

In giving an outline of this popular comedy, we have not paused to correct such palpable misstatements of the real facts of history as those of Masham's relationship with Abigail, and the duchess' horror at the discovery of a kinswoman in the jeweller's daughter. It was for a Mr. Hill, the brother of Mrs. Masham, that the duchess obtained the commission which gave such offence at the time; while the Duchess of Marlborough's complaint against Mrs. Masham was, that the latter had behaved to her with ingratitude, she being a poor relation whom the duchess had placed beside the queen. Such secondary facts merge in the odiously false colouring given to the whole reign and time. We are willing enough to allow a very wide license to writers of fiction, when they take up incidents of history not clearly determined, or motives of character not positively ascertained. But M. Scribe transgresses all ordinary bounds, when he puts Queen Anne and the Viscount Bolingbroke in such agreeable relations as those of Prince Potemkin and Catherine of Russia. The character of Bolingbroke is ridiculously travestied. M. Scribe, led away by the previous success of 'Bertrand and Raton,' evidently tried his hand at a second Bertrand, (a character said to have been drawn from Talleyrand), and on that cold and crafty prototype unwisely built his view of the fiery, accomplished, impatient, passionate St. John. The play of 'Bertrand and Raton' was positively good. It contained excellent purpose, approached through well-sustained action, and enlivened by very happy language. The manner in which the minister Bertrand holds an émeute in leash, until, having achieved his object, he turns contemptuously round upon his poor cowering tool, presents a *chef d'œuvre* of skill. Not so the 'Verre d'Eau.' In its conception, it is vulgar, and, in its incidents, outrageously unnatural and absurd. It is a lie against history, as it is a lie against morals. The story of the window at Versailles may be true, for it is told by the Duc de St. Simon: but a

man of exalted views could surely have drawn a wiser lesson from such an example of the caprices of reckless despotism: a lesson against bad monarchs, and the vile selfishness of such viziers as Louvois, not against all humanity. The window beginning the war, and the glass of water extinguishing it—after it had shed a blaze of glory upon England, and consumed the energies of France, and hung a cloud over the last days of her greatest king—presents one of those antitheses which dazzle a superficial mind, but from which a great one would turn as a mere littleness of speech. When M. Scribe endeavours to show that in a constitutional country like England, the caprice or fancy of a queen might produce effects as disastrous as the squabble about the window at Trianon, he at least sacrifices the moral derivable from the fact, that popular opinion in such a country includes within its control the highest as well as the humblest. It may be answered, that the first object of a dramatic writer is to amuse. True, perhaps, of a writer of vaudevilles. But when M. Scribe aspires to be the successor of Molière, he subjects himself to some higher obligations. Molière never sacrificed truth. He cared little, it may be, for the regular progress of a story: sometimes, as in *'L'Avaré,'* winding up a series of delightful scenes by an improbable conjuncture of circumstances, as though, his purpose being accomplished, it concerned him little how he disposed of his personages. Having dressed up truth in the robes of satire, he might love, too, to place her in a whimsical frame, but it was one as rich and curious as the Gothic frieses. Your modern dramatists are mechanics, not artists; cobblers, not creators; wanting in imagination, and destitute of nice perceptions. How hearty, and kind, and natural, and generous is Molière, even in his occasional extravagance! How coldly quick, how smartly pretty, how shallow in the fulness of pretension, is his successor! But the age has always much to do with the creation of its oracles. Molière lived in an age of great men and brilliant deeds. Scribe lives in a time of commonplace actions and commonplace men. It has been justly said that it takes a good people to nourish a good and great man, and Scribe is the poet laureate of the Financiers of the *Chaussée d'Antin*. His *'Verre d'Eau'* had, therefore, much success. Its philosophy was up to the low current mark; its morality was appreciable by those whose best maxim is, 'to take care of the pence, and

the pounds will take care of themselves.' Great effects from little causes—to be sure? who could doubt it? What great effects spring from the husbanding of centimes! What strokes of fortune depend upon a card, a turn of the dice, a fib at the Bourse! Then there was the depreciation of virtue, talent, character, which the man of money, who deals in money, and always with money, is sure at last to feel. And finally, there were cuts at the English, and small clap-traps about the glory of France, suitable to the time and season. So the *'Verre d'Eau'* was and is enormously successful.

Naturally encouraged by this essay into the field of history and politics, M. Scribe has lately presented his *'Fils de Cromwell.'* This comedy was not so warmly received. The subject was not at all suited to Scribe. He makes the son of Cromwell a sort of Timon. Take, for example, the following opening passage of a soliloquy of Richard, in the fifth act:

"Yes, I understand how those who govern mankind hold them in contempt. A few days' possession of power suffice to teach their value. They are worth so little, and sell themselves so dear. As to Monk, it is different. He is more frank, or has more address. He confessed all to me—*'a blind love of Lady Helen* induced him to take this part,' &c."

The real character of Richard Cromwell, and the motives by which he was actuated, are left most happily undetermined for every purpose of the dramatist. Upon the French stage, where so much latitude is allowed to language, an author, anxious to make a person develop his own character by reasoning and the expression of his thoughts, rather than by external action, could, were he equal to such a task, have done much with Richard Cromwell. But M. Scribe is not the man for an analysis of inward action. Many have theorized about Richard Cromwell, no one has satisfactorily solved the problem of his conduct. Perhaps the solution lies in early religious impressions, acting upon a naturally amiable nature. Perhaps the inward agony of Cromwell, to say nothing of the more palpable terrors of his external failure, may have been revealed to the son, and taught him a terrible lesson. But this is not for comedy: certainly not for comedy as understood by M. Scribe. What shall we say, then, of the love motives and the love tale of Monk? M. Scribe turns history into a sad farce. His licenses bring art itself into contempt. If any subject might thus be trifled with, fictitious writing would

cease to be regarded as a medium of truth of any kind. Fiction should assume the cap and bells, and Imagination go out as a pantomime clown.

Let us descend to history more modern, guided by Frederic Soulié. The author of the 'Devil's Memoirs' (*Mémoires du Diable*)—a book worthy of its hero for its hideous licentiousness—is assuredly not the best of historical guides. But as one of the collaborateurs of the 'Journal des Débats,' M. Soulié's views of English historical people are worth having, for the reason that, in the eyes of some of his countrymen, he who could so well paint the devil, ought to draw an Englishman or Englishwoman to perfection.

The scene of 'Gaëtan, Il Mammone' lies at Naples, which city is threatened by the French, but protected by an English fleet under Lord Merton. Between the English admiral and the wife of the British ambassador, Lady Melton, there appears to be a perfect understanding; and she it is who by petticoat interference rules king, council, ambassador, and all. As at the close of the play, Lord Merton brings off his fleet in expectation of meeting Napoleon at the Nile, we may be allowed perhaps, with no great violence of conjecture, to take this circumstance in connection with the place, and the period, and the personages, and conclude that the author meant Lady Hamilton for the ambassador's wife, and Lord Nelson for the British admiral. M. Soulié might possibly say that he meant nothing of the kind, and that his satire is of a general character, for to be sure he represents his British admiral as a cold-hearted man, who has abandoned two children, the offspring of two betrayed women, and who are, in fact, Gaëtan and Leonora, the hero and heroine of the piece. It being very easy to penetrate the plots of such writers as M. Soulié, through all the machinery of trap-doors and shallow surprises, we think we do not cheat our readers of any agreeable astonishment, by telling the main story at once. This Gaëtan is a second Masaniello, and his sister, whom he does not know to be such, and with whom he is in love, a second Corinne. 'With the genius of a Sappho, and the courage of a Madame Roland,' she sits in moonlight upon a ruined pillar, dressed in a white muslin tunic, and improvises for the benefit of moon-struck amateurs. This Leonora enjoys great influence with the republican and French party in Naples, and the admiral, who feels (see 'The Critic') some strange undefined interest about

her, induces Lady Melton to include the Amazonian heroine among her guests at a fête she is about to give. While conversing with Lady Melton, the admiral calls his English servant Job, to take the letter of invitation to Leonora. On seeing her ladyship, Job becomes so troubled, that the letter falls from his hand, for he recognizes in Lady Melton, his old fellow-servant, Betty Stacke. Thus, here again is an instance of the world being governed by mean causes; for the quondam Betty *is* who rules the ambassador, directs the affairs of Naples, manages the republican party, and, through Lord Merton, commands the British fleet. Is Betty worthy of her greatness? You shall see. Betty, upon seeing Job, whispers the Marquis Ruffo, who, in turn, whispers a bravo! But we had better let this choice morceau speak for itself.

Lord Merton.—Carry this letter to its address.
Job (muttering).—Ah! mon Dieu—mon Dieu—mon Dieu! 'tis she—'tis she—'tis she—'tis really herself—'tis Betty.

Lady Melton.—Grand Dieu! this man, Job—

Lord Merton.—What are you staring at, fool?

Job (letting the letter fall).—Milady—

Lord Merton.—Take up the letter and bring it to its address.

Lady Melton.—Ruffo—(she whispers him).

Job (going away).—Yes, milord—yes, milady—I dream—'tis not possible! Betty become milady—perhaps 'tis the climate of Naples.

Ruffo (whispers Stephen, while Job knocks at Leonora's door).—See'st thou this man? At any price, and before evening he must be got rid of. Such is the order of milady.

Stephen.—Bah! I must—(laying his hand upon a dagger).

Ruffo.—Yes.

Lady Melton.—Eh bien, milord, do you not go to the council to announce how England sends her fleet to the defence of Naples?

Lord Merton.—Yes—yes, milady, I go.

Lady Melton.—And I ask leave to accompany you, milord, as the health of Lord Merton does not permit of his attendance. The Neapolitans must hear how the English are animated with the same spirit in defence of their cause.

Ruffo.—You hear that, brave Neapolitans!

The people.—Yes, yes.

Lord Merton.—Come, milady, come.

Lady Melton.—Forget not, Ruffo!

Now the bravo Stephen turns out to be a man of some sense and reflection in the way of his calling. For, left alone with Job, he is puzzled to understand what can be the object of a great lady in ordering the assassination of such an idiot as he takes Job to be. So he accosts him. And then come these happy strokes of national character:

Stephen.—I salute you, signor.

Job.—I am very happy to meet you, who have the look of an honest man.

Stephen.—You do me too much honour. Do you like macaroni?

Job.—No! I prefer *bifteek*.

Stephen.—Might not a glass of lemonade tempt you?

Job.—I like porter better.

Stephen.—Then I have nothing to offer you.

The conversation proceeds:

Stephen.—And so you know Lady Melton?

Job.—Do I know her! May be not! When I was groom to the Duke of Newcastle, was she not lady's maid to the duchess?

Stephen.—Lady Melton!

Job.—That is to say Betty Stacke—and the duchess turned her off because the duke—(*whispers*)—and then she was put on board a ship of war, one fine night, which left for—you know.

Stephen (aside).—Kill this fellow indeed! not such a fool! Oh no, I would rather preserve him in sugar like a confiture!

How the ship took a different course, and carried Betty Stacke to the height of dignity and power, has been already intimated. We may simply remark that the whole idea of this Englishwoman, with her glib messages of assassination, is highly worthy of the author of the '*Mémoires du Diable*.'

We shall not attempt to take our readers through the whole bewildering plot of this egregious rubbish. It abounds, of course, with fighting, shooting, and murdering, and is sprinkled with such an abundance of ah's! eh's! oh's! saluting each surprise, that had the printer thrown them in at random they could have hardly fallen, even haphazard, upon an inappropriate place. As for character, there is a total absence of it. Nor, indeed, is there the least necessary connection between the conduct of the personages, and the incidents of the piece. Anybody might have filled the place of Lord Merton. He is an English admiral, without one marked feature or characteristic: a singular evidence of the author's dullness in the appreciation of force of soul, or determination, or humour, or whim of manner. Lady Melton's orders for murder lead to nothing, not even to a self-exposure; and Job, upon whose appearance so much threatens to turn, does no more than show a very red nose, which is supposed to be English, and run about in a sort of national quest after *bifteek* and porter. As Job introduces an English couplet, however, we may preserve the rarity:

Yes, my cry is a *figue* (*fig*) for fame,
Better is woman, wine, and game,

Gaming and drinking and loving,
Is the best manner of moving.

[*After the couplet he dances.*]

As a key to M. Soulié's '*History*' we offer the following short scene: the 5th of the 5th Act.

Ruffo.—Milord! Here is an order of your ambassador.

Lord Merton (reading).—'Milord, immediately upon receipt of this, you will quit Naples for Malta, where you shall find the despatches which will inform you the destination of your fleet.'

Lady Melton.—Without delay!

Lord Merton.—Ah, milady, 'tis you once more.

Lady Melton.—You deceive yourself, milord. 'Tis not I who have caused General Bonaparte to land in Egypt.

Lord Merton.—Bonaparte? And am I destined to combat him? Ah, fortune be thanked, 'tis an honour of which I will show myself worthy. Tell Lord Melton this order shall be executed instantly.

As for Lord Merton's children, the heroine, Leonora, is condemned to death as a rebel, but is rescued by a body of English sailors, who bear her off to an English ship. Her brother Gaëtan, about to follow, suddenly changes his mind and stays at home.

When we saw announced '*Halifax*,' by Alexander Dumas, here, we said, is Dumas smitten too, with the new Scribe fashion, and about to deal with Lord Halifax, as his master has dealt with Lord Bolingbroke. We were mistaken. This Halifax turned out to be a low, fighting, brawling ruffian, who kills or wounds a man *per diem*. It was at the Théâtre des Variétés, where vaudevilles alone are performed, that during the month of December last this comedy of Dumas' was presented, '*mêlée de chant*,' to bring it within the proper designation. The appearance of Alexander Dumas, one of the leaders of the romantic school, in the humble walk of vaudeville, excited some curiosity among the literary public of Paris. Was it to be regarded as a specimen of the relaxation and bonhomie of a great man, attired in nightgown and pantoufles? or the vanity of a versatile genius, determined to conquer in every walk of literature, without leaving a nook untrodden? And the question took divers crowds to see it solved. Now heartily do we wish that Dumas had not intruded his foot within this smiling garden of the vaudeville. He who opened a melodrama with heaven, and the angels, and the virgin, and an ascending soul (let the doubters of so monstrous a tale refer to Don Juan de Marana), had

no business with that genuine, sparkling, essentially French thing, the Vaudeville.

As no capital in Europe contains any class resembling the *grisette*, so is the vaudeville exclusively Parisian. How the dialogue, studded with song, runs on like a merry stream, broken every moment by apparent obstacles, which only serve to make it musical! The classic drama may pale before the romantic, and the romantic, after assuming a thousand extravagant shapes, may go down in brimstone and red and blue lights; but the vaudeville will mount up, light as a champagne bubble, coloured with the gay rays of wit and animal spirits, and immortal as France, its own sunny land. Oh! Scribe, why didst thou abandon so happy a realm, where thou wert supreme, to take to history and politics, and the legitimate five-act comedy forsooth, where thou art last among the great? Better dost thou think it, to serve at the feet of Molière's statue, than to reign in a paradise of repartee and chansonette? See how Dumas steals in and occupies the vacant ground! And how does he signalize his seizure of your charming little Marquesses? Why, by a fatal duel. Blood upon the boards of the Variétés!! Oh! come back, Scribe, and wash out the foul stains with a flood of repartee!

Dumas transferred his vaudeville to England, laying the scene at the period of Charles II. It opens with a tavern. The host is preparing to receive his guests. "Make haste! in a quarter of an hour our guests will be here. Prepare the tables, so that everything be found in its proper place. Here Thomas Dickson, a pot of ale and the 'Holland Gazette.' Here John Burleigh and Charles Smith, a bottle of porter and a pack of cards. There for Seigneur Halifax, a bottle of claret and dice." The host is interrupted by news of the arrival of a young lady, who waits in expectation of the coming of a Rev. Mr. Simpson. She is unaccompanied, and is to leave in two hours. Lord Dudley next enters, in pursuit of the fair, and bribes the innkeeper to be allowed an already occupied chamber, adjoining that now held by the young lady. Dudley, in the mean time, seats himself at a table, when Halifax arrives, and, casting a contemptuous glance at the habitués of the tavern, walks up, in the custom which will at once be recognized as thoroughly English, straight to Lord Dudley, whom he has never seen before, and proposes to play at dice with him, as the only gentle-

man in company. Dudley accepts the offer. They play, and Halifax cheats. Lord Dudley accuses him of foul play, and Halifax replies by throwing the dice in his lordship's face, which outrage he follows up by a challenge to fight with pistols, in the very room where they are, and before the company assembled. They accordingly take their stand at the corners of the stage most remote, and advance in the present continental fashion. Lord Dudley's pistol misses fire, and then Halifax, who might have advanced and shot the nobleman, coolly invites his Lordship to a parley. "Monsieur," he begins, "my opinion is that the ball in this pistol is worth £200, and even at that price is not dear." Lord Dudley takes the hint, and at the proffered sum purchases his life, no doubt believing he had struck a good bargain. And here all difference might have ended, but for the young lady still waiting the Rev. Mr. Simpson, and into whose room Lord Dudley now intrudes himself. Her screams bring Halifax to her aid; Halifax, without more scruple, draws upon his lordship; and the curtain falls to conceal the shedding of blood. So ends the first act, or, as it is called, the prologue; a convenient name, by which the unities seem to be preserved, when any interval of time is supposed to elapse between the first act and the rest of the performance. In the next act we are introduced to a certain Sir John Dunbar, who is seeking to seduce a simple young girl named Jenny. She is repulsing his advances, at the moment when a letter is put into his hands, written by the late Lord Dudley when dying. In this highly characteristic letter, accompanied with Sir John's comments and reflexions, we have Halifax's true position and character, as well as an explanation of what the reader will discover to be a somewhat strange mission.

"My dear Dunbar,—In a duel without seconds, I have been mortally wounded by a fellow named Halifax, who ran me through the body with a sword, which he was not entitled to wear: as this man is in your service, I address myself to you, my best of friends, and call upon you to obtain vengeance from his Majesty. And now I die more tranquilly, in the hope that this fellow will receive the punishment he merits. I beg you, then, to have him hanged as soon as you lay your hands upon him. Such is the last request of your friend, DUDLEY." Dudley killed in a duel! and by Halifax! The rogue, then, pretends to play the gentleman, and is spending in taverns the money which I gave him to employ in the discovery of my lost daughter!"

It will appear rather strange, to any one expecting illustrations of human nature in the drama, that a father should employ an atrocious blackguard for the performance of so delicate a mission as that of seeking for a lost child; but as Sir John detests his nephew, for no better reason than that the nephew is virtuous, perhaps it is not so strange that he should repose his confidence in Halifax. Well—this old reprobate, Sir John, finding that he has Halifax in his power, confides to him the nature of his passion for the poor girl Jenny; and proposes, under fear of the gallows, that he shall marry her, in trust for his master. Halifax, villain as he is, recoils from the proposition. Sir John allows ten minutes' time for consideration. The time is employed by Halifax in inquiry concerning Jenny, whose affections, he rejoices to learn, are already devoted to some unknown. Halifax consents, therefore, to ask Jenny in marriage, calculating upon her refusal; but Jenny, to his horror, and the intended amusement of the spectator, accepts his proposal with unbounded delight; and their immediate marriage is commanded by the impatient Sir John. A scene soon afterwards takes place, which bids defiance even to the French probabilities. Halifax reproaches Jenny for her abandonment of the unknown, whom she had loved, for him. Jenny replies, that the unknown was Halifax himself; and she proceeds to call to mind that Halifax, during their childhood, had been her play-fellow in the same village where they were both born, and which Halifax left six years ago. Yet after six years had he been utterly unable to recognize that faithful Jenny, who had never forgotten him; and who, at first sight, hailed him for her old friend. However, Halifax makes up for lost time, and, on the instant, talks like a fond and innocent swain. Jenny reminds him, that at his departure she accompanied him two leagues: "we quitted each other; I wept abundantly; and you, too, wept a little also."

Halifax.—And then I clambered up the mountain, waving to thee my handkerchief. Thou didst follow me from the valley. Arrived at the summit, at the spot where a sudden turning of the pathway was about to hide thee from my view, I looked back, for the last time; and approaching the extremity of the rock, I saw thee upon thy knees beneath, sending me a last adieu—a last kiss. Then I plucked a *marguerite* (daisy), and cast it to thee.

Very pretty this from a cheating, drinking, killing, abandoned scamp; and after

so extraordinary a lapse of memory! But he now finds he loves that Jenny passionately, whom he had completely forgotten: in fact, he had always passionately loved her: and, in proof, he resolves not to marry her, but to prefer being hanged. Heroic as may be this determination, however, sorry we are to confess that he does not support it heroically. Instead of boldly announcing it to Sir John, he merely tries to shuffle out of the dilemma in which his master has placed him: creating delays, and trusting to some lucky turn of fortune. Sir John orders the immediate solemnisation of the marriage. "Oh!" says Halifax, "there must first be a publication of the bans."

Sir John.—I have bought a dispensation.

Halifax.—Oh! much obliged—thank you, *Monseigneur*, but I am a Protestant, and Jenny is a Catholic.

Sir John.—Ah! thou art a Protestant?

Halifax.—*Mon Dieu!* yes. I am somewhat Protestant.

Sir John.—I always suspected as much. I always thought you were a Roundhead.

Halifax.—And I cannot abjure.

Sir John.—Oh! thou art too honest for that; so I found a way of settling the difficulty. *While at breakfast with the Archbishop of Canterbury*, I hinted to him his majesty's desire to see mixed marriages encouraged amongst his subjects, hoping thereby to bring about a blending of parties. *His lordship understood me, and I hold his authority signed with his hand and sealed with his seal (!)*

More tricks and doublings follow upon the part of Halifax, but Sir John literally and metaphorically holds the noose about his neck: The marriage is inevitable, as well as the dishonour; when, lo! Sir John discovers Jenny to be his own daughter. It was Jenny, too, whom Lord Dudley assailed; and it was in Jenny's cause that Halifax's sword was dyed with the unfortunate nobleman's blood. Thus everything happily ends; the archbishop very likely, provided with his English majesty's dispensation for all the worthy gentleman's crimes, officiating at Mr. Halifax's nuptials. And this is a vaudeville, or, by the book, a comedy, mixed with couplets; and this is the lugubrious mirth, not to speak of the morality, of the romantic school. Oh! Alexander Dumas.

The play entitled, '*La Main Droite et la Main Gauche*,' although presented for the first time within this present year, is, in fact, an alteration of a comedy whose appearance was interdicted by the French authorities about two years ago. The comedy so condemned by the dramatic cen-

sor, bore the quaint title, 'Il était une fois un Roi et une Reine' (There was once upon a time a King and a Queen), and was supposed to convey a more marked allusion to the Queen of England, and her illustrious consort, than was consistent with propriety. An attempt was made to beget an interest in the author and his play, on this account, by an abundant use of the puff oblique. It was circulated in whispers, that Lord Granville having been consulted thereon, his excellency declined to interfere: that, in a proper English spirit, he threw back upon the authorities the care of their own public character, and that of their countrymen: upon their own heads should rest the responsibility of an unworthy attack upon a young married lady, exposed to observation and the shafts of dull malice, by her position as head of the greatest country in the world. In justice to Monsieur Gozlan, we must acknowledge that he denied, in the public papers, the imputation of having sought to prop up his literary repute, by any speculation upon the prejudices excited at the same time through political differences. But whatever may have been his intentions, certain it is, that repeated alterations and amendments failed, in the eyes of the censor, to remove a vice too thoroughly planted in the whole of the production. M. Gozlan was not only obliged to remodel his play, but to change the scene of action from England to Sweden. And notwithstanding a corresponding alteration of names in the dramatis personæ, we find retained such English designations as Major Palmer (and he is the chief character), as well as Drake and Donald; while in one part a gallant homage is paid to the charms of the daughters of the Emerald Isle. Were it not, however, that the Queen of Sweden's prime minister, like the Lord Bolingbroke of Scribe, owes his position to his dancing, as well as to other accomplishments deemed pleasing in the eyes of ladies, there could hardly be found a trace of personal allusion recognisable in this play, whose effect was supposed to have depended altogether upon portraiture, if not caricatures, of English political personages.

The Queen of Sweden, before her union with Prince Hermann, had been married by the *main gauche*, that is to say clandestinely, to Major Palmer, who was some time afterwards conveyed away to the East Indies. Prince Hermann too had contracted left-handed matrimony with a German lady, Rodolphine. The one has a son and

the other a daughter, and as the Major returns, and Rodolphine takes up her abode in the neighbourhood of the palace, and as the son and daughter are unaware of their relationship to each other, the terms of which we do not undertake to settle according to the canons, there is an embroglio enough to occupy the utmost curiosity of the most eager unraveller of dramatic puzzles. Perhaps, however, as the story occurred since the very late period of Charles X., the truth thereof is easily ascertainable. The young gentleman, Master Prince Hermann, had saved Miss Princess Palmer's life, a foundation for love and gratitude familiar to most readers of romances; and she, in return, when her lover gets into a scrape for which he is condemned to be hanged, commits perjury to save him, deliberately lisping one of those dainty sentimentalisms which anywhere but on the French stage would be deemed indecent, immoral, and blasphemous. 'You risked your life, Monsieur Wilfrid, to save mine, and I for you have lost my soul.' If this was in the English version, the author may have meant it as a satire on a certain Jenny Deans, who, in the Scotch sense of religion, is understood to have objected to imperil her soul, even to save a sister. The lady, however, instead of, like Juan in the pantomime, going to a certain ugly place before her time, finds a father, of whom, according to the description drawn by himself, she has no great reason to be proud; for he carries about him the portraits of three ladies whom he has betrayed—a book for learning how to play tricks at hazard, that is, to cheat—and to crown all, is an inveterate drunkard. This amiable and veteran roué is suddenly converted from his evil ways by the discovery of his daughter. He resolves to absolve the queen from his claims by the left hand, tearing with the other an act of abdication which, in her fright at his return, she had signed; while Rodolphine, contented with having through her exertions saved her son from the gallows, and witnessed his marriage with Miss Palmer, agrees to leave Prince Hermann equally undisturbed. And so, to conclude, after the old fashion, 'If they do not all live happy, may we!'

We have given the story of this drama, lest, by avoiding to do so, we might be suspected of shrinking from the revelation of a still lurking mystery. If the author did, as was once surmised, stitch a little newspaper gossip upon some trifle of scandal dropped, Heaven knows how or where, he

has certainly untwisted it from his web. The play as it stands is as tiresome a production as it was ever our misfortune to have waded through. Had it even contained, in its original shape, any personal allusions, they must have been very coarse and clumsy, for the author is utterly devoid of inventive power, and quite incapable, we imagine, of embellishing a story, or giving it any other form than that in which he found it. The most striking effort at stage effect attempted, is by means of a ding-dong bell, which the hero, Master Prince Palmer, hears, as a man is about to suffer innocently for the outrage by himself committed upon the person of Prince Hermann, and interprets its sound into an address of reproach to himself, as if the bell would say, 'Coward, go hang!' But even this is not original, being stolen from a book which may probably exemplify the nature and extent of the author's English reading, the story of Whittington and his Cat. In the language of the drama, there is at times a certain languishing prettiness, as if 'writ on satin;' but, take it all in all, it is extremely feeble. We can afford to be well pleased that the lion's skin has been doffed, and that the long-eared animal, who swelled in it so pompously, with the eyes of ministers and ambassadors fixed upon him, has been allowed to bray to his heart's content.

Among the writers of what we call political comedy, appears Madame Ancelot, and she alone to advantage. '*Les Deux Impératrices, ou une petite Guerre*' (The Two Empresses; or, a Little War), is an adoption of M. Scribe's principle of great effects and little causes, and may be joined to our English list by a long story therein of Queen Elizabeth, and one Edgar Walton, who loved her, and whose audacity she pardoned. The two empresses are Catherine of Russia and Maria Theresa: the 'little war' is about a young Hungarian, painted in more romantic colours than little Masham; while the great effect flowing altogether from this love battle, is no less than a treaty by which the troops of Catherine are prevented from marching to the dismemberment of Turkey and the subjugation of Poland.

Madame Ancelot enters the lists with Monsieur Scribe. Her play is not so much an imitation as a piece of rivalry. The leading characters resemble those in the '*Verre d'Eau*,' but the resemblance is more elevated in expression; and it was probably Madame Ancelot's ambition to suggest to her master a lesson in his own

art. What in his hands is often hard outline, is often by her filled up with warm and genuine feeling. In place of Belingbroke, and his poor pretension to knowledge of nature, expressed in little frosted-sugar aphorisms, we have the copious jeux d'esprit of the Prince de Ligne. For Abigail Tomwood, we have Amélie de Rosay, a charming young French lady, in attendance upon Maria Theresa; while between Masham and the Hungarian we have indicated sufficient comparison. The scene is laid at Visagrade, upon the frontiers of Hungary, where arrangements are made for an interview between the two empresses, at which are to be present the ambassadors of Frederick the Great and Louis XV. At this period, France, Prussia, and Austria, are disposed to force peace upon Catherine, whose ambitious prospects they are anxious to check; and Catherine, who is well described to be a mixture of the Parisienne and the Tartar, half-coquette, half-savage, has resolved upon adopting weapons of diplomacy very different from those commonly in use. Calculating upon the staid severity of her rival's deportment, she concludes, that if she can only get possession of a little scandal or a little weakness, Maria Theresa would, from dread of exposure, be placed at her mercy. The occasion offers itself quite apropos. A young Hungarian, the Count Wladimir, is smitten with a desperate love of the empress, whose footsteps he follows. At the opening of the comedy he has pushed his audacity so far, as to force his way to her carriage. In the confusion caused by such an occurrence he is allowed to escape, but orders are afterwards given for his arrest. The empress is alone, awaiting the arrival of Catherine, when the undaunted Wladimir pushes aside a secret door and enters. He pleads his disinterested love so touchingly, that the empress is moved to forgiveness. It is in this scene that the story of Queen Elizabeth and Edgar Walton is told: Maria Theresa citing English Bess as a worthy model of imitation for an empress of Austria, and the Hungarian acting the English lover. As both are blending together so agreeably history and the tender passion, Catherine is announced. What is Wladimir to do? Why, as queens must have secretaries, he coolly seats himself at a writing-desk, just at the moment Catherine makes her appearance; and a charming scene of female diplomacy follows. First, there is elaborate compliment; and then, in a beautifully shaded gradation, ce-

emony softens into cordiality. 'Let us forget we are queens,' says the artful Catherine, 'and chat like women.' 'Like sisters,' rejoins Maria Theresa; and she continues, rather sententiously, 'Attacked from my childhood by numerous enemies, I had no resource left but the fidelity of my faithful Hungarians.' Catherine utters an impatient 'Oh!' adding, in the most insinuating tone, 'She knows the life of the empress, the actions of the queen—what she now wants to learn are the thoughts of the woman.' Maria Theresa cannot be made to comprehend. Still does she disclaim about disastrous wars, and duty, and founding of churches and colleges, right nobly; and again Catherine interrupts her with a question now more explicit. What she wants to hear about are her royal sister's pleasures: of what nature are her affections, *intimes du cœur*. Still no answer: still the declamation goes on: until at last Catherine becomes nettled at the suspicion that her rival is indulging in a display of superior virtue, expressly for her mortification. Nevertheless she returns to the charge, shaping her questions so as to meet every cause of love for a queen, and including among her examples one so like that of Wladimir, that he starts from his chair, and Maria Theresa utters an exclamation. Catherine, upon this, divines a secret, which she proceeds to hunt with the sagacity of a feminine half-savage. We shall not follow her through her skilful tracking of the young man, for whom she affects friendship; nor describe how it is she discovers what is to humble Maria Theresa, and give the signal to her Cossacks to lay waste the Morea, and desolate gallant Poland. Meanwhile the able Prince de Ligne has pledged himself to outwit her Majesty. This prince says things sometimes worthy of Rochefoucauld. 'There is nothing, in his opinion, more dangerous than the simplicity of people of talent—it almost always covers some finesse.' He, consequently, is not imposed upon by Catherine's affected bonhomie. A love-letter, at this crisis of affairs, is found by Prince Orloff, with which the latter, believing it to be addressed to Catherine, in a fit of jealousy reproaches her. Catherine joyfully seizes the letter, which she guesses to have been intended for Maria Theresa, and exhibits it to the whole court. The Prince de Ligne comes to the empress's aid. He protests that it was written at his dictation to one of the many 'Queens of his soul' who reside at Versailles. But with difficulty

does he preserve a grave face, as he reads aloud for the two empresses—the one laughing, the other confounded—the extravagant ravings of Wladimir. The pretended secretary, in the mean time, advances, snatches the letter, which Catherine has stretched out her hand to receive, and tears it. The Calmuck blood is up, and the Parisian graces dissolve like frost-work in the fury of the offended woman. Wladimir is secretly seized by Orloff, and his person held as a hostage for the signature of the desired treaty. And now womanly feeling assumes ascendancy over the sterner purposes of the hitherto unbending Maria Theresa. Catherine then mocks her in the toils, and plays and sports with her, and still probes her to the quick, with merciless insinuations that a young man who loves her should fall a victim thus: and the resolution of Maria Theresa grows faint. But the indefatigable Prince de Ligne has procured the escape of Wladimir—the secret door opens, unobserved by Catherine—a sign from Wladimir sets Maria Theresa at liberty to act—when, to the astonishment of Catherine, she renounces the modifications to which she had all but assented, and signs the treaty *tel qu'il est*, in company with the ambassadors of France and Prussia. The fate of Turkey is postponed; Poland breathes; Maria Theresa registers a vow against love; and Catherine ceases to be Tartar and resumes the Parisienne.

In this comedy of little causes, and they are very little, all is yet in a kindly spirit: real mirth and lively portraiture. We carry away no unworthy impression of Maria Theresa, with a half-fearful, half-humorous notion of Catherine. We see an able and polished courtier in the Prince de Ligne, whose correspondence was once the delight of all the eminent people of his time; and we make acquaintance with a charming French girl in Amelia. If we are to have nonsense about history, let us have it at least in an agreeable shape. Let it come from a clever woman like Madame Ancelot, and we shall be spared its nauseous dogmas and abominable attempts at philosophy.

Having thus briefly noticed some of the lately-represented French plays, which we conceive to be stamped with certain purposes and peculiarities, worthy of observation, we propose, still more briefly, to consider an inroad of the French drama upon the domain of general morals more serious than that which has been carried

into the particular region of English history and character. And here again we shall take M. Scribe for our guide. The comedy called '*Une Chaine*' is an evidence that the flagrant immorality of modern novels has begun to affect the classic atmosphere of the *Théâtre Français*. There is no worse symptom of a diseased public morality than a polluted drama, which, as old Doctor Johnson has it, living to please, must please to live. But it is still a disputed theory whether the literature of the time speak the feeling of the time. M. Saint Marc Girardin has examined the question. As a witness of domestic virtue coming within the sphere of his own observation, and fortified, it is to be presumed, by strong concurrent testimony, he, looking at the light literature of the day, so opposite in every sense to his own experience of what society is, decides directly in the negative. And, strange to say, M. Scribe himself, in the play before us, with an unconsciousness of the immoral tendency of his own production, puts the very question, and answers it in the same way. To a provincial merchant embued with prejudice against the capital because of its vices, the hero thus addresses himself: 'Our manners are more decorous than our writings; and if you remain some time longer among us, you will find that decency and *bon ton* are not yet quite banished from our salons; that there is virtue in families, domestic happiness in the world, and good fellows everywhere.' We are inclined to accept this estimate of Parisian society taken by M. Scribe, not only because it accords with our own experience, but because its author is one of those acute-minded judges not apt to be swayed by prejudice, or misled by enthusiasm. But if the closest literature of the day be an unfaithful mirror, the stage must be held to give more truly 'the body of the time.' Shakspeare's adage, indeed, has itself been questioned latterly, because of a still unexplained phenomenon which presented itself at the period of the French Revolution. While the reign of terror brooded over the city, with the guillotine at full work, and spies everywhere ferreting out victims, Daphnis and Phillis, with the shepherd's pipe, and the pastoral ballad, held possession of the theatres. M. Villemain sees in it a consistent trait of the manners of the times; a part of the same social lie, which mingled the jargon of humanity with deeds of ferocity. But those who are at all ac-

quainted with the stage know well, how sedulously it obeys its routine habits and traditions. The stage but slowly adapts itself to sudden changes in society. Such changes must have assumed something of a permanent form before they tell upon the acted drama. The revolution, at the period spoken of, had not changed the habits and character of the people. A whole people's taste is not quickly altered; and so the audiences, who flocked to the theatres, were still simply attracted by their old habitual enjoyments. As to the points we are about to notice in the modern French stage, our conclusion will not, perhaps, be uncharitably worded, if we express it thus: The modern plays acting upon the Boulevards, bespeak immorality certainly, but of the kind naturally engendered by a revolution, followed by years of military success. A generation, whose mind was nurtured upon tales of domestic horror, and of battles abroad, would naturally seek for entertainments highly wrought, highly coloured, highly impassioned. It could have little taste for gentle exhibitions of domestic virtue. It could hardly have refined taste in any way. An Alexander Dumas, or a Frederic Soulié, would for a time please such a people; and, doing so, would further debase their taste. Stronger and coarser food would be sought; and even the ruffian Antony be thrust aside for Robert Macaire. This latter creation merits a word of notice here.

Robert Macaire is the name of the hero of a poor melodrama, entitled '*L'Auberge des Adrets*.' It was played, many years ago, at one of the Boulevard theatres, and revived at the Porte St. Martin after the revolution of 1830, when there was a rage for romantic melodramas; notwithstanding which, the Porte St. Martin public coldly received the revived play, and it was about to be withdrawn. The day following the first unfortunate representation, the principal actor, Frederic Lemaitre chanced to be walking along the Boulevards, when he was struck with the appearance and costume of a round, fat, shabby, half fashionable, and, although poverty-stricken, most pompous individual, who, with the air of a gourmet examining the carte of Verrey, selected from an open stall a slice of cake, for which he paid two sols, but paid them with a royal air. What a glorious rôle, thought Frederic Lemaitre! and immediately the idea occurred to him to play the poor vulgar convict, Robert Macaire, as a comic part, moulded upon

the dignified purchaser of the slice for two sols. The piece was repeated a second night; and when Robert Macaire, arriving at the Auberge des Adrets, questions the garçon as to the capabilities of his larder, concluding with the magnificent command to bring him a pennyworth of cheese, the house shouted with delight, and 'Robert Macaire' became so much the rage of the day, as to supplant the 'Tartuffe,' in the designation of hypocrites. This Robert Macaire is a convict escaped from the Bagnes. He laughs at sensibility, and thinks remorse and regret excellent jokes. When about to commit murder, and unsuspectingly asked where he is going, he replies, with an air of sentimental pathos, that 'he is about to stroll into the fields, to breathe the fresh air of the morning, and listen to the warbling of the birds.' In fact, while his heart is of steel, and his conscience seared as with a hot iron, his face is radiant with mirth, his step elastic, his eye joyously working, his lip sneering, and his tongue dropping pleasantries, too oily to be caustic. He is Mephistophiles and Grimaldi. And all this the work of an actor—an actor, we say, of real genius—upon most dry and vulgar materials. The French public, accustomed to moody villains, and ranting villains, and even to cold and sneering villains, had never yet seen the devil incarnate, and they welcomed his appearance with rapture. People then exclaimed, 'Oh, how profoundly immoral is the Parisian public!' As Miss Edgeworth's Scotch steward so often repeats, 'It may be doubted.' Robert was a parody and a reality: a parody upon the villains of Dumas, and a reality in his selfishness, his egotism, his subtlety, his hypocrisy, his superb manner, and his pretension to pastoral sensibility. Hence it is that the name, Robert Macaire, sticks to the modern rascal. He is Tartuffe no longer. For the depths of modern villany, a greater villain was wanted; and why continue to stigmatise the sacerdotal form of hypocrisy, at a time when with influence the means of hypocrisy were gone. But there remained the hard usurer, the unscrupulous man of the world, who debauches and ruins, and gilds over the sepulchre. What name for him? why Robert Macaire!

Successful novelty once more called forth imitators, and even Balzac essayed to rival the creation of Frederic Lemaitre. He produced 'Vautrin.' In this rôle Frederic had several changes of dress, and in one he Macaired a high personage.

The police interfered, and 'Vautrin' was stopped, nor has 'Robert Macaire' himself been since permitted to appear. There yet remains another phase of the feeling which called for that sort of entertainment whose history we are endeavouring to give, and that is the weariness succeeding excitement in all its moods. It cannot be called reaction. The time, it may be, is not yet arrived for that. It is the complete possession of the citadel by the enemy, and the silent acceptance of the subjugation. We come now to this; and we take 'Une Chaine' as a startling proof, that in this state of indifference the distinctions between moral right and wrong have already so far disappeared, as to confound the sharp observation of even such a man as M. Scribe.

The Chain which gives its title to the comedy, is the bond in which the hero of the piece is held by a married woman. Emmeric d'Albret is a young musical composer—bred up in the provinces, and full of genius and love's influence, the latter inspired by a fair cousin, the daughter of wine merchant—comes to Paris to seek his fortune. He is in want of the aid of an author, who will undertake to adapt a libretto to his music; but not one of eminence can be induced to risk the required labour. One evening he finds himself in an elegant salon on the Faubourg St. Germain, to which his powers as a pianist have introduced him, and where he has the good fortune to attract the notice of the young and beautiful Countess de St. Geran, the idol of the fashionable world. He relates to her his difficulties about the libretto, when she immediately beckons to an author, who is none other, as the reader is given to understand, than M. Scribe himself, and who draws the following really modest outline of his own career. 'He was a mere man of letters, who had learned to make by his pen an independence with which he was reproached! He had not, moreover, an appearance of genius, in an age when all the world lays claim to it; he had hardly talent; but good fortune, and chance, willed his continued success through twenty years.'

From this author the lady commands an opera, in which he is to think more of the composer than of himself. He executes his task so well that the opera is crowned with success, and the young composer, by his music, wins his way to the heart of his patroness. But, alas! when the comedy opens, he is already weary of his chain, of which she who holds it cannot afford to

undo one link, for attachment has grown to perfect fondness. Admiral St. Geran, the husband of the lady, is her senior by some twenty years, and, as the marriage was not one of love, he for a time treated her with coldness: a coldness which is made her excuse, and is by a French audience accepted as such, notwithstanding subsequent endeavours on the poor admiral's part, earnestly to atone for his former indifference. The admiral is a kind of French Sir Lucius O'Trigger; and the author, through the excellence of the French style of comic acting, has the pleasure to see his own idea verified; a thing which rarely occurs in the case of Sheridan's hero. With certain eccentricities not unbecoming a seaman, and a disposition to fight duels, the admiral is still a polished gentleman. According to his own account he is 'one of the *juste milieu*, a peer of France, and a married man, all in our time held equally ridiculous.' In the management of this character Scribe displays more than his usual tact and dexterity, for while he is placed in the usually half-ludicrous position of a betrayed husband, blind to a disgrace which is clear to every one about him, he is yet kept respectable in the eyes of the audience. At this time the cousin Aline has arrived in Paris, accompanied by her father; and Emmeric seeks to break his chain, and marry his first love. It is Admiral St. Geran himself, who, ignorant of the attachment of the cousins for each other, and feeling a strong interest in Emmeric's welfare, thinks it would be well for a poor artist to obtain a wealthy young wife: whereupon, before he consults Emmeric, he betakes himself to win the consent of Aline's father, Monsieur Clerambeau. The latter refuses. But M. Scribe has a capital claptrap expedient in store. Three of M. Clerambeau's ships were once seized by the English, but Captain St. Geran rescued them and brought them safe into port; and surely after that a Bourdeaux merchant could not refuse him any request. He yields consent upon the strict condition that Emmeric will renounce any serious attachment for another woman, should such exist; and this consent and the accompanying condition, M. de St. Geran bears himself to Emmeric. The unsuspecting admiral, dissatisfied with the cold reception which his wife, as he supposes, gives Emmeric, begs she will receive him with more attention; and this passes so gravely, that no one thinks of sneering at the husband for a dupe, or at the lady for a hypocrite. Emmeric is led in and presented to

Madame St. Geran: to 'his Louise,' for whom he has just been to engage a box at the opera, where he is to sit beside her. They are left together: and then follows a scene of tenderness upon her part, falsely coloured with the charms of innocence, upon his of moody sullenness, for he has resolved to break the chain. He will not go to the opera that evening. But the threat of a rival levelled against himself is communicated to him; so not to seem afraid, he will go; but it will be for the last time. His confidant in this liaison is an attorney, who bears the heroic name of Hector. This Homeric child of romance has learned the before-named threat of insult, and while Emmeric is embarrassed as to his line of conduct, M. de St. Geran presents himself, and to him the attorney submits, under feigned names, a statement of this difficult process of love and honour. The admiral takes, of course, the spirited side of the question, and, bamboozled to his face by attorney Hector, is still, by the cleverness of the author, kept respectable in the eyes of the audience. The admiral decides that Emmeric ought not to accompany a lady with whom he is resolved to break; but as he ought to go to the opera, lest his rival should attribute his absence to fear, he must go with him (M. de St. Geran) and sit in his box. Thus is the unfortunate hero fixed in the very position from which he had essayed to escape. The day is now appointed for signing the contract of marriage, and the unhappy Louise de St. Geran goes to the house where the act is to take place. Her presence is regarded as a piece of gracious condescension suggested by her generous husband. Once more she is alone with Emmeric, and once more there is a scene of tenderness, with nothing to mark a suspicion of impurity. In the mean time a letter from the before-mentioned rival, addressed to Madame de St. Geran, falls into the hands of her husband, who calls him out and wounds him: but not until the conscience-stricken Emmeric has been thrown into a fever of unhappiness by St. Geran's message to attend him with pistols, which he mistakes for a challenge to himself. The countess, similarly mistaken, flies in search of Emmeric. She discovers him in his apartment, at the very moment that Aline, followed by her father, is upon the stairs. He urges her to take refuge in a cabinet. M. Clerambeau, whose mind is still haunted by the impression of some clandestine attachment, has his attention attracted to the cabinet, into which he is entering, when

suddenly stopped. Opposition confirms him in his intention to discover the hidden secret, and he threatens, unless satisfied, to annul the contract.

The admiral at this moment arrives, and again is made arbitrator of a difficulty in which he himself is unconsciously interested. He proposes to examine the cabinet himself; but while the confounded Emmeric is seeking to parry this, Clerambeau rushes past him, and when he returns, declares that he has seen nobody. In that case, the marriage may at once take place, exclaims M. de St. Geran. But no, no. Some mysterious difficulty presents itself to M. Clerambeau, which the latter keeps honourably to himself. St. Geran and Emmeric retire, and Madame St. Geran is freed by Clerambeau. At the feet of the provincial wine-dealer, this lady, young, beautiful, and accomplished, throws herself; and her prayer is, not that he will not betray her, but that he will refuse his daughter to Emmeric in marriage, and so deprive Aline of her lover. But a deeper mortification awaits the unhappy woman. She is doomed to learn at last that her too favoured protégé hates her. The scales fall from her eyes, she withdraws her refusal to accompany her husband to Martinique, and the marriage between Emmeric and Aline is solemnized.

Brief as we have made this sketch, let us reduce it to a closer and more tangible point. The interest of the audience is fixed upon a married lady of rank, who chooses to commit adultery with a musician: generally speaking by far the least mentally endowed of the artist class. Her crime is invested with the charms of a spontaneous, unreflecting, innocent affection; so much so, that when the object upon whom it is fixed, already wearied of his chain, declares that he hates her, a murmur of indignation marks the direction of the spectators' sympathies. We speak from knowledge of the fact. Every one knows of his liaison except the husband, and all combine to keep him in ignorance; but no one seems to dream that the slightest guilt marks the connection, nor are they ashamed of the subordinate parts which they play in its encouragement. Nay, the good honest provincial merchant, who approaches the licentious capital with dread, readily bestows his daughter's hand upon the man who has deceived the good and gallant friend that had saved himself from ruin. In all this there is no indecency in the broad sense of the word, but there is much of that thorough indelicacy

which is the sure attendant upon a dull moral sense. Does the presence of these in a play from the pen of the most popular of living dramatic writers, exhibited upon the boards of the most classic theatre, demonstrate a vice in the social state of society? or do a careless people seek to be amused without reflecting upon the means, provided only they are novel? Perhaps, after all, this latter question suggests the true solution. In either case, Scribe is as bad a teacher of morals as he is an unwise and unsafe illustrator of history. It will be said that he does not aspire to be either. If so, let him remove his enervating pictures of an ill drawn and worse imagined state of society from beside the rich comedy of Molière, whose joyous mirth, not over-nice neither, no more shocks the delicacy of those that witness it, than would, to use the illustration of Sterne, 'the sprawlings of a naked infant.' Let Scribe return to the Gymnase, now under the ban of the displeasure of the authors' society. Let him fix again in some new combination his never-changing personages. The old colonel of the empire; the rich young widow; the banker; the gallant sea lieutenant; and the half-sentimental heiress. In his hands these are 'marionettes' to be shifted about at his pleasure; without character, colour, or physiognomy, it is true, but exciting curiosity by varying changes of position, and still appearing to talk from themselves, though it be but the author's voice which is heard in the one unchanged tone, cutting his jokes upon the passing occurrences of the day. In this light walk of the drama, M. Scribe could not do much harm. The amount that he ever did or might do, is accurately summed up by the writer of the *Galerie des Contemporains illustres, par un homme de rien*.*

"Having said that there is no poison in the pieces of M. Scribe, I do not mean to gainsay my assertion—no! They do not contain this strong poison which kills at once, but they are charged with that sort of sentimental opium which, distilled in petty doses, undermines strength, and disposes the heart to dangerous capitulations. While avoiding an air of over-rigid puritanism, I must say that we live in a state of moral apathy, in producing of which M. Scribe has had no

* It is much to say, in praise of the writer under this signature, that in drawing the likeness of the Duke of Wellington for his gallery, he has painted that great man with a precision, impartiality, and justice, such as could hardly have been expected from a Frenchman writing under the influence of excited public opinion.

share. Admitting his innocence in this respect, it must still be declared that he has pushed quite far enough his system of toleration in the affairs of the heart. Having already opened a thousand little charming channels, through which to slip from the true to the false—having created a thousand little delicate shades, which form so skilful a gradation, that the eye fails to separate black from white, good from evil—he must now advance further, and carry into the affairs of life a desolating doubt and unexhaustless raillery in place of his former playfulness, and its accommodating mode of compromise.”

We apprehend that in ‘Une Chaine,’ presented since M. Scribe was hung up in the Authors’ Gallery, the sentimental opium is more largely distilled, the shades of gradation more difficult to seize, the eye more confounded. M. Scribe has become more grave, and his gravity and poison are spread over five acts instead of two: in every respect changes for the worst.

ART X.—*Erinnerungen aus dem äussern Leben von ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.* (Reminiscences from the Life of ERNEST MAURICE ARNDT). 3te Auflage. Leipzig. 1842.

THIS is one of the best books of German memoirs that we have seen; and that for two reasons. First, because it is the production of a downright honest hearty fellow, who is no proser and philosophizer, (as Germans are so apt to be): one who prefers hard practice to vague speculation in all things, and yet has a colour of enthusiasm and a dash of poetry in his composition that might shame many a rhymist: secondly, because it treats principally of a theme which it is impossible for a man with a heart and a hand, by any solemn trick of book-making, altogether to stilt up into a cold formality, or to dilate into a wearisome insipidity. That theme, we mean, of more genuine epic dignity, and more substantial moral contents, than any other that the recent history of Europe presents—the Liberation-war of the Germans in the year 1813. We are happy to observe that our brethren beyond the Rhine have been remarkably busy lately in recalling their glowing reminiscences of that patriotic epoch; and though the pipe be now shrill and small that quavers out the tremulous voice of the ‘*tenuis sine corpore vitas*’—the tenuous lives without a body that once were stout Napoleon-haters and sturdy French-eaters, with hair upon their teeth (as the Germans phrase it)—yet it is sublime even

in echo to hear the far pealing of that thunder, and inspiring even in fancy to break through the circumvallation of Prussian red-tapists, and scour the fire fields hurry skurry with Marshal Blücher, and Theodore Körner, and the whole generation of German Patriots.

British thanks have already been given to the writers of books in Germany for those glowing pictures from the romance in real life in 1813, with which the first number of the ‘Pandora’ presented us.* We know not whether a like acknowledgment has anywhere in British literature been made to the value of the present work: happy, however, are we to see, that in Germany it has reached a third edition since the year 1840, when it was first published: and with regard to the English reader we may confidently say this, that, though, if ignorant of the practical working of the censorship of the press in Germany, he may be somewhat disappointed in these reminiscences, he cannot peruse them without having added distinctness to the features of his historic comprehension, and fervour to the pulses of his human heart.

Ernest Maurice Arndt, the writer of these personal memoirs, is a name better known to the mere English reader than many of far greater note in the literary roll of Germany. We all saw him indeed, or might have seen him, making the tour of our liberal papers a few years ago, when the late King of Prussia restored him to the exercise of his functions as Professor in the University of Bonn, from which he had been suspended since the year 1820. And why suspended? Not a strange thing at all, but somewhat shabby: one of those ugly things that small politicians will do at times, when they have to do with great souls:

They conjure up a spirit in their need,
And when it comes they blench to look on’t.

Arndt was a man to whom the late King of Prussia owed the throne on which he sat, more almost than to the dogged patriotism of the Muscovites, the fires of Moscow, the snows of Lithuania, and the anti-gallican crusade of Alexander. He was a man—the representative of a body of men—whom Napoleon had more cause to fear than all that terrible three days cannonading at Leipzig. He was *not* a soldier; he was only a rude sort of a song-writer; but he was a singer that spoke the heart of the people in those

* *Erinnerungen aus dem Befreiungskriege, in Briefe gesammelt von FRIEDRICH FÖRSTER.* Deutsche Pandora. No. I. Reviewed in Blackwood’s Magazine. December, 1840.

earnest days, when songs were sermons, and sermons were swords. This man, the late King of Prussia, or his ministers rather, after the war was over, and fire and energy no more in request, first harassed with all manner of police examinations and inquisitorial investigations, and then turned fairly adrift. All this was natural enough, and not at all to be wondered at, as things go in this world; for they do not understand popular movements in Prussia, and a bonfire made by a few idle students will be strong enough, on occasion, to shake a whole phalanx of their smock-faced bureaucrats into a fever. But still it had an ugly air, and was likely to sound well nowhere except at Vienna.

Who that knows anything of the recent history of social progress on the continent, has not heard the name of the Baron von Stein, the man who, with the Chancellor Hardenberg, so boldly conceived, and so triumphantly carried into execution, the Prussian agrarian laws of 1810? Of this man Arndt was, during the eventful period of the great German rising, the private secretary. He went after him first to St. Petersburg, to be out of the way of Napoleon's spies, in the autumn of 1812; from that he came back with him in the spring of 1813; and though his office called upon him to use the pen not the sword, Blücher himself was not more of a soldier in his heart. This being the situation of the writer, the reader will have no difficulty in understanding what he is to expect from the book; a few vigorous and racy sketches of Russia in 1812, and Prussia in 1813. We shall make a few extracts, following the natural progress of the events. First, of the state of public feeling, at Petersburg in the summer of 1812, and of the national character and capabilities of the Russians generally, we have the following interesting notices:

"Petersburg was in those days a sort of rendezvous for all those who hated Napoleon and loved Europe, to whatever country they might belong. Among other European notabilities, Madame de Stael and Herr August W. von Schlegel made their appearance in the northern capital. What shall I say of the famous woman, so often described, and so much bepraised? I saw her: and can only say what others have said before me, that her body was anything but beautiful: almost too strong and masculine for a woman. But with what a head was this body crowned! Her brow, her eyes, her nose, were noble, and lighted up with the flash of genius; mouth and chin less beautiful. And with that magazine of wit which scintillated in her eyes, and streamed on her lips, she possessed also an expression of sense and goodness quite enchanting. Oh, what a shrewdness she had! she knew every bird by his beak, and shaped her address accordingly: a truly regal quality of

intellect, however few kings nowadays seem to possess it. It was a real treat to see her and my master sitting together on the sofa; truly two mortals with more life in their souls were never together before. And how they did caramble! I shall mention a sort of a scene with Madame de Stael, which shows how much every Frenchman is French, and how they often possess too much of that love of country of which we Germans possess too little. The French players in Petersburg gave the 'Phædra.' Rocca, de Stael's friend, and her son had gone to the theatre: I and a few others, who were dining with her, remained at home: when lo! the two came back again in a state of considerable excitement, shortly after they had gone out, and told us how such a din had been raised in the theatre, and such a violent outcry against Frenchmen and French plays, that the manager had been forced to give up the performance for that night. And so indeed it turned out to be. And there was an end now to the French play in Petersburg altogether for that year; after this untoward display of popular feeling, the comedians took the earliest opportunity to depart. And Madame de Stael?—*she* forgot time and place, and thought only of herself and her nation. She lost all self-command, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'The barbarians!—that would not see the Phædra of Racine.'

"As for the Russians themselves, as I did not know their language, my oral intercourse with them was necessarily confined to that section whom the use of the French and German languages had brought more into the current of European civilisation, and in whom, of course, the strong lines most significant of national character had been, to a certain extent, rubbed down, or even altogether obliterated. I always, however, kept my eyes open eagerly (where my ears could profit me nothing) to scan the real Russians: the soldiers, the peasants, the retail tradesmen, the carriers, the coachmen, the players, the pantomimists, and the dancers of the Russian theatre. The study of character was indeed a part of my nature; and here I had scope enough on all sides to exercise my instinct. During the first month of our residence in Petersburg I used often to walk about the streets at random with my excellent old master; and we used to amuse ourselves not a little with guessing at the nationality of the different persons we met: determining from the gait, the air, and a thousand intangible circumstances, whether this or the other on whom we fixed our mark, were a German, a Russian, a Frenchman, an Englishman, or what. By frequent practice in this way I could in a short time tell a Russian at once, even from a considerable distance. My master, not being able to acquire the same facility, used to jest at me, and say that I was certainly no true German, but a changeling whom some bag of a witch had brought from North America, where the wild Indians have such extraordinarily sharp noses. The Russians are truly a strange people. 'Tis quite correct what is commonly said, that in the features and whole expression there is a something neither European nor Asiatic, but a combination of both; but this is not all; there are

strange analogies besides; traits of a Scandinavian, of a Tartar, and of a Finnish relationship, appear undeniably. With a language so like to that of the Poles, how different is the character of the people! They possess indeed that lightness and jocularity of nature which belongs to the whole Slavonic race; but they have much more conscious sportive talent than the Poles; a much more marked expression of cunning shrewdness; and with a great pliancy and mobility of limb and gesture, they are very obstinate and determined; and when they are once fairly in earnest, how great is that earnest! What an expression of doggedness and determination, what a patience, what a pertinacity, what a capacity of work! Moreover they have a deep sense of religion. Often have I seen them when the hour struck for midday or evening prayer, and looked at their faces not without astonishment. Suddenly, as if struck with thunder, they turned away from the whole worldly train of their thoughts; the features that had but the moment before been relaxed in rude jests, instantly became fixed in an expression of the deepest devotion; and now with reverential eye and folded hands they seemed to feel nothing but heaven and their own heart! To see this people so earnestly devout you must be convinced that there is a substantiality in them, and an indestructible principle of national life. There is something indeed in the expression of the commonest fellow in Russia which seems to say—I am somebody. There is the expression of a great ineffaceable community of interest, a something like pride, of which the humble German has no conception. I say this not at all as a person having any particular love and respect for the Russians; only this is the general impression they made on me. The Germans they don't like; nay, they despise them. This contempt I certainly cannot honestly pay them back; but neither can I love them, properly speaking; and nothing in the world would persuade me to live among them. . . . They have had a hard and an important part to play in the world, and they have played it like men. I have no notion that any regeneration or remodelling of the world is likely to come out from them; much less have I any wish to see them patronising and piecing Germany. But the Russians are Russians, and where they plant themselves, there they will stand, and not care much for what foreigners say or do."

So much for Russia. The *moral* forces evidently were not wanting there; and Napoleon himself said (though in practice he sadly neglected the saying) that in deciding the fate of a great battle, such as he liked to fight, these were to the physical in the ratio of two-thirds of the whole. In Germany matters were better still. Here there was a change indeed from the inane pomp of merely military display which preceded the battle of Jena! For the then nobles you have now men: for soldiers, patriots; for the army a people; for show, substance; for vacillation,

steadfastness; and for speeches, deeds. It was a strange spectacle indeed to behold how this heroic rage of hunting Napoleon had possessed with a practical fever (we may fitly say) for a season those most impracticable palaces of the German brain—the universities. Professors and students were alike nobly infected:

Was wir gehöt, gelesen
Tritt wirklich in die Zeit,
Gewinne jetzt ein Wesen
Auch Du, Gelehrsamkeit!

Even German speculation most untangible assumed body and substantiality; and the philosophical antagonism of *I* and *Not I* seemed to have incarnated and identified itself altogether in the practical one of Fatherland and no-Fatherland.

"At Berlin I found the people all in the proper key; exasperated in the highest degree, and sworn to suffer any hardship, and death itself, rather than endure for one day longer the shame of slavish bonds. And hardship enough, truly, there was in many shapes to bear; but there was also a joy and a hope, and a communion of kindred hearts, such as only such times can rightly fan into a flame. I lived with dear friends, with noble and high-minded men, who took the will for the deed. Savigny and Eichhorn were in the committee of the militia; Süvern exercised his company, sometimes his whole regiment of Landsturm, on the Wilhelmsplatz; Fichte had placed lances and swords before his door for himself and his son, who was more a boy than a youth, and scarcely able to bear arms. The philosopher had been asked as a matter of honour, to allow himself to be made an officer in the Landsturm; but this he refused, with the words, *Hier tauche ich nur zum Gemeinen*: Here I am nothing but a common soldier, and scarcely that. It was a pleasure to me to see this man; he was always in such dead earnest. He was weak on his legs at the time: a little gouty, if I recollect rightly. 'I know,' said he, 'I shall do no great deeds of soldiership; but I shall never serve as a finger-post, to show the people how to run away; only over my body shall the French force their way into Berlin.' He was, indeed, at this time, particularly brisk, animated, and amiable; it seemed as if his pious heart rejoiced to have found at last, in the practical love and service of his country, the long desired bridge, from his ideal *Ego* to the *Non-Ego*. I saw him often at that time, both in his own house and with his friends. He and Reil were, so to speak, the two tragic personages of the capital; tragic by the strong enthusiasm with which they laid hold of the great idea of the age; and by the burning hate with which Reil, even more than Fichte, pursued the French. Reil, the noble East-Frisian, was a man of strong and powerful passions, which, in every move of his symmetrical body, and in every glance of his glorious eye, rode and careered proudly. With his family I had become quite intimate, having been introduced by Scheele, the brother of the present

Hanoverian minister; and many are the pleasant evenings that I spent at his fireside, as he sat pouring out his flood of ideas about nature and human life, accompanying every more emphatic enunciation with a passionate puff of his tobacco-pipe. I remember it well, even as a thing of yesterday, when I met him walking, *unter den Linder*, the day that the evil news arrived of the conclusion of the armistice (4th of June). He stood aghast at this news, like one struck by a thunderbolt (*wie in den Boden hineingedonnert*); he turned suddenly pale, as if going to fall down in a faint; then he squeezed me and some other friends by the hand, and the big tears streamed copiously down his cheeks."

The spirit of the German people may be learned from such traits as these. That man knows little of Germany, whatever Göthe might think,* who imagines that even without the opportune help of the Russians, Prussia would long have continued to bear patiently the ignominious yoke which was laid on at Tilsit. But Russia, certainly, if to do nothing more, was more necessary at the time for this: to draw aside the flood-gate. And then out came the flood! How indispensable at that crisis Russian aid was to Germany, Arndt, in the following remarks on the death of Kutusoff, seems fully to have appreciated.

"In Dresden a piece of special good fortune befell us, for which all who knew the state of affairs did not fail to thank God; and many were heard to cry aloud, '*Der alte Deutsche Gott lebt noch!*' On the 23d of April died at Bunzlau, the old Russian Field-Marshal Kutusoff, of a nervous fever. At the news of this, I also called aloud, '*Hier ist der Finger Gottes!*' (Here is the finger of God)! This grey-haired soldier was a tough, tardy piece of Russianism to the backbone. He had attained to such an influence over

* "While the allied armies were crossing the Elbe and penetrating into Thuringia, at the same time that the French were advancing from the opposite quarter, Dresden swarmed with strangers of all kinds, not only those who had business real or imagined there, but fugitives also, who were leaving the Saxon plains for security, and who after remaining a short while at Dresden, made their escape over the mountains to Bohemia. Among these came Göthe, and was often to be found at the house of his friend Körner. I had not seen him for twenty years. He had the same noble carriage and air, but on the whole the great man made no agreeable impression on me. He seemed to feel altogether uneasy, and had neither joy in the present state of Germany, nor hopes for the future. Young Körner was sometimes present, a volunteer in Jütgow's Jäger Corps; and the father, looking at his son, would often express himself with the greatest animation and enthusiasm, as to the future prospects of Germany. But Göthe answered coldly, and most angrily: '*Schüttelt nur an euren Ketten, der Mann ist euch zu gros; Ihr werdet Sie nicht zerbrechen.*'—'Yes, you may rattle your chains, but you cannot break them; that man is too strong for you.'—*Erinnerungen*, p. 195.

the army, that Alexander himself, whatever he might wish, could not have removed him. It was only with the greatest difficulty that he and Stein had succeeded in bringing him across the Vistula. His fixed idea was to stay behind the Vistula till the summer, and not advance till he had had time to recruit his strength. But what, in this case, would have become of Germany? And even after he did advance, we may still put the same question, what would have become of Germany, what of Prussia, if Kutusoff had lived? The French would have remained masters of all the country as far as the Vistula; they would, with the most cruel deliberation, have annihilated the last resources of Prussia, cut its every sinew of life, and have rendered a popular movement at that time altogether impossible. And the popular movement being at that time prevented, what would Kutusoff and the Russians, by themselves, have been able to effect afterwards, at a time when all the fortresses of Prussia were in the hands of the enemy? Another untoward part of the business was, that Kutusoff had a positive dislike to the Germans; he was, in the highest degree, rough and unkindly towards them; and would, in all likelihood, have clapped his clumsy Muscovite foot upon the patriotic enthusiasm of Deutschland without the least ceremony. He would never have been able to tolerate another beside himself; a great, perhaps a greater soldier. How would brisk old Blücher have got out his German wings beside such a dogged old Russian? I say again, Kutusoff's death was the finger of God for Deutschland, laugh at me who will."

We shall not stop here to inquire whether Kutusoff, as a Russian general, was not more wise, if not more heroic, than Alexander, in wishing to make the Vistula the boundary of his westward advances. What could he know about the new-born patriotic enthusiasm of German students and German professors, and what wonderful things they were to achieve? Of more importance is it for our present purpose to give a few lines of portraiture from Arndt's vigorous brush, of that same hot, hoary, old hussar here mentioned—Marshal Blücher (or Marshal Forwards, as he was significantly called); also, by way of contrast, a beautifully touched picture of the great Scharnhorst, who fell at Lützen. The reader will bear in mind here, that Arndt was the writer of the famous national song beginning,

Was blasen die Trompeten?—Husaren hinaus!

commonly called Marshal Blücher's march. Arndt was at Breslau in the spring of 1812, cherishing his German patriotism among a circle of friends no less enthusiastic in the cause of Fatherland than himself. To this period the following extract refers:

"Into this circle came at times old General Blücher, who, even at the festive board, had always something of the field-marshal about him.

In spite of his years he had a fine carriage; he was large-bodied, and yet nimble, with the most beautiful and well-rounded limbs; his arms, legs, and thighs, were as decided and well-defined as those of a young man. The most striking thing about him was his countenance: it had two altogether different worlds in its expression, which remained distinct even amid jests and raileries, on which, with the true heartiness of a soldier, he was always ready to listen with any one. On his forehead, eyes, and his nose, gods might dwell; about his chin and mouth, vulgar mortals played their game. To say it in a word—in that superior region were expressed not only beauty and dignity, but also a deep melancholy, a melancholy which, on account of the dark cerulean blue of his eyes, I might almost call a sea melancholy (*Meerschwerenth*): for however mildly these eyes would often smile, they darkened themselves often suddenly into a tone of anger and earnestness truly terrific. 'Tis well known, indeed, by what fits of passion he used to be shaken. When, after the misfortunes of 1806-7, he had the command in upper Pomerania, he was literally mad with patriotic rage, and used to cut with his sabre at all flies and black spots on the wall, calling out, "Napoleon!" Mouth and chin gave a quite opposite expression, though in the mere outward lines they were not out of keeping with the other part of the countenance. Here the cunning of the old hussar was all collected, with a continual play of the most lively expression, often reaching up even to the eyes, and had something in it of the character of a weasel watching for its prey.

"Here also I saw Scharnhorst, whom the new turn of affairs had driven out of Berlin; and along with him his never-to-be-forgotten daughter, in her fine bold sweep of noble feeling unrivalled, the Countess Julia of Dohna. Her husband, Burggraf Friedrich of Dohna, now general-in-chief of the Pomeranian division of the Prussian army, took me in his carriage to see the father and the daughter. From that time I was frequently in their company, and often did we go together into the neighbouring woody solitudes, where we felt ourselves more free to speak of the manifold woes and hopes of the present. What a different man was this from Blücher! Of a slender make, and meagre rather than full-bodied, he had in his gait something undecided and unsoldier-like, and stooped a little besides. His face was of a noble form, and marked with the features of calm dignity. His blue eye was large, open, and beautiful. He kept, however, commonly, as it were, a vizor over his face, even his eye half shut, like a man who did not require to be hunting about for ideas, but was habitually employed in brooding over those already acquired. Yet was there, at all times, a restless march and marshalling of ideas in that clear head; only he had learnt the art of hanging a semi-transparent veil over his thoughts and feelings; none but his intimate friends knew how violently it boiled within. But with all this self-command and self-restraint, he had in his countenance no painful expression of studied reserve; on the contrary, every motion marked the plain, honest, intelligent man: you did not see any padlocks about him. Such was the man: and

formed so no less by the influence of external circumstances than by original constitution. He had raised himself from the lowest rank of society, and knew what it was to obey, and to submit often to the harshest necessity. His position in Prussia, in spite of the patronage of the king, and the friendship of many of the nobles, had always been that of a stranger, of an envied stranger; and in the evil days that followed 1805-6, watched no less by his own friends than by the stranger, and to the French spies ever an object of special suspicion, he was compelled, at the very time when he was secretly scheming and preparing the greatest and boldest plans for the salvation of the country, to play, in appearance, a secondary and a subordinate part: to be, in fact, a sort of a Brutus. Of a piece with this was his style of conversation; slow and without observance his words came out; but this slowly-drawn tone gave utterance to the boldest thoughts with the precision and the pregnancy of a proverb. The plainest truth in the most simple garb, the most straightforward courage with the most cool clearness—this was Scharnhorst. He belonged to the few who believe that when truth and right are in question, one should not yield to the greatest dangers—no, not a hair-breadth. Need I mention further, that this noble man, through whose hands, as the secret director of all, millions were daily passing, never allowed the filth of a single copper penny to stick to his own fingers. He was a *vir innocens*, in the sense of the great ancients: he died poor.

"Such was the character and such were the manners of this earnest and virtuous man, who felt more deeply than any other the love of fatherland; and who essayed and effected more towards its salvation. When he stood before us, as I have often seen him, in his meditative mood, leaning on his staff, his head inclined towards the ground, and his eye half closed, with a forehead, however, which all the while seemed the living incarnation of courage, one might have taken him for the genius of death, leaning over the sarcophagus of the glory of Prussia, and glorifying this thought—*Wie herrlich waren wir einst! From what dignity are we fallen!*"

It is a pleasure to have to do with a book full of such vigorous and substantial historical portraits as these. We cannot extract or even point to everything of the kind that occurs in this volume; but there is one which it were high treason to omit, the portrait of him who was the corner-stone of the civil, as Scharnhorst was of the military resurrection of Prussia in 1813: the Baron von Stein. This man was the Mirabeau (as great, but not so noisy) of Prussia's bloodless revolution. This man did in Berlin what the Gracchi talked about and died for in Rome: he proposed and carried an Agrarian Law, (though himself a great proprietor and aristocrat), and achieved that for Prussia, morally and socially, which the great Frederick's battles, fifty years before, had done physically

and geographically. The following extract describes Arndt's introduction to his future master, at Petersburg, in the autumn of 1812.

"The minister received me in the most friendly way. There was something in his figure and manner that impressed me strongly with the feeling that I had seen him somewhere before. I could not, however, at first explain to myself the origin of this feeling; and it was only after I had sat for some time opposite him at the tea-table that, recovering from the confounding effect of the first impression, I felt a light suddenly break on the mystery, and I said within myself, 'Fichte!' Yes, truly, there was a striking likeness to my brave old philosopher here: the same figure, short, compact, broad; the same forehead, only with a little more breadth, and sloping more backward; the same small, keen, twinkling eyes; almost the same nose, only, if possible, more powerful; the same pithiness, clearness, and decision in his words, which sped like an arrow, by the shortest road, and with the speediest flight, to their mark. Nor was I long in discovering the same stern, inexorable spirit of moral severity in the statesman, that so strongly characterized the philosopher. The only difference was, that while this man was a son of an ancient imperial-baronial family on the Rhine, Fichte's father was a poor weaver in Lusatia; and while this baron of the empire was continually pushing imperiously up from the shadows and clouds of the Non Ego, towards the central Ego, that philosopher, contrariwise, continually strove, and strove in vain, to descend from the sublime throne of the Ego, into the cloudy region of the Non Ego, seeking anxiously to find some common ground which might conciliate the opposite poles of existence. Such, at least, was my first hasty impression. I now add a few words to complete, as far as I can, the outline of this great and good man.

"I had occasion, when talking above of Marshal Blücher, to say that there were two worlds in his face. Perhaps the same observation may apply to most faces that are significant; not only two, but three, four, or more worlds, may dwell in one face, and war strongly with one another. Only in this case, when there are so many of them, the word *world* does not apply, and we can only talk in the common way of a conflict of irreconcilable temperaments and passions in the same countenance. Now, in respect of what may properly be called two worlds, Stein's face was altogether like Blücher's. In the upper part of the face there reigned almost always the serene and shining god. His noble broad forehead, his spirit-speaking friendly eyes, his powerful nose, proclaimed composure, profundity, and command. With this grand development, the under part of the face was by no means in keeping. The mouth was evidently too small, and too delicately chiselled for the mass and breadth it had to support; the chin, also, was weak. Here, also, as I have remarked in the case of Blücher, common mortals had their lodgment; here anger and fits of the most violent passion would appear; and give themselves a free rein; they were, however, more terrible than dangerous, and, when met

with firmness, soon calmed. But this is certainly true, that when the under part of the countenance was convulsed with rage, and the little mobile mouth poured forth furious invective with the most inconceivable rapidity, the upper part of the face remained all the while a fair, sunny, smiling Olympus; and above, in the keen, twinkling eyes, there seemed to be no lightning to scathe: inasmuch, that the same person who shrunk in terror from the expression of the mouth, might gather courage from looking at the eye. Apart from these violent paroxysms of moral indignation, the perpetual expression of Stein—that which spoke not in every feature only, but in every word, and in every gesture—was one of honesty, courage, and piety. He was a man essentially made to command; a born prince, and king; a man who had number one stamped upon his every deed. It was impossible for him to play a subordinate part. Where he was not allowed to lead, he was not inclined to act. That flexibility and adaptability, which is a virtue in many men, would have been a vice in him; at least, they were not part of his nature, not consistent with his strength."

We complete this view of Stein's character by an extract from a necrological notice of the great Prussian reformer, originally inserted by Arndt in the '*Allgemeine Zeitung*,' in the month of September, 1831, three months after the death of the subject of it, and now reprinted in a short appendix to these Memoirs.

"God now had planted a fiery, mighty, courageous heart in his bosom, and furnished him with a glance to perceive as quick as lightning, and a bold, unhesitating understanding; he was the very impersonation of despatch, enterprise, and impetuosity. He was compelled by an inward necessity of his nature to cast aside every obstacle that stood in his way; to demolish mercilessly whatever impeded his progress: great qualities of mind certainly, but also not a little dangerous, had they not been accompanied by that regard for proportion, discipline and order, without which the highest talents are more powerful ever to destroy than to construct. To fear nothing, to do without delay, to create without intermission, was his proper element. That the possessor of such a fiery and impetuous character should not have often erred, should not sometimes have overflowed the narrow bounds of mere prudence, were more than human; but the discipline of life and the providence of God had early given his mind a steady direction towards that which is noble and good, and this direction was to society the surest practical pledge that any errors occasioned by the peculiarity of his temperament would soon be repaired. Accoutred as he was by the hands of nature, he demanded the freest stage for the forthputting of his activity; and in whatever he did, he was compelled instinctively to take the lead. The vulgar acts, however, by which men rise to situations of influence and command, were not his. He was impatient of resistance, and when anything forcibly opposed his plan,

he was always slow to perceive the necessity of yielding. No person was more easily roused by contradiction, but no one delighted more in a hard fought battle of thoughts and words, whenever he found an adversary whom he deemed worthy of his powers. In such intellectual combating, provided only the strokes were energetic and swift as lightning, he was quite in his element. Violent and harsh he often was; towards hypocrites and braves pitilessly severe; while by the abruptness and bluntness of his manner he would sometimes unintentionally wound the feelings of the sensitive. From excess of passion he was not free, but feelings of malignity and revenge his noble nature would scorn; and those whom a rash word or a precipitate judgment had at any time offended, never waited long for such apology and reparation as the dictate of a scrupulously honourable mind imposed on itself. As his whole sympathies were with Germany and Prussia; as he lived altogether in the memory of what had been, and the hope of what should be, glorious in fatherland; as for this one idea of country he was ready at every moment to give up his substance and to sacrifice his life; so the strong and clear steel (*stahl*) of his whole character was tempered throughout to a true German tone. In truthfulness, honesty, and openness, no man ever surpassed him; he looked straight before him, and marched directly up to his object.

"This was his creed, that by truth, simplicity, and honesty, only, all ends are to be attained, and that no path that is in any part crooked can ever bring a blessing. This was his motto, 'Es darf nichts gethan werden was nicht gerad und offen gethan werden kann;' that is to say, a free way, a high aim, and pure means to attain the aim. And this is the man on whom a Bourrienne has had the impudence to throw the suspicion of having banded himself with sneaking conspirators, and studied the base arts of assassination.

"I have spoken of his fire and impetuosity, I will add now that this fiery and strong one had at the same time all the elements of mildness and mansuetude in his composition; that as he was a man of bravery, so he was also a man of faith; that in everything terrestrial and human, he cherished a deeply tragic feeling of its perishable and fleeting nature. Hence he was in his inmost heart humble and modest; hence he held fast the faith of all good men that man can do nothing without God; that God governs the world; that the wisest and the greatest of mortal men can do little of themselves; and possessed by these feelings, the flatterer and the hypocrite, the sophist, the self-conceited person, the boastful self-seeker of every description, however great their talents might be, found no favour with him. Stein was, in truth, a firm and decided Christian; he believed in his God and his Redeemer, and built all his hopes on the glorious promises laid open to us in the Gospel; and it was this indwelling principle of Christianity that made him excellent in all the relations of social and domestic life; a grateful son, a kind husband and father, a faithful friend; in private economy strictly moral, in his civic relations active and indefatigable. This blessed

faith also it was, that controlled and tempered those qualities of his mind which might easily have run wild into a spirit of untamable pride and haughty defiance; the Gospel of Christ softened the almost superhuman sternness of his character, and mellowed what was severe, giving at once a nobler direction and a gentler movement to his social activity. Long may the memory endure of this German MAN, freshly may his virtues bloom in these earnest times in which we live, that we may know both how to do when Fatherland calls us, and how to suffer!"

So be it. A volume might be written on the political and social influence of the man of 1813, on what Germany is now, and what it is destined to be in the world. Our limits, however, forbid anything like disquisition; and we can only refer those who are not yet familiar with the great German doings against Napoleon, to the ninth volume of Mr. Alison's 'History of Europe,' where they will find no lack of satisfactory information. We in England, for reasons obvious enough, know, for the general, more about the state of Spain in 1812, than of Germany in 1813; but Spain was only the mine which being exploded, isolated Napoleon from behind; Germany was the field in which the decisive struggle was to be made. In the fields of Leipzig, in the central battle-arena of Europe, and nowhere else, Napoleon could be overthrown. As for the Spanish patriots, their movement, at its best, was but a spirited ballad; the rising of Deutschland was a grand epic.

ART. XI.—*Monographie de la Presse Parisienne.* (Monograph of the Parisian Press). By M. DE BALZAC. Paris. 1843.

'WITH whom is M de Balzac angry?' exclaimed Jules Janin, on reading this odd production, and forthwith seized his critical pen, to show that Balzac is the most ungrateful of authors. For ten years, it would seem, this Balzac plodded his weary way, under the unnoticed pseudonyme of Saint Aubin, one failure following another, until, by chance, the 'Enfant Maudit,' in the pages of a Review, attracted general attention: the newspapers praised, the masque fell, and the name of Balzac became known to fame. This is Janin's ground for a charge of bitter ingratitude against Balzac. But with due respect to M. Janin, we cannot in this discover the extent of obligation, asserted by the champion of the press. Ten long years of persevering toil, ten years of uncheered, unmarked exertion, would have broken down many a man of less

resolute will: and when at last, the public is struck by one of those tales which glide into the traditions of a people, the press, following the movement of admiration, turns suddenly round, and affects the right, first to take the hitherto neglected novelist under its own supreme protection, and then on the first show of difference between them, to charge him with base ingratitude to his self-elected protector!

We are nevertheless inclined to echo Janin's question. We have failed to discover with whom exactly Balzac is angry. His object in his brochure would seem to be to describe in no very poetic terms the machinery of the Paris press, and so to strip it of the effect produced by mystery. His motive we have yet to learn. Janin, in his bitter *feuilleton*, sets it down as compounded of enormous self-conceit, jealousy of writers who have become more popular than himself, and hatred of critics who have contributed to make them so. He more than hints, too, that Balzac's failure in a journal he started for himself has had not a little to do with it. But perhaps, after all, Balzac had no motive. He may have been actuated simply by whim. Without at any rate further troubling ourselves as to the author's motive, or the critic's wrath, we shall endeavour to follow M. de Balzac, supplying facts where he deals but in allusions, and giving names which, familiar to the Parisian public, would not be easily recognizable on this side the channel, through the delicate take-for-granted touches of the celebrated novelist.

The '*Monographie*' is a paper supplied to a work in course of publication, entitled, '*La grande Ville: Nouveau Tableau de Paris*,' in which are associated several celebrated names. The work is illustrated by Gavarni, a masterly caricaturist, and other artists of extraordinary talent.

M. de Balzac's paper is preceded by a synoptical table, marking every shade of the order '*Gendeletré*:' the hint of which name he professes to have borrowed from '*Gendarme*,' implying that he respects one as much as the other: which, by the way, is rather a dull joke. He divides his order into two species—the publicist and the critic; and from these he traces several supposed kinds, as if he were a Cuvier, dealing with some newly-discovered races of animals. For these he invents names arbitrarily, which, as they do not carry with them any very striking sense or humour, we spare our readers the trouble of spelling over.

M. de Balzac tells us, that when the director of the journal is at the same time the chief editor, and responsible proprietor, he is the person with whom each cabinet

deals: while, at the same time, the secret influence which absolutely regulates the journal may be that of an actress, or a legitimate wife. To furnish the key to the first allusion would be to deal in a piece of unnecessary scandal; but all the world will easily recognize in the second, Madame de Girardin, the Vicomte Launay of '*La Presse*;' for Madame Dudevant is not the only lady who writes under a masculine name.

Balzac next proceeds to the second variety of the same species, which he calls the tenor, or, to drop the metaphorical name, the editor, simply. With him he thus deals: "At this trade it is difficult for a man not to pervert his mind and sink into mediocrity. Because there are but two moulds, into which are cast the leading articles: the opposition mould, and the ministerial mould. There is a third, but it is rarely used. Let the government act as it will, the writer of the opposition leaders must blame, scold, and advise. The ministerial writer is equally bound to defend. The one is a constant negative—the other a constant affirmative." This is no doubt true enough, and there was no particular necessity to announce it as a discovery. Balzac is better where he describes the part played by the public.

At each event the subscriber goes asleep, saying to himself, "I will see to-morrow what says my journal upon the subject." But there being facts for the public which cannot be told, and a necessity for twisting and distorting those which can, the satirist's conclusion is, that the press is by no means the master of that '*liberty*' which it is supposed to enjoy. To its shame, says Balzac, it is only '*free*' against weak and isolated classes. And then we have told, by an exquisitely humorous pencil, what M. de Balzac's pen hesitates to give: M. Thiers commanding batteries which are easily recognisable, as the '*Siècle*,' '*Courier Français*,' and '*Constitutionnel*.'

Balzac gives a pleasant example of the machinery by which the public mind is kept irritated against England. In a dead calm of the political ocean, this news arrives from Ausburg (Ausborg being for journalism, what Nuremberg is for children, a factory of play-things):

"On dit that the English legation gave a dinner to Lord Willgoud, on his way to Galucho (Brésil), at which assisted all the corps diplomatique, except the French Consul. Such an omission, under present circumstances, is not without meaning."

Upon this piece of news the opposition papers lash themselves into well-acted indignation,

ignorant that there is no such admiral as Willgoud, and no such place as Galucho; and here the reader is presented with admirable imitations of all the leading journals, done with real wit. Balzac adds to his own satirical remarks on this part of his subject, the following very amusing commentary: "One phrase combined thus, after three forms, suffices to enable the majority of the French every morning to form an opinion upon all possible events. After the triumph of July, an old tenor acknowledged that for twelve years he never wrote but the same article. 'This frank fellow is dead.'" We believe the author of this whimsical confession was M. Chateelain, editor of the '*Courier Français*,' an extreme liberal.

In his parody of the '*Débats*,' Balzac adds, in a parenthesis to each high-flown passage—'(price 5000 francs per month),—the supposed 'subvention' paid to M. Bertin by the government. The ministerialists do not, however, enjoy a monopoly of corruption, for the puritans of the opposition, who cannot accept favours for themselves, harass the government with demands for places for their relatives. The family Barrot, according to Balzac, enjoy among them 130,000 francs of government pay! Before we leave the 'publicist' division, we must say, that the attacks are made far too indiscriminately; that the editorial talents are rated obviously too low; and that the whole division on the system of reporting the debates in the Chambers ('*Les Camarillistes*'), is a violent exaggeration.

There is an amusing page upon what the French call 'canards' (ducks), which appear to be the very poetry of penny-a-lining. Napoleon had pensioned a man, who for five years published in the '*Moniteur*,' fictitious bulletins of a war of the *Affghans against the English*; the fraud was discovered, and Napoleon, instead of punishing the fellow, is said to have increased his pension—the cheat 'était se bien conçue dans les intérêts de Napoléon.' These bulletins were 'canards.' The story of Gaspard Hauser was a 'canard'; so was that of Clara Wendell, and the brigand Schrubry. As M. de Balzac does not give names, we take upon ourselves to state, that the makers of these 'canards' were authors of repute, M. Méry and M. Nestor Roqueplan. M. Etienne, of the '*Constitutionnel*,' was, under the restoration, a famous inventor of 'canards.' (He seems meditating one at p. 145!) His line lay in the fabrication of refusals by priests of the rights of burial, and of persecutions of liberal 'curés.' But he was obliged to give these up, for truth overtook him.

In the division on the critics, M. de Balzac

exhausts every form of severity. He sets no bounds to his anger with them, more especially for the neglect with which they treat works deserving of attention, while they reserve their exclusive and fulsome notice for trashy vaudevilles. He assigns for these degrading preferences the most degraded motives; contrasting the pleasurable 'quid pro quo' of theatres, with the cold comfort of libraries and booksellers. And he goes so far as to say, that the conduct of the critics, in this respect, has caused of late years a sensible diminution in the sale of good books of every class. Upon Janin he deals the severest ridicule, by an admirable mimicry of that writer's torrent of volubility on every kind of subject, while he never once touches the single special subject, which he pretends to be treating. Of this redoubtable feuilletonist, he also takes another occasion to mention (the allusion, at p. 170, is plainly levelled at Janin), that what he thinks the most eminently droll thing in the world, and in the very highest taste, is to be shaking hands with you, and passing for your friend, when he is all the while stinging you with the poisoned needles of his feuilletons. If, indeed, he has happened to praise you in a Paris journal, you are then quite sure, that in some London journal he has 'assassinated' you. M. de Balzac fails to add, which particular London journal it is that is honoured by Jules Janin's contributions.

Towards the conclusion of the paper there are some remarks on the professed dealers in bon mots and witty sayings, uninspired by whose gaiety and mirthfulness, Balzac can only heave a sigh. '*Hélas, la France est colossale jusque dans ses petitessees, jusque dans ses vices, jusque dans ses fautes!*' Yet at the Charivari, 'le Matador des petits journaux,' he finds himself relax a little. Three thousand subscribers, he says, support this 'délit perpétuel,' and he admits its exhaustless flow of wit and humour. The writers in this class of journals he collects under the term '*le pêcheur à la ligne*:' because the wits, like the fishermen, live by their 'line.' The great characteristic of the trade, Balzac adds, is that the most vigorous mind, once engaged in it, is soon incapable of the sentiment of anything great. Making everything little in mockery, it finds in time, as far as itself is concerned, everything little in reality.

The conclusion will probably interest our readers, by the comparison introduced between the press of Paris and London:

"The press of London has not upon the world the same action as that of Paris: it is in some degree confined to England, which carries its

egotism into everything: such egotism merits being called patriotism, for, what is patriotism, but the egotism of a whole country? Thus ought to be observed the wide difference which exists between English journalists and French journalists. An English journalist is an Englishman first, a journalist after. The French journalist is above all things a journalist. Thus the English journalist would never commit the fault of publishing cabinet secrets, if such were calculated to mar a public advantage; while for sake of a few subscribers, a French journal would blab anything. Abd-el-Kader said his best spies were the French journals. Yesterday a paper advocated the prior right of England to the Marquesas; and that paper calls itself the *National*. Between the chances of an overthrow and the liberty of the press Napoleon did not hesitate."

Here M. de Balzac falls into the spirit of exaggeration, of which he accuses the press; and indeed it must be said of the whole exposé, that it is rather curious than edifying.

But we cannot leave it without a more explicit mention of the wood-cut illustrations. These have a genius in them, which in the paper itself is certainly not discoverable. The likenesses of the various editors and writers are caught in the most perfect manner of this department of the art. No names are given, no clues are given; but the brethren of the press will recognize each other. There never was such hitting 'between wind and water!' Observe the agitated frenzy of M. Pierre Leroux (p. 165), with divorce, dissolution, disruption, George Sandism, in every part of his aspect and attire; hair, nose, mouth, and dressing-gown; to say nothing of the awful chasm which yawns between the waistcoat and the portion of dress which may not be named. Contrast it with the sleek satisfaction of M. Hyppolite Lucas, who in the garb of an 'épiciér' is mildly serving out inexhaustible lees of sugar; a thing he is currently said to do to every author *excepting M. de Balzac*. Turn from the stolid, innocent-looking, antediluvian figure (p. 179), which does nothing but praise the past (M. Gustave Planche), to the snarling, snapping, bearded poodle (p. 185: significant tailpiece to a parody on Janin's 'Feuilletons'),* which

only bites and walks on its hind legs. Then contemplate 'dans l'intérieur' (p. 173) the gentleman extended, smoking on the sofa, and the young lady in easy dishabille in possession of the hearth-rug; the young lady reading the book aloud, concerning which the gentleman (whom his friends will recognize) means to be terribly moral, and to cry from the roofs of the houses, 'Où allons nous!' Others of these inimitable pieces of graphic humour we have noticed before, but a whole article might be written upon them. What a fine satire is that (p. 152), where the Rhine, a jovial old reedy deity, is in an up-lifted state of exaggerated admiration at the great man, who has come all the way from Paris, not to see the good old river, but that the good old river may see him! Wonderful and impenetrable is the collection (p. 137) of heads, constituting the readers of a large circulation, 'une masse.' Of another style is the laborious abstraction of the old scholar (p. 171), which may not impossibly be thought somewhat affecting. As for the very elegant sketch (p. 207), in which George Sand so affably receives Lamennais, we defy that lady's admirers (of whom, with due reservation, we profess ourselves), to be other than grateful and contented therewith. And, to conclude, for the very whimsical parley on the closing page, between the press (a very excited and unreasonable old woman), and M. de Balzac himself (a quiet, reasonable,

même d'une foule du journaux; il n'eût jamais vécu sans le journal; il a été directeur-rédacteur-en-chef-gérant-tenor-maitre-Jacques-camarilliste-premier-Paris-fait-Paris-faiseur-d'articles-de-fond-maitre-Jacques-marchand-de-canauds-camarilliste-homme-politique-attaché-attaché-détaché-politique-à brochures-pamphlétaire-traducteur-critique blond-grand critique-euphuiste-prosateur-farceur-universitaire-mondain-thuriféraire-exécuteur-bravo-guerillero-pêcheur à la ligne-blaqueur, et même, ce qui est plus grave, banquier d'un journal dont il était ainsi le seul, unique et perpétuel-gendelette; ce journal si bien administré, si admirablement rédigé, si habilement conduit, si admirablement écrit, et signé par un si grand nom, n'as pas vécu six mois; et maintenant ce journaliste, le plus impuissant, le plus maladroit et le plus dénigrant des journalistes, viendrait, de gaité de cœur, accabler de ces injures ceux dont il n'a pas pu se maintenir le confrère; il pourrait leur dire impunément: Vous êtes tous des voleurs, des menteurs, des imbécilles, des universitaires, des farceurs, des marquis de Tuffières et des blaqueurs; vous êtes laids, vous êtes vieux, vous êtes mal peignés, vous avez de faux toupets, vous êtes des Bohémiens, vous êtes d'ignobles bourgeois; il pourrait les dénoncer dans leurs travaux passés, dans leurs travaux à venir, dans leur position présente: et le pamphlet de cet homme passerait sans examen, sans critique, sans réponse! Véritablement la chose serait trop facile et trop commode; à ce compte-là ce serait pousser trop loin les privilèges du gendelette, rienologue, —faiseur de tartines—guerillero et négateur."

* The conclusion of Janin's criticism of this 'Monographie,' in the 'Journal des Débats' of a few days since, is so extremely characteristic of the writer, and contains such a pithy summary of the abusive phrases used against the press by Balzac, that we shall contribute not a little to the reader's amusement, by appending it here. Translation is, of course, quite out of the question. It contains, it will be seen, the allusion to Balzac's own experiment in journalism to which reference has been made:—"Eh quoi! cet homme, a qui nous avons reconnu tant d'esprit à tant de reprises différentes, vit du journal, et

very stout, long-haired, somewhat stooping little man), we cannot but think that the editor or critic who has felt himself most deeply insulted and aggrieved through the other seventy-nine pages of this curious production, will, when he arrives at that eightieth page, lay it down with a burst of good-humoured laughter.

ART. XII.—*Justus Moeser's Sämmtliche Werke.* (Moeser's Collected Works). Berlin. 1842.

THE most revered name in Germany, at present, is perhaps that of Justus Moeser. Some time back it was merely the choice spirits who prized him, especially Gothe, 'who owned the great influence that Moeser's writings had on his character, and who in all his points considered how Moeser would have thought.' Now, it is not merely such men as Gothe who pay their tribute at the shrine of Moeser, but every German who takes pen in hand, and all that larger class which takes pride in their fatherland. Germany has greater poets, historians, statesmen, and legists, than Moeser, but none who united all these characters, and who watched, like him, over the cradle of German language, history, poetry, and freedom.

Justus Moeser was born in 1720, at Osnabruck. His father was president of the Consistory. Justus grew up into a fine youth, upwards of six feet high, which so alarmed his father—the King of Prussia then seizing per force all fine tall men to serve in his armies—that he sent the youth off to study the law at Jena and Gottingen. In good time he returned, became secretary of the equestrian order in 1742, was made *advocatus patriæ* in 1747, and in 1762, justiciary. What, however, had most influence upon Moeser, was his connection with England. The independent diocese of Osnabruck was decreed by the treaty of Westphalia to be governed alternately by Catholic and by Protestant bishops. After the seven years' war, it was the turn of the Protestant party; and these, to ensure themselves a long reign, elected as bishop the Duke of York, then seven months old. Justus Moeser was at that time the great notability of the diocese, being chief councillor of the chapter of the equestrian order and of the burgesses: and he was obliged to go to England, to consult with

George the Third about the government of Osnabruck. In London Moeser imbibed all those ideas of government, of constitutional freedom, of commercial activity and economy, so much in advance of aught that Germany then produced.

The custom of forming, or decrying, or supposing English and French parties, in countries well entitled to have but one great national party, as Germany and Spain for example, is highly to be deprecated; not only as it affords just cause for dissension in the country, but that it mingles us with foreign party spirit, and provokes against us a national hatred, which we by no means deserve. But the French party, or the sect, which boldly proposed to sacrifice German thought, religion, poetry, and even language, to those of France, was introduced by so high an authority, that an English party was required to combat it. Frederick the Great stood forth the Champion of French literature, language, and ideas. Eager to promote his young country at once to the refinement and civilisation of an old one, Frederick could not wait for the development of a German literature or philosophy. He consequently vilipended everything national, except the living material of his grenadier companies. Justus Moeser was among the first who took up the national cause and tongue of Germany against Frederick, in his essay on German language and literature. The same feeling prompted him to answer Rousseau's '*Vicaire Savoyard*,' and defend religion against the influence of French ideas. From that time German nationality was his great object. Whether he wrote in favour of a constitutional and representative system, or whether he imitated English critics in collecting and praising and bringing into fashion the old German ballads, he was actuated by the one grand idea of rousing his countrymen to imitate none but themselves; or, at least, if models were necessary, to seek those models in Teutonic countries, such as England. Moeser was the very father of Teutonism, which is alone quite sufficient to explain the immense reverence paid to his memory by the present generation.

Moeser has been compared, by German writers, to Franklin. We cannot acknowledge the resemblance. To the serious, practical, yet simple wisdom, which distinguished both, Moeser added those refined qualities of taste and feeling, which Franklin wanted. Though Moeser was attached to liberty, he had still in him the spirit of the old feudal gentleman, rather than that of the modern democrat. Franklin's ideas amalgamated with the French; Moeser's were in all most

foreign to theirs. It would be as easy to find a similitude between Moeser and Bacon. Too busy, and too much sunk in affairs, to open of himself new paths in taste, in writing, in policy, or the fine arts, Moeser pointed out the way to others in which they were to march. Denouncing Frederick and Rousseau, he pointed out and cleared the path in which German philosophers and poets should walk; and Göthe himself has loudly acknowledged this debt. Bacon did this for philosophy; Moeser led the way to historical research, to legal reform, to national poesy, to national art, and, as far as in him lay, to constitutional freedom.

The most important work of Moeser's is certainly his history of Osnabruck. He takes his native diocese, and gives the history of it, not as a little local, isolated spot, but as a piece and a sample of Germany, containing a portion of the German race. The work is accordingly a history of the laws, manners, political and municipal organisation, of the North Germans; important in itself, from its establishment of many new truths, and equally important from its having opened the path wherein the Eichhorns, Grimms, and Savignys were to follow. It was his scientific study of the early freedom of his countrymen, and its identity with those principles that had prevailed in England, and which grew up there into a constitutional system, which led Moeser to undertake at home the preaching and the defence of liberalism. Welcker remarks, that the censors of the present German age would infallibly erase and disallow the greater part of Moeser's essays, which at that time, more than half a century back, were not looked upon as treason, even by despotic governments. It is principally these tendencies and writings of Moeser, which render him so revered, at the present day, as the founder of German liberalism.

The unity of Germany was another great wish and idea, in which Moeser anticipated the present age. The foundations of freedom he proposed to lay in free burghers and small landed proprietors, represented in state assemblies. But over these he proposed a German senate, far more free and open than the Diet, which represents merely German governments. All the higher noblesse would have had the right of entering this assembly. Such an aristocratic body, which would have been in some respects the application of the Venetian constitution to the German empire, would have been a strange experiment. It would have greatly clashed with the ideas then germinating in France. But had such existed, it would certainly have produced German unity of resistance in

1792, and might have altered the whole course of fortune of the French Revolution.

We did not, however, take up Moeser's collected works for the purpose of discussing his general system of politics, or his great labours in historical research. These are sufficiently known; or, at any rate, would require being treated at a length, and with a consideration, for which we have neither space nor time at present. We were more attracted by the collection of his fugitive essays; of his brief articles in the journals and periodicals of his time; which have been put together by his daughter, and form the first volume of his works. The list of these essays shows the ideas which predominated in the mind of Moeser, and the different points, to which, as a public man, his anxiety was turned. They show him to have been far in advance of his age. But they also afford a curious insight into the state of things in Germany towards the middle of last century. They depict the condition of its agriculture; its lower and its middle classes; the efforts to restore industry and trade; to provide for the poor; to provide for a redundant, and fill the void of an overscant population. Corn-laws, free trade, agricultural colonies, and the rivalry of land and manufacturing industry, were subjects that invaded his thoughts, and occupied his pen. Nay, we find Moeser, in the middle of the last century, anticipating Miss Martineau, and illustrating his political, or politico-economic views, by brief, simple, and popular tales.

English as Moeser was in his leanings, he felt the same jealousy and annoyance at English monopoly of trade, that is now so universally felt in Germany. The following sentences written by Moeser in 1769, might have been written by a Dr. List in 1843. They are worth quoting, too, as a striking instance of the absurdity of such fears: 'Not only is German commerce falling to perdition, but we are in danger of getting our bread cheaper from America than it could be baked at home. England, which takes nothing from us, and which considers even God's word as contraband, if sent from abroad, will supply all our ports with the necessities of life; and our merchants, who have nothing to export, and who must sit idle unless they deal in foreign wares, will bring us butter, tallow, wax, honey, hemp, and corn, from abroad. We must drink Burton and Dorchester ale. The Irish cannot send their butter to the English market without the king's permission. But the English can send us their butter, which finds plenty of German purchasers.'

The fear here expressed by Moeser in 1769, that England would supply Germany with

corn, beer, and food, and ruin her agriculture, is about as rational as Dr. List's horror of our cottons and mixed goods in 1743.

Moesser's little essay on the improvement of poor-houses in 1769, might have been affixed to our own latest Poor Law.

Another great grievance with Moesser was his good Germans emigrating with their work to richer lands, such as Holland and England, where they obtained better wages. This not only took population from the country, but rendered those who returned discontented: 'Twenty thousand French go yearly to Spain to help the Spaniards with their harvest. As many Brabantees go for the same purpose to France. Our Westphalians go to Holland. Thuringians and Suabians come to us as masons. Italians come to whiten our churches, and set our mouse-traps, the Tyrolese to clean our ponds, &c. Why could not all these people stay at home?'

We do not know whether Moesser would think the matter mended at present, when the stream of emigration goes no longer to Holland, but to America, never to return. The prices which he carefully puts on day's work, and articles of food and clothes, will be useful to the curious in these matters.

Free trade in corn is a favourite theme of Moesser's. What he chiefly labours for is the permission of free export; for though affecting to dread that England would supply Germany from America, he more practically felt the prohibition to export. In fact, whenever scarcity threatened, each petty prince sealed up his territories, forbade export, malting, and distilling: stopping a hundred trades, and ruining a hundred livelihoods. Moesser labours to show that this plan precludes the possibility of a corn-merchant: 'to whom ordinarily nine years were years of loss, and the tenth but the year of gain.' It prevented, too, all economy and foresight on the part of the farmer, or the miller, or the rich, or the poor, since the natural rise in price consequent on scarcity was prevented by the expected ordonnance forbidding export, &c.

Moesser was somewhat checked and fettered in his liberal leanings by being the representative of the equestrian order in his native country. The question arose at that time in what way the condition of serfs should be bettered, or exchanged for freedom. The Empress of Russia proposed the subject as a theme. The Emperor Joseph consulted Moesser personally, and Moesser, representing an order whose whole income was derived from serfs, could not cry out as his heart dictated, 'Emancipate them.' This is indeed a great blot on his character, if blot could rest on aught so noble and so pure.

There is, we repeat, scarcely one of the great subjects which have been agitated, and which have produced reforms during the last fifty years, which Moesser did not raise his voice in behalf of, towards the middle of the last century. Tolerance, reform of penal codes, education, are amongst those which we have not noted. But our object has been rather to indicate the value of Moesser's works than to describe or quote at any length their contents.

ART. XIII.—*Les Burgraves. Trilogie. L'Aïeul. Le Mendiant. Le Caveau Perdu.* (The Burgraves of the Rhine: a Trilogy. The Great Grandfather, The Beggar, The Lost Cave). Par Victor Hugo. Paris. 1843.

A NEW drama from the pen of Victor Hugo, is, to the Parisian public, *an event*. That is to say, its announcement carries with it that strong and lively interest with which every one anxiously waits for anything in the shape of innovation. This is the most distinct idea we can attach to that rather vague term *événement*, with which the last production of this remarkable man has been received.

But coming events, according to the poet, must 'cast their shadows before;' and therefore was the 'Burgraves' preceded by mysterious whispers. Victor Hugo had composed a *Trilogie*! 'Now,' said every one, 'that must be something very much beyond the ordinary drama'—for simple people did not suppose it possible that so learned a man would so call a three-act drama with a title to each act (much in the manner of Mr. Yates' well-known practice at our English Adelphi). However, it answered Hugo's purpose; for all his friends went talking about the forthcoming piece, as a thing far too profound to be described other than enigmatically. 'The Great Grandfather'—'The Beggar'—'The Lost Cave.' That was the triple knot of the puzzle. Nay more: the 'Trilogie' was said to rest upon the shoulders of two robber chiefs, and a beggar: three Titans, numbering among them two hundred and sixty years! And some talked of a bearded Juliet of fourscore, and a patriarchal Romeo!

While sober people asked one another if such rumours were founded in ridicule or malice, one of them assumed the air of a grave truth, by the publication of a law process of a novel character. Mademoiselle Maxime, a young actress of some promise,

having undertaken the principal female part, and rehearsed it twenty times, had after all been found wanting in the eyes of the author: and this for the oddest of reasons. Not that she was defective in those charms and graces deemed usually so essential to a heroine, but that she could not invest herself with the age and ugliness required, or give her tongue a poison of sufficient strength. The young lady so equivocally complimented, brought an action against the poet for restitution of conjugal rights: having already considered herself wedded, like music, to immortal verse: and with keen womanly tact, in order to convey through the selection of her representative that her taste lay in bitters, tart enough for the performance of any extent of satirical old lady, she made her appearance in court through Monsieur Dupin. Notwithstanding which advantage, Miss Maxime failed. The public were, however, let into the secret, that some female Quasimodo had started from the brain of the 'Hunchback of Notre Dame,' and curiosity became strained to the very highest pitch. Presuming that some portion of a like curiosity may now agitate our readers, we proceed to tell them the story of the 'Burgresses,' and to describe the poet's manner of developing the tale upon the stage of the Théâtre Français.

The Burgresses were robber chiefs, the Rob Roys of the twelfth century, whose burgs, as their haunts were called, were selected upon the crests of the highest hills, commanding the valley of the Rhine. It should be noted that the mysterious disappearance of the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa some considerable time before the opening of the drama, had left Germany in an especial manner exposed to the tyranny and outrage of these rude feudal warriors and robbers. The chief Burgress is old by a whole century; his son, of seventy-five years, is full of strength; and these old chieftains, father and son, steeped though they are in crimes, so far feel the sanctifying influence of age, that they shun the constant orgies with which Hatto, the grandson, and his companions, shake the mountain fortress. An aged mendicant is passing near one of these revels, the young Burgresses are about to treat him as an object of mirthful mockery, when they are reproved by the ancient Burgresses, who in long speeches lament the decline of the good old virtues of charity and hospitality. At their close the centenarian Burgress kneels to the beggar, and asks his blessing, and all present, smitten by the example, do the same, and the solemn benediction, so pronounced, concludes the first part of the 'Trilogy.'

Having glanced at the three old men, and the lad Hatto in the prime of life, we now

turn to a no less important personage, though but a disregarded slave of the fortress: the weird old lady, Guanhamara, who has an account of sixty years' standing to settle with the oldest Burgress, Job (such his undignified name). Back in that waste of years, she had been loved by his brother, when the Burgress murdered him, and then sold her to slavery. But her time for vengeance has arrived. Among the persons of the scene, are a fair young creature, Regina, and a page, Othert, and they love each other tenderly; and these two only pure beings (exquisitely sketched) are the painted roses through which the light of heaven streams in upon this heavy Gothic structure of the twelfth century. Regina is at first slowly pining away under a spell from Guanhamara. But to the passionate and affecting entreaties of Othert, her restoration to strength and life is promised by the witch, on the trifling condition that he will strike his dagger to the heart of a man whom she will point out, and ask no questions. He consents, and thus already is one of our pure lights tarnished. As Hatto loves and has counted himself betrothed to Regina, it is agreed upon her recovery, which has been immediate, that Othert shall remove her secretly: for meanwhile old Job has become privy to the love affair, approves it, and promises the young people means of support at a distance from the vengeance of Hatto. Discovering this, the old hag is not a little discontented; she suspects so pleasant a settlement may interfere with her plan of murder, and straightway goes to Hatto and lets him into the secret. He comes upon the page at the critical moment, treats him with intolerable insolence, and Othert replies by a challenge. But who is he? Nobody can tell; and Hatto will not measure his sword with an unknown. Once more the blessing beggar interposes, and offers himself as a second. And truly it turns out that he is a second of whose respectability even the Carlton club could not entertain a question, for he is no less a personage than the aforesaid Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, supposed drowned some forty years before. Magnus, the youth of seventy-five, immediately proposes to hang the emperor upon an imperial tree: that is, the loftiest, thickest, and oldest that can be found: but Job, whose blood is cooler by the addition of another quarter of a century, kneels to the emperor from a feeling of patriotism, since 'he wishes a Germany in Europe.' With this second kneeling ends the second part.

We come now to the third part. The Burgress Job is in the lost cave, and here he is to be killed by Othert. Before the ame-

rous assassin (who must redeem his word!) is introduced, the torturing witch appears and reveals to the ancient and repentant Job who *she* is, and what she intends, and who is to fulfil her intention. Otbert is Job's young son, born to him when in his eightieth year, and stolen. Otbert is to be his father's murderer, and fratricide is to be avenged by parricide. Now are we swimming away in 'romanticisme' with a vengeance. Job sees in all this the hand of the Permitted Avenger, and agrees to resign himself submissively to his fate. A black veil is thrown over him, and he consents not to disturb his son's nerve by speaking. But Otbert, on entering, becomes rather curious to know whom he is going to kill, and implores his victim to gratify a curiosity so natural. Then the good Job, affected by his son's voice, speaks, and Otbert recognizes Job, and a scene of huge distress follows, arising from Job's pathetic efforts to induce Otbert not to break his word, and from Otbert's reasonable unwillingness to murder his own father. But an order comes in the nick of time to 'drop your daggers.' The beggar emperor proves worth even more than his title. He is Job's brother, consequently Job is not answerable for a brother's blood, and needs not be killed, and therefore Guanhamara, who has a passion for keeping her word, herself lies down in the coffin she had pledged her honour should not be borne away empty. Job kneels a third time. And thus the 'Trilogy,' over which clouds thickened to the last moment, suddenly brightens and ends happily.

Such is the story of Victor Hugo's last production. But, says the reader, a story's charm consists chiefly in the manner of its development? The trilogy of the 'Burgraves' flows on at least in the old theatrical way of action, led up to its natural climax by appropriate dialogue? Not so. The play in question is a series of monologues without dialogue. We will best make our meaning clear by a programme of the performance drawn from observation.

The first scene presents an old Gothic Hall, with surrounding galleries looking out upon the massive battlements, on which there is the light of a rich sunset. Guanhamara is discovered alone, and she delivers a monologue upon her condition. She retires, and throughout the scene (which for two acts remains unchanged) produces a good and striking effect by roaming sadly through the galleries and upon the battlements. A troop of slaves next enter: men who had first been plundered upon the highway, and then brought off, according to custom, to the mountain burg. The first slave tells a long story, having for its burden the murder of Job's brother; the

second succeeds with a long story, of the stealing of Job's child; the third recites a long story, about Regina's pining away and the suspicions entertained of Guanhamara; and the fourth declaims, at greater length than any of the rest, a legend of the Emperor Barbarossa. At last the slaves are turned to work, and the lovers appear for a short time. The pledge for the murderer is now given as the price of Regina's restoration, and then come in Hatto and his companions, drinking, singing, and carousing. The tumult has disturbed the old Burgraves. An immense door opens and they appear, and what we must call the speechifying begins again. Magnus, the son, makes a speech about modern degeneracy. The father, Job, makes a speech about old times. Then the beggar, passing underneath, is mocked by the young, and invited in by the old: whereupon straightway to him Job addresses a long allocution, to which the beggar gracefully replies at commensurate length.

In the second part the beggar is alone, and delivers a long political monologue upon the state of Germany. Poland exists no longer; nor Lombardy to aid with her alliance; and the frontier on the east is destroyed; and the Danes threaten; and *England pulls the wires of Guelph and Ghibeline*. In fine, the beggar takes from his wallet a resumé of the 'Letters from the Rhine.' Otbert and Regina after this appear again—the latter quite restored to health. Off she flies, like a young chamois of the mountain: and Guanhamara touches Otbert's shoulder, and grimly asks him if he is satisfied. And now a most awful long speech from the lady, descriptive of her career throughout sixty years. Next comes Hatto's challenge, and the beggar's offer to be Otbert's second; and his declaration of his title; and a speech—oh! far longer than any that had gone before it!

The third act shows the cave, with an old window looking out upon the Rhine, the bars of which are in the same broken and twisted state wherein they had been left some sixty years before, when Job pushed his brother through them. And there is Job—much subdued by his conscience, of course—and again a monologue. Guanhamara enters, and with her begins, almost for the first time, the dialogue; and the piece proceeds to its termination in the manner already described, ending, as we said, happily. But how can the reader, how the audience, sympathize in such happiness? and if they cannot, the drama fails. Job, with his venerable century of years upon his head, is rotten at the heart as an old worm-eaten tree. He is as guilty of fratricide as if his brother had died. Can we share the joy of Job? or of Barbarossa,

in the arms of Job? Or can we congratulate Regina, that she confers her loveliness and innocence upon an assassin? As for the old witch, her punishment is of the nature of that of a mob at an expected execution, when a reprieve arrives.

When we first took a general view of this drama, we insensibly contrasted it with the 'Manfred' of Lord Byron. The 'Burgresses' seemed an emanation of the mountain heights of the Rhine, as 'Manfred' of Switzerland. The soul of a genuine poet surrendered to the genius of the place, its mountains, with their crests of snow, appeared to have suggested to the fancy these rude old Burgresses, old by a whole century, and still strong. Yes, Victor Hugo's first conception did look like a genuine inspiration. The old Burgress, like an eagle in his eyrie, defying the power of the empire, and cherishing confused notions of patriotism, and hospitality, and charity, suitable to his twilight time, and the tenderness of his old heart! But the fratricide spoils all. How much better is the conception of Byron, as far as it concerns the crime for which Manfred suffers. Of as deep a dye as this of the Burgress, it is clouded from the views of men, and, festering the heart of youth, brings on a premature old age: allowing no peace, no rest. Job, on the other hand, fattens and grows old on his remorse: lives to a century, robs on the highway, and at night goes to his prayers: prating of charity and hospitality, with his chained Christian slaves about him, and, with his pretence to remorse, persisting to lead a life of very wholesome activity. But 'Manfred,' with all its faults, is a sustained lyric, a monologue of impressive unity: while the 'Burgresses,' with great literary merit, is continually running off into the most incoherent absurdities.

The monologues and speeches in this 'trilogie' look as if the author had at first written a series of ballads founded upon legends of the Rhine, and attempted afterwards to weave them into the more ambitious form of a drama. His descriptions of the festive board of the old Burgress, and of the order of the Burgresses, have all the simplicity and fire of the old ballad. Many of the verses even, which now create a smile because their prosaic poverty follows close to some high-sounding declamation, would be in their proper place in the ballad: just as the beggar of old sat side by side with the noble. (At least the Burgress Job makes it a boast that in his time it was so). In conclusion, let us not omit to add, that there are, not seldom, those natural bursts of feeling which of themselves redeem Victor Hugo's fame, and make us grieve that he will not select subjects and

methods more worthy of that genius which we unquestionably think the first in France. We have room but for one example, which we endeavour to render sufficiently faithful to enable the English reader to form an idea of the beauty of the original. Job is speaking of his lost child.

Thy noble face, Regina, calls to mind
My poor lost little one, my latest born.
He was a gift from God—a sign of pardon—
That child vouchsafed me in my eightieth year!
I to his little cradle went, and went,
And even while 'twas sleeping, talked to it.
For when one's very old, one is a child!
Then took it up and placed it on my knees,
And with both hands stroked down its fair, fair
hair—
Thou wert not born then—and he would stammer
Those pretty little sounds that make one smile!
And tho' not twelve months old, he had a mind.
He recogniz'd me,—nay, he knew me well.
And in my face would laugh—and that child's
laugh,
Oh! poor old man—'twas sunlight to my heart.
I meant him for a soldier—ay, a conqueror—
And named him George. One day—oh, bitter
thought—
The child played in the fields. When thou art
mother,
Ne'er let thy children out of sight to play.
They took him from me—wherefore!—oh! for
what?
Perhaps to kill him at a witch's rite.
I weep!—now, after twenty years—I weep
As if 'twere yesterday. I loved him so!
I used to call him 'my own little King.'
I was intoxicated, mad with joy,
When o'er my white beard ran his little hands,
Thrilling me all through!

ART. XIV.—*M. Accii Plauti Comadia quæ supersunt, ad meliorem codicum fidem recensuit, versus ordinavit, difficiliora interpretatus est* CAROLUS HERM. WEISE. (The Comedies of Marcus Accius Plautus, edited by C. H. WEISE). Quedlinburg et Lipsiæ: Sumptibus Bassi. 1838.

M. WEISE, in preparing for the world what has long been wanted, a new and thoroughly digested edition of Plautus, has proceeded on the principle of applying, in his emendations of the text, an accurate knowledge of Latin comic metres, with which he became eminently familiar by superintending the publication of Terence according to the reading of Bentley, and by a minute attention to the dramatic fragments which are interspersed through the writings of Cicero. Deeply occupied in revising the Greek and Latin au-

thers published by Tauchnitz, in the cheap form which is familiar to every schoolboy, and finding that some of them—Aristotle above all—demanded a most painful expenditure of toil, he turned to Plautus as a kind of recreation: and the result of this truly German notion of amusement is the two volumes before us.

In flying to Plautus as a relief, M. Weise probably had before his eyes the example of St. Jerome and that pious man's celebrated words: 'After frequent watchings by night, after the tears which the remembrance of my past sins drew from the depths of my bowels, I took Plautus in my hand.' There is, to be sure, the slight difference in the proceeding, that the good saint merely took up Plautus to read, while the philologist took him up to edit. But the literary world in general, as well as the circle of professed students, has every reason to be thankful that M. Weise's notion of amusement was of so sedate a character. His Plautus is a valuable acquisition: a most readable book, thoroughly illustrated with explanatory notes, yet not overdone in this respect, so as to scare him who would seek information into contentment with his ignorance. The readings are briefly and acutely compared, and doubtful passages are included between brackets; the editor having perhaps carried somewhat too far his admiration of his author, as he frequently assumes that the inferiority of a passage is a sufficient reason for placing it in the doubtful category. Each play is accentuated throughout, and followed by a description of its metre; and a treatise on the metres of Plautus generally is prefixed to the second volume. One omission, however, we cannot help lamenting, and that is the omission of a life of Plautus by Ranke, which was promised in the preface to the first volume, but for which an apology is made in the second. A well-digested collection of the materials that threw light on a life which is of such high importance, and of which so little is known that the records most familiar to us are glimmering through the mist of fable, would be one of the greatest boons that a learned man could offer. M. Weise, however, promises the biography on some future occasion, and till then we must wait patiently.

The great fame of Plautus in the ancient world has been but faintly reflected in modern days. Editions and translations have appeared from time to time; ardent admirers have endeavoured to force him into a celebrity; Molière borrowed from him two comedies that are familiar to every one; but the name of Plautus still remains far more extensively known than his works, and the French

imitations are more thought of than the Latin originals. Four of his plays were, to be sure, edited by Dr. Valpy, as a school-book, but this book is by no means in universal use, and many a youth who is proud of his classical attainments has no knowledge of Plautus, beyond what is furnished by the authorities in his dictionary. The antiquated style of the venerable comedian has placed him out of the ordinary routine, a position which, with a Greek or Roman writer, completely bars all chance of being read, except by a very chosen few. 'When we leave school, we lay aside our Greek and Latin,' is the declaration of nineteen out of every twenty men of business we may meet in society, and to remove a classical author out of the list of school-books is to consign him to oblivion as far as the multitude is concerned.

The name of Plautus was, nevertheless, mighty in the latter days of the Roman republic, and for a long period during the empire. When Dr. Johnson, referring to Shakespeare, gave the duration of celebrity for a century and a half as a fair test that immortality had been attained, he gave a weak standard compared to that reached by Plautus. Two hundred years before the birth of Christ did he delight the Romans, and urge them to applaud his dramas, as they hoped to vanquish the Carthaginians; and when the Roman republic had fallen, and Paganism was tottering towards its final ruin in the time of the Emperor Diocletian, the plays of Plautus still were acted with approbation. Among the 'literati' of Cicero's time it was an accomplishment to be able to distinguish a genuine verse of Plautus from a spurious one; and as a doubt had arisen even at a very early period which were actually the plays of Plautus and which were not, it was the delight of the learned to endeavour to remove it. Cicero tells us that Servius Claudius, the brother of Papinius Pæstus, had such a well-trained ear, that he could say, 'This verse belongs to Plautus, and this does not;' the erudite Varro separated twenty-one plays from the rest, and declared them to be genuine; while the grammarian Ælius, more liberal, extended the number to twenty-five. Though his life was buried in obscurity, and it was uncertain what works should be assigned to him, there was no doubt of their importance, and of their worthiness to occupy the attention of the wise and great of republican Rome. Cicero, dividing jests into two classes, the 'illiberal' and the 'elegant,' gives the works of Plautus as an instance of the latter, and even places him in honourable juxtaposition to the Socratic philosophers; while another admirer declares, that if the

Muses spoke Latin they would speak the language of Plautus. But a severe blow was dealt to his memory in Horace's chilly 'Art of Poetry'*—a blow that, although it does not seem to have injured his reputation among the Romans, has been more felt among the moderns than the praises of Cicero or of Varro, and is probably one of the chief causes why he is not more generally read and admired. The dictum of Horace was once omnipotent, the laws of taste were to be received at his hand, and Plautus having once been voted, as Chaucer was by Cowley, 'an old wit,' his doom was sealed with the majority of classical scholars. The bad name once given, his delinquencies would be caught at with an eager eye. His antiquated idioms and mode of spelling, so different from those of the Augustan age; the badness and puerility of some of his jokes; and the obscenity of some of his plots, so different from the steady propriety of his successor Terence; would soon be made to outweigh the ingenious construction, the bold colouring, the flow of humour, the masterly power of description, which distinguish the fine old Roman comedian.

But let us hope that the veil which is at present in a great measure spread over Plautus, may be removed, and that if his works be neglected by those to whom the cultivation of a Latin style is rather an object than the knowledge of Latin authors, he may at least become an object of sedulous study to those to whom the history of the modern drama is of interest. For in Plautus not only will the germ of our modern comedies and farces be found, but even in the detail the modern dramatists have departed but little from him, as far as concerns the *form* of their works. The same characters, the same motives, the same intrigues, the same ludicrous blunders, were used by the Roman comedian, two hundred years before Christ, that are used by the farce-writer of the nineteenth century. Once it was the fashion to imitate Plautus consciously, as Molière did in his 'Amphitryon,' and his 'Avare;' but even then the unconscious imitation was far more frequent; and now, when his works are certainly not familiar to our ordinary dramatists, they little think that when they introduce a comical equivocal arising from two persons having the same name, or bearing a strong personal resemblance, nay even when they make a smart footman plan a scheme to get his young master out of a

scrape, they are treading in the path which Plautus had marked out, and which has been handed down traditionally from generation to generation. We say PLAUTUS emphatically, for the plays of Terence, more elegant, are on the same principle of construction, and present us with few combinations, if any, that are not to be found in the work of his more comic predecessor. As for the Greek comedians from whom Plautus borrowed his plays, they, of course, are the first ancestors of our modern comedy. But of the 'new' Greek comedy nothing is left us but a few fragments; and though we may judge of the beauty of the thoughts and language of the writers, their merits as dramatists we can only know through the medium of those Latin imitators, but for whom Philemon and Diphilus would be little more than empty names. Of the 'old' Greek comedy nothing is left us, in anything like a complete state, but the eleven plays of Aristophanes; and though the *fathers* and *sons* of that great poet may be the origin of those of the 'new' Greek comedy, the principle of Aristophanes is so utterly different from our own, and the principal connecting links, if there be any, are so utterly lost, that his remains, valuable as illustrating the history of philosophy, politics, and poetry, have but little to do with a history of the drama. Hence if we find the origin of our comedy in Plautus, we must be satisfied with the result of our inquiry; and knowing him to be little else than a translator or an adapter, as far as plot was concerned, though doubtless much of his humour was his own, we must, for want of better material, assume him to be the fountain-head. It is necessary to keep this in view, that when we speak of the ingenuity or invention of 'Plautus,' we may be understood to refer to the inventor of the plays, whoever he may be, it being absolutely impossible to proportion the share of praise or blame to which the Roman is entitled. In his 'Dramatic Lectures,' Schlegel pointed out the connection between modern comedy, and the two Latin authors to which we have just referred, and it is our purpose in the present article to observe that connection in more minute detail, as far as respects Plautus.

The characters which appear throughout the twenty plays which come down to us under the name of Plautus, are but few in number, and we find no addition to them in the six comedies which alone remain of the numerous dramas of Terence. With a very few exceptions, the dramatis personæ of each play are as nearly as possible the same, and might, according to the plan honestly adopted in the Italian 'Commedia dell' Arte,'* bear

* At nostri proavi Plautinos et numeros et
Laudavere sales: nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stulte, mirati. . . .

Ars Poet. 270.

* The 'Harlequin' drama.

the same name. These generic characters are delicately coloured by Terence, and in some instances by Plautus; but the latter generally contents himself with boldly marking out the features of the class, and then delights himself with the variety of collisions into which he brings his personages. They exist then, not so much to exhibit the minutiae of human nature, as to create 'fun':—it is 'fun' that is the general object of Plautus, though he never shines more than when he leaves his usual path, and takes a serious tone, as in his 'Captivi,' and his 'Trinummus.' Over and over again is the character of a personage given, and this characteristic does not determine him as an individual, but simply marks the class to which he belongs. A soliloquy of one 'parasite,' might be assigned to another, the same reproaches are hurled at the head of every 'leno,' and the same complaints are made of every 'courtezan.' Of how many of our own comedies may not the same be said! the traditional character of the stage constantly reappearing, in the place of portraits fresh drawn from nature, or newly created by imagination. In those pieces, not unfrequent in the last century, where the scene is laid in Spain, the want of individuality is most strikingly apparent; there, as in Plautus, the intrigue is the chief end, and the characters are often mere functionaries to work it out. To discern the proximate cause of these 'Spanish plays,' it is true, a more minute knowledge of the national drama of Spain is required than is possessed even by those who make the English stage their exclusive study. Spain is remarkable for giving abstractions rather than individualities, and, either immediately or through the medium of French comedies, her influence has been powerfully felt on our stage. But the origin of the Spanish intriguing comedy itself, apart from the Castilian notion of honour, which is a new element, likewise apparent throughout the modern stage, may still be sought in the comedy of Plautus; and the clever servant, the harsh father, the disobedient children, will be found with small modification to be the personages of the ancient Roman drama.

Of these characters the slave (*servus*) naturally occupies the first place. A Roman comedy could scarcely exist without him. He is the '*causa efficiens*' of the whole affair. If a stratagem is to be invented, he is to be the inventor; if a lie is to be fabricated, he is to be the fabricator; if a stern father is to be cheated, he must be the impostor; if a sum of money is needed to buy a mistress (*meretrix*) from her proprietor (*leno*), he is to get it somehow or other, 'by hook or by crook;' and such confidence has his master's son, his

'younger master' (*herus minor*), as he calls him, in his skill, that in case of failure he is threatened with punishments only less dire than those which his old master would inflict if he found him out. It required not only tact and cunning, but a considerable degree of personal courage, of stoical endurance, to be such an intriguing servant as is required for the Roman comedy. His modern successor—the smart footman—has only to train his shoulders to bear a cut of a rattan or two; and even that is a mere stage invention, and is without a parallel in modern actual life; but the head of the ancient slave is employed literally at the peril of his skin, and he devises tricks, carries them out, and makes merry, at a risk to which a military flogging at Woolwich is a bagatelle. The language is rich in words for the variety of chains which the slave has to endure, and there are scarcely more names for the articles of a lady's dress in a 'World of Fashion,' than there are for the various tortures which he may expect as the price of disobedience. Leonida, the 'smart fellow' in the '*Asinaria*,' recounts, in two lines, the penalties which he is likely to incur by assuming a false name and character, much as such names and characters are assumed in fifty modern farces, by any Sam Sharp, Tom Tripp, or Jack Ready. Besides the lash, the dungeon, and a variety of chains, he exposes himself to the cross, to the process of affixing heated brass plates to his body, and to a species of stocks in which both the head and feet are confined.* And of this formidable risk he makes light; the suffering of a fellow-slave calls for no sympathy, but rather renders him an object of pleasantry, and attaches to him the name of *mastigia* or *furcifer*; while in some instances the power of endurance is a theme of boastful jesting. The same Leonida, in the same speech, boasts of the valour of his shoulder-blades, and lightly calls the slave who would have to administer punishment (*lorarius*), the skilful artist of his back, who shall tinge it with red, as a painter colours a wall. We look with wondering awe at Regulus enduring all the tortures which Carthage could bestow, from a high sense of patriotism; but a Roman audience could see the slave encounter tortures scarcely less formidable, simply in consequence of an ingenious lie, and actually think it humorous. Nevertheless the slave is evidently a pet both of dramatist and audience. The torments appear in the distance, but they are seldom actually inflicted,

* Adversum stimulus, laminas, crucesque, compedesque,
Nervos, catenas, carceres, numellus, pedicas, boias.—Act iii. sc. ii.

and if pretence can be found for a manumission at the end of the play, the author is ready enough to avail himself of it. The plots which he has devised, if they have offended his master, have amused far more important personages—namely, his audience, and it would be positive ingratitude to allow him to suffer for the entertainment he has caused.

Besides his power of endurance, and his facility in inventing schemes, another characteristic of the *servus* is his worldly wisdom. If his inventive faculty is at the service of his young master, his reflections are generally against him; and far from these being lulled to rest, he is generally intruding them, much to the disgust of those who hear them. In the 'Mostellaria' we have an instance of a slave who actually leads his master into his evil courses: but mostly he is an unwilling instrument in the services for which he is employed, till a malice against his old master gives a seasoning to the task. Of courtesans and their arts he has a thorough knowledge and an equally thorough contempt; and the incivilities which he hurls at the mistresses of his young master, while the hopeful youth is overflowing with expressions of endearment, have a most curious effect. It seems at the first glance somewhat inconsistent that the slave, with a full knowledge of his own risk, and his dislike of amours, should enter so readily upon plans, the object of which is to encourage imprudent youth, and to defy prudent age. The malice of the slave against his master does not furnish a sufficient motive. But the truth peeps out, that all that he does is actually done with foresight. His old master, though he is formidable at present, is not, in his opinion, long for this world; and in assisting the junior in his vices, he is only worshipping the 'rising sun.' Cunning, quickness of invention, impudence, and malice, are the leading characteristics of the class *servus*, who is in some instances also a debauchee. The virtuous slave, who is introduced but seldom, and who is a moral hero in the 'Captivi,' does not in any respect belong to the genus.

The strange conduct of the intriguing footmen on the modern stage, and the strange barbarousness with which they are treated, are a most striking instance of the influence of the ancient comedy, from which the peculiarities of the slave have been borrowed and transferred to the free domestic. A. W. Schlegel, in his 'Dramatic Lectures,' in pointing out the descent of the modern servant from the old slave, makes observations so acute, that though they do not precisely accord with the above, they are worth introducing in connection with this subject.

"The cunning servant is generally also the person who creates mirth, who confesses his own sensuality and unscrupulous principles with pleasant exaggeration, plays off his jests on the other characters, and even addresses the audience. From these have arisen the comic servants of the moderns; but I doubt whether they have been transferred with sufficient propriety and truth as far as our own manners are concerned. The Greek servant was a slave, consigned to the will of his master for the period of his life, and often exposed to the severest treatment. A man to whom the constitution of society has denied all his original rights is readily pardoned if he turns his cunning to account; he is in a state of war against his oppressor, and craft is his natural weapon. A servant of the present day, who has freely chosen his situation and his employer, is nothing less than a confirmed scoundrel, if he aids a son in carrying on an imposture against his father. As for the open sensuality by which servants and other persons of a lower rank are stamped as comic characters, this may still be used as a motive without scruple; for of him to whom life has granted little, but little is expected, and he may boldly confess his vulgar disposition without shocking our moral feeling. The better the situation of the servant in real life, the less is he fitted for comedy, and it is perhaps a glory of our gentle period if in our pictures of domestic life we see servants who are really honest fellows, and who are more fitted to make us cry than to make us laugh."

The next important person to the servant is the parasite: the poverty-stricken friend, who will do anything for a supper: whose appetite is in the inverse ratio to his means: whose capacity of stomach is equal to that of a Spanish rogue. He is also a hero in his way; no knight-errant can be more exclusively devoted to his lady-love than he is to a supper; it is the one picture constantly floating before his imagination, the object to which every thought is to be directed, and from which no danger may deter him. And the risks in the way of this luckless mortal are very formidable: he has not merely to encounter a civil servant with the answer that his master is not at home, but he is looked upon as an invader, who may be repelled with force. He is heaped with contumelies, and is fortunate if they are not attended with missiles: Curculio, in the play that bears his name, and Peniculus, in the 'Menæchmi,' being each represented with one eye, as though the other was lost in the pursuit of his avocation. In some cases he has not much to do with the plot, but rather seems to relieve the business of the play by an amusing confession of his own peculiarities; and that these were greatly relished may be gathered from the fact that the parasite usually has a soliloquy, in which he describes his character. Peniculus philosophises in this manner:

For me they have devised the name of Sponge,
 Since when I eat I sweep the table clean.
 Those who confine their captives or their slaves,
 When they would fly from them, with heavy
 chains,

According to my notion are unwise.
 For if we add one evil to another,
 The wretched man is *more* inclined to flee,
 And from his bondage he will find a way,
 Whether by file or stone he breaks his chains.
 Ay, this is folly! Would you keep him safe,
 Bind him down well with victuals and good wine,
 And fix his sharp nose to a groaning board.
 While you supply him with your meat and drink,
 Cram him each day as much as he desires,
 Whatever be his crime he will not flee.
 You'll keep him easily with such a chain!
 For good tough shackles are these bonds of
 meat;

The more they stretch, the closer do they bind.

—Men. I. 1.

The parasite is sometimes a merchant in drolleries, smart sayings, and quaint conceits: commodities which he barters readily for the good things of the table. Gelasimus, in the 'Stichus,' regularly declares that he and his jokes are to be sold by auction.

An auction there shall be. I am resolved,
 I will make sale of all my property.
 What ho! attend! Good bargains if you bid,
 I sell right pleasant jests. Who'll buy? who'll
 buy?

Who bids a supper? Who a dinner bids?
 Come, you will gain the grace of Hercules.
 Stay—did you nod? None will give better jests:
 There is no parasite shall rival me.
 The soft Greek unguent, gentle medicines
 Have I for sale; the subtle repartee,
 The quick assent and flattering compliment,
 A rubber and a bottle, somewhat worn;
 And lastly here's the parasite himself,
 An empty vessel that will hold your scraps.—
 Stich. II. 1.

Many of the speeches of the parasite would convey the notion that the author himself was an epicure. Plautus revels in names of viands; he luxuriates in the kitchen; the whole art of domestic cookery is at his fingers' ends; and the parasite is the organ of his knowledge. Compare the few directions which Syrus gives to the cooks in the 'Adelphi' of Terence, with a speech of Plautus, when the preparation of a supper is the subject matter! We moderns are indeed forbidden to appreciate the force of his glowing catalogues. A number of strange names present themselves, which commentators interpret as meaning 'a kind of fish' and 'another kind of fish;' with here and there a doubt whether the fish be not actually a vegetable. On us the author bestows mere words; but we can see the intensity of his

purpose, though we must defer our judgment of his taste, till some other 'feast after the manner of the ancients' is given, like that in 'Peregrine Pickle.' All at any rate can enter into such zeal as that expressed by the parasite Ergasilus (the prototype of the genus) in the 'Captivi,' when the larder is intrusted to him:

Immortal Gods! woe to the porker's throat:
 Gammons of bacon, what misfortune waits ye!
 Woe to sow's teats, destruction to fat brawn!
 For butchers and for porkmen what fatigue!—
 Capt. IV. 3.

The jesting parasites, the men who earn their feasts by pleasantries, are the ancestors of a numerous race, of whom Jeremy Diddler, in Mr. Kenney's 'Raising the Wind,' and the gastronome Sponge, in 'Who wants a Dinner?' are the most famous. The latter we see bears the name of his forefather Peniculus. Occasionally the parasite does some practical service, and aids the young lover with his stratagems. In this situation his functions are much the same as those of the *servus*, and he answers to those scampish friends, in a modern comedy or farce, who are ready at a fixed price to do anything for the 'walking gentleman' of the piece. But whether he amuses, flatters, lies, or cheats, the object of the pursuit is never varied, but is always—a feast.

Those very disreputable persons, the *leno* and the *meretrix*, next deserve our notice. With very few exceptions, the whole plot of the Roman comedy turns on the love of a young man of family for a woman who is actually a courtesan, or, having been stolen in her childhood, is intended for that avocation. Every one who has the merest smattering in antiquities, knows that this peculiarity of the ancient plot is the necessary result of the constitution of Greek society, in which unmarried virtuous women bore no part: so that, adultery not being esteemed comical at Athens, as it was in London and Paris at the beginning of the seventeenth century, meretricious love was the only motive left for the dramatist. The only case in which unmarried women who reside with virtuous parents are introduced, is when they have been violated by the hero of the piece in a fit of intoxication; as in the 'Adelphi' of Terence or the 'Truculentus' of Plautus. That love is not implied in a contract of marriage, is nowhere more clearly set forth than in a long soliloquy of the prudent young man in the 'Trinummus,' when, after reflecting with himself whether he shall obey the dictates of love or prudence, he determines to

have nothing to do with love, and immediately offers marriage to his friend's sister. The case of violation, and that where the female slave turns out to be a woman of good family, are the only two where love-matches make their appearance; and as in neither of these cases the attachment begins with what we should in modern parlance call 'honourable intentions,' while in the first the crime is the result of a temporary insanity and not of serious purpose, these exceptions do no more in fact than prove the rule, that meretricious love is the foundation of comedy. The courtesans, though sometimes independent women, are more frequently the slaves of the *leno*, and the highest act of devotion on the part of a youthful lover is to liberate his mistress. The sum by which this can be effected being a tolerably large one, and the young man's father generally being a stern disciplinarian, and averse from such attachments, the process by which it is obtained constitutes the machinery of the plot. For the courtesan herself the author not unfrequently inspires an interest, and in some cases she evinces an attachment for the lover of the comedy, which is inconsistent with the policy of her profession, and thus exposes herself to the reproaches of her more worldly friends, her master or her mother. The *leno*, who is what in modern language would be called the 'keeper of a house of ill-fame,' is on the other hand always detested, and considered utterly out of the pale of humanity. The grossest fraud, the most violent personal chastisement, may be heaped on this unfortunate being; and the author, in making him undergo the severest sufferings, seems rejoicing in a sort of savage ferocity. The *leno* is the common pestilence of youth; against him all parties join; and nothing gives greater pleasure than when the piece closes with his miseries. In him there is no redeeming virtue, unless it be the absence of hypocrisy; for he openly predicates of himself all those qualities which he hears in the mouth of his enemies. Of the courtesans there is only one thoroughly depraved in all the comedies of Plautus, and that is the heroine of the worst—the 'Truculentus.'

The young lover is generally in Plautus the least interesting person of all, his characteristic being that he desires to possess his mistress, and orders the wits of others to be set to work for that end. He is somewhat addicted to moralizing, and the result of his reflections seems to be that he is perfectly aware of the evils of a course of dissipation, but must persist in it. The young men of Terence are most delicately coloured, and

with all their aberrations are so exceedingly amiable and reverential to their parents, that the audience must feel anxious for their welfare. The character of Ctesipho in the 'Adelphi' who wishes his father was confined to his bed, to be kept out of the way, and then adds, 'so far as is consistent with his health,' is a striking instance of the youth of Terence's comedy. The youth of Plautus is, on the other hand, sometimes a very unamiable 'mauvais sujet,' and sometimes a mere 'walking gentleman,' though this remark will not apply universally, as there is as much difference between one of the usual droll comedies of Plautus and his 'Trinummus' as there is between him and Terence. On the subject of moralizing speeches, it may be observed that Plautus, according to our notions, displays much abruptness in his reflective soliloquies, which stand as it were apart from the action of the piece. We have youths meditating upon dissipation; good slaves on the duty of a servant to his master;—indeed, Plautus, who has not so many moral sentences as Terence, evinces a peculiar attachment to these moral essays. That these isolated speeches did not, however, arise merely from a crude state of the art, is very clear; for they are usually in a lyric measure, and have much the same relation to the comedy, which a reflective chorus of Euripides has to his tragedy. They were doubtless considered as ornaments.

The old men, like those of Terence, are either severe disciplinarians, or over indulgent to the vices of youth, though there is a character in Plautus which we do not find in Terence—the amorous old man, who loathes his wife, and runs after courtesans, and who is the parent of those old Satyrs so common in the drama of our Charles II. All that belonged to the coarseness of an amour was, as far as we can judge from the six plays, carefully kept in the background by Terence; he did not, like Plautus, introduce a roaring party of rakes and harlots drunk over their supper before the eyes of his audience; he did not turn inside out the house kept by a *leno*; and the wanton ejaculations of the old sinner he probably considered offensive. The only resemblance that we find to the squabbles between the old gentlemen and ladies, that are so strongly depicted by Plautus, is in the 'Phormio,' but there the offence was committed by the husband in his youth, and all grossness is avoided. The severe disciplinarian is, however, the more usual character, his severity being of great service to the plot; since the son, not hoping to obtain anything by persuasion, relies solely on cunning.

ming; the sharp slave is set to work, and the whole machine is thus in motion. These stern old fellows dwell on the theme of the 'good old times,' the constant object of regret to country gentlemen from the time of Aristophanes to the present day. The notion of the great superiority of these 'good old times' is thus plainly set forth, not indeed by a gentleman, but by a pedagogue slave, who serves equally well to represent the feeling:

I say, when you were twenty years of age,
You did not dare to stir your foot an inch
From your preceptor's door; and if you did,
So much the worse for master and for pupil,
For both were reckoned worthless. Did they not
Reach the palestra ere the sun had ris'n,
In truth no trifle was the punishment.
When they were there, they exercised their
strength

In feats—as running, wrestling, boxing, leaping;
In hurling far the spear, the ball, or discus.
Thus were they practised, not in wanton kisses;
In the palestra or the hippodrome
They passed their time, not in the harlot's cell!
Returning home, you sat upon a bench
Next to your master, modestly attired,
And read some book. Then if you missed a word,
Your skin was spotted like a nurse's cloak.

Bacch. III., s. 3.

A character of less frequent recurrence than those already enumerated, but yet one that is a favourite subject for ridicule, is the boastful soldier—the *Miles Gloriosus*, the origin of Captain Bobadil and his numerous progeny, though one essential of the modern braggadocio is wanting, his poverty. The swaggering gentleman seems generally to be prosperous enough in the Roman comedy; he is often the more opulent rival of the young lover; but the characteristic that has come down to us unaltered, is his inordinate habit of lying. The whole man is contained in the opening scene of the play '*Miles Gloriosus*,' in which the soldier himself, and the parasite, who on this occasion is no more than a flatterer, are the speakers.

Pyrgopolinices (the soldier). Mind that you
make me brighter than my shield,
Or the sun's radiance when the sky is clear;
That when I stand upon the battle-field,
The foemen's eyes may all be dazzled straight.
Much do I wish to solace my poor sword,
Lest it should mourn at being kept so idle,
When it would hew the foe to sausage-meat.
Where's Artotrogus? [man]

Artotrogus (the parasite). Here, sir, near a
Both brave and fortunate: a king in form,
A warrior too. I swear that Mars himself
Would shrink from balancing his worth with
yours.

Pyrgo. The same whom I preserved in the
dread fields [pluck,
Of Shabby-land, when famed Bombastes No-
The mighty son of Neptune, was commander?

Artot. Yes, I remember. He with arms of
gold. [breath.

The man whose troops you scattered with a
Like leaves or down of reeds before the wind.

Pyrgo. Nay, that was nothing.

Artot. Nothing, as you say,
To things that I could tell—[*aside*] and you ne'er
If any ever saw so great a liar, [did.

Or such a boaster as this liar here,

Faith, let him take me as his property—

Ay, if he keeps me on a single salad!

Pyrgo. Where are you?

Artot. Here!—That Indian elephant,
How with your mighty fist you broke his arm!

Pyrgo. His arm?

Artot. No, no; I meant to say his leg.

Pyrgo. Yet I hit carelessly.

Artot. I doubt it not.

Had you put forth your strength, your arm had
gone

Right through the head and bowels of the beast.

Pyrgo. No more of this.

Artot. By Hercules, no need
For you to tell me, when I know your greatness.

[*Aside*] Thus must I suffer for my belly's sake;
My ears must hear, to keep my teeth from chat-
Lie as he will, I still must give assent. [tering;

Pyrgo. What do I say?

Artot. What you would say, I know.

Well, I remember—

Pyrgo. What?

Artot. What'e'er it was!

Pyrgo. Have you your tablets?

Artot. Ay, sir, and my style.

You would enlist your men.

Pyrgo. Attend to me.

Artot. Nay, you should know my mind more
How I anticipate your every wish. [perfectly.

Pyrgo. Do you remember—

Artot. Yes, that in Cilicia,

A hundred men and fifty have you slain—

A hundred of the race of Pilfer-frog—

A hundred Sardiens—sixty Macedonians—

And all this carnage in a single day.

Pyrgo. What is the total?

Artot. Seven thousand, sir.

Pyrgo. You're right. How accurate are
your accounts!

Artot. Yet naught is written, I remember all.

Pyrgo. A splendid mem'ry.

Artot. Solid food maintains it.

Pyrgo. While thus you act, you shall feed
constantly;

You shall be ever welcome at my board.

The boastful soldier is the last character in the list of those dramatic persons that form the staple commodity of the Roman stage. The others, which are *exi generis*, and which do not, like those we have enumerated, merely represent a class, we shall touch upon as we shortly review the several plays of Plautus. To this review we now proceed, following that alphabetical order in which the dramas, for want of materials for a chronological arrangement, are placed.

AMPHITRYO. Though by its mythological

character this play is distinguished from the rest, the principle on which it is composed is not different from the 'Menæchmi.' A number of ludicrous mistakes are to arise from two persons bearing an exact resemblance to two others, and the fable of Jupiter and Alcmena, where the divine lover takes the shape of the human husband, furnishes just such a resemblance as is required by the poet, who, to heighten the humour, introduces the comic servant Sosia, whose form is taken by Mercury. Thus while the more serious embarrassments arise from the likeness of the two Amphitryons, the chief mistake arises from the resemblance of the two Sosas, and the utter stupefaction of the real one, at finding that he has got a counterpart. In no play has Plautus exhibited a richer vein of humour than in this. He has seen the drollery of the idea in its full force, and he works upon it, determined to elicit as much 'fun' as possible. Over and over again has Sosia to tell his master, how 'I beat me,' and how there is another 'I' at home beside the 'I' who addresses him. Yet Amphitryon will not understand. To be sure the matter is intricate, but still the reader may wonder he does not get more enlightened at the very circumstantial statement of Sosia. It is not dullness in Amphitryon: no! that is not the cause why so frequent a repetition is demanded:—it is the determination of Plautus not to let go a joke so long as it is capable of exciting even a smile. Broadly comic as the play is, he has called it a *tragi-comedy* in his prologue, under the impression that where gods and kings are introduced, the term *comedy* would be misapplied. Indeed, throughout the whole prologue he has shown a very great degree of care in making his purpose clear to his audience, as if he fancied he had produced a fable that almost surpassed the limits of their comprehension. Mercury, who speaks it, explains that he will be distinguished from Sosia by the little wings in his hat, while a golden ornament will distinguish Jupiter from Amphitryon; and as if still fearing that his explanation may lead to some misunderstanding, he adds that none of the characters of the piece will be able to perceive these marks, as they are visible to the spectators only. Again, in the third act the audience are formally addressed by Jupiter and Mercury, as if the action of the piece were even yet not sufficiently clear. Everything tends to show that the author felt he was treading on difficult ground. The adaptation by Molière, who has given Sosia a wife, and who has been followed by our own Dryden, renders this play more familiar to the gen-

erality of readers than any one of the comedies of Plautus.

The *ASINARIA* is a comedy abounding in humour, and needlessly defaced by the most revolting indecency. Argyrippus, a 'young lover' of the usual description, is violently enamoured of Philenium, a courtesan, and would purchase her of her mother for a whole year. He has however no money, and the quarrel between him and the procuress: the youth upbraiding the old lady for her forgetfulness of past obligations, and she boldly pleading her own interest as sufficient excuse, and forbidding him to approach the house till his purse is replenished: is one of the most highly-wrought and vigorous scenes in the whole drama of Plautus. The courtesan herself is not avaricious, but sincerely devoted to Argyrippus, and there is another quarrel between her and her mother, because she prefers her love to her interest. The sum required is to be obtained by the two sharp servants, Libanus and Leonida, the mother of Argyrippus being the formidable person of the family, and the father, Demænetus, encouraging the servants to cheat his wife for the sake of his son. A merchant arrives to pay for some asses that have been sold, and Leonida, pretending to be the steward, who is in the wife's service, gets possession of the money. The assumption of this character, and the incredulity of the merchant, lead to the richest sort of farcical drollery. The money being obtained, the father allows Argyrippus to purchase his mistress, on the disgusting condition that he is to have a share in her favour. By this unfortunate contract a most amusing play is rendered repugnant in the extreme. It ends with the appearance of the wife, who has been informed, by the parasite of a disappointed lover, of the festivities that are taking place at the house of the courtesan, and who therefore rushes in upon the feast, and drives out her old husband with all sorts of reproaches.

The *AULULARIA* is tolerably well known as being the foundation of the 'Avaré' of Molière. It is a play of a kind the very reverse of the one just described, consisting in delineation of character, rather than in intrigue. Euclio, the originally poor man, who has found the pot (*olla*) of gold, from which the name is taken, is not a personage who comes within the range of the usual characters of Plautus. These, as we have shown, are rather symbols of classes, than individuals; but in Euclio we have a perfect individuality, as completely worked out, and as highly finished, as any character in the whole works of

Molière. The poor man has become rich : he has found a treasure beneath his hearth, and with it he has found a heap of troubles. The pot of gold is the torment of his life ; he dares not exist an hour without returning to the place where he has hid it ; and even then he dares not look to see whether it be safe, till he has driven his old servant out of the house, scolding her on some frivolous pretext, and then calling her back again, when he has ascertained that all is right. To him every man he meets seems to harbour a design against his property : he has studied to seem poor, but he is afraid that the report of his riches, by some unlucky chance, may have been spread abroad. His wealthy neighbour Megadorus, having a horror of wives with large doweries, offers to marry his daughter ; but the splendid offer gives him no joy ; and though he consents to the match, it is with the suspicion that his neighbour harbours some dark purpose. A wedding supper is prepared at his house at the expense of Megadorus ; but this festival brings with it additional misery ; he thinks the cooks hired for the occasion have only come to rob him, being set on by Megadorus for that purpose, and he violently drives them from his door. In only one instance does he become a caricature, and that is, when he suspects that a fowl, who has scratched up the earth where the pot is hid, has been bribed by the cooks. With this one exception he is throughout as naturally delineated as possible, the caricature of avarice being put into the burlesque description of Euclio by the comic servant.

Strobilus (the servant). I say, he calls to wit-
ness gods and men,
Pretends that he is ruined utterly,
If from his roof a curl of smoke ascends.
He ties a bladder, ere he goes to sleep,
Over his mouth.

Congrio (a cook). Why, what's the use of that ?
[lose some breath.

Strobilus. Lest sleeping he may chance to

The water he has washed himself withal
He weeps to throw away.

Congrio. This were a man
Of whom to ask a good round sum to free us !

Strobilus. By Hercules, he would not lend
you—hunger.

When he has cut his nails he saves the pieces.

Anthrax (a cook). Faith, you describe a par-
simonious wight.

Strobilus. The other day a kite took off his
cake.

And so he hurried weeping to the prætor ;
There with his tears and wallings did he pray,
That he might hold the pilfering bird to bail.—

[Act. II., sc. 4.

Plautus himself delights, but he has taken special care they shall not mar his principal character. The third scene of the first act, where Euclio, on leaving home, is giving directions to his old servant, will serve as a fair specimen of the miser himself.

Euclio. Go in, and shut the door. I'll soon
be back.

Let no one in. And mind, put out the fire,
That none may come to ask you for a light.
If you neglect this, I'll extinguish you.
Should any ask for water, say 'tis gone.
Some one may want a hatchet or a knife,
A pestle or a mortar—implement
Which neighbours always come to beg of one—
But mind you say that robbers have been here
And stolen all. I will have none admitted.
Even if good luck should come—mind, keep her
out.

Staphyla. She will be cautious not to enter
here.

Though she is near,* she never seeks our door.

Euclio. Be silent and go in—

Staphyla. I will do both.

Euclio. And double bar the door. I'll soon
return. *Exit Staphyla.*

My heart is pained that I must go from home ;
I hate it, but I know what I'm about.

The master of the curia has proclaimed
There is a sum he will divide among us.
Now if I should not seek it, all the folks
Will, as I think, guess I have gold at home.
For 'tis not likely that a needy man
Would let a chance slip by of getting money.
Even now, with all my pains to keep it close,
All seem to know my wealth. More civilly
Am I saluted than I was before.
They come to me, they stop, they grasp my hand,
Ask how I am, and if I'm doing well !
But I must set out whither I am bound,
And return home as soon as possible.

The catastrophe of the play is brought about by the discovery of the pot of gold in a grove where Euclio has concealed it, having removed it from his house, lest it should be stolen during the bustle of the wedding. Strobilus, the servant of the youth Lyconides, who is nephew of Megadorus, is the finder. This Lyconides, who has violated Euclio's daughter, is anxious to marry her, and the case is referred to his uncle. At the end Lyconides returns the pot, which he has taken from his servant, to Euclio, and obtains the daughter as a wife. This termination we learn from the argument of the comedy, the last scenes being lost, and those which are commonly printed having been added at a very late date. The grief of Euclio when his treasure is lost is the exact prototype of the anguish of Harpagon in 'L'Avare,' and it exhibits the peculiarity of

* It is supposed a temple to 'Bona Fortuna' was by the house of Euclio.

These are the extravagances in which

an understanding between the actor and the audience, which is shown in other works of Plautus. Euclio requests the audience to point out the culprit, and asks them why they laugh at his distress. So in the comedy of 'Pænulus,' the servant, on going into the house to tell a tale with which the audience are already acquainted, observes to them that it would be foolish to repeat what they have just heard. (Act IV., s. 6). In the 'Pseudolus,' when Calidorus asks Pseudolus how a certain act was done, the latter reminds him that the play is performed for the sake of the audience, and tells him that these were present and knew all, and that he will unfold the whole affair on some future occasion. (Act II., s. 4). It seems as if this small link, connecting the actor with his spectator, were the relic of that strong tie which was formed by the parabasis of Aristophanes, though of course the purpose is entirely different. That distinguished antiquary, Mr. Merryman, the delight of little boys at Astley's, carried down the good understanding of his admirers to a very late period.

The *BACCHIDES* is chiefly remarkable as being the first of those comedies which turn on misunderstandings arising from similarity of name, as for instance from the confusion of the two Constantias in the 'Chances.' The *Bacchides* are two courtesans, who are sisters, and the chief difficulty in the piece is caused by the lover of one of them suspecting that his friend is carrying on an intrigue with his mistress, whereas it is in reality the other *Bacchis* to whom he is attached. Some ingenious stratagems are contrived by Chrysalus, the comic servant of Mnesilochus, the principal lover. This youth has been abroad for his father to collect a debt, and returns home with the money. The servant finding that a sum is wanted to redeem one of the *Bacchides*, his young master's mistress, from the power of a soldier, tells his father Nicobulus, that he has not been able to procure the whole of the money, but that it will be necessary for the old man himself to set sail after it. By this plan he would not only enable Mnesilochus to keep a sufficient sum for himself, but by sending the father, who is of the severe order, out of the way, would relieve him of a very troublesome check on his extravagances. This stratagem is, however, entirely defeated by the blunder of Mnesilochus, who, when he hears that a *Bacchis* is the mistress of his friend Pistoclerus, goes off in a huff to his father, and gives him the whole of the money. This curious incident, of the cleverness of a servant being counteracted by the

wrong-headedness of his young master, would seem to be the foundation of Molière's comedy of 'L'Etourdi,' which is entirely made up of mistakes of this sort. A new stratagem is now requisite. Chrysalus conducts Nicobulus to the house of the *Bacchides*, into which he peeps, and sees Pistoclerus and Mnesilochus at supper with their mistresses, the jealousy of Mnesilochus having been removed by the explanation that there are two *Bacchides*. The soldier enters, and makes a noise about the money which is due to him from one of the sisters, and the servant persuades the old man that this is the husband of the woman with whom he sees his son, and that he must pay him the required sum to prevent Mnesilochus from receiving the punishment due to an adulterer. Nicobulus, in terror for his son's life, promises to pay the money; and this reminds us of one of the stratagems in the 'Fourberies de Scapin.' At the conclusion, Nicobulus and Philoxenus, who is the father of Pistoclerus, go to the house of the *Bacchides*, to lecture their sons, but they are both fascinated by the artful courtesans. The piece, therefore, though in a less degree, partakes of the offensiveness of the 'Asinaria.' Lessing, who has shortly enumerated all the subjects of the plays of Plautus, has given this single incident as the subject of the *Bacchides*. He was very young when he wrote his essay on the life and writings of Plautus; and certainly in this instance he did not display his usual care and acuteness. Far from being the subject of the *Bacchides*, the incident merely occurs by accident, as it were, and is totally unconnected with the rest of the piece.

THE *CAPTIVI* is pithily characterized by Lessing as the best piece that ever was produced on the stage; but as he places the 'Trinummus' next in the list, it is easy to see the principle that directed the choice. The author of the domestic tragedy of 'Miss Sarah Sampson' was likely to be captivated by the two domestic plays of Plautus; and overlooking the vein of humour which is displayed in more comical works, he showed too much exclusiveness in his admiration. The 'Captivi' is however an excellent play, standing out in perfect distinctness from the rest of the comedies, and reminding us of Terence by the high tone that prevails throughout. Plautus evidently felt that his plot was a remarkable one, and he expressed his satisfaction at his work in his addresses to his audience. 'Here,' he said in his prologue, 'there are no perjured panders, nor wicked harlots, nor bragging soldiers.' In his epilogue he said it was a comedy such as few poets invent:

one in which the virtuous are rewarded. There was no swindling; no purchase of mistresses unknown to one's parents; in a word, it was a play made *ad pudicos mores*. The good Plautus, who generally loved to tell a merry dramatic tale, in which every sort of disreputable person helped to sustain the mirth, was actually astonished at himself on finding that he had written a great moral play. It was certainly a little ungrateful of him to boast in round terms of the absence of such characters as had supported nine-tenths of his dramatic works; but he had got the crotchet in his head, and was determined to have his full measure of honour. 'You who wish that modesty should be rewarded—applaud!' With this address the drama terminates. The plot is a simple one. Hegio, an old Ætolian, has lost his son, Philopolemus, the latter having been taken prisoner in a war with the Elians. He therefore buys all the noble Elian captives who are for sale, in the hope of making an exchange for his son. Among these are Philocratus, a noble Elian, and his slave Tyndarus, who change characters; the slave, who is a personage totally different from any other in Plautus, being willing to incur any risk for the sake of his beloved master. Philocratus, supposed to be the slave, is sent to Elis, to treat for the return of Hegio's son, and Tyndarus remains behind. Another Elian captive discovers that Tyndarus is not Philocratus, and the enraged Hegio, as a punishment for the deceit, sends him to labour in the quarries. There he undergoes the torture, which was too common with offending slaves, until Philocratus returns with the son of Hegio, and also with a fugitive servant, who reveals the fact that Tyndarus is also a son of Hegio, stolen in his childhood. The interest of the piece turns on the noble character of Tyndarus, whom, of course, everybody is delighted to see exalted to the rank of a freeman. The serious tenour of the drama is relieved by the comic Ergasilus, who is one of the best of the parasites of Plautus.

CASINA, the next comedy in the list, is an adaptation by Plautus of the lost play *Καρχομένης*, by Diphilus, as we are informed in the prologue, which however was written after the death of the Latin poet. The species of intrigue, where a master makes his servant take a wife, that he himself may carry on an amour with her, as we find in the 'Figaro' of Beaumarchais, is the foundation of this piece. An amiable female slave, Casina, is beloved both by her old master and his son, and each of them wants his servant to marry her. The wife of the old man takes the part of her son, and, after much

altercation, the claims of the two parties are decided by lot. The servant of the old gentleman is victor; but the wife, discovering that it is for her own husband the bride is designed, resolves to mar the intrigue. The young man's servant, Chalinus, the losing suitor, is disguised as a bride by the matron, and is conducted to the place where the aged sinner is to meet his mistress. The bridegroom has the first interview, and discovers, like Master Slender, that he has married a 'lubberly boy.' At the conclusion Casina turns out to be a free woman and marries the son. The end of this piece is in a very fragmentary condition, but from the obscenity which is still apparent in the scene which is most mutilated, it is evident that no great loss has been sustained. From an antiquarian point of view, the whole process of drawing lots, which is set forth with great distinctness, is extremely interesting and curious.

CISTELLARIA, a very short piece, is remarkable for its extreme simplicity: the means of discovering a lost child, which in Terence are used for the purpose of winding up a plot, being here adapted as the subject of an entire drama. Silenium, who has been stolen in her youth, has been brought up by the *Iena* Melænis, and has for some time lived as a mistress with the youth Alcesimarchus. As he is going to be married, she returns to her supposed mother. In the meanwhile Demipho, an old man, who has lately married a woman whom he had violated in his youth, is anxiously seeking the daughter, who was the fruit of the juvenile amour. Silenium, by a chest (*cistula*), in which her toys are contained, is discovered to be the lost daughter, the catastrophe being a little delayed by the temporary loss of the valuable testimonials. The marriage with Alcesimarchus follows her discovery.

CURCULIO. One of the most agreeable plays of the collection. The opening is almost romantic. Phædromus, the lover, has a secret interview by night with his mistress, Planesium, whom he wishes to buy of the *Ieno*. This latter personage is not at home; but being sick, sleeps in the neighbouring temple of Esculapius. The lover seizes the opportunity and goes with a retinue to the house, sprinkling the doorposts with wine, that he may draw out the old woman in whose custody Planesium is left. In all this scene there is the freshness and ardour of a love affair in a tale of the middle ages. The delight of the old lady at the fragrant odour of the wine is highly coloured.

It tickles my nostrils the scent of old wine,
Through darkness I follow the odour divine.
'Tis near me! I have it! O Bacchus 'tis well,
For naught can excel—
No! naught is above
The odour which more than all odours I love!
I would gladly be buried where thou art, I vow,
My bdellium, my cassia, my saffron art thou,—
My stacte, my cinnamon too, and my rose!
But since my sharp nose
So highly you please,
Give my dry gullet ease.
Where is it?—I seek it! to touch it what pleasure:
To drain the full goblet, oh joy, beyond measure!

Act. I., sc. 2.

The secret interview of the lovers, with the connivance of the old woman, is completely a picture of romantic love, though the sentiment is interrupted by the uncomplimentary ejaculations of the slave of Phædromus. Curculio, the parasite, does the office usually performed by the smart servant, and helps his friend Phædromus to his mistress. Therapontigus, a soldier,—a kind of *miles gloriosus*, who is in love with Planesium,—has left instructions with Lyco, his banker, that if any person shall come to him with a document sealed with his, the soldier's, signet, he shall purchase Planesium of the *leno*, and transfer her to the person so accredited. Curculio, having made the soldier drunk, wins his ring from him at play, and forging the necessary order on the banker, uses it as the seal. The banker thinking all is right, and that Curculio is a servant of Therapontigus, buys Planesium, who is accordingly transferred to her lover Phædromus. On the entrance of the soldier, after all this has taken place, a storm naturally arises; but matters are brought to a pleasant termination, by the discovery that Planesium is the soldier's sister lost in her childhood, which discovery is made by means of the ring. As the *leno* is always the party who is to suffer in these comedies, he is made to refund what he has received from Therapontigus; the banker Lyco, at the time of payment, having bound him down to the condition that if the damsel should turn out to be free by birth, the money should be returned. Thus, by the discovery that she is sister of Therapontigus, the unfortunate *leno* finds that he has not only lost his slave, but his money too.

The Epidicus is a complicated intriguing play, less satisfactory, according to our notions, than many others, but evidently a favourite with the Romans, from a reference to it in a line in the 'Bacchides,' where Chrysalus declares that he loves the fable of Epidicus as well as his life, at the same time reflecting on the bad acting of one Pellio, in

the piece. The lover, Stratippocles, having gone to the wars with Thebes, has left instructions with his servant, Epidicus, to purchase a *fidicina* (a player on a stringed instrument), one of those musical courtesans who are so often the objects of passion to the Greek youth. The purchase has been completed, but in the meanwhile the hopeful youth has fallen in love with and bought a female captive at Thebes, and now returns home with her and a Theban money-lender, of whom he has borrowed the purchase-money, and who comes to be repaid. To heighten the difficulty, Epidicus has made Periphanes, the father of Stratippocles, believe that the *fidicina* is his daughter, the fruit of an early amour; and the old gentleman, thinking he has released a captive child, has, in fact, bought a mistress for his son. All this ingenuity poor Epidicus discovers has been wasted, now Stratippocles has transferred his affections to a new object. The matter is how he shall get a sum of money to pay off the money-lender, whom his young master has brought from Thebes. Stratippocles not wishing to see his father as yet, sojourns at a friend's house, where he awaits the success of the schemes of Epidicus. The servant goes to Periphanes, and assures him that his son is about to commit the greatest of juvenile delinquencies, namely, to free a certain *fidicina*; advising him to be first in the market, and buy her through the medium of a friend, to prevent this imprudence; and telling him at the same time, that there is a soldier, who will willingly repurchase her. A *fidicina* is procured to play the part, and is taken home by the friend to the father's house, the money being left in the hands of Epidicus, who takes it to Stratippocles. The soldier, who is actually enamoured of the first *fidicina*, comes to purchase her of the old man, who produces the second one, of whom the soldier says he knows nothing. This second *fidicina* having performed her part, now declares that she is a free woman, and leaves the house of the swindled Periphanes. Thus one plot is discovered. A meeting between Periphanes and Philippa, the lady he violated in his youth, reveals the other; for being introduced to the first *fidicina*, she declares she is not his daughter, whom, however, she says she has recently lost in the war. At last the play terminates with the discovery that the Theban captive is herself the daughter of Periphanes and Philippa, and thus the amour of Stratippocles is prevented, by the knowledge that his intended mistress is his sister. Epidicus having been an instrument in the discovery of the lost child, is, in spite of his rogueries, rewarded with manumission.

MENÆCHMI—the earliest form of the 'Comedy of Errors,' and of all such plays as turn on the resemblance of the members of a family to each other—is a splendid farce, the drollery being sustained without a moment's pause from the beginning to the end. That Plautus delighted especially in misunderstandings of this sort, in the perpetual mystification of his dramatis personæ, is most certain, both from the full flow of spirits with which he treats such subjects, and from the fact that he has twice selected the same means of producing confusion, namely, in the 'Amphitryo,' and the 'Menæchmi.' In both these plays he seems to have a similar anxiety, lest he might confuse his audience by the close resemblance of the characters to each other, and hence, in the prologue to the 'Menæchmi'—where he states that a merchant had two sons exactly alike, one of whom was lost, and educated at Epidamnus, while the other remained at home at Syracuse—we discover the same careful spirit, the same straining after excessive clearness, which we marked in the 'Amphitryo.' The scene is laid at Epidamnus, where the lost Menæchmus, who has married a wealthy wife, and has inherited the fortune of the man who adopted and educated him, is residing in great opulence. He is, however, a gentleman of sadly loose morals, for not only does he carry on an intrigue with the courtesan Erotium, but he robs his wife of her finery to bestow it on his mistress. His very first appearance is with a cloak (*pallium*) which he has carried off, and his very first act is to give this to Erotium, and to propose a supper with her and the parasite Peniculus. The lady prepares the supper, and awaits the return of the gentleman, when Sosicles, the Syracusan brother, who has likewise taken the name of Menæchmus, and who is travelling over the known world in search of the one lost in infancy, is seen before her door. She at once takes him for her lover, and invites him into her house, where he eats the supper, and makes merry. The cloak is given to him that some alteration may be made in it, and this he considers as lawful prize, resolving never to return it. Having left the house of the courtesan, Menæchmus Sosicles meets the parasite Peniculus, who is coming to the supper, and who, taking him for the other Menæchmus, is so annoyed at finding that he is not recognized, but is absolutely 'cut,' that he runs to the wife and reveals to her the whole affair of the cloak. Hence, when Menæchmus the Epidamnian returns from the forum, where he has been detained, he finds a pretty nest of hornets in store for him. His wife reviles him bitterly

for his conduct, and when he goes to the house of his mistress Erotium, he finds no better favour there, for as he denies having taken the cloak away to be altered, she shuts the door in his face. The offended wife calls in her father to take her part, and the next Menæchmus that appears being Sosicles, on him falls the wrath, while he protests that both the lady and the old man are utter strangers to him. He is now pronounced mad, and a physician is sent for, but he departs, and the real Menæchmus reappears. The latter is about to be dragged off as a madman by the slaves, when he is rescued by the faithful servant of Sosicles, who takes him for his master. The brothers appear together at last, and by the aid of the servant their relationship is discovered. They now embrace, resolve to return to Syracuse, and the servant is liberated.

The **MERCATOR** takes its name from a young gentleman, whom his father, to keep out of mischief, has sent to sea as a merchant. When he returns he does not show any great sign of reformation, as he brings home with him a beautiful woman he has purchased at Rhodes. The father visiting the ship, the young man's servant, to shield his master, tells him that the fair slave has been purchased for his mother. A sight of the imported beauty soon converts the father from a severe to an amorous old man, and he does all he can to dissuade his son from giving the slave to his mother, pretending that he has a friend who will pay a good price for her. The son, in despair at the prospect of losing his mistress, feigns that he also has a friend who is willing to purchase the slave, and an admirable comic scene arises from the contention of the two, each defending his own fictitious position with surprising firmness. The father at last gets an old friend to remove the damsel from the ship, and to keep her for awhile in his own house. The poor friend is thus drawn into a scrape, as his wife, suddenly coming from the country, and finding a strange female in the house, suspects that he has procured a mistress for himself. His son, who is a friend of the young Mercator, recognizes the female slave, and exonerates his father; while the father of the Mercator is made so ashamed of his own amorous propensities, that he willingly allows his son quiet possession of his mistress.

The **MILES GLORIOSUS**, in that portion of it which exhibits the character of the hero, has already been adverted to. The piece is also remarkable for a contrivance to produce confusion, which is the very reverse of the one

employed in the 'Menæchmi' and the 'Amphitryo.' There we have two persons taken for one; here one person, by means of a communication through a party-wall, is made to pass for two. The soldier has purchased a mistress, to whom the young lover of the piece is excessively devoted, and the latter, following the soldier to his own country, takes up his residence with an old gentleman, who inhabits the next house, and who is a happy specimen of the merry old man, as distinguished from the aged rake so common in Plautus. By an opening in the wall the lovers are enabled to communicate with each other, but on one occasion the lady is seen by one of the soldier's servants in the room of her admirer, next door. This creates a difficulty; but the means of communication being kept a secret, she appears first at one door and then at the other, so that the soldier's servant is made to believe that it is a sister of his master's lady who is the mistress of the next door neighbour, and that there is a wonderful family likeness between the two. The merry old man, to release his young friend's mistress from the soldier, pretends to have a wife, and procures a courtesan to sustain the character. The soldier flatters himself that he is a decided 'lady-killer,' and that his particular forte consists in making havoc among married women. An amorous message from the pretended wife next door is therefore the very bait fitted to catch him; and to make room for this new amour, he dismisses his old mistress, who sails home with her delighted lover. The poor soldier, entering the old man's house to visit the supposed wife, is seized, and severely beaten as an adulterer—perhaps rather too severely considering the whole affair is a mere trick. But ferocity in the corporal punishment of his dramatis personæ is not unfrequent in Plautus.

The *MOSTELLARIA*, the next play in alphabetical order, is an admirable work, both for the ingenuity of the intrigue and for the liveliness and reality of the scenes. It opens with an excellent dialogue between two servants, who revile at each other with all the force of two rival hinds in Theocritus or Virgil, the country servant reproaching the town servant, Tranio, with corrupting his young master, Philolaches. The youth's father, Theuropides, has long been absent on a mercantile expedition, and during the time all kinds of debauchery have been indulged in at home. But a beautiful tone is given to this course of dissipation by the young man's devotion to his mistress, Philematium, whom he has freed; and a more charming scene can scarcely be conceived than one where he, unseen, watch-

es her decorating herself, and hears her reject the advice of a mercenary friend, to neglect him and attend more to her own interest. It is not often that Plautus gives us a picture of a devoted attachment, but when he does, as here and in the 'Curculio,' it is singularly vivid and impassioned. The comparative tranquillity of this beautiful scene leads to another of a more bustling description. A friend of Philolaches comes drunk with his mistress Delphium, and we have a capital vignette, as it were, of the excesses of an antique supper. In the midst of the mirth the old gentleman, Theuropides, suddenly returns. The whole party is in terror, with the exception of the drunken friend, whom it is impossible to rouse to a sense of his danger. The servant, Tranio, however, undertakes to prevent the father's entrance into the house, and locking the revellers in, meets the old man on the outside, and boldly tells him that the place is uninhabited, his son having left it because it is haunted! From the apparitions (*monstra pro monstra*) which are supposed to infest the house, the play takes its name. The old man gulps down the lie, but a new difficulty appears in the shape of a money-lender, to whom Philolaches is indebted, and who now thrusts himself forward. The ingenious Tranio is not at a loss, but finding that he cannot deny the debt, tells the father that his son, having got rid of the haunted house, has been forced to borrow money to purchase another. This account is so far satisfactory, that the father promises to pay the money-lender, but he evinces a most inconvenient curiosity to see the newly-purchased house. Tranio, whose wits are truly inexhaustible, coolly informs Theuropides, that a neighbouring house is the newly-purchased property, and on his entering this domicile to inspect it, contrives to tell the owner, Simo, that his master is building a house of his own, and wants to see his to take pattern by it. At the same time, to prevent conversation between the two old gentlemen taking an unlucky turn, he makes Theuropides believe that Simo has sold the house most unwillingly, and that it will hurt his feelings to advert to the purchase. This ingenious fabric of mystification soon topples down, by a discovery that the old house is not deserted, and that the new house is yet unbought. The end of the play is not equal to the beginning. Tranio, to save himself from punishment, clings to an altar, until his old master, at the intercession of his son's friend, proclaims a general amnesty.

The *PERSA*, which is by no means one of the best pieces, is somewhat remarkable from

the circumstance that the lover of the piece is a slave, and that the whole action takes place in the absence of his master. This slave, Toxilus, wishes to liberate his mistress from a *leno*, and that he may be enabled to do this, he prevails on a parasite, his friend, to let his daughter be sold to this *leno* in the disguise of a Persian slave. Another slave, Sagaristio, lends Toxilus the money with which he liberates his mistress, and by the sale of the parasite's daughter, which is made by the same Sagaristio in disguise, the *leno* is made to refund. No sooner has this unhappy wight completed his new purchase, than the parasite appears and claims his daughter as a free woman. The *leno*, rating all parties for this manifest swindle, is severely handled by the slaves, who are recreating themselves at supper, and the conclusion of the piece is thus characterized by somewhat of the same rude brutality which forms the catastrophe of the 'Miles Gloriosus.'

The *PENULUS* is exceeding valuable to philologists, from the circumstance that it contains a soliloquy and some dialogue in the ancient Carthaginian language; but as a drama it does not stand much higher than the one immediately preceding. Two Carthaginian kinsmen have lost their children. One has had a son carried off to Calydon, where he has been adopted and educated: the other has two daughters, who have fallen into the power of a *leno*, who designs them for prostitution. The first of these kinsmen is dead: the other is travelling in search of his daughters. Agorastocles, the lost son, has fallen in love with one of the *leno's* damsels, and contrives a plan for liberating her, which is more dishonest than ingenious. He disguises one of his servants, who is personally unknown to the *leno*, and makes him enter the house of sin, with a sum of money. This done, he asks the *leno* for his servant, and receives as an answer that no such person has entered his house: the *leno* not suspecting that the last comer is actually a slave of Agorastocles. The whole affair takes place in the presence of witnesses: and Agorastocles being enabled to convict the *leno* of a robbery, has him completely in his power. It turns out, however, that he might have attained his object without having recourse to this very clumsy and barefaced stratagem; for Hanno, the second of the two Carthaginian kinsmen, arriving, recognizes his daughters, proves their freedom, and gives the eldest in marriage to Agorastocles. It is worthy of observation that those jokes, which in modern farces turn on misunderstanding French phrases, and interpreting them into an odd sort of English, find a par-

allel in this play, where the comic servant interprets some of the Carthaginian language according to a similarity of the words with Latin.

The *PSEUDOLUS*, according to a tradition, is one of two plays which Plautus himself esteemed most of all his works, the other one being the 'Truculentus.' The piece has also attracted the attention of the curious, from the supposition that it contains a description of the person of the author under the character of the servant Pseudolus. A somewhat dark complexion, red hair, a projecting stomach, thick legs, a large head, red lips, sharp eyes, and extremely large feet, were, if this hypothesis be true, the personal peculiarities of the Roman dramatist. The basis, however, on which it rests, seems to be a very meagre one. On the authority of Festus, we learn that the proper name of the poet was no more than Marcus Accius, and that 'Plautus' was added to signify the flatness of his feet, the word being originally 'Plotus.' According to some opinions, 'Plotus' is an Umbrian word; according to others (the most feasible) it is simply an alteration of the Greek word *πλατύς*. The largeness of the feet being fixed upon by one of the characters in the play, as the mark which above all others distinguished Pseudolus, it was considered that Plautus had his own flat feet in view, and hence that the whole description was accurate. Such is the theory! Pseudolus, from whom the play takes its name, is an artful servant who obtains a mistress for his young master by a plan somewhat similar to the one adopted by Curculio, that is by surreptitiously obtaining a token. It has, however, this peculiarity: the servant puts his old master on his guard that he is going to play him some trick, and openly tells him that he will deceive him in spite of his vigilance. The foundation is the old story of a youth's love for a female slave, the property of a *leno*, but the girl's position is exhibited in a more striking manner than usual, for we have the *leno* preparing to celebrate his birthday, marshalling all his slaves, and telling the females what revenue he expects from their lovers. This picture of the system of an ancient 'house of ill fame' is very curious. Pseudolus having told Simo, the young man's father, that he will take the female slave from the *leno*, in defiance of his (the father's) care, the worthy parent posts off to the *leno's* house, and warns him against some stratagem. The damsel has already been sold to a soldier, who has paid three-fourths of the purchase-money, and on the arrival of a messenger from him with a token and the balance, she is to be delivered up. Now comes the 'Curculio'

trick. Pseudolus intercepts the soldier's messengers, making him believe that he is a servant of the *leno*, who is from home; and the messenger gives him the token, though he is wary enough not to part with the money; promising to call again, pay the required sum, and take away the girl. The small balance is soon borrowed of a friend, and a servant unknown to the *leno* is sent by Pseudolus armed with this sum and the token, and brings away the girl accordingly. The *leno* believing that it is now impossible for Pseudolus to succeed, is so unwary in his delight, that he promises Simo twenty minæ if he should be overreached. As he thinks the girl is in the hands of the soldier, this offer seems safe enough; but the return of the soldier's messenger shows that he has been outwitted. Simo, who is highly amused, forgives Pseudolus, and presents him a sum of money, according to an understanding at the beginning of the piece, while the poor *leno* is as usual the sufferer; having to pay Simo, and also to make good to the soldier the money he has received for the female slave.

Quite of an opposite character to this play of intrigue is the drama that follows it—the romantic *RUDENS*. The means of solving the plot by a casket of infants' toys, are the same as those employed in so many pieces; an unprincipled *leno* is still the party against whom all energies are to be directed; but by the transfer of the scene to the sea-side, by making the action of the comedy take place in the face of roaring waves and wrecked vessels, a different character is impressed on the whole. The prologue is spoken by Arcturus, the star of storms, 'the most terrible of heavenly signs—fierce when rising, fiercer still when setting.' He has raised the tempest to wreck the *leno*, and to bring back to Cyrenæ the virgin he was taking to Sicily. It is Arcturus who by this storm punishes the wicked, and restores the lost child to her parent; and by this moral purpose of a tempest, we cannot help being reminded of Shakspeare's *Prospero*. (In these allegorical prologues of Plautus, which we have not as yet touched upon, there is something exceedingly striking. In the '*Aulularia*,' where the piece turns on the treasure under the hearth, the Lar, or god of the hearth, introduces the fable. In the '*Trinummus*,' where a youth has squandered his property, we are prepared for the subject by a dialogue between Luxury and her daughter Poverty. But none of these prologues take so poetical a form as the one spoken by Arcturus, where the very principle of tempests is personified). The play opens with *Dæmones*, an old exile from Athens, and

his servant Sceparnio, repairing their dwelling from the ravages of the recent tempest, which is thus in the most lively manner still kept before us. Pleusidippus, the lover of the piece, inquires after Labrax, the *leno*, who has invited him to the temple of Venus in the vicinity. The youth has paid a sum in advance towards the purchase of Palæstra, a damsel belonging to the *leno*, of whom he is enamoured; but the *leno* defrauding him, has carried her off in a vessel bound for Sicily, at the suggestion of a friend, who promises him a better market there. He learns to his despair, that no one has been to the temple of Venus, and thus finds he has been deceived. He has no sooner departed, than the servant sees a boat in the distance. It is upset, but the two females who are in it succeed in reaching the shore, the whole scene being vividly described by the servant who beholds it. These women are Palæstra and her fellow-servant, who are at first parted, but afterwards meet on the shore and take refuge in the Temple of Venus, where they are kindly received by the old priestess. Unluckily the *leno* and his friend are also saved from the wreck, and appear mutually reproaching each other for the calamity that has befallen them. Labrax, who in this piece adds impiety to the other vices of a *leno*, discovering his women in the temple, attempts to drag them from it; but this wickedness creates a general indignation, and *Dæmones* and his servants rush to the defence of the sanctuary. The *leno* is at length removed by Pleusidippus, who, having a fair title to Palæstra, carries him off to justice. Palæstra, who like many others has been lost in her infancy, has kept by her a casket containing the testimonials of her birth, in the hope of being at some future period restored to her family: and she is much grieved at the loss of this during the tempest. It is dragged from the water by Gripus, a servant of *Dæmones*, who is out on a fishing expedition, and Trachalio, the servant of Pleusidippus, perceiving the acquisition, disputes with him concerning the possession of the prize. *Dæmones* is referred to as umpire, and by the casket discovers that Palæstra is his own daughter. She is of course married to Pleusidippus. The play takes its name from the cable (*rudens*) to which the casket is attached.

The *STICHUS* is a very meagre piece, and rather seems a hint for a comedy than a comedy itself. Two sisters are married to men of ruined fortunes, who have been absent on a mercantile expedition for some years. Their father wishes them to seek other husbands; but they remain constant. At last,

to their great joy, their husbands return loaded with wealth. Stichus, the servant who gives the name to the piece, has nothing to do with the plot, but merely appears at the end, where he makes merry with a friend, and their common mistress (!). The only character of interest is Gelasimus, a very excellent parasite, whom we have had occasion to quote in illustrating his class.

The *TRINUMUS*, as we have already mentioned, was esteemed by Lessing in his youth, as being, after the 'Captivi,' the best play of Plautus. A high honourable feeling prevails throughout, which must make it particularly acceptable to those who prefer the moral domestic comedy, to the comedy of humour and intrigue. Lesbonicus is a wild young man, who in the absence of his father has dissipated his property. Both he and his sister have been left in the charge of an honest old man, named Callicles, together with a sum of money, concealed in the house by the father before his departure. The reckless career of Lesbonicus obliging him to sell the house, Callicles buys it, that the treasure may not be lost; for he is afraid to reveal its existence to the reckless youth, lest his extravagance should lead to the dissipation of that also. Lysiteles, a moral young man—quite unique in the dramas of Plautus—but a friend of Lesbonicus kindly offers marriage to his sister without a dowry; while the proud spirit of Lesbonicus, who with all his faults is a noble fellow, rises at the thought of his sister being disposed of in a manner so dishonourable to the family, and is willing to part with the one small field which is left. Callicles wishing to prevent this, but not to discover the treasure, hires an actor to wait upon Lesbonicus, pretending that he is a messenger from his absent father, and that a dowry for the sister is in his (Callicles') hands. This dowry he really intends to provide out of the hidden treasure, and it is from the hire of the actor (*tres nummi*) that the piece is named. The father himself returns, and a comic scene is obtained by his meeting with the actor, who does not know him, and who tells his falsehood to a bad purpose. With the forgiveness of the dissolute son, and the marriage of Lysiteles to the daughter, the piece terminates. By the honest old friend; the benevolent 'good young man;' and the reckless youth, with that very popular attribute, a 'good heart;' we are constantly reminded of one of the sentimental comedies of the last century.

The *TRUCULENTUS*, the last play in this long list, is, as Lessing properly observes,

the most defective of all the dramas of Plautus; and if it be true that he esteemed it one of the best of his works, it is but a proof, among many others, that authors are not the most sagacious judges of their own productions. We shall not bestow many lines on this disagreeable and uninteresting play. A courtesan of the vilest description preserves her influence over three lovers, acting on one of them by means of a supposititious child, of whom she pretends he is the father. The plot is not in the slightest degree ingenious, and wearies by its dull monotony of vice. From a rugged slave, who is first a woman-hater, and is afterwards captivated by a harlot, it takes its name.

We have gone through the range of characters which appear in the Drama of Plautus, and the list of comedies he has left. To those who, having finished what is ordinarily deemed a course of education, make the study of the classics the recreation and delight of their leisure hours, we may appear to have performed a useless task in describing so minutely a series of plays which possess not the charms of novelty, and are so completely accessible to all who have been liberally brought up. But to a larger class, we firmly believe, this slight indication of the treasures which are contained in the works of one of the greatest comic writers who ever existed, will be found acceptable, and may prompt them to visit the old fount of Latinity, which they have as yet left untasted! If we have entered into no learned disquisition on the works of Marcus Accius Plautus, we have done enough to show the fund of invention and of humour which is exhibited in his writings; and that in them may be sought most of those combinations, which elicit the 'roar' at the modern farce. Few dramatic authors, who have left so many plays, have left so large a proportion that will amply repay perusal, from their intrinsic dramatic merits: and however we may admire the elegance and delicacy of Terence, we not only subscribe to the opinion that he is far inferior to Plautus in the 'vis comica,' but add our conviction, that in vivid pictures of life, in ingenious combination, in striking situation,—in short, in almost every feature that distinguishes the dramatist from the mere elegant writer, he must succumb to his ruder predecessor. M. Nisard, in his work on the decline of Roman literature, mentions, as one of the features of that decline, the preference which the later Romans showed to Plautus above Terence. But M. Nisard looks upon the works of Racine and Corneille as the height of human perfection; and it is

therefore no marvel that the few bad puns and low jests of Plautus should blunt his sense for the strong irresistible humour. We, who have the excellences of Plautus fast in our minds, fully feel the force of the epitaph composed by old Varro :

Postquam morte captus est Plautus,
Comedia lugit, scena est deserta;
Deinde risus, lusus, jocusque et numeri
Innumeri simul omnes collachrymârunt.

ART. XV.—*Les Mystères de Paris*. (The Mysteries of Paris). Par EUGENE SUE. 6 vols. Paris. 1843.

THE royal personages who figure in the Scott romances are among the most charming, if not real, of the characters which the delightful novelist has introduced to us. He was, if we mistake not, the first romantic author who dealt with kings and princes familiarly. Charles and Louis are made to laugh before us as unconcernedly as schoolboys; Richard takes his share of canary out of the cup of Friar Tuck; and the last words we hear from James are, that the cockaleeky is growing cold. What is it that pleases us in the contemplation of these royal people so employed? Why are we more amused with the notion of a king on the broad grin, than with the hilarity of a commoner? That mingling of grandeur and simplicity, that ticklish conjunction of awe and frivolity, are wonderfully agreeable to the reader; and we are all charmed to know how heroes appear in the eyes of their valets de chambre.

The drama, of course, was not slow to seize upon the means of popularity which the introduction of royal characters ensures; and as tragedy delighted in former days to describe the crimes and sorrows of the owners of thrones and sceptres, comedy and farce have made free with their eccentricities and foibles; and we have had on our own stage Charles XII. inducing Mr. Liston to marry, Frederick the Great presiding over a love intrigue, and a score of other great potentates employed in no more dignified way.

The French have carried this style of romance almost as far as possible, and have, especially of late years, introduced us to a number of queens regnant, visionary empresses, and grand duchesses of German states, involved in a number of comic love-intrigues, and treated just as familiarly as the simplest soubrette. Last winter, for instance, you might see two pieces of a night at the 'Palais

Royal' Theatre, in one of which the Empress Catherine was in love with a corporal of her guard, while in a second, a queen of Portugal was desperately amourachée of an humble captain of dragoons. At the 'Comic Opera' there was another queen of Portugal and another love-intrigue, in M. Scribe's piece of 'Diamans de la Couronne.' At the 'Théâtre Français,' in the same indefatigable writer's comedy of the 'Verre d'Eau,' her late Majesty Queen Anne (as our readers may more fully have observed in a former part of this review) was laying bare the secrets of her heart in the same easy way; and at the 'Vaudeville,' Mons. Arnal was just married to a reigning princess of Baden, and the audience were convulsed with laughter at the jocular perplexities of their serene highnesses.

Such a decided exhibition of the public taste was not likely to be lost upon a gentleman of M. Eugene Sue's extreme cleverness, and we owe to it, as we fancy, the chief character of the singular novel before us. 'The public likes princes en deshabille. Let us give them one,' says our novelist, 'who shall be as striking as Haroun Alraschid; who shall be as majestic as Apollo, and as vulgar as a *commis-voyageur*; who shall lead us, in his august company, from the sublime to the familiar, and from the ridiculous to the terrible. Let us mingle together the highest and the lowest of mankind in a confusion so amazing, and find such virtues in vice, such vices in virtue, as never novel-reader or writer has yet had the sense to discover. We know our simple public, what its rank is, and what its amount of intelligence; it loves to indulge its appetite for wonder; it is as far removed from the society of princes and grandees, as it is from that of murderers and convicts; let us bring high and low together in a tale, and keep our readers in a perpetual delight of breathless terror.

'And as in the novels of our compeers, Soulié, Dumas, and the rest, the nation has been entertained with accounts of a particular vice, until really the descriptions of it interest no longer, and apologies for the infidelity of wives actually provoke yawns and ennui, in place of tears and sympathy; let us, in the intrigues which it may be necessary for our purpose to introduce into our narrative, take the virtuous side. Let all our heroines be modest and only outraged so much as shall be necessary to provoke compassion for their fate. This at least has not been essayed in French romance since the new school was founded, and on this principle we may manage to excite the reader's feelings, even while we are preaching the sternest virtue; and, while writing sentiments that would do honour to a saint,

we may make a book quite as wicked as any reasonable novel-reader can desire.'

In a word, we believe 'Mathilde,' and the romance before us, by the same ingenious author, to be quite as much works of calculation and trade, as any bale of French goods that is shipped for a foreign market, and has been prepared to suit the wants and catch the eyes of customers abroad: such for instance, as new fashions for the ladies, cases of claret and champagne for the planters, and a pretty assortment of glass beads, red cloth, and hatchets, for the savages with whom the merchant proposes to trade. Of all the literary merchants in France, M. Sue is unquestionably the most successful: he has kept the town with him for three years. While Soulié has been obliged to subside into the minor papers, while even Balzac has grown wearisome with his monotonous thrummings on the cracked old string, while Dumas has become common, and his fiftieth volume of 'Impressions de Voyage' appears to impress nobody,—all the world is still eager to know the fate of M. Sue's heroes and heroines, and the happy inventor of those personages is rewarded for his labours, it is said, at the rate of three francs a line.

Three francs a line! Think of that, ye poor scribes in England, who get but one thirtieth part of that same sum for the produce of your brains! Every feuilleton of 'Mathilde' in the 'Débats' contains many hundred lines: these feuilletons appear many times in a week: how often, then, in a year! Then there is the copyright afterwards; so that every volume is a little fortune. Nor should this point have been mentioned at all, but that we are perfectly sure it is the main point with M. Sue; who, so long as he receives three francs per line, will be pretty careless as to the rest, we take it; and will not be deterred by any scruples of taste or conscience, or be induced to alter his course from any desire for reputation, or indeed for any consideration whatever, unless, of course, that of *four francs* per line.

He is then, as we fancy, a quack, certainly; but one of the cleverest quacks now quacking; and a great deal more amusing than many dullards of his trade, who have a perfect belief in themselves, and outrage art, sense, and style, out of their confidence that their stupid exaggerations are the result of a vast imagination and an undoubted genius. Appearing as the work before us does, in almost daily chapters, in the 'Débats' newspaper, the concluding sentence of each section is a mark of extreme ingenuity on the writer's part. No story-teller on the point of sending round his hat for contributions among the

audience, ever stopped in his narrative more dexterously. One must hear what is to come at any cost: and so, with Monsieur Sue, the man who has read the 'Débats' of Tuesday, must read the 'Débats' of Wednesday. The heroine is just carried off and thrust gagged into a hackney-coach; the hero is plunged into a vault, and the water has just risen up to his neck; the monster is on the point of being punished for, or being triumphant in, his favourite crime. Read we must, and in spite of ourselves; and the critic (for the truth must out, that critics are mortal), though compelled for conscience-sake to abuse this book, is obliged honestly to confess that he has read every single word of it, and with the greatest interest, too. Here we are in company with his Royal Highness the Grand Duke, assisting at the most magnificent assembly of the beau monde; we accompany him in his disguise into the society of the most prodigious rascals; we tremble for his Royal Highness' life, while at the same time we have the greatest confidence in his consummate valour and strength; and, finally, though we know all this is sheer folly, bad taste, and monstrous improbability, yet we continue to read to the last page.

It is only then that the reader pauses to take breath; and, considering over the subject which has amused him, mayhap feels rather ashamed of himself for having been so excited and employed. What right has a reasonable being to spend precious hours over this preposterous, improbable, impossible tale? Did you not know, all the while you read, that every one of the characters in that book were absurd caricatures? Do you not blush to have been interested by brutal tales of vice and blood? All this the repentant reader acknowledges, and cries out 'Mea culpa;' but try him with a novel the next holiday, and see whether he will fall into the same error or not? More philosophers than one would stop to see Punch, if they were sure nobody saw them: and there's many a philanthropist has seen a boxing-match, from beginning to end.

With regard to the work before us, we find, after laying down the first volume of the six that have already appeared (how many more are to come, the author himself does not probably know), we find, we say, that we have been guilty of being interested in a history, of which, chapter by chapter, the following is an accurate summary:

I. After warning his readers, in a solemn preface, of the dreadful secrets which he is about to lay bare to them, our author at once introduces us to three of the chief personages

of his history; and the scene is in the dirty court of the house of a receiver of stolen goods, in which pleasant locality an appropriate incident occurs.

A poor young creature of seventeen, who, for the sweetness of her voice, is called La Goualeuse, or the Singer, and for the innocence and beauty of her looks, Fleur de Marie, flies into the court, from the pursuit of a white-haired, red-whiskered, red-eyed ruffian, known to his friends and at the galleries, where he passed fifteen years, under the terrible name of the Chourineur, the Stabber, or Knifer. The chourineur wants the goualeuse to treat him to drink; but the latter refusing, the stabber rushes after her to beat her; and has just seized her, and is about to put his threat into execution, when a young fellow steps opportunely forward, and puts himself before the goualeuse, in a boxing attitude. The two gentlemen proceed at once to fisticuffs.

The 'milling match' is described with great accuracy and gusto. The brute strength of the stabber has no chance against the science of the stranger, who beats him most completely; after which (for though the stabber was about to beat the poor young girl, and has committed a murder or two in his time, he is as good-natured and honest a kind creature as ever lived), after which, quite delighted at the elegant manner in which his opponent has overcome him, the stabber gratefully accepts an invitation to supper with his conqueror, who likewise proposes the same repast to the goualeuse.

They go accordingly to supper at the house of the OGRESS.

II. The Ogress is the landlady of a tavern in the cité; which, though it has a White Rabbit for a sign, is no more called by that name, than the landlady is by her paternal one. The White Rabbit is called by the frequenters of the place, the 'Tapis Franc,' which cannot be translated into comprehensible English, but would be called, in slang language, the boozing ken.

Here several guests were assembled: viz.—

- 1, A young thief drinking brandy.
- 2, Two murderers at supper.
- 3, A spy, who watches the two murderers, and presently goes out, leaving our friends to sit down to supper.

Being at supper (over a dish made of 'fowls' giblets, pie-crust, fishes'-tails, cutlet-bones, cheese, vegetables, woodcocks'-heads, fry, savoy-cakes, and salad'—delectable repast!) our three friends proceed to relate their histories.

III. The goualeuse begins. She is the daughter of she knows not whom. When a

very little girl she fell into the hands of a dreadful woman, called the chouette: a cruel, hook-nosed, one-eyed woman, who, while she sold fried potatoes on the Pont-Neuf, employed her little protégée in the vending of barley-sugar in the same locality. If the goualeuse sold ten sous' worth of barley-sugar, she received on going home a crust of bread for her supper; if she could not dispose of goods to that amount, she received a beating and no supper. She oftener received the beating than the supper.

Tired of this tyranny (whereof we have no space to give the details), the goualeuse, who was a spirited little creature, one day actually ate up her commodity of barley-sugar before her mistress's eyes, and having at night been punished by that personage (the chouette pulled out one of the goualeuse's teeth, with a threat to continue the treatment daily), the goualeuse determined to run away.

She ran away. She was taken up as a vagrant, sent to a house of detention as having no friends or passport, confined at the house of detention until she was sixteen, when she was told to go and get her own living, and received a little capital of 300 francs, the produce of her labour while in the house.

This sum of money the young woman spent very carelessly, and having given away her last fifty francs to a poor woman in distress (who was afterwards murdered by her husband), the goualeuse had no other resource but shame, and became the creature of the ogress in whose house she lived. With all this, and although she had been accustomed to drinking, and although she had been educated in a prison, and although she earned her livelihood in the way indicated, perhaps the world never contained a more lovely, fascinating, delicate, sweet creature, than the goualeuse.

IV. It is now the turn of the knifer or chorineur to tell his story. He, too, was the son of mystery. His early days he spent in sleeping under the bridges and about the limekilns. He then became an assistant to the knackers, or horse-killers, at Montfauçon, and naturally of an ardent temperament, he speedily conquered his first repugnance to the killing of horses, and 'knifed, and knifed, and knifed,' until he delighted in blood. After his day's labour, he used to feed on a horse-steak: not the steak of a horse killed by himself or his friends, for that kind of meat is sold to the restaurateurs, but of an animal that died a natural death. All his joy was knifing, and he grew so savage and ferocious that he became too violent even for the knackers, who ended by dismissing him.

He had but one resource—to go into the

army. He did so: and might probably in better times have directed his knifing to some honourable purpose, but there was no war, and his heroism consequently took an unhealthy turn. One day his sergeant began to cane him, on which, seizing his knife, he knifed the sergeant: he knifed the privates: he knifed until he was finally overpowered, and, brought before a court martial, was condemned to fifteen years at the galleys.

He passed the prescribed time at that nursery of morality. But though a murderer by taste, and though his education was even worse than that of the goualeuse, he retained always the highest principles of honour, and was in fact, as we have stated, the most generous and kind-hearted of men.

V. The young man who gave the knifer the beating, now tells his story. He is, says he, a fan-painter by trade; but this is only his joking. He is, in fact, no other than His ROYAL HIGHNESS Gustavus Rodolph, Grand Duke of Gerolstein, residing at Paris, under the name of Count de Duren.

[Whilst he is talking re-enter spy, with Bow-street officers; spy points out the two murderers. Combat between murderers and police. Exeunt police and murderers, one of whom, refusing to walk, is carried to a hackney-coach.

They are no sooner gone but a gentleman and lady arrive. The lady has a hooked nose, a wicked face, and one green eye. 'The gentleman was not above five feet two or three inches in height: his head, of an enormous size, was sunk between two large, high, powerful, fleshy shoulders, which were clearly seen under the folds of his blouse: his arms were long and muscular, his hands short, and covered with hair to the finger-tips: his legs were a little bent, but his enormous calves gave evidence of athletic strength. As for his face, nothing can be imagined more frightful than it was. It was scarred all over with deep, livid cicatrices. The corrosive action of vitriol had swelled his lips, the cartilages of his nose had been cut, of which two shapeless holes replaced the nostrils. His eyes, very bright, very little, very round, gleamed with ferocity; his forehead, flattened like that of a tiger, disappeared under a cap of red fur, which looked like the mane of a monster.

This gentleman, called at the galleys the Maitre d'Ecole (on account of his polite manners and learning), was in fact a person of very good birth, who, condemned to the Bagne for life, on account of a murder he had committed, had managed to escape, and in order to prevent all further recognition, had smeared his face with vitriol, and cut the

cartilages of his nose. As for his lady, she was no other than the chouette, who recognized presently her poor Goualeuse; and the Maitre d'Ecole taking a fancy to the young woman, orders her to come home with him instantler.

She flies for rescue to her former preserver. The Maitre d'Ecole puts himself at the door in a boxing attitude, and a serious combat is just going to ensue, when a man appears at the door over the shoulder of the Maitre d'Ecole, and says (in English), 'My lord, Tom and Sarah are here.'

Rodolph has only time to knock down the Maitre d'Ecole and to disappear, when,

VI. Tom and Sarah arrive. Tom is Sir Thomas Seyton of Halsbury. Sarah, his sister, is the Countess Sarah Macgregor. In former days she had been privately married to Prince Rodolph, then only hereditary prince of Gerolstein; but the marriage had been annulled, and the daughter they had had, had been carried off by Sarah, then lost, and supposed to be dead. Sarah comes to the boozing ken disguised as a man. What does her ladyship want in such a place, and in such a costume? *She wants to know why Rodolph came to the tavern!*

VII. Going from the tavern (and serve them quite right) the countess and Tom Seyton of Halsbury are robbed in the street by the Maitre d'Ecole and the chouette, who take from them their money and papers.

Will you gain some more money? asks Sarah with great presence of mind of the Maitre d'Ecole. He naturally assents. Come then, says her ladyship, to a certain place, and I will tell you what you are to do.

The place is appointed, the parties separate, and—the knifer, who has heard every word of their conversation, jumps behind the countess' hackney-coach, and is determined to know their future proceedings.

VIII. Rodolph, resolved to rescue the goualeuse from her degrading position, pays her debts to the ogress, and takes her (after a slight interruption, IX.), in a hackney-coach (X.), to (XI.), a beautiful farm: where there is beautiful fruit, beautiful fields, beautiful poultry, beautiful cows, and where, to her indescribable joy, she is left with (XII.) Madame George. Be happy for a while, poor Fleur de Marie! put on a pretty little country costume (that we may be sure is the first thing thought of), milk the cows, feed the poultry, water the flowers, and learn your catechism from (XIV.) the excellent curate!

A chapter (XIII.) containing a conversation between Rodolph and his faithful attendant, Sir Walter Murph, we have omitted, as not having much to do with the story.

XV. The very next day Rodolph meets the *Maitre d'Ecole*, on whom he has a design. He proposes to the *Maitre d'Ecole* to rob a house. The *Maitre d'Ecole* accedes to the proposal, but suspecting his comrade (and it must be confessed with some reason), vows not to lose sight of him till the deed is done. They go (XVI.) to a tavern in the neighbourhood of the house, an underground 'cellar' in the Champs Elysées. Rodolph has managed meanwhile to make Sir Walter Murph aware of his project. The house, in fact, is Rodolph's own, and his proposal is to catch the schoolmaster there, and once in his power, to get from him the pocket-book stolen from the countess, and much further information.

XVII. The *chouette* goes to reconnoitre the house: all is so safe, that the *Maitre d'Ecole* thinks he may have the robbing of the house for himself: and therefore knocks down Rodolph into

XVIII. A cellar full of rats and water, in which he is just on the point of drowning, when he is rescued by the knifer.

XIX. Rodolph is brought back to his own house, where he recovers, after a severe illness.

XX. The knifer relates how he has seized upon the schoolmaster, after a dreadful combat: and how he discovers the plot against Rodolph.

XXI. RODOLPH PUTS THE SCHOOLMASTER'S EYES OUT!

In the two remaining chapters of the volume, the prince, in order to reward the faithful services of his friend, the knifer, imagines a reward for him, and accordingly purchases a butcher's shop, into which he inducts the *chourineur*: but after killing the first sheep in his slaughterhouse, the knifer flings down his knife—he will shed no more blood, he says: and the prince, applauding his determination, sends him out to a farm in Algeria, where his courage, energy, and honesty, can be far better employed.

As for the *goualeuse*, we need not tell any novel-reader, that she is the long lost daughter of the Prince and the Countess Sarah Macgregor: *that* must have been perceived by the commonest intelligence long ago.

There are five more volumes abounding in adventures; but of these it will scarcely be necessary to give a résumé. We are sometimes introduced to the very finest of fashionable life: then again we are carried into the porter's lodge of honest M. Pipelet, whose tribulations are related with a comic force, which Monsieur Paul de Kock himself could not surpass: we are taken to St. Lazare, the woman's prison of Paris: into the garret of the *grisette*: into the loft occupied by a starv-

ing family: and finally, we are presented to a scoundrel, more scoundrelly even than the *Maitre d'Ecole*, a monster of iron, whom our rescuing, chastising angel of a Rodolph, no doubt, will overcome, ere the work is brought to a conclusion.

It will be seen, then, that contrast and action are the merits of this novel. It is a work indeed of no slight muscular force. Murder and innocence have each other by the throat incessantly, and are plunging, and shrieking, and writhing, through the numberless volumes. Now crime is throttling virtue, and now again virtue has the uppermost, and points her bright dagger at the heart of crime. It is that exciting contest between the white-robed angel of good, and the black principle of evil, which, as children, we have seen awfully delineated in the galanty-show, under the personifications of the devil and the baker. And the subject is interesting, let us say what we will: if galanty-shows are now what they were some scores of years since, that is: still is it a stirring and exciting theme. Sometimes it is the devil who disappears conquered, out of the shining disk, leaving the baker victorious: sometimes it is the baker who is hurled vanquished into the universal blackness, leaving the fiend to shout his hideous song of triumph. Last Christmas, no doubt, many hundred children sat in dark drawing-rooms, and witnessed that allegorical combat, and clapped hands for the baker, their favourite: and looked wistfully at each other when the fight was over, and the whole room was awful and dark.

As with little unreflecting children, home for the holidays, in jackets and sugar-loaf buttons; so with those of whom the coat-tails have grown, and the stature has extended to six feet, more or less. The old subjects interest them; the older they are, perhaps, the better; they do not care, in their leisure hours, to be called upon to think too much; their imaginations are, for the most part, of a very simple, unsophisticated sort, and that galanty-show amuses them more than many a better thing would. Depend upon it, a good play at Astley's, with plenty of fighting, riding, and the old clowns uttering the old jokes, interest them more than 'Hamlet' ever did. It requires not only some trouble, but some brain too, to understand 'Hamlet': anybody can understand a combat of six, or Harlequin jumping through a clock-case. And provided the combat is well combated, people are not too squeamish about the dramatic propriety thereof. It lasted for ten minutes: it was fought to martial music: it concluded (why, who can tell?) with a grand

blaze of blue and red lights, squibs, and Catharine-wheels: and it will be performed (under a thousand different titles, and with more or less skill on the part of the squib and scene makers), every evening, till further notice—for hundreds and hundreds of years, no doubt: as long as men are to be amused by theatres, or by novels.

Our author is one of the very best of play or novel wrights that now exists in France or elsewhere; and if he is so clever as to see (one cannot help fancying so, at least) the outrageous folly of the subjects he chooses, and to laugh secretly at the public who applaud him, he yet knows his own interest a great deal too well to allow his audience to see that he despises them and his work, and carries it on with excellent mock-gravity, and an appearance of good faith. A man of his powers of mind *must* see that his book is bad and vulgar; that it contains sham incidents (so to speak), sham terror, sham morality; that it is a gross, detestable, raw-head-and-bloody-bones caricature, fit to frighten children with, unworthy of an artist; but what then? He gets half-a-crown a line for this bad stuff, and has, one may say with certainty, a hundred thousand readers every day. Many a man and author has sold himself for far less.

As for the plot, it is scarcely worth while to examine its construction, so absurdly and monstrously improbable is it. Do reigning princes of consummate virtue and genius indulge in freaks of this kind, and frequent thieves' boozing-kens? Do Scotch countesses put on men's clothes, and walk the streets so attired, without any reason? Would not a Scotch countess desiring secrecy be far less remarkable in her natural muff and tippet, than in a frockcoat and pantaloons? And would her ladyship plunge into a den of thieves, simply to know what somebody else was doing there? Would a clever thief, desirous to escape notice, disfigure his face so monstrously, that all the world must look at him for the monstrosity? And would he, by his preternatural hideousness, invite inquiry? Are murderers, after fifteen years of the galleys, commonly, sometimes, ever, exceedingly good fellows at bottom? Are young women, after (if possible) still worse an ordeal of prison and crime, quite pure and angelic of heart? And so delicate-minded, that when restored to an honest and comfortable position, they actually pine away at the thoughts of the life which they formerly led? Such characters are quite too absurd to reason about, and such a plot passes all the bounds of possibility.

To give such a story a *moral* tendency, is quite as absurd as to invent it. We have

no right to be interested with the virtues of ruffianism, or to be called upon to sympathize with innocent prostitution. A person who chooses to describe such characters, should make us heartily hate them at once, as Fielding did, whose indignation is the moral of his satire; who does not waste his kindly feelings by weeping over worthlessness; and who has been stigmatized as immoral in consequence. The hearty English satirist did not write for ladies, to be sure; but his coarseness is not near so dangerous as the mock modesty of many another author, who makes rascals bearable by sweetening them and perfuming them, and instructing them how to behave in genteel company. The only good to be got out of the contemplation of crime is abhorrence; and as the world is too squeamish to hear the whole truth (and the world is right, no doubt), it is a shame only to tell the palatable half of it. Pity for these rascals is surely much more indecent than disgust; and the rendering them presentable for society, the very worst service a writer can do it.

But here, and we shall not probably grudge it to him, a French satirist has a certain advantage, which, with our modest public, an English novelist cannot possess. The former is allowed to speak more freely than the latter; and in consequence, perhaps the best parts of M. Sue's book are the most hideous, as where he describes the naked villainies of a certain monstrous notary who figures in the latter volumes. There can be no mistake about *him*; and the vigorous, terrible description of the man is wholesome, though bitter. There is a kind of approach to virtue in a good hearty negation of vice. It is best, no doubt, to contemplate only the good; and not to be forced backwards, as it were, towards it, from a shrinking fright and abhorrence, occasioned by some dreadful exhibition of the opposite principle; but at least let us have no mistake between the one and the other, and not be led to a guilty sympathy for villany, by having it depicted to us as exceedingly specious, agreeable, generous, and virtuous at heart.

For instance, with our friend the knifer, if he had not been a dreadful murderer and rascal previously, we should never have got the friendship for him that subsequently ensues; and had the goualeuse done her duty all her life as a spotless spinster, we should have no particular compassion for her; and if this be true, it is their crimes which make us admire them; that is (as we have nothing for it but to admit), it is their crimes we admire.

However, we must come back to the point from which we set out. In spite of probability, and in spite of morality, and in spite of better judgment, here are six volumes that any novel reader who begins must read through. Although one knows the author to be a quack, one cannot deny that he is a clever fellow; although the story is entirely absurd, yet it is extremely interesting; and although it may run on for half-a-dozen more volumes, it is probable we shall read every one of them.

We subjoin an extract from the narrative, which may give an idea of its character and style.

THE TAPIS FRANC AND ITS INMATES.

"The tavern called the *Lapin Blanc* is situated near the middle of the *Rue aux Fèves*. It occupies the ground floor of a tall house, to which there is a public allée or entrance, vaulted and dark. Over the door of this passage hangs an oblong lantern, with a cracked glass, on which you read in red letters, 'Night Lodgings.'

"The *chourineur*, the stranger, and the *goualeuse*, entered into the tavern.

"It is a large, low room, with a smoky ceiling and black rafters; lighted up with the lurid red light of a bad lamp. The whitewashed walls are covered with coarse designs, or sentences in the slang language of the *Bagne*. The floor is beaten and muddy, and a quantity of straw is placed by way of carpet before the comptoir, or bar of the ogress, which stands to the right of the door, and underneath the lamp.

"Along each side of this room there are six tables, nailed at one end to the wall, as are also the benches which accompany them. At the end is a door leading to the kitchen, and on the right of the comptoir, another door leading to the allée or passage which conducts to the places where sleep may be had at three sous per night.

"And now a word or two with regard to the ogress and her guests.

"The ogress's name is Mother Ponisse, and her calling is triple. She lets lodgings, she keeps the tavern, and she lets clothes to the miserable women who swarm in this filthy quarter.

"The ogress is about forty years old: a large, robust, high-coloured, corpulent woman, and bearded somewhat on the chin. Her hoarse, manly voice, her great arms, and heavy hands, give indications of no common strength; over her cap she wears an old red and yellow handkerchief; her old shawl crosses over her breast, and is tied at her back in a knot; and under the green woollen gown which she wears, you see a couple of black sabots, a good deal burned by the *chaufferette* on which she places her feet. Her face is copper-coloured, and inflamed by the constant use of strong liquors.

"Her comptoir is covered with a plate of lead, on which stand several wooden measures bound with iron, and some vessels of pewter; and on a shelf behind her stand several glass bottles, cast so as to represent the figure of Napoleon. These bottles contain some horrible compound liquors

of green or rose colour, and going under the names of 'consolation' and 'parfait amour.'

"To conclude, a great black cat, with yellow eyes, is couched by the ogress's side, and seems the familiar demon of the place.

"By a contrast so strange, that it would appear impossible, did not one know what an impenetrable mystery the human mind is; a twig of 'buis de paques' (branches of box blessed at Easter in Catholic countries), and bought at church by the ogress, was placed behind her, in the case of an old cuckoo-clock.

"Two men of repulsive countenance, unshaven, and dressed almost in rags, sat at one of the tables, and scarcely touched the bowl of wine served to them; but were speaking together in a low, agitated tone of voice.

"One of them, especially, was extremely pale and livid, and was continually pulling down over his face a sort of skull-cap he wore. He kept his left hand almost always hid, and disguised it as much as possible when called upon to use it.

"Further on sat a lad of scarcely sixteen, with a beardless, hollow, worn livid face, and lustreless eyes. His long black hair fell round his neck; and the lad, a type of precocious villany, was smoking a short pipe. With his back against the wall, his two hands in the pockets of his blouse, his legs stretched along the bench, he never quitted his pipe but to drink from a small can of brandy placed at his side.

"The other frequenters of the *Tapis Franc* offered nothing remarkable. Their features were either brutalized or ferocious, their gaiety gross and licentious, their silence stupid or sombre.

"Such was the company assembled in the *Tapis Franc* at the moment when the stranger, the *chourineur*, and the *goualeuse* entered.

"These three personages hold too important places in our history, and the figures of each were too remarkable, to allow us to pass them over.

"The *chourineur* was a tall and athletic man, with hair exceedingly fair—almost white; thick eyebrows, and enormous whiskers of a bright red.

"Misery, exposure to cold and sun, the rude labours of the galleys, have bronzed his complexion to that sombre tint which is, one can almost say, peculiar to the convict.

"In spite of his terrible surname, the features of this man rather express brutal boddiness than ferocity; although the back part of his head, very strongly developed, announces the predominance of the brutal and sensual appetites.

"The *chourineur* wears an old blue blouse, and trousers of coarse velvet, once green, but now scarcely to be distinguished from the coat of mud which covers them.

"By a strange anomaly, the features of the *goualeuse* are of that candid and angelical type which preserves its ideality even in the midst of depravity; as if the vices of the creature were unable to efface from the countenance that noble imprint of beauty, which, on some privileged beings, the Creator has bestowed.

"The *goualeuse* was sixteen years and a half old.

"The whitest and purest forehead in the

world surmounted a face of a perfect oval; a fringe of lashes so long that they curled a little, half-veiled her large blue eyes. The down of first youth velveted her round and rosy cheek. The contour of her little purple mouth, of her straight, fine nose, and of her dimpled chin, was of admirable beauty. On each side of her smooth temples fell a plait of the finest blond hair, which descended to the middle of her cheek, and then passing under her little ear, of which one could perceive the lobe of rosed ivory, disappeared under the folds of a large blue handkerchief of cotton stuff, tied over her forehead. (This description, it must be confessed, fails woefully in the English version; but the phrases in French are by no means so affected or outrageous as they appear in our language to be).

"A coral necklace surrounded a neck of the most dazzling whiteness. Her robe of brown stuff—a great deal too large—allowed one to perceive how fine her waist was; as supple and round as a cane. A poor little orange shawl, with a green fringe, was crossed over her bosom.

"The charm of the goualeuse's voice had struck her unknown defender. In fact, this voice was so sweet, harmonious, and thrilling, that it had an extraordinary effect upon the society of kuaves and abandoned women among whom this poor girl lived; and they often asked her to sing, and listened to her with delight, and had surnamed her the Goualeuse, the Songstress.

"The defender of the goualeuse (and we shall name the stranger Rodolph) appeared to be thirty at the most. His light and active figure, of a middle size and perfect proportion, did not seem to announce, at first sight, the prodigious strength which he had displayed in his combat with the athletic chourineur.

"It would have been difficult to assign any precise character to Rodolph's physiognomy, which united in itself the strongest contrasts.

"His features were regularly beautiful, perhaps too beautiful for a man.

"His pale and delicate complexion, his large brown eyes, almost always half shut, and with a dark rim of azure round the lids, his careless carriage, vacant and ironical smile, seemed to indicate a man, if not blasé, at least with a constitution worn out or enfeebled by the early vices of an opulent life.

"And yet that white and delicate hand had just overthrown a brigand, one of the strongest and most terrible even in this quarter of brigands.

"Certain lines in Rodolph's forehead marked the profound thinker, the essentially contemplative man: and yet there was a firmness about the contour of the mouth, and a bold and imperious carriage of the head, which showed the man of action: whose daring and physical force always exercise an irresistible ascendancy on the crowd.

"Sometimes his features bore the impress of a sad melancholy, when an expression of the sweetest and gentlest pity would appear in his face. At other moments, on the contrary, his look became severe, nay wicked, and his features expressed so much disdain and cruelty, that you would not have supposed him capable of a gentle thought. The close of this history will show

what were the circumstances or ideas that excited in his mind feelings so opposite.

"In his contest with the chourineur, Rodolph had exhibited neither anger nor hate. His adversary was unworthy of him, and confiding in his force, agility, and address, he had only shown contemptuous railery for the species of brute-beast whom he had overcome.

"To complete the portrait of Rodolph, we must say that his hair was of a light chestnut, of the same shade as were his nobly arched eyebrows, and his fine and silky moustache; his chin, which protruded somewhat, was carefully shaved.

"The language and manner of these people, which he knew how to assume with incredible ease, allowed him to pass quite unsuspected among them. As they entered the tavern, the chourineur placed his great hairy hand on Rodolph's shoulder, and said,

"Make way, boys, for my master. Yes, here is the master of the chourineur; it is only just now that he thrashed me; so, gentlemen, if any of you want a beating or a broken head, here is your man! I will back him against anybody, yes, against the maître d'école himself, who would find his master, lads, as I've just done."

"At this speech the ogress, and every one of the guests in the Tapis Franc, turned their eyes towards the conqueror of the chourineur, and examined him with respectful awe; some busily drew back their pots and glasses to the end of the tables at which they were sitting, in order to make room for Rodolph, should he propose to place himself by them. Others went to the chourineur, and asked him in a low tone of voice some particulars of the life of the unknown individual who had just made so brilliant a début in society.

"Even the ogress greeted Rodolph with one of her sweetest smiles; and with a monstrous and fabulous politeness, a politeness never before heard of in the annals of the Lapin Blanc, she actually rose from her place at the bar, and advancing towards Rodolph, respectfully asked him what he and his friends would please to take? This was an attention she never paid to the maître d'école himself, that redoubtable villain, who even made the chourineur tremble.

"One of the two ill-featured men whom we have mentioned (the pale man who hid his left hand and always pulled his skull-cap over his eyes) now leaned over to the ogress, who was carefully wiping Rodolph's table, and said in a hoarse voice,

"Has the schoolmaster been here to-day?"

"No," said Mother Ponisse.

"Was he here yesterday?"

"Yes, he came yesterday."

"With his new wife?"

"What do you mean by all this cross-questioning," said the ogress: "do you think I'm a spy, and will split on my customers?"

"I've business with him."

"Business! A pretty business it is, a set of cut-throats as you are."

"You live by the cut-throats," answered the bandit, surlily.

"Will you hold your tongue?" cried the ogress, coming forward with a menacing air,

and lifting the wooden measure which she held in her hand.

"The man went back grumbling to his place. The goualeuse, as she came in with the chourineur, had given a friendly nod to the lad who was smoking: 'You are always at the brandy, Barbillion,' said the knifer.

"I had rather go without victuals and shoes,' said the lad, 'than without my brandy and my backy,' and he discharged a great puff of the latter as he spoke.

"The entrance of a stranger interrupted all conversation, and caused all heads to look up.

He was a robust, active, middle-aged man, in cap and jacket, perfectly au fait in all the customs of the place, and employing the familiar slang language when he asked the hostess for refreshment.

"Although he was not one of the frequenters of the Tapis Franc, the people there speedily took no notice of him: he was *known*: for, to know their comrades, rogues like honest men have no difficulty.

"The man took his place so as to observe the two ill-favoured men, one of whom had asked for the schoolmaster. He kept his eye fixed on them: but from the position they could not see that they were the objects of his attention: from time to time he looked at a paper which he had in his cap.

(The company now subsides into quiet, and the goualeuse, the chourineur, and Rodolph, recount their histories).

"The man now got up, and recommending the ogress to have an eye upon his wine, went out for a moment, returning presently with an energetic looking individual, of tall and athletic stature.

"Come in, Borel,' said the man, 'and let us have a glass of wine.'

"The chourineur turned round to Rodolph, and whispered to him in a low voice, 'Look out for squalls; that man's a spy.'

"The moment the two bandits (one of whom was the fellow in the skull-cap who had so often asked for the schoolmaster) saw the stranger, they looked at each other, jumped up, and made for the door; but the two police agents threw themselves upon the men, uttering at the same time a particular cry.

"A terrible struggle took place.

"The door of the tavern was flung open, more agents rushed into the room, and the muskets of the gendarmes were seen glittering in the passage without. The man in the skull-cap screamed and shouted with rage: half stretched on a table, he writhed and plunged so frantically that three men could scarce hold him. Quite cowed and beaten down, with pale, livid face and lips, and a hanging, trembling, lower jaw, his companion made not the least resistance, but held out his hands for the agents to manacle. The ogress seated at her counter, and used to such scenes, remained quite calmly looking on, with her hands in the pockets of her apron.

"What have the chaps been doing, M. Borel,' said she to that personage, whom she appeared to know.

"They murdered an old woman, yesterday,

in the Rue St. Christophe, in order to rob her lodgings. Before dying, the old woman said she had bitten one of the men in the hand; we suspected these two rascals, and my comrade came just now to see if they were our men. They're caught, and that's all.

"It's lucky I made 'em pay the wine,' said the ogress. 'Won't you take a drop of something, M. Borel; just one drop of Parfait amour?'

"Thank you, no, Mother Ponisse; I must first finish my job with these chaps here—ha! there's one of 'em kicking again.'

"It was the skull-cap man, who was still furiously struggling; and when the agents wished to take him to the hackney-coach in waiting in the streets, it became necessary to carry him. His comrade, trembling nervously in every limb, could scarcely stand; his lips were violet, and moved as if they wished to speak. This inert mass was likewise flung into the carriage.

"Before quitting the Tapis Franc, the agent looked round attentively at the various guests, and perceiving the chourineur, said to him, in a tone that was almost affectionate,

"You there, you rogue? how comes it that we hear no more of you? no more fighting and quarrelling, eh? You're growing quite quiet."

"As quiet as a lamb, M. Borel; and for the matter of that, you know I never begin."

"What business would such a great monster as you have to begin? With your strength, there's no one could stand up against you."

"Here's one that can, and beat me too," said the chourineur, laying his hand on Rodolph's shoulder.

"Who are you? I don't know you," said the agent, looking at Rodolph: 'I don't know you.'

"And never shall, my lad," answered he.

"Well, I hope not, for your sake; and so good night, Mother Ponisse. Your house is a regular trap; here's the third murderer I've taken in it."

"And I hope it won't be the last, and my service to you, Monsieur Borel," said the ogress, smiling graciously on the agent as he departed.

"Didn't you know the chap in the skull-cap," said the lad before-mentioned: 'I did at once; it's Velu; and directly the beaks came in, says I, I'm sure there's something wrong; for I saw Velu always kept his hand under the table.'

"It's lucky for the schoolmaster that he wasn't here," said the ogress: 'the skull-cap man asked for him twice, and said they had business together. It's lucky for him; and that I'm an honest woman too, and don't sell my customers. Come here and take 'em; that's all very well, but I never will peach. Well! speak of the devil—here is the schoolmaster, with his wife.'

"A sort of thrill of terror ran through the assembly at the entrance of this redoubtable brigand; and even Rodolph himself, in spite of his natural intrepidity, felt some emotion as he examined him.

(The maître d'école, and his companion, the chouette, are described: the former casts his eyes upon the goualeuse, and bids her come round to his table).

"Don't you hear me?" said the monster,

coming forward. 'If you don't come this minute, I'll have one of your eyes out like the chouette's here: and you chap with the moustache (to Rodolph), unless you hand her over, I'll do for you.'

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" cried the poor goualeuse, clasping her hands, 'O, defend me!' and then reflecting she might be bringing Rodolph into danger, she added, 'No, no, don't move, Monsieur Rodolph; if he stirs, I'll cry out; and for fear of the police, I'm sure the ogress will take my part.'

"Don't be alarmed, my child," replied Rodolph, looking boldly at the *maitre d'école*: 'you are at my side, and shall not leave it; and as that hideous beast yonder sickens you, as well as myself, it will be best for both of us that I put him into the street.'

"You do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"I'll do it," said Rodolph, and he got up, in spite of the entreaties of the goualeuse.

"The schoolmaster could not help stepping back, as he looked at the terrible aspect which Rodolph's face now wore.

"Fleur de Marie and the chourineur were similarly struck by it; a look of diabolical rage and wickedness now suddenly contracted the noble features of their companion. They could no longer recognize him. In his combat with the chourineur he had been calm and disdainful; but in facing the schoolmaster he seemed possessed with a ferocious rage, and his wide staring eyes shone with a strange wild lustre.

"The looks of some men have an irresistible magnetic power. Certain celebrated duellists, it is said, owe their horrid successes to this fatal fascination of look, which demoralizes and prostrates their enemy.

"Rodolph possessed this frightful piercing glance, from which those on whom it is once cast, endeavour to escape in vain. It terrifies and masters them; they feel it almost physically; and, in spite of themselves, they must seek it—they cannot withdraw their own eyes from it.

"The schoolmaster trembled, went back yet another step, and feeling himself no longer safe, even with his prodigious strength, searched in his blouse for his dagger. A murder would have probably stained the *Tapis Franc*, but the chouette, suddenly jumping up, seizes the schoolmaster by the hand, and cries 'Stop, stop, Fourline,* you shall have them both presently, but stop, and let us speak.'

(The chouette has recognized the goualeuse, and tells her history, and that she has papers regarding the goualeuse, which show who the parents of the girl are).

"Forgetting the *maitre d'école*, Rodolph listened attentively to the chouette, whose story interested him; and the schoolmaster, meanwhile, now that his antagonist's eyes were off him, felt his courage restored; for he would not believe that the slightly-made individual before him was in a condition to resist the herculean strength which he himself possessed. So coming up to the champion of the goualeuse, he said to the chouette, in a tone of authority,

"Enough talk, chouette; I'll just spoil this young fellow's beauty for him, and then my pretty blonde here will find that I am the handsomer of the two.'

"Rodolph jumped over the table with one bound.

"Mind my plates," screamed the ogress.

"And the schoolmaster put himself into an attitude of defence: his hands before him, his body a little back: balanced on his robust reins, and, as it were, arched and supported on one of his enormous legs, which was as firm as a balustrade of stone.

"Rodolph was just going to attack him, when the door of the tavern was flung open, and a man in the garb of a *carbonnier*,* almost six feet in height, ran into the room, pushed the schoolmaster aside, and coming up to Rodolph, whispered to him, in English, 'My lord, 'Tom and Sarah are at the end of the street.'

"At these mysterious words, Rodolph, with an angry air, flung down a louis upon the ogress's counter, and ran towards the door.

"The schoolmaster tried to stop the passage of Rodolph; but the latter, turning rapidly round, dealt him two such blows in the face, that the monster staggered, and fell back stunned on the tables.

"Bravo!" cried the chourineur. 'That's the very trick with which he finished me.'

"The schoolmaster coming to himself after a few seconds, rushed out into the street after his adversary; but he and his comrade had disappeared in the sombre labyrinths of the city—it was impossible to rejoin them."

And had we space, we would have given some of the grotesque scenes in the volumes; and the chapter in which the hero inflicts condign punishment on the schoolmaster, by putting out the eyes of that malefactor. By way of encouraging the romance reader, it may be stated in conclusion, that the '*Débats*' has just commenced a new series of this interminable story, in which horrors more horrible, scoundrels more profound, thieves, knaves and murderers, still more thievish, knavish and murderous, than any to whom we have yet been introduced, are made to figure on the scene.

ART. XVI.—1. *The New York Morning Courier and Enquirer: The New York Herald: October to February, 1842-3.*

2. *Les Américains en Europe, et les Européens aux Etats-Unis.* (Americans in Europe, and Europeans in the United States, by PHILARETE CHARLES: *Revue*

* Fourline is the diminutive of *Fourloureur*; an assassin, in the language of the galley.

* The *carbonnier* is Sir Walter Murph, the squire of H. R. H. the Grand Duke of Gérolstein.

des Deux Mondes, February, 1843.) Paris. 1843.

3. *Les Etats-Unis: Souvenirs d'un Voyageur.* (The United States: Recollections of a Traveller). Par M. ISIDORE LÖWENSTERN. Paris and Leipsic. 1842.
4. *The North American Review for January, 1843.* Boston. U. S.

WE have reason to be satisfied with the effect of our article of last October, on the Newspapers of the United States. It has been, in the first place, understood by those whom it concerned, and complimented with that calm indifference and philosophic contempt, which were lavished by Sheridan's hero on the villanous, licentious, abominable, infernal Review, that had been written upon *him*. In other quarters, it has been met with guarded doubts, with well meant remonstrance, with timid comparisons and questionings, and with agreement founded on an honest examination of the facts and reasons that we offered. In all it has involved of necessity, more or less, *a discussion of the nuisance it exposed.*

This is the main advantage. And for this we return to a subject, only more important than hateful, since it forces us, whatever the tone we adopt, to admit at any rate the continued existence of a power, enormous in proportion to the absence of every quality which inspires respect. Power, founded on the junction of literary incompetency with moral indecency, and deriving its means of support from nothing save scandal, slander, wretched ribaldry, and ruffianly abuse, is the humiliating antagonist against which we enter the field. You cannot afford, with justice to all that is at stake, to despise such an antagonist; for you cannot treat with the same contempt the masses who listen to him, and of whose blind lusts and ignorance his influence is composed. You may tear to pieces and trample under foot a single number of the 'New York Herald,' or the 'New York Courier and Enquirer,' but at that very instant, there are tens of thousands reading that very number of either journal, and deriving from it all the satisfaction which large classes of men will never cease to take, in the gratification of their ignorance or of their evil passions.

'Does any well-educated man in America read these papers *with respect*,' is the strange question of the 'Edinburgh Review.' With respect! Why, what has respect to do with it? Does any well-educated man enter a gambling house, or

a brothel, or any other scene of vice, with *respect* for the inmates he looks to find there? Far from it. It is more than probable, if he has any feeling at all, that he hates himself for going: *but he goes*: and the oftener he goes, we will answer for it, the less he finds it necessary to trouble his head with notions of 'respect' of any kind. And this is what we charge upon these newspapers, as not the least frightful mischief that is in them. They level, to an undistinguishable mass, the educated, the ignorant, and the base. They drive into one bad direction all the forces of society, which, if personal liberty is to be preserved, or the rights of individual thought and opinion respected, ought to be engaged in counteracting each other. Democracy is little understood, if this is supposed to be democracy. It is a state of equal and universal slavery: the tyranny to which all are subject being that of a press the most infamous on earth.

To pretend that such a condition of things must flow as a matter of course from the institutions of America, can blind only the most thoughtless. The 'Times' argues ably for all its opinions, but omits an important element in the consideration of this. The government and society of America cannot be assumed to have as yet taken permanent shape. On the great experiment which is going forward there—the right of any one broadly and finally to pronounce, is far from having yet begun. In the present stage of it, we must still maintain, the character of the people is more distinctly at stake than the character of the institutions. Nothing seems so dangerous as to palliate the social delinquencies of America on the ground of political experiment, unless it is the danger of making forms of government of any kind responsible for what lies in a direction too deep to be amenable to them. Government in that sense is much to be considered, but self-government, in every form of society, is also worth considering; since without it, the other, though cast in the perfect mould of absolute wisdom, will avail surprisingly little. The existing constitution of America has not yet outlived the test of fifty years, and for every vice and failing of the people we are asked to make this fraction of time accountable!

Will those who require us to do so, point out the example in history of a political constitution framed in this rapid ex-cathedrâ fashion, and turning out of greater account than the paper it was written on? Will they furnish us an example of consti-

tution or form of government of any kind whatsoever, which had within it an element of permanence—to which the habits, the duties, the rights, the capabilities of the people governed, had in any manner found it possible to accommodate themselves—and which has not been in every case the work of time, and in a still greater and more important degree, the work of the people themselves? Admitting here, then, that the final issue still waits to be developed by time, it is on the latter ground we for the present take our stand. We say that with no effort to check the influences which are now running riot in America, the chances of that great society being ultimately gathered together under any one set of political institutions, we care not of what description, are extremely remote and problematical. Why, if they had wars upon their hands, if they had threatening and troublesome neighbours, nay, if they had their millions of ill-governed, starving poor, clamouring for instruction and for bread, we do believe that their chances of existence as One People would be greater than they now are. Frightful as we must think these penalties and vices from which older countries suffer, at the least some centre of resistance would of necessity evolve itself from them, to what now overrides the land—crushing all that is of elevating tendency, everywhere establishing like narrow prejudices and foul passions, making one mean view and example of mankind universal and predominant, and silencing an independent thought wherever it would make itself known. No government, no society, can long exist with such a power as this abroad, subject to no control. We are quite prepared to have it said that we exaggerate: we say what we believe to be true.

In remark on our so-called exaggeration, the 'Westminster Review' waives any advantage derivable from its exposure, and asserts, that even taking it as a fair description of the newspaper press of America, the case attempted to be set up signally fails. And why? "We say," says the 'Westminster Review,' "that the moral tone of the American press is *not so low* as that of the newspaper stamped press of our own country, with honourable exceptions." The reviewer is at pains to repeat the assertion, and to have us understand that it is made 'deliberately.' He adds that he has 'carefully' examined a file of the 'New York Herald,' the paper especially referred to as the worst in the United States, and found it, "bad as it is,

freer from gross obscenities and ribald jests than either the —, the —, or the —, papers circulated extensively here among the higher classes; and its personal abuse of political opponents not greater than that of almost any one of our Tory journals."

We do not give the names of the papers thus specially put forward, because the third, though of political opinions with which we cannot sympathize, is conducted with perfect decency and honour, and is on no pretence, save of a most reckless disregard of truth, to be classed with that literature of the 'gambling house and the brothel' which we did not fail to denounce when we entered first upon this subject, and of which the other two journals named are the admitted representatives. It is important to notice that what we must call the design of indiscriminately bringing within the same degradation and reproach every class of English periodical publication, is very 'deliberately' pursued by the Westminster Reviewer.

Gently passing the 'New York Herald' as 'with all its faults,' having 'early commercial intelligence,' and by its circulation 'the best advertising medium in the United States' (pretences we had already noticed as those by which decent American citizens attempted to justify to themselves the admission of the foul thing within their houses), the reviewer proceeds to quote the case of Lady Flora Hastings; a more recent falsehood against another of the maids of honour; some scurrilities in the report of a meeting on the subject of Miss Martineau's refusal of a pension; and an alleged libel against Mr. Cobden. "Is the American press," he then asks, "*alone* to bear the disgrace of giving utterance to vile slanders, when it is merely copying the example of the prints of the mother country? A twelvemonth has not elapsed," he continues, "since *two newspapers* existed, the avowed object of which was *to trade in libel*. . . The papers alluded to are now happily extinct, but they existed for many months, and large sums were realized by the wretches associated in this infamous speculation." Our 'severe censure' against the President of the United States for the disgrace of connecting the government at Washington with the infamy of the 'New York Herald,' is the reviewer's closing subject of remark. "Governor Tyler," he coolly suggests, "would probably explain by stating that it was his duty not to give the advertisements to papers which had only a comparative small

circulation," and the matter is then finally dismissed in these extremely 'knowing' paragraphs:

"But admitting that the real object was that of a simple bribe, we must still marvel at the astonishment of the 'Foreign Quarterly,' seeing that the practice is one which in the mother country, and probably in every state of Europe, is about as old as the press itself. Is the writer so innocent as to suppose that the morning and evening papers which are known as ministerial journals support the government of the day only from motives of the purest patriotism, and that in return for this devotedness there are no considerations in the shape of early and exclusive information, official announcements, or more tangible modes of payment for this devotedness?"

We have given this outline of the defence of the American press and its upholders by their hardest advocate, because it comprises matter which, throughout the course of our present article, it will be instructive to keep in view. The writer's purpose cannot be mistaken. It is to involve in the same disgrace the most respectable of the Tory journals of the metropolis, and the literature we formerly classed as but part of its social dregs and moral filth. It is to convey the impression that the 'moral tone' of the 'Times' and the 'Standard' is in point of fact on no higher level than that of two scandalous journals still existing, and two still worse which are extinct. The last two are not named, but proceedings at police offices have forced their names on respectable men, and we understand the reviewer's allusion. It conveys what is not the fact. They were *not* 'newspapers.' They were prints of the lowest price, unstamped, indecently illustrated, and filled with the sayings and doings of shameless and abandoned profligates. Why does the Westminster Reviewer thus recklessly class these foul publications with the great body of English newspapers? Why does he leave his readers to imagine that such journals as the 'Times' had countenanced or in any way suffered to appear in their columns, the infamous slanders of which he makes special mention? Why, with the stamp returns at hand, does he talk of the extensive circulation of papers, of which the miserable sale is as notorious as the miserable and mean contents? *Because he is defending the American Press.*

It is worth remark perhaps that among the earlier articles of the same number of the 'Westminster Review,' there was one by a particularly enthusiastic writer, who

said a number of fine and flattering things about the English press, and put forth nothing but the very grandest claims in its behalf. What his friend and colleague was saying in the same instant of time, the reader has observed. The delicate monster with two voices was probably never played to greater perfection. 'His forward voice [the first article] is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice [the second article] is to utter foul speeches and to detract.' The men of the press are the authors of the moral life of nations, says the forward voice. Nothing can be so morally low as the tone of the men of the press, says the backward voice. Bullying, exaggeration, downright lying, don't apply to the newspaper man, cries the forward voice. The newspaper man bullies, exaggerates, lies, cries the backward voice. His own party deem him a servant of Right and Patriotism, says the forward voice. His own party have retained his services, and do what they like with their 'own,' says the backward voice. No profession is more honoured in England at this hour by the intelligent than that of the press, cries the forward voice. Until they sign their names to what they write, the press will be a mere mercenary mass, cries the backward voice. The journalist is not believed ready to repeat his lies for a few guineas, says the forward voice. Is any one simple enough *not* to believe that bribes are as old as the press itself, asks the backward voice. The man of the press is a Lion, cries the forward voice. He is a Libeller, cries the backward voice. His autographs fetch high prices, says the forward voice.—But we had better stop here, seeing that we stumble on something like agreement. For, responds the backward voice, one must pity the innocent who does not know of 'tangible modes of payment' for the devotedness of a man of the press! Which is perhaps only more delicately put in the remark on high-priced autographs.

Between such exaggerated differences in men of the same political views, who thus flatly contradict each other, and stultify the journal they write in, the truth has at any rate room and breadth enough to make itself calmly and clearly known. And if of the overweening claim it should hardly approve, on the low and false depreciation it may assuredly trample with scorn. English journalism, whatever its defects may be, represents not unworthily the civilisation and intelligence of England. A great people finds free utterance

* Sic in orig.

in it for every possible difference of thought and of opinion, and a respectable community has no call to be ashamed of it. The man who says it wages war on private life, or who implies that it is conducted by professional bullies, whose avarice or other passions invite the price of their dishonour, utters what we can only call a falsehood. Its writers are for the most part men of known character and station, and have all the inducements to keep them true, even if they had all the baseness to be able to be false. As to the particular 'revelations' to be expected from the English journalist, or the special 'truths from the higher regions of philosophy,' of which the enthusiastic article in the 'Westminster' speaks, when it likens him to Spring in the Greek ode, shining forth and scattering roses—we will only say, that when he sets forth a pretension to deal in these wares, it is more than probable he will be found actually supplied with them. Meanwhile, we contemplate him with equal admiration in a somewhat humbler sphere, where he no doubt feels he is able to do greater present good. Swift observes it as an uncontrollable truth, that no man ever made an ill figure who understood his own talents, nor a good one who mistook them; and it is, we think, one of the chief distinctions of the English journalist, that he both understands his talents, and their most cautious and useful application. He seldom stops short, and much more seldom goes too far. He does not loiter near Apsley House while his friends are some dozen miles further on the road; nor exercise his speed in the Park at Windsor, while his readers are struggling to be lifted out of Slough. He is an eminently practical man; and, upon the whole, we say, a just and conscientious man. Of the latter we think we gave some proofs, in our late paper on the Newspaper Press of France. His great ability we do not think any one would question, except perhaps the friend of the American editors in the 'Westminster Review.' With every disadvantage to contend against; forced to write upon subjects with which he may be least familiar; always writing against time; never able to escape such immediate contact with what he treats, as must always to some extent cloud its just proportions; how seldom is the English journalist a mere caricaturist, dogmatist, or declaimer!

With such a man as this, it is now attempted to confound the newspaper man

of America. But it will not do. Our exposure of last October stands on record against the stale trick, and, if anything else were needed, the answer of the American press to that exposure is now on record also! A precious and invaluable testimony to the truthfulness and justice of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review!' It becomes us gratefully to recognize it, and to offer some slight description of it. Such is our present purpose. We will be careful to do it as briefly as we may.

The first steam packet after the Review had reached the States, brought to this country the letter of an intelligent "New York Merchant," which was published in the 'Spectator' newspaper. In that letter we found it stated: "The review of the American Newspaper press in the 'Foreign Quarterly' is attributed here to —, I believe falsely. *In the main it is true, and therefore cuts deeply*; but justice is scarcely done to the 'Courier and Enquirer,' which is decidedly one of the best papers published in New York; *although that does not say much, I confess*." We knew that such was the esteem in which the 'Courier and Enquirer' was held, and it was for that reason we singled it out for exhibition of its style and character. We should grieve to think that we had not done it justice; but what was omitted in the former article, may possibly be supplied in this. '*In the main it is true, and therefore cuts deeply*.' This statement, in an intelligent and altogether unprejudiced quarter, we could not but observe with pleasure. But how little were we able to appreciate all that it conveyed, till we had seen the papers it had cut so deeply!

We sought, through a leader of three lengthy columns devoted to us in the 'Courier and Enquirer,' for one word that should proclaim the manly or the bold antagonist. We found only the meanest shuffling, the most cowardly and bullying evasion. We found our review falsely charged on a distinguished writer—who had nothing to do with it, and had never, but as one of the public, seen it—that what admitted of no reply might be the excuse for a series of vulgar personal libels. We found not a single statement met, not an argument even attempted to be answered, not a syllable of any kind but that which the dishonest is never called to prove, and the honest never stoops to notice, the most gross and filthy calumny. Every way characteristic was its tone and spirit, of the only man out of two hemispheres, who it is to be hoped

could have been found to write it. It was an article in which nothing was wanting to the perfect self-complacency which waxes upon the consciousness of a perfect infamy. The man quoted the account we had given of himself, as a mere matter of course. It is said of the criminal that in confessing the greatest offence he gives himself credit for his candour. You and he seem to have come to an amicable understanding on his character at last.

We cannot quote this article for the reasons stated. From the ordure of its abuse, we can only extract one special comment on one of the statements in our 'Review,' to which anything like a special denial is given.

"We quote again from this infamous review.

'To convict a man in America, *unless he happens to be a negro*, is by no means a necessary prelude to his punishment. A murderer, whether of life, or of character, without which life is worthless, has infinite chances *if he has a white face*.'

"—— has gone to Europe with the fullest endorsement for truth and honour that any person ever took from the United States; and of course, the readers of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' cannot doubt the faithfulness of *this picture*. What say his New York friends to its *truth*?"

We will tell the editor of the 'Courier and Enquirer' what *his* friends say to its truth, which may possibly be more satisfactory to him. All the world has seen the account of the attempted rebellion on board the 'Somers' American brig of war, commanded by Captain Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, the 'Young American,' whose 'Year in Spain' made a very favourable impression in this country some short time back. It was alleged to have been headed by a midshipman of the name of Spencer, nineteen years of age, with whom were said to have been directly implicated two of the common seamen. It was revealed as madly as it seems to have been planned, and a sort of vague suspicion of the probable co-operation of several of the crew was founded on the discovery of a paper which was afterwards described by Captain Mackenzie, in the exculpatory narrative he submitted to the authorities, in these curious terms: 'On this paper *strange characters* were written, *which proved to be Greek*, with which Mr. Spencer was familiar. It fortunately happened that another midshipman was on board who understood Greek—one whose Greek, as well as everything else he possessed, were wholly devoted to his country—Midshipman Rogers. He

translated those characters. Upon Mr. Rogers' explanation (for without some reasonable suspicion of the rising of the crew, the whole affair is as unintelligible as deplorable) it was resolved on the sudden to hang Mr. Spencer and his two associates, men named Small and Cromwell.* Notice was accordingly given them; not the least form or shadow of a trial was gone into; they were told within an hour or two to prepare for death; and at the expiration of that time were hanged at the yard-arm. This done, the crew (under orders) cheered very lustily for the American flag, with its stripes and stars. "I then said," adds Captain Mackenzie's narrative, "that they had *given cheers for their flag*, but that they should also *give cheers to their God*, by singing to his praise. *I ordered the hundredth psalm to be sung*." Duly arrived at home with his dreary news to tell, the first paper in which anything like an authentic account of Captain Mackenzie's tragedy appeared, was the 'New York Courier and Enquirer.'

The selection was a happy tribute to the influence of this base press; highly illustrative of the unquestioned and unquestionable power of that spirit of party with which it has cursed America; eminently characteristic of the utter absence of delicacy or decency which marks its influence over men esteemed the most honourable.†

* From the extraordinary evidence since adduced in justification of this act before the tribunal appointed to report upon it, we take one passage having immediate reference to this man, which seems too monstrous and outrageous for belief. Upon a solemn investigation to inquire whether a seaman has been justly hanged without trial for a suspected intention to mutiny, evidence is gone into to show that he — *used to speak coarsely of his wife!!* We quote from the examination of one of the witnesses: "Cromwell spoke of his wife and spoke of her in a very light manner for a man who had just been married; he said, he supposed some one was then doing up her fixings at home, but he did not care as long as he had the berth clean when he returned." *The Judge Advocate suggested the impropriety of pursuing the inquiry further. It was dropped.*"

† Let us supply, by the way, from the same extraordinary case, another notable proof of the absence of these qualities, which caused of course no surprise, and provoked no remark of any kind. Captain Mackenzie, offering himself for trial in a case where, above all others, it seemed essential that his conduct should be free from the slightest breath of suspicion; in which his first anxiety should have been, that no faintest colour of a motive could possibly have been attributed to him, of even the most remotely connecting with any shadowy anticipation of his own profit or advantage, events so dreadful, and so plainly to be treated as a mere awful necessity; Captain Mackenzie, we say, in these circumstances, thus closed the narrative, to which we have made reference in the text. "*All the credit which*

The miserable young man, Mr. Spencer, whom Captain Mackenzie hanged, was the oldest son of a prominent statesman of America, the Hon. Mr. Spencer, Secretary at War to the present government of Washington. So connected with 'His Accidency,' as the 'Courier' loves to style the President, we need not say that Mr. Spencer had been the mark of all the most venomous abuse that this vile print could direct against him. Which indeed it had pursued with its most perfect hatred, Mr. Spencer or 'Captain Tyler,' would be perhaps difficult to say. There was an article specially devoted to both some few days before the arrival of Captain Mackenzie, in which '*miserable trick*,' '*veriest wretch*,' '*unprincipled politician*,' '*imbecile*,' '*traitor*,' '*disgraceful imbecile*,' '*greatest curse*,' were the choicest epithets applied to the President of America and his Secretary at War. The last man then, we would say, with whom Captain Mackenzie should have entered into communication on the subject of the dreadful events in which he had borne chief part, was the man signalized by his hatred of the family whom those events had plunged into deepest affliction—the editor of this 'Courier and Enquirer.' But as we have said, he was the first. And he has paid the favour back with all fitting gratitude. He has zealously defended Captain Mackenzie throughout, and upheld him as a friend.

Even this friend, therefore, we will now bring to justify the only special passage in our 'Review' which his advocate has dared to dispute. We do not apologize for having detained the reader with the episode necessary to introduce this evidence, because it has served at the same time to throw valuable illustration on other points of our subject. We asserted, that to convict a man in America, unless he was a negro, was no necessary prelude to his punishment. We said that a murderer, whether of life, or of character, without which life is worthless, had infinite chances, if he happened to have a white face. And asks the editor of the 'Courier' triumphantly, what say my countrymen to the truth of that? Let Captain Mackenzie answer, in a description of the last interview he held with the

youth he was about to hang, as given in his memorable narrative.

"I then turned to Spencer, and again asked him if he had any message to his friends. He replied that he had none, but that he died wishing them every happiness. 'I deserve death,' he added, 'for this as well as for other crimes. My only fear is that my repentance may be too late.' When I asked him if he could or would mention any one whom he had particularly injured, and whom he might save from obloquy, he answered not for some time, but at last said, '*he had injured chiefly his parents, and that his death would kill his poor mother.*' I was not till then aware that he had a mother. I then asked him if he would not have been more guilty had he succeeded in his designs. He replied that 'I do not know what would have become of me if I had succeeded. *I fear it may yet injure my father.*' I replied, it was then too late to think of that, and told him, that if he had succeeded, it would have injured his father much more—that *it would not have been in nature for his father not to interpose to save him*; AND THAT FOR THOSE WHO HAD MONEY AND FRIENDS IN AMERICA, THERE WAS NO PUNISHMENT FOR THE WORST OF CRIMES."*

So fares the only attempt to dispute, by direct means, a single statement or opinion in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review!' Other artifices are adopted of course, to the basest of which we have already adverted. The most natural and the most amusing we will now detail. It is very trite to have to remind the reader of the well-known propensity of delinquents of all times and countries, when detected in some common and notorious villany, to catch at that desperate chance of escape which seems to them always, by some universal process of no-reasoning, to be im-

* The note which was appended to this satisfactory statement of the moral condition of the newspaper-ridden republic, was not less happily characteristic. "*Perhaps*," says Captain Mackenzie—with his editorial friend, in all probability, at his elbow—"perhaps this is an *erroneous opinion*, which I could not justify; but I must now record faithfully what was said on this melancholy occasion." Let us fortify, however, the delicate *perhaps* of the Captain—so scrupulous when men are not waiting to be hanged—and quote upon this subject an authority probably better than his own. The 'New York American,' one of those few well-written papers of the States—"rariissimi nantes in gurgite vasto"—which, as we formerly remarked, not even the curse of party can purge of its title to respect—thus remarked upon the point in issue before the Mackenzie narrative appeared. "We have had of late such melancholy evidence of the facility with which criminals having wealthy and influential friends, can evade the hands of justice, and set the law at defiance, that we can hardly suppose that this abandoned young man would have received the just desert of his crime, had he not paid the penalty on the very deck on which he had determined to consummate his guilt."

might accrue to Commander Mackenzie, in case of his justification by the tribunal to whose ordeal he would be subjected, was solicited for the benefit of his nephew, O. H. Perry, whom he recommended as a fit and proper person to be appointed in the room of MIDSHIPMAN SPENCER." (!!!)

plied in the treacherous turning round on their associates. There is, happily for the virtuous, no confidence, no friendship in crime. Thus, in the case before us, it has been sought to make the 'New York Herald' the sole luckless scapegoat. "It is notorious," says the 'Journal of Commerce,' "that the 'Herald' was established among us *after the model of the London press.*" [Oh! excellent 'Westminster' reviewer, what a prize you will be to your worthy associates!] "And now they have the impudence to come out and disown their own bantling. We have frequently thought," adds this cautious and considerate journal, "that the influence of that violent and abusive paper amongst us was exaggerated: that is, *supposing it was not full of obscenities*, for which unhappily readers may be found everywhere." In other words, the repudiation might run thus: Our violent and abusive associate would really, after all, get no more by his violence and abuse than we do; but he is so peculiarly admirable in the obscene line, which everybody is unhappily inclined to, that there, we must admit, he carries the day. We sympathize with the journalist of Commerce in his confessed inability, that way, to compete with his more successful rival, and we will add to his credit, that we cannot say we have ever observed him even make the attempt. Indeed this 'Journal of Commerce' is on the whole a very dull, and (as far as anything of the *genus* 'newspaper' can be in America) a very harmless journal—one, for example, as it naively confessed on the 10th of January last, who "*cannot see the 'Courier's' wit in telling* OUTRAGEOUS LIES directly in the face of public knowledge"—and we should not have made further mention of it, if it had not fallen into this fit of anger against ourselves. But now for the wit of the 'Courier.'

He cries out, too, of course, and in far louder tone, the precious 'Tu Quoque' argument. 'Pooh!' exclaims the wit, in his least indecent mood and phrase, 'the American press compared with the English, is as a Chesterfield to a Cobbett!' The argument is become natural to large classes in America. You have it used on every occasion. Charge them with dishonesty in their dealings, and they offer to find you dealers quite as dishonest; charge them with national degradation or dishonour, and they look round for a nation in a like predicament. To reform their dealings, or to strive to amend their

nation, is the last thing thought of.* But passing this, we come to the Chesterfield language, wherewith the 'Courier and Enquirer' would repudiate (it is a good American word, that!) his worthy associate.

"The great burthen of this Review, is to fix upon the Press of the United States, the folly, the obscenity, the recklessness, and the vulgarity of the 'New York Herald'; a paper for which, as ——— well knows, the American people entertain no other sentiment than unmitigated disgust, and which happens to be edited by a band of foreigners, *who were actually his boon companions, and co-labourers on some of the most scurrilous of the London papers.*" (!!!)

The allusion is to the distinguished writer on whom, for purposes before described, the authorship of our Review has been attempted to be fastened; and on whom, we are very well aware—though, as with the former article, he will not have known what we are now writing, will not have been consulted respecting it, will not have seen a word of it till it is made public to all the world—the ruffianly libeller and his friends will seek to fix the responsibility of the present article also. Equally, and as wilfully, does he mistake the 'great burthen' of that Review of October. It was to fix upon the press of the United States, in companionship with like qualities of the 'New York Herald,' the folly, the obscenity, the recklessness, and the vulgarity, *of the New York Courier and Enquirer.* He knows this, and he knows *that we have done it.* We have pilloried him here in England. He tries to escape, and it is the dreary impotence of this very effort which fixes upon his name more deeply and irrevocably 'the folly, the obscenity, the recklessness, and the vulgarity.' He makes dismal efforts to be facetious;—talks with frantic outrage of the writer who is supposed to have placed him in his pillory, as one "*who for more than half his life has lived in the stews of London, and eaten his daily bread at 'cold-wital' shops supplied from the refuse garbage of hotels and the tables of gentlemen;*"—and in fancy hears himself, across all that wide Atlantic, only the more loudly greeted with

The dismal, universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn.

* As these sheets are passing through the press, we observe almost the precise argument of the text put by the 'Spectator' (March 25th), in remarks upon a statement of the 'New York American.'

How we should feel for the 'Westminster Review' with such a creature as this to defend! How yet more deeply should we sympathize with such a man as the intelligent "New York Merchant," who is obliged to think the 'Courier and Enquirer' decidedly one of the best papers published in New York, *although that does not say much*, he mournfully 'confesses.'

But—we are to believe—no other sentiment than unmitigated disgust is entertained in America for the 'Courier's' associate, convicted like himself and like himself under punishment, the 'New York Herald!' It is *unmitigated disgust* which has given the 'Herald' upwards of thirty thousand subscribers! It is *unmitigated disgust* which so strengthens it that it rears its impudent head above the law, and runs its career of reckless villany, unbridled and triumphant! It is *unmitigated disgust* on the part of the American people, that renders it worth the while of the Chief Magistrate who hopes for his re-election at the hands of that people, to incur the active hatred of a majority in the Senate, and the contempt and distrust of (let us hope) large classes of educated men, by openly connecting his government with this 'New York Herald,' by taking under his protection the wretched slanderers in its pay, and by rewarding their zeal for himself by 'secret agencies' in the service of the state! Will even the Westminster Reviewer be able to believe *that*?

The first part of this description of an influence so horrible, we proved in our former review: the last we shall now proceed to prove. When rogues (we grieve to have to draw so many illustrations from this special walk of life, but the subject will be our excuse)—when rogues, we say, fall out, honest men are apt to get their own. A month or two since, this happened with two of the most notorious rogues of the 'Herald:' the 'chief devil' himself, and the fiendish representative (a person of the name of Parmelee) he had stationed at Washington. The difference, which dates within the last month or six weeks, first appeared in an attack upon the rogue in chief, in one of the 'Herald's' rivals. This was clearly from the pen of Mr. Parmelee, who having just been displaced from his honourable post at Washington, took occasion to describe his successor as '*Attree, the notorious vagabond.*' "It is very curious," he proceeded, "to notice how very differently the 'Herald' is looked upon since Parmelee left it. It was, before, a sort of *semi-official organ* of

the President. It was owing to this that the paper gained such a circulation over the United States. An attempt of the Scotch vagabond who owns the 'Herald' to cheat him of several hundred dollars, led to a separation." In answer to this, the editor of the 'Herald' undertakes to prove Mr. Parmelee 'a self-convicted liar,' and, it may be said, he quite succeeds. He prints a number of his letters, professing eternal gratitude and friendship, and thus delineates Mr. P.'s general literary career. Out of pure pity, he says, as he had acted to 'many other scoundrels' (the phrase happily expresses the only class which such a man ever pities or employs), he had taken him into his service. "I soon found, however, that he was of little use as a reporter, and too lazy for any purpose, except loafing at taverns, or playing billiards with jackasses. I continued him, but found him totally useless, deceptive, impudent, presuming, and extravagant. Hence his drafts for money. I refused to fork over more money, after his numerous deceptions practised *both on President Tyler and myself.* I then dismissed him, and *am sorry to find that the President still continues to employ him* in the Treasury department. If the President has any regard for his reputation, *he ought to dismiss him instantly.*" Little may be added to this graceful picture, but if it could receive another effective touch, it has it in the following letter. It is a part of the private correspondence of Mr. Parmelee with his friend, the editor of the 'New York Herald.'

"Washington, Friday evening.—Dear Sir,—I have just returned from the White House. [The White House is the mansion of the President of the United States.] As for myself, I cannot have an office worth taking, for the senate would not confirm me under any circumstances. The Clay senators all hate me more than any man in the country, except the President and yourself. *Friendship for the President, or connection with the 'Herald,' would kill any man with the senate: but the two united would break down the angel Gabriel.*

"Yours, T. H. PARMELEE."

The difficulty seems to have been solved at last by appointment 'to a secret agency on the frontier,' in happy defiance of those Clay senators, whose hatred to the 'Herald,' since it implied no hatred to the 'Courier and Enquirer,' we must be excused if we decline to attribute to any exclusively lofty feeling.

It will not do, after this, to speak of the 'Herald,' but as the most popular and

largely circulated journal in America. It is popular in the proportion of its infamy and indecency. It is accounted clever, only because frightfully reckless of all moral restraints: a recklessness most effective in that condition of society. 'Have no money dealings with my father, for, dotard as he is, he will make an ass of you.' What money gives to the miser, the utterly reckless man, no matter how imbecile and ignorant, is endowed with by the party passion of America. It gives him what stands in the stead of intellect, of honesty, and virtue. The extraordinary influence of a great English advocate used to be explained by the remark, that there were twelve *Scarletts* in the witness-box. We cannot explain the hundred thousand readers of the '*New York Herald*,' except on the supposition of a hundred thousand *Bennetts* in America.

We have never denied that we have an infamous press in England: we put that fact forward in the very front of our first exposure of the literary delinquencies of America, and we do not desire that it should be lost sight of. It marks, in a manner too striking and salutary, the difference in the moral and social condition of the countries. That infamous press, we cannot too often repeat, is limited to two newspapers, published weekly, and in circulation, as in every other respect, the lowest of their contemporaries. Position, they have none; influence, except with those of whose bad conscience, or cowardice, they make a market, none. Any one who pretended to talk of their political import, would be laughed at. The real English people have no concern with them, any more than with the gambling houses or other scenes of vice in this most crowded metropolis of the world; or than with the so-called fashionable men who resort to them, and in whom these libellous papers find their readers and their friends. It happened, not many weeks since, that one of them, through its chief conductor and proprietor, indiscreetly placed itself within reach of the healthy classes of our people in one of their places of public entertainment, when the man, though what he then proposed was harmless enough, and might possibly have had some merit of its own, was ignominiously driven out of the public sight, with vehement contempt and execration. It was, on the very same evening, matter of sad and pompous complaint in the House of Lords, that the law could not effectively reach these libellers; when it thus fell to

the good fortune of some hundreds, representing the good old hearty English feeling, to find at that instant one of them self-placed within their reach. *We* can punish him, at any rate, they said: and *how* they did it, is little likely ever to be forgotten in the annals of scandalous English newspapers.

But the absence of mere personal scandal does not necessarily imply the good conduct of a journal in other important respects. We admit this. It is our charge against a vast many American papers, that have no specially libellous vocation. We must also admit, then, that England can this way sin as well. As in the other case, however, the instances are only two, and to be found in that part of the press which is published weekly; but the circulation is larger, and in one of these instances, is said to exceed thirty thousand. Thirty thousand pot-houses ring all the more noisily for this one day in the week; things that should be revered and respected, are made the subject of vulgar abuse; there is violence, exaggeration, and intemperance—all great evils. But were the evils fifty times as great, they act within a limited sphere, and cannot penetrate beyond. There they exhaust their fury and their mischief. In such a country as ours, where every class (except, we grieve to say, the lowest labouring class, to whose condition, God be thanked, men's minds are at last awakening) are to some certain extent protected against every other class, and have each, in a greater or less degree, their special bulwark of shelter from the gross or false pretensions of the rest—even the very worst shape which these opposed and counteracting influences can assume, has its lurking principle of safety. Their most evil and most vicious element dashes itself against the general structure of society in vain.

But what is the case in America? There is a recent expression in much abuse, and which promises to become fashionable for all kinds of purposes, *the tyranny of the majority*. For ourselves we do not in the abstract discover anything so very frightful in what it expresses. If there is to be a tyranny of any kind, this seems on the whole to put forth the greatest amount of just pretension. The misery of it is, in the present state of the republic, that it is a tyranny altogether unexampled in former times and governments, *because utterly without the least control*. If we are asked whether we suppose it possible to check

the farther advances of the democratic tendency in the United States, we answer no, but that most possible and practical would it be, by a very different course from that which is now pursued, to guide, to elevate, to redeem it, to conduct it to a noble and enduring destiny. As it is, everything swells the forces of society in one direction, against which not a single effective stand is made in any one quarter. In this state of things the 'New York Herald' made its appearance some eight or nine years ago, and found society thoroughly prepared for its career of infamous success. In one immense division, utter recklessness; in the other, where safety lay, utter indifference. And what a lesson for some present resistance against dangers still to come, is embodied in the past course and influence of this terrible foe to decency and order! All those vices of the republic which should have been gradually wearing away—the prying, inquisitive, unwholesome growth, of a young and prematurely forced society—have been pampered and bloated to increased enormity. For as nothing breeds so rapidly as vermin, the 'Herald' brood, within this brief space of years, has almost covered the land. We are told, and we can well believe it, that the 'Herald' has imitators and worthy disciples in very nearly every small village, town, or city in America. It seems at first incredible that no strong effort should have been made to resist all this, but a little reflection explains the cause.

The existing press of America had itself effectively brought the curse upon the land, of which the 'foreign' adventurer (for Scotland voided him over the Atlantic) who started the 'Herald' simply took advantage. This was the press which, before the birth of the 'Herald,' Governor Clinton had denounced in terms we quoted in our former Review, and of which, some years earlier, Jefferson expressed a strong conviction in his correspondence, that had its intemperance and calumnies been known in the time of Washington, they would have driven that great man from public life. This was the press of which, when Captain Hamilton was in America, that acute observer made it his business to read specimens 'from all parts of the Union,' and pronounced it as his opinion that they were so contemptible in talent, and in abuse so horribly outrageous, as to disgust him far more with the people who could endure them, than with the writers who had produced them. And, we repeat,

by this press, when the 'Herald' appeared, the republic was already afflicted with that Spirit of Party which is too nearly allied to the Spirit of Licentiousness to be able to check its career. *Pari passu* with the other has it since continued, giving and taking nourishment from the same polluted source, till we see its hideous consummation in such a paper as the largely circulated and influential 'Courier and Enquirer,' and have to grieve over its deplorable excesses in even such able, respectable, and well conducted, not though for that reason, widely popular journals, as the 'New York American,' the 'Boston Daily Advertiser,' the 'New York Evening Post,' and some few others. Here, therefore, was the safety of the 'Herald.' Even the honestest men of the opposite parties were too hotly engaged in tearing each other to pieces, to bethink them how far better it had been to make common cause against the dishonest and infamous, the enemy of all. So—uninterfered with—went on the 'Herald,' till it has reached its daily circulation of upwards of thirty thousand: till it can boast of the favours of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic: till it forces its vagabond agents and tools into the public service: till, in a word, it has become *A Power* in the state. It is of as little use fuming about this, as to deny, in the matter of slavery, the degradation and depression of America below every other civilized country in the world. Let them fume as they will, the thing is so, and until they do something better and more practical, so it will continue. The President of America is not a dolt or a madman, and would hardly place himself in such relations with the 'New York Herald' without a sufficient reason. His present position has a tendency to sharpen the wits, and to show him where profit lies. We take his authority to be therefore, that in this paper—this wicked, cold-blooded representative, not so much of any special party, as of the reckless, outrageous, licentious, and abominable qualities, of which all party is now composed—he sees his best protection in the long run against the storms which threaten him.

But we have promised in this Review to describe the 'Answer' we have received, and it is time to introduce the flattering reception which was given to our article of October by the journal, whose character, as we hope, we have now thoroughly explained: the 'New York Daily Herald.' It is illustrative of much that we have offered to the reader's consideration, and

may also very possibly lead him to suppose that beneath all the tone of reckless bullying it exhibits, beneath all its boasted self-glorification in disgrace and shame, there is ill-concealed fear, trembling which will have way, pain which puts on sorry grimace, and the bitter sense that, libertine jack-pudding as it still may attempt to show itself, our Review has placed a noose around its neck, which it would only ask one spirited demonstration of the decency and intelligence of America, to tighten effectually, at once, and for ever.

But we reserve any further remark till we have printed the extracts. Though we have abridged even those we quote (never to the omission of a syllable that looks in the remotest degree like answer or defence), and omitted some dozen times the number with which we might, if inclined to so sorry a work, fill more than another number of our 'Review,' they will yet, in all probability, be much too numerous for the reader's liking. He must bear with us, for the purpose we have in view. The truth is, that since the 'Foreign Quarterly' of last October reached the United States, scarcely a day has passed in which it has not furnished a leading topic of outrageous abuse to the 'Herald' and its associates throughout the country. What we now give are all taken from the most prominent leaders of the Coryphæus of the herd. All of them date on separate days, and not a syllable more is quoted at any time, than may serve as a sample of the rest.

1. "This extraordinary Review is, without exception, one of the most savage articles on a literary subject, that ever appeared in a British journal; and may be considered as the manifesto, or declaration of war, of the London literati, against that portion of the newspaper press of America who oppose the Copyright law, and refuse to acknowledge the supremacy of English literature and English genius."

2. "This remarkable Review contains twenty-six octavo pages, or seven columns of minion matter, written with all the force and originality of genuine blackguardism. . . . The papers cut up in this savage article are the 'Herald' and 'Courier and Enquirer;' and the style in which they are treated is a caution to the Mohawks. . . . The 'Weekly Herald' of this day, price only 6d., will contain this wonderful article at length, and next week we shall enter upon an analysis of its views, facts, falsehoods, assertions, and purposes. . . . Aristocrats and monopolists have dictated to the writer. . . . The war is now begun, and 'd—d be he that first cries Hold, enough.'"

3. "Shockingly false reasoning, apparently founded on the grossest misinformation." "Vein

of personal spite." "Dictated by the aristocratic circles."

4. "This Review is the first gun in the long war that has at last broken out in the literature of America and that of Europe, for the empire of the human mind in both hemispheres. (!) It is one of the most savage and barbarous tirades that ever disgraced the literature of any country. It is falsehood—fury—misrepresentation—misquotation—violence—vulgarity—heartlessness—coarseness—and all that low species of tact which distinguishes the literary works of ——— already before the public. . . . We consider this singular Review as a step in the general revolution in literature, politics, government, liberty, and right, which the press of this country have begun, and which is destined to overrun all the existing institutions of Europe at no distant day, and to create in their stead republican government, republican literature, and republican philosophy!! At our leisure we shall review the Review, and make ——— drink to the very dregs the very cup he has mixed for others to take."

5. "We understand that a literary gentleman of distinguished reputation is now engaged in writing a reply to the Review on American Newspaper Literature, written by ———, and first appearing in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review.' This gentleman is intimately acquainted with the British, French, and American newspaper press. He will show the different characteristics of each, and prove beyond contradiction, that American newspaper literature is the most original that ever appeared in the history of civilization: that it unites philosophy, poetry, and wit, in such proportions and quantities, as will produce one of the most remarkable intellectual and literary revolutions that ever blessed the world. . . . This review of the Review will be issued in a few days, in an extra 'Literary Herald,' and an edition of 50,000 copies will be published: one-half of which will be sent to England and France. The literary war has now begun between the Old and the New World, and it must go on!"

6. "DID ——— WRITE THE REVIEW?—Several papers have undertaken to throw a doubt on this question. In the first place, Doctor ———, the English correspondent of Noah's paper, says the authorship is universally attributed to ———, and that such is the impression in London. Secondly, several persons who have recently arrived here from England, say that it was generally talked about in the literary circles there, that some such review, written by ———, was shortly to appear. Again, several private letters have been received by gentlemen in this city, from ———, in which he speaks of the newspapers of the United States in exactly the same strain as the review in question does, &c. &c. We could state the names, but ———. But even admitting ——— was not the author, it is quite certain that he had a hand in it, and probably under the direction of the celebrated clique who sent him out here (!) This clique consisted of those who signed the famous letter on the Copyright Law, which was published in the 'Evening Post' before ——— left here. And taking this view of the matter, it would then prove that this review is the result of a co-

spiracy among the members of this clique to abuse and falsify by every means in their power the institutions of this country, and those who are daily endeavouring to sustain them with their best energies. And this conspiracy has for its ultimate object to monopolize a market for sale of their books. View it in whatever light we may, it is a most mean, selfish, and disgraceful movement. We shall not quit the subject till the authors are thoroughly exposed."

7. Letter from a London Correspondent (forged, we have little doubt), in support of the above argument:—"He lashes the American Press unmercifully, and there is strong reason to believe he is the author of a very caustic and severe article in the last number of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' on the newspaper literature of the United States."

8. "The celebrated review by — and his tail has created a terrible commotion wherever it has been read, and particularly has the sensation centred about his remarks on the 'New York Herald.'"

9. "A correspondent states it to be much more probable that Fenimore Cooper wrote the 'Review on the American Newspaper Literature,' than — did. We will think of this. Will Mr. Cooper deny it?"

10. "Who wrote it?—The authorship of the article in the last number of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' and which has been imputed to — is ascribed to Dr. Lardner (!!) The editor of the 'Troy Daily Whig' says he is informed by a friend of Dr. L. that such is the fact. [We don't believe it.]"

11. "Who wrote the review of the American Newspapers, in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review'? It has been attributed to —, to Dr. Lardner, to Fenimore Cooper. Another is now added: J. B. Gliddon, who published a lecture last summer on Egyptian travellers. Let us examine this."

12. "Who wrote that review?—This question is still discussed in the newspapers, but conjecture is certainly at fault. The most probable guess that we have heard is the name of Gliddon, a young Englishman, who reviewed Cooley's work on Egypt. There is the same style, the same temper, the same prejudices, and the same general ignorance in both reviews. . . . But whoever is the author, there is now no doubt of —'s indorsement—and when you cannot recover from the drawer, law and equity entitle you to bring in your bill against the indorser. Hereafter, to all intents and purposes, we shall consider — the responsible person, who must answer for all the errors, blunders, falsehoods, pretensions, and malevolence of that review. . . . We have a 'reply to the review,' in the shape of a counter-review, now in a state of preparation, and written by a distinguished literary gentleman of this country. It will be out soon, and will be a screamer."

13. "We are a live lion, and it is dangerous for any long-eared animal to protrude his posteriors towards us in a hostile manner."

14. "This is the most original and varied country under the sun, and none other is worth living in. . . . Every element of thought, society, religion, politics, morals, literature, trade, cur-

rency, and philosophy, is in a state of agitation, transition and change. . . . Everything is in a state of effervescence! 50,000 persons have taken the benefit of the act and wiped out debts to the amount of 60,000,000 of dollars. In religion we have dozens of creeds, and fresh revelations starting every year or oftener. In morals we have all sorts of ideas: and in literature everything is confusion. Sceptical philosophy and materialism seem, however, to be gaining ground and popularity at every step."

15. "Congress may repeal the law, or it may have a fight in fisticuffs on abolition—it may modify the tariff, or it may kick up a row about the door-keeper—it may pass an exchequer system, or it may impeach the President—but its real business will be to make hot punch in the grog-shops below, and the next President in the halls above, by forming cliques, each in favour of its own candidate, and then legislating to help on the intrigue. One thing is certain. The country will be overlooked and disappointed; the public interests will be sacrificed to private speculations; and the character of the nation tarnished by the passions of rival politicians."

16. "We shall show that the newspaper literature of New York can compare with that of any other capital in the world or beyond it—be it London, Paris, or Pandemonium—be it in talent or independence—in morals or rascality—in genius or pretension—in modesty or impudence—in manners or mutton. A fig for —!"

17. "We have now twenty spirits of the upper regions of the atmosphere in our employment, far more potent in finding out secrets than even the Ariel of the magician Prospero, mentioned in one of the philosophical works of Shakspeare. We receive every night a regular report from these 'spirits of the blue ether' of the doings in every fashionable circle of New York—every saloon in town—every *boudoir* in Broadway. All movements, good, bad, and indifferent, masculine, feminine, and neuter, are detailed to us."

18. "The strange proceedings on Colt's trial, as published and commented on by us, were denounced by the English papers as fabulous; and indeed they formed the basis (!) on which the abusive article in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' was founded. The scenes connected with the trial and conviction of Colt were the burthen of that article. . . . *Thirty-six members of the bar met to protest against the refusal of a new trial to Colt.* . . . Throughout the city the people were in a perfect fever, and numbers feared that he would escape at last. It was drawing near towards two, and a bright star was seen in the north-west of uncommon brilliancy. It was Venus, but being so unusual a sight in the middle of day, all believed it betokened something dreadful, and that it was mysteriously connected with the fate of Colt. This increased the excitement almost beyond endurance. . . . Take it altogether—the murder; the boxing up of the body; the alleged salting of it; the trial; firing pistols in court; cutting off the head, and bringing the skull of the dead man before the jury; the sentence, and defiance to the judge; the park meeting; the threat to arrest the sheriff; the money that seemed to flow like water; the various bribes; the mock piety; the holding a sort of

levee in the hall on the day of execution; the horrid marriage; the shocking suicide; and the burning of the jail;—all combine to form a history that throws romance and fable for ever into the shade."

19. "The London Newspaper Press following the cue of the 'Foreign Quarterly,' is assailing in the most bitter manner the American Newspaper Press—for the purpose, as they avow, of arresting the progress of republican ideas, and republican principles in Europe. The cat is out of the bag at last. The free institutions of this happy land carry alarm to the noblesse of Europe, and liberty must be attacked not by the sword but by the pen. Very well, come on. This will cause a sensation throughout the United States. *Don't burst. Keep cool. Be quiet.*"

20. "It is very unlikely that the press—or the English literati, who resort to writing principally because they cannot make a living at the bar—will be left to fight out the battle. This war of opinion will one day end in a trial of physical strength."

21. "The most important feature of the 'Acadia's' intelligence is the breaking out of a war in the London Newspaper Press, and the strange and amusing character of the contest that is going on in London and Paris about the talent, circulation, and influence of the 'New York Herald.' One of the ablest of the London papers, 'The Evening Star,' (!!) takes up the cause of the 'New York Herald,' and proves that all this is to prevent us from attacking the rotten institutions of England."

22. "We give our readers to-day a series of the most remarkable articles that ever appeared in England on the American people, literature, and institutions. It consists of extracts from the London 'Times,' &c. &c. . . .

"It will be perceived from these extraordinary extracts, that the famous article in the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' was only the first gun in the war that is now going on in Europe against American morals, literature, finance, and politics. That article, supposed at first by many to have been written by —, but recently attributed, we believe, to a person by the name of Donald McLeod, formerly a letter writer in Washington, in conjunction with —, is now known to have been only the commencement of a long newspaper war, which the privileged aristocracy of England have started as a *locus penitentie*, to hide the weakness of Lord Ashburton in his political, and of — in his literary negotiations.

"But the great—the solemn truth is now revealed. There is a clique of small brokers, stock-jobbers, and literateurs in this country, who are secretly leagued with the privileged aristocracy, stock-jobbers, and literateurs of England, and who furnish these foreign foes with the materials of falsehood, misrepresentation, and reproach, to destroy the character of this country in all its relations, and through all its popular elements. It is now perfectly evident, that, in England, a newspaper war against New York and the United States is declared, similar to that made against Paris and France in the times of the republic and the empire. This war is begun immediately on the return to England of Lord Ashburton and —, both of whom had either failed or been outgeneralled in their several negotiations. The

literary, financial, and political systems of England are in danger, from the influence, the example, and the energy of those in the United States. Hence the present outbreak in all their violent Tory journals. But what care we on this side of the water? The luck—the movement is with us. We have the *prestige* and the spirit of the age on the side of the United States. The aristocrats, stock-jobbers, literateurs, and brokers of Europe, with their secret agents here, will be met with an enthusiasm and an energy that nothing can conquer. These very falsehoods of travellers, reviewers, and newspaper writers, will only make us mend what is wrong—improve the unimproved—and carry out the civilisation of the world."

23. "The war of opinion has broken out with the settlement of political differences. This war embraces every shade of opinion, and every principle in religion, society, and government. It has just now broken out, on the part of the Old World, by a general and savage attack, through the English and French periodical press, reviews and newspapers, on the literature, morals, finance, government, and institutions of the New World. We need hardly enumerate the organs of this attack—the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' the London 'Times,' 'Chronicle,' and other daily prints; — and Ashburton; all parties and sects in England, with the exception of the popular party [the London 'Star!'] unite in this war of defamation and execration against the United States. . . . But in everything that is original, racy, energetic, and liberal, be it in politics, religion, morals, literature, or society, we are far before the formal and priest or soldier-ridden communities of France or England. *In time we shall mend our faults, and increase the power and influence of our institutions.*"

24. ". . . . There is every appearance, from this and other works, that a grand conspiracy has been concerted by the stock-jobbers, book-jobbers, and government-jobbers of Europe, to depreciate and libel the character of the American people, in all the elements of society and government. The credit of the general government has just been crushed by such a combination among these capitalists, on the ostensible ground that some of the states repudiate, or are unable to meet their engagements. American literature, morals, and manners are depreciated by a like conspiracy among the penny-a-liners and book-makers. And there are cliques of blockheads in this city, so recreant to every feeling of self-respect and patriotism, as to aid and assist such a detestable movement, in order to destroy the influence of America on Europe and the world."

25. "In congratulating our readers, patrons, advertisers, and the public, on the glorious advent of the birth-day of our Lord and Saviour, we sincerely assure them of the feelings of gratitude that we feel for the unexampled support and patronage exhibited towards the 'Herald' (!) No newspaper has passed through such a fiery trial of attacks, abuse, libels, and atrocious calumnies as we have experienced."

26. "We are, beyond the possibility of doubt, the Napoleon of the press in both hemispheres. The 'New York Herald' is unquestionably the greatest and mightiest intellectual institution of

civilized society in the present century. Look at the excitement, the ferment, the fuss, and the fury, which its existence, progress, power, circulation, and influence, cause in both the old and the new world—in London and New York—in the grave Quarterly Reviews, and in the newspaper press of both countries. It is a phenomenon in the history of civilisation. During the last month, on the other side of the water, the 'London Foreign Quarterly Review,' and the London Newspaper Press have endeavoured to stop our career as they did Napoleon's, by all sorts of abuse, falsehood, and a SOLITARY TRUTH HERE AND THERE (!) On this side the water, we have announced our establishment for sale, then withdrew it. Then we proposed to take the benefit of the bankrupt law: then postponed that solemn scene of whitewashing till doomsday. And straightway the whole newspaper press, little and great, daily and weekly, have been in a state of general excitement and amusing effervescence ever since. They have stormed, and fumed, and raved, and lied, and puffed, and sworn, and abused us in all manner of ways. This most amusing, most laughable, most absurd, most silly, most foolish excitement among the contemporary newspapers in New York and elsewhere, has produced one most astounding and curious result. The circulation of the 'Herald,' both in city and country, has increased so much and so rapidly, since this new war broke out in London, that we have had to give a large additional order to our paper manufacturers!"

27, "We are situated in this community SOMEWHAT LIKE SOCRATES WAS IN THE CITY OF ATHENS. That eminent philosopher was persecuted and abused by the sophists and defaulters, the cheats, the swindlers, the bankrupts and fools of that gay capital—till they gave him a popularity that has surpassed that of all others in every age. His calm, quiet, virtuous life; his elevated philosophical and correct ideas; his direct epigrammatic and sarcastic wit and good sense; were a constant eyesore to the sophists, politicians, and speculators of Athens. THIS IS PRECISELY OUR POSITION HERE. WE ARE THE SOCRATES OF NEW YORK. But we are supported by a community that will enable us to REPEL ALL ATTEMPTS AT PERSECUTION."

And now, if the reader has had patience to travel through these not in-curious specimens of the literature of the American daily newspaper of largest circulation in the States, he will discover, we venture to think, that our Review of October last has not been without its use. The so often promised reply—the review of the Review—wherein the 'distinguished literary gentleman' was to set about his very needless proof that this literature of American newspapers was the most original that had ever appeared in the history of civilisation—which was to make us drink to the dregs the cup we had mixed so bitterly—which was to be 'out' so 'soon,' and to be a 'screamer'—has alas! never come out and never screamed at all. The only answer made has been such as these

quotations give: impotent, cowardly, blustering, contemptible: offering neither argument nor fact in defence, and not even one miserable plea in mitigation of punishment. But it has the merit of saying for our purpose all that remained to be said, and of finishing those parts of the portraiture we had found ourselves incompetent to paint, with the touches of the only master that could do them perfect justice. The reader has but to imagine besides, a paper nearly half filled every day with details of indecencies, blasphemies, and filth (which no respectable journal can do more than distantly allude to), and, with the extracts given, he sees the daily delight of—(moderately computing three readers to every number)—a hundred thousand American citizens. Can we exaggerate such an enormity as this? Will the Westminster Reviewer persist in the attempt to fix such a charge upon us? Does he continue to think there is nothing monstrous in the avowed countenance and patronage of such an organ by the Chief Magistrate of a great republic? Will he repeat the outrageous assertion that the moral tone of this newspaper is *not so low* as that of the party papers of England?

To us it seems that the absence of all moral sense in every part of the writing of this wretched man, is most dreadful to contemplate. We could laugh at the imbecility, at the ignorance, at the impudence; but the other consideration arrests us with a feeling of something awful. The hideous complacency with which he describes (Extract 17) his own organized system of obscene scandal; the fiend-like recklessness of his contempt for all sacred things (25); and his perfect confidence in the taste of his hundred thousand readers, with which he sets forth those descriptions of the Republic and her Congress (14 and 15); are surely very frightful. To the impudent personal bullying as to, 'Who wrote the Review,' we will only say, that next to the distinguished honour of having it attributed to the writer whose name we have hitherto left blank in this article (because we would not let it stand beside the ribald abuse which it is now the privilege of the infamous American press to heap upon every mention of it), we have the sense of a great and not unmerited compliment, in that suggestion of Mr. Cooper's name. He knows the subject well, and would have done it admirable justice. As a man who has done honour to his country, and is the chief ornament of the young literature of America, he has justly come within the constant hatred and contumely of that which is her unutterable disgrace.

But why the Socrates of New York? Why

the 'persecution'? Why the sudden descent from the successful tyrant to the philosophic victim? If the reader looks more attentively at some of the quoted passages (22, 24, &c.) he will probably begin to discover the reason. And we can give him further assistance. Besides these cliques of American blockheads who are imagined to be in league with us, and disposed to an effort for the 'movement' now, which should long ago have "fatted all the region kites" with this "slave's offal,"—we have found that the rapid fall from Napoleon to Socrates was not unmarked by one or two damaging incidents, heavy blows and great discouragements. In the first place, we gather that some notices have been given of actions for libel.* They may fail, as the rest have done, by the cowardice of intimidated juries; but the attempt, after these recent exposures, will not be without its use. In the next place we have found that, against this man, and his fellow-labourers in papers almost as infamous as his own, a most distinguished minister of New York has, within the last two months, levelled severe denunciation from his pulpit. Dr. Wainwright—preaching from the appropriate text, '*neither be partakers in other men's sins*'—has entered his solemn protest against the further toleration of a scandal which degrades America and her citizens in the esteem of the civilized world. Most assuredly there is hope in all this: good hope, which we welcome joyfully: which

* One of these actions is brought by a member of the New York bar, whom reverses had obliged to seek the benefit of the recent Bankrupt Act. One or two passages from the libel, though but additional proofs of the libeller's habitual blasphemy, and constant hatred and contempt of all sacred things, are not undeserving of record. "_____ has stood among the foremost at the New York bar—a gentleman and a Christian—a man of honour, integrity, respectability, and undoubted piety, and whatever may be the final result of his application for a repudiation of his debts in the Court of Bankruptcy below, there can be no doubt that in the Court of Heaven above, his petition for a remission of sins will be heard, and a decree of eternal discharge be given from any lien which the great Adversary may have held against him. . . . Among the assets there will be seen no contemptible array of strength. His schedules are rich and strong in bibles, psalm books, poudrette, and pews, together with much lands, houses, gold mines, and other property, all of which we doubt not will be viewed with complacency and approbation by all his creditors, as well those in the Court of Bankruptcy below, as those in the Court of last Resort above. And if, in the painful trial through which he is now passing, his title to gold mines and mansions in this world shall not prove clear, or even vanish away, we hope and believe that the time is near at hand . . . whatever the poudrette and mines may be valued at, we have every reason to believe that the pews, psalms, and bibles, are equal in salvation to D.2,156,795 37½ in the currency of New Jerusalem."

not even the grave burlesque* of the supplementary denunciations of the 'Courier and Enquirer' interferes to moderate or subdue.

With what face the Gracchi could complain of sedition, has been for a number of years a matter of considerable wonder; but how the 'Courier' can denounce licence, vulgarity, and libel, may be confessed even a little more startling. And yet he does it: ay, and 'in good terms, in good set terms, although a ———.' Listen to the indignant accents, for, apart from him who gives them utterance, they are worth listening to. "If—honest men and virtuous women, Christian fathers and mothers, and merchants and traders having respect for the misfortunes of others—you can reconcile it to yourselves to continue your countenance to this admitted organ of the brothels of your city, with its nauseous accounts of their balls and assemblies, and its habitual blasphemy—so be it!—But on your heads be the consequences resulting from its demoralizing influence!" True—all true. And this man having vented his virtuous indignation, bies him to the scene of his own 'nauseous' triumphs, and 'demoralizing influence.' Having denounced the admitted organ of the brothels, he betakes him to the task in which he has laboured for years, and in which he still daily labours, of turning the whole public arena of political life in his native country, into one vast brothel!

The existing President of America we believe to have been a man of good intention: and that the responsibility of the worst delinquencies which can be charged upon him, should in the first instance fall on those whose vices, with his own weakness, have compelled him to unworthy courses, we do most firmly hold. His position has been most painful from the first: one in which none but the strongest man could have kept his dignity and self-respect: alas! then, for the good intentions of a man apparently among the most weak. Begin by giving him credit for no one good purpose, begin by suspecting him of every earthly villany and dishonesty, and it is hard if you do not end in making him to

* And another burlesque we should not fail to mention: the ludicrous self-laudation with which the man of the 'Herald' anticipates coming discredit, by instructing his foul correspondents from every part of the States to describe the admiration in which his character is held. "Your vanity must be insatiable indeed," says one, "if it is not gratified to loathing by the vast importance everywhere attached to your movements—what the d— should we do without you?" "The confidence," says another, "and the regard manifested for the energy, honesty, and talent with which the 'New York Herald' is conducted—is certainly peculiar and unexampled in newspaper history. None other than a Bennett—James Gordon Bennett—could have, &c. &c. &c."

some extent, in very self-defence, that which you suspect him. Thus even his deplorable connection with the creatures of the 'New York Herald' has its mitigating circumstances, and the great weight of the crime lies not on the President but on the People. We need not here speak further as to this, seeing that we dwell at some length in our former article on these special points of the newspaper influence as affecting the national character, and debasing the entire conduct of affairs of state. But admitting all that the most abandoned foes of 'Captain Tyler' could desire, would some decency not be left for the mere office of Chief Magistrate? Is there no 'demoralizing influence' in the habitual use of such language as this, in which the 'Courier' notices one of the cabinet organs of Washington,* a paper called the 'Madisonian,' somewhat mild in its tone: indeed, as will be observed, only too mild for the taste of the 'Courier.'

"Mr. Tyler and his cabinet employ a paper which is an utter disgrace to the country, and would be a disgrace to its chief magistrate, if that were predicable of such a man. It would lower John Tyler in the estimation of every decent citizen of the United States, if that individual were not already at the bottom. As an exponent of the intellect, the feelings, and the public character of the present President, we do not undertake to pronounce this 'Madisonian' much out of the way: but judged by any other standard, or tried by any other test, that stupid official is a subject of national humiliation. Would that it were as gross as the 'Globe' in its ruffianism! Would that it had any stamina or vigour of talent of any sort.....One curse (Tyler) at a time is enough, even for our sins."

Oh moral 'Courier'! indignant assailer of the language of vice. But this is little. We have heard a good deal amongst ourselves

* Another 'Tyler paper' we find thus characteristically referred to in one of the opposition. "The proprietors of the newly-established Tyler newspaper in Philadelphia—the 'Evening Express'—have been unfortunate in business: having been arrested for forgery, and one of them sent to gaol—being unable to get the 2,000 dollars bail which was demanded." Then, some days later, we have the palliation by the repentant and reformed editor of this unlucky newspaper, of his experiences of the party with which he had been so lately connected. And such are the almost daily revelations of this atrocious press! "Our recent accidental association (!) with the Tyler administration as editor of the 'Evening Express' has enabled us thoroughly to understand and appreciate the peculiar principles of that branch of Federalism, known as the CORPORAL'S GUARD (the President's Cabinet?), and to satisfy our own mind that a more WICKED, CORRUPT, and BANDIT-LIKE SET OF SCOUNDRELS, never before leagued together in this republican country, as a political party, clique, cabal, or faction."

lately of inducements to assassination, but what can an inducement to suicide be meant for? It would be a nice question for the casuists. "Suicide," remarked the 'Courier' on the 20th of December last, "is agreed on all hands to be a horrible crime, but if Mr. John Tyler should be left to commit so shocking an act, it would be easier to look up EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES, than in any case, ancient or modern, within our knowledge!" And what is the effect of all this—waiting that final and terrible effect which, if waited for, will come—but to make the passion for 'strong writing' so universal, that decency is rejected as mere spiritless stuff. Let us turn for a moment even to that able and respectable paper, the 'American' (which we cannot too often place, with the 'Washington Intelligencer,' the 'Boston Daily Advertiser,' and the 'New York Evening Post,' apart from their disreputable contemporaries), and observe the terms in which the head of the Republic of America is spoken of there. It refers to a 'mock veto message' addressed to Congress. "It was received," says the 'American,' "with unanimous contempt. The poor creature can hardly get himself the honour of a loud laugh from the house now. He has settled into a hopeless and helpless quietude of infamy, from which nothing will disturb him till 1845. Nobody cares what he says or does or thinks. He can do us no hurt, and he can do the locofocos no good. No gentleman in Congress calls on him; and he is left to the companionship of the very scavengers of a licentious press. He is already a wholesome example to all traitors and ingrates. . . . Despised, abused, derided, and almost spit upon, by those for whose unmeaning promises and deceitful smiles he renounced good faith and truth; abhorred by the good for his dishonesty, and scorned by the bad for his folly; a more pitiable instance of self-punished crime was never seen by an astonished world. His present elevation is a mere pillory to him. But we will pelt him no more; for that part of the sentence has exhausted itself. A more signal retribution than we now witness in him, the most ferocious and unforgiving vengeance could not ask." Can—we are obliged to ask, when we read this language from a quarter we must respect—can even such forms of government as Washington and his great associates established, be expected long to outlive this reckless system of party warfare?

One word before we quit these papers on what the reader may have seen boasted in some of our extracts as the 'outgeneraling' of Lord Ashburton. We feel bound to say that this was anything but the tone of the

majority of the American papers, until the publication, in the 'Courier and Enquirer,' of what was called the "private history of the Ashburton Treaty." It was contained in a letter of remonstrance from a friend of Mr. Webster's, against the continued abuse of that statesman, and it certainly succeeded in turning aside wrath. Whether or not on reasonable grounds, we leave others to judge. Our present business is not to meddle with red-lined maps, or smart doings, and we simply give the so-called private history as a matter of some present interest, which occurred to us as we went through the painful and repulsive drudgery of transcribing specimens of American Newspaper Literature for the purposes of this review.

"When Lord Ashburton arrived in Washington, he took an early day to open the subject of his mission; and with the frankness which marked his whole course throughout the negotiation, he advised Mr. Webster that the nature of his instructions forbade his yielding any portion of the disputed territory north of the line of Highlands, claimed by the British government to be the true boundary. This, of course, presented the question in a very serious light; and Mr. Webster very promptly informed his lordship that he must either *recede from his demand or terminate his mission*. As his instructions were peremptory, he was about to close his mission of peace, and war between the two countries appeared inevitable; when Mr. Webster persuaded him to enter into a full examination of the whole question, with a view to make himself acquainted with its real merits. This he did in obedience to Mr. Webster's urgent solicitations; and such was the character of Mr. Webster's representation of the facts—so perfectly simple did he render this intricate subject by bringing to bear upon it the force of his mighty intellect, that Lord Ashburton acknowledged his conviction of the injustice of the claim of his government to the extent insisted upon, and actually agreed to remain at Washington until he could receive additional instructions from his government, instead of promptly closing his mission, as he was authorised to do! A delay of six weeks followed, during which time nothing was heard in relation to this negotiation; but at the expiration of that period the anxiously looked for instructions arrived, and the treaty was actually made according to the line of boundary fixed upon by Mr. Webster after Lord Ashburton's mission under his first instructions had virtually closed. It is the secret history of that negotiation which can alone do justice to the Secretary of State."

As for the other British negotiator, who is said to have been 'out-generalled,' we suspect that some mistake may possibly before long be discovered in that quarter, too, and that they may not have won who have laughed the most. Mr. Dickens (to whom many allusions have been made in these pages),

having written a perfectly honest book,* must be presumed to have prepared himself

* Our attention has been directed since this was written to an indignant disclaimer by Mr. O'Connell of a forged letter with his signature that had 'gone the round' of the American press. These practices are of such every-day occurrence, that though several are marked in the notes we had taken for our review, we found no opportunity or special occasion to refer to them. Indeed the abuse of Mr. Dickens has arrived at such an ultra-horrible and hyperbolical pitch of atrocity, as to render indignation needless, and be matter of simple laughter. We hardly open a paper from the States, half of which is not devoted to reprints of his writings, and some portion of the other half to libels on himself. We do not know the exact forgery to which Mr. O'Connell alludes, but we find among our memoranda the following, taken from the 'New York Herald.'

"An eastern paper contains an extract of a letter written by Daniel O'Connell to a correspondent in this country,—*'Thank God Dickens is not an Irishman—he is of the texture of a Saxon glutton—and the more you fill him and stuff him with the good things of this life, the more overbearing and ungrateful you make him. The more kindness you extend, and the more praise you bestow upon a gormandizer of this order, the more aristocratic and turbulent notions you drive into his empty and sycophantie noddle . . . DANIEL O'CONNELL.'* This is capital—and is a pretty fair account of the celebrated Boz."

It may have been this, or it may have been some other—for Mr. O'Connell, as a great favourite with the 'patriots' from the fact of himself and his great Irish cause being supposed to be thorns in the side of England, is subject to have his authority daily forged—on which remark is made the following extracts from a letter addressed to the editor of the 'Pilot.'

"I saw with great surprise, in the last 'Pilot,' a paragraph which you certainly took from some other newspaper, headed 'O'Connell and Dickens,' and purporting to be a quotation from an alleged letter of mine to the editor of a Maryland newspaper, published at Baltimore, and called the 'Hibernian Advocate.' The thing is, from beginning to end, a gross lie. I never wrote a letter to that newspaper; nor am I in the habit of corresponding with editors of American papers. I have seen, indeed, with great contempt, but without much surprise, in several American newspapers, letters deliberately published under my signature, given to the American public as genuine documents—all, of course, being forgeries, but published by the editors as if perfectly genuine. This is a species of outrageous rascality which has been seldom attempted in this country, and seems reserved for the villainess of a great portion of the newspaper press in the United States . . . Perhaps it is right that I should add, that few people admire more the writings of Dickens, or read them with a deeper interest than I do. I am greatly pleased with his 'American Notes.' They give me, I think, a clearer idea of every-day life in America than I ever entertained before; and his chapter containing the advertisements respecting negro slavery, is more calculated to augment the fixed detestation of slavery than the most brilliant declamation, or the most splendid eloquence. That chapter shows out the hideous features of the system far better than any dissertation on its evils could possibly produce them—odious and disgusting to the public eye."

for its reception with men of all opinions and parties. But such a man can afford to 'go on fearless,' knowing the audience he will address at last; and we make a grave error, if his book is not found in the long run to have hit the hardest those evils of the American character which cry loudly for instant counteraction, and with the most exquisite feeling and skill to have developed those germs of good, in which, rightly and generously cultivated, the enduring safety of America and American institutions will alone at last be found. In two French works named at the head of this article (and to which we regret that we have only left ourselves room for very slight allusion), we have been struck with the unconscious support which is given in almost every page of one of them, to the sound and impartial observation of Mr. Dickens, and with the excellent means of judgment supplied by the other, as to the way in which his style and manner of recording those impressions would affect an intelligent, and perfectly impartial mind. M. Philarette Chasles (whom we are also happy to claim as an assenting party to our views on the American press), gives it as his opinion, that after examining carefully the late books of travels in the United States, he has found the most recent of them—though neither piquing itself on philosophy nor profundity, though neither ill-humoured nor presuming—by far the most gay, the most spirited, the most effective and complete, in its delineation of American life and character. He quotes, in a capital translation, some of the comic sketches of Mr. Dickens, and remarks of them that no doubt they may be charged as dealing with petty and insignificant detail, but that this very detail it is which reveals the peculiarities of such a people. "It is by those familiar and minute facts," he observes, "that you arrive at the true understanding of a nation, as yet too young and already too powerful, too informed and yet too advanced, to have escaped the susceptibilities, the weaknesses, the bullyings, the '*niaiseries des parvenus*.' I prefer these sketches, for my own part," he adds, "to learned dissertations." And this preference, we may safely predict, will be one day pretty general.

It will have been seen, in the course of our present remarks, that we are not without some expectation, fairly grounded, of a possible and early revolt of the educated classes of America against the odious tyranny which we have thus done our best to expose. We have noted what we are fain to believe plain symptoms of its having already begun. In

that case we shall not be easily tempted to return to a subject which it is on every account most decorous to leave in the hands of those whose welfare it most nearly concerns, and which we only in the first instance approached with deep and unaffected reluctance.

But it will not do to begin the strife by undervaluing the power of the antagonist. We never knew good result from a feeling of that kind. The first element of success in every such struggle is to grapple at once with the whole extent of evil: not to look at it with the reservation of your own delicacies and doubts, and perhaps limited field of experience, but fully, unreservedly, and with that broad—if you will, that vulgar—gaze, which shall take in every possible interest comprehended or concerned. Some such mistake as this, we think, is the mistake of an eloquent, manly, thoughtful, and most acute writer, in the last number of that excellent periodical, the '*North American Review*.' He thinks that the profligate papers, 'numerous as they are, and widely as their circulation ranges,' may 'open their foul mouths in full cry upon a man of character, year after year, and through every state in the Union,' but 'can harm him no more than the idle wind. They are read, despised, and the next day utterly forgotten.' We do not know all that may lurk in that expression—a man of character—but we do know that there has not been a public man engaged in the service of the American state, since the death of Washington, whose means of usefulness have not been impaired by these infamous assailants. But we discussed this fully on a former occasion, and will only put it to this honest writer now, whether on greater reflection he would feel as sure, supposing these prints to be 'despised,' that they would still continue to be 'read.' Of him, and of others with the same cultivated mind and lofty purpose, we would earnestly implore to look abroad from the small and select community in which they live, and understand, without further compromise, or hindrances self-imposed, the mischiefs of this wide-spread pestilence. We believe that, by forming a rallying point for all that is good and virtuous in America, they have it in their power to stay the plague. Nor are we without the confident hope of having, at no distant day, to record some gallant and successful effort towards that great end.

At any rate, when we meet the Americans next, it will be with some pleasanter things to say of them. It is our intention to examine the more general characteristics of the original works they have put forth within the last few years, as their claim to the com-

mentement of a literature of their own. Our former remark on this subject has been greatly misunderstood, if not greatly misrepresented. When we doubted if the foundations had yet been laid of a NATIONAL literature,

we could not mean to imply anything so manifestly unjust, as that natives of America, since the establishment of their Republic, have not written many able and admirable books.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Reise in Ungarn. (A Journey through Hungary). Von J. G. KOHL. Dresden and Leipzig. 1842.

THESE two pleasant volumes form a sequel to the 'Hundred days in Austria,' of which a more detailed account is given in another part of our present number. The tour through Hungary, like that through Austria, is exclusively a personal narrative, without any of those instructive chapters which gave so great a value to the author's works on Russia, and in which he so well presented to his readers, at once, the result of his general observations, while he conveyed, frequently in the course of a few pages, the most vivid picture of the country and its inhabitants. Still the same lively and amusing tone, which has distinguished all M. Kohl's works of a similar kind, pervades the volumes of Hungary; and in proportion as the country is one less known than Austria, the author enters more into minute details, appears to be more at home himself, and provides better entertainment for his guests. Hungary has now, thanks to steamboats and railroads, become easy of access, and M. Kohl's account will be sure to increase the number of visitors; but people must carry with them the knowledge of some language beside their own, or they must not be surprised, like some of the tourists M. Kohl makes free to laugh at, if they derive neither much information nor much amusement from their excursions.

The author, on leaving Vienna, proceeded towards the Neusiedler Lake, where he seems to have spent some days most agreeably in the castle of a Hungarian noble, from whom, previously to leaving the capital, he had received the necessary recommendation to the intendants of the baronial seat.

"While I remained here, I might have fancied myself the owner rather than the guest of this noble mansion. There are many people who talk of the charms of solitude. Now I think the hermitage of which I found myself thus suddenly possessed, was

just the sort of solitude that most people would have found it extremely easy to reconcile themselves to."

And certainly the account of his stately seclusion among the sumptuous apartments, magnificent picture galleries, and extensive libraries of his absent host, are well calculated to awaken strange covetings to those who sit ensconced in city-bred apologies for rooms. Yet with all its appurtenances, the glittering hermitage must soon have cloyed, and M. Kohl must have become conscious that the demon *ennui* was advancing to attack him in his fastness, when he could assign the following motive for selection of a breakfast:

"I was asked on the following morning what I would have for breakfast, coffee, chocolate, or *à l'Anglaise*. I chose the last-named, because it brings with it a number of little occupations that are particularly welcome to a solitary hermit, such as breaking the shells of his eggs, leisurely spooning out their contents, spreading butter upon his slices of roasted bread, and carefully picking up the crumbs that happen to be scattered about during the operation."

From the hermitage our author had but a short distance to go before he reached the celebrated Castle of Esterhaz, the seat of the wealthy family whose possessions reach from Neusiedler to the Platten Lake, and form probably the largest private estate in the world. The railroad from Vienna to Raab has made the prince's chateau so easy of access, that we are not surprised to hear that a crowd of sight-seers had assembled for the purpose of feasting their eyes on the splendour of a mansion on the erection of which millions were expended, but which has of late years been abandoned by its princely owners, for other and more favourably situated palaces. The golden days for the castle of Esterhaz were in the reign of Maria Theresa. The castle was then distinguished for fêtes as splendid as those of Versailles under Louis XIV. At

present it is the chief residence of the Esterhazy family, where the state they hold might put many a sovereign prince to the blush. At Eisenstadt too, the capital of the prince's dominions, is what is called the central administration of the estates, which occupy no insignificant portion of Western Hungary. The entire administration is under the direction of a president, a kind of prime minister on a small scale, who is assisted by four counsellors. The estates are then divided into five divisions, and at the head of each is a prefect, who has often to make a two days' journey when he wants to travel from one point to another in the territory confided to his care. Under these prefects, again, are the directors, each of whom has the management of what is considered a separate estate, with its little army of stewards, collectors, &c. Some of these separate estates contain as many as twenty or thirty villages, but on an average seldom more than eight or ten.

It is difficult to conceive what could originally have induced the Esterhazy family to select so detestable a site for a castle, as is that of Esterhazy. It is situated on the margin of a hideous marsh; which is totally inaccessible, except in frosty weather, or in summers more than usually dry; and the exhalations of which cannot but be highly deleterious, as is shown by the presence of a great number of cretins and cripples of every kind, in all the villages bordering on this great swamp, known under the name of the Hansag.

At Raab our author embarked in a steamboat, and went down the Danube to Orsova. These steamboats on the river seem to offer irresistible attractions to travellers, of whom few venture into the interior of the country—where bad roads, worse inns, and a certain throat-cutting monomania which is supposed to prevail among some of the population, have long had the effect of deterring tourists from solitary rambles. We have an amusing account of the places along the river; and a very lively description of the author's visit to a Turkish pacha, whither he was accompanied by a whole posse of health officers, to see that he did not come into that immediate contact with the unbelievers, which would have subjected him to a quarantine of some weeks, on his return into the dominions of his Austrian Majesty. Several highly entertaining chapters are devoted to a description of that singular portion of the emperor's territory, known under the denomination of the Military Frontier; a narrow strip of land, which separates the Austrian empire from Turkey; but which is likely to lose much of its importance in proportion as those provinces of Turkey that border on Austria, assume more and more a character of independence, and draw closer those bonds, by which they are beginning to connect themselves with the great republic of civilized Europe.

From Orsova our traveller returned to Vienna, through the interior of Hungary, visiting the celebrated baths of Mehadia, traversing the fertile plains of the Bannat, and spending a short time with some German and Walachian colonists, of whose way of life he does not fail to present us amusing descriptions. Upon the whole, the tour in Hungary is worthy of taking

its place by the side of M. Kohl's best works of a similar character.

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1. *Le Château des Pyrénées*.—2. *Maison de Campagne à Vendre*. Par FREDERIC SOULIE. Paris. 1843.

THE first of these tales addresses itself to a class of readers, whose tastes may be presumed to differ widely from those who will be pleased with the second. Those who read for the gratification of that sort of excitement, which, overlooking nice observation of character and manners, or the display of passion, finds its source in the pursuit of the plot of an entangled story, will be gratified to their hearts' content with '*Le Château des Pyrénées*.' They will have to follow a certain Prince Puzzano, who changes his costume as rapidly and as often as the once celebrated Monsieur Alexandre. He is a corsair, monk, sorcerer, muleteer, &c., &c., alternately; now he is disturbing the peace of families, and anon, receiving the dying confession of the prioress of a convent, by virtue of an authority from the pope. He is in fact a sort of walking dissolving view. By his means an avaricious lawyer, whose wife he has dishonoured, is shut up in a madhouse. Then the prince, whose crimes are punished by disappointment in an unworthy son, visits his victim, the lawyer, and is by him stabbed with a knife. The end of the lawyer's wife is not less fatal. She has retired to the lonely convent of St. Benoit in the Pyrenees, whose beautiful situation is well contrasted with the prison-like nakedness of its walls. But thirty years' penance and seclusion have not procured her a peaceful deathbed, for she regrets having sacrificed the world, without finding tranquillity, nor can she at the last moment exclude certain worldly wishes, the appearance of which she takes to be evidence of Heaven's wrath. We have, too, the history of another unhappy female, who, rather than betray her own shame, and the interests of a daughter, hides herself in the same savage retirement, and being then discovered by the same daughter, falls dead from disappointment at the fruitlessness of fifteen years' dull wretchedness. We know not if all this be intended to operate as a moral example; but, as we have indicated the class which can alone find pleasure in a romance of this kind—being made up of incidents which cross each other without connection, and which do not delay pursuit by unnecessary display of sentiment, or portraiture of character—we think we have dropped sufficient hints to stimulate the curiosity of such readers. They do not, happily for us, require any more at our hands.

Turn now to the *Maison de Campagne à Vendre*. It is a light and pleasantly written bagatelle, reading like a smart vaudeville turned into a tale. Yet, unpretending as it is in form, it presents some of those happy turns of sentiment, which charm us the more because of their unexpected appearance, and because they lead to

the impression that the author wrote in a happy mood. That while gay, he was disposed to tenderness; that while disposed to laugh, he had an honest heart open for poor human nature.

Monsieur Monot, a retired lamp-seller, is a martyr to the march of intellect. The public, ever disposed to follow new lights, and despise the old lamps, have abandoned him for Carcel. He had saved enough, however, to enable him to purchase a handsome little box at Sceaux, where he takes, to housekeep for him, an orphan niece—poor Sophie Fossin: listen to her history.

"Who then was this Sophie Fossin? She was no less than the niece of M. Monot, the daughter of M. Fossin, mercer, and of Catharine Monot, his wife. M. Fossin died of the cholera, which caused M. Monot to say, every time his niece caught cold, 'She has inherited her father's bad health, for the Monots are renowned for the purity of their blood.' After the death of her husband, Madame Fossin wished to carry on the business, but, in less than a year, her customers fell off, and her capital was eaten away. It was, indeed, pretended that Madame Fossin was never at home, and when met abroad, it was in unbecoming company. Sophie had done a great deal to keep up the house; but all her exertions served for no more than to supply her mother with dress. In the meanwhile, poor Sophie, abandoned to herself in her humble shop of the Rue de la Monnaie, succeeded, now and then, in the disposal of shirt collars of her own making. As for the few pair of faded gloves, which were all that she had to offer, she could only blush, as they were disdainfully rejected by some *Grisette*, tricked out in her Sunday gear, or some student happening to be in cash. Of all her customers one alone had never quitted her, he was a young clerk in a rich commercial house De la rue Mauvaises Paroles.

"Never did he find her gloves faded; in fact, he only looked at Sophie's fresh countenance. It was so pretty, so winning, so rosy, that it threw its youthful freshness upon all her wares, and gave them new colour.

"Sophie at length perceived that Jules Favert never took away her gloves, and that those which he wore were always different from what she had sold him. Was it charity or an insult? and her pride revolted equally at either surmise. The next time Jules came to make his ordinary purchase, she told him plainly, she had no more gloves to sell him.

"But here is a pair," said Jules, taking up gloves which lay upon the counter time immemorial.

"They are sold," said Sophie, coldly: 'besides, I no longer deal in that article.'

"And where am I to buy my gloves?"

"Where you bought those at present upon your hands," replied Sophie, with a piqued air.

"Jules stammered an excuse—it was yesterday, that by chance he dined far from home with his uncle, the attorney—

"That may be,—but I no longer sell gloves."

"Jules bit his lips, and, throwing a rapid glance round the all but empty shop, believed, indeed, that there remained no more gloves: so, with a sigh, he resumed.

"Since, Mademoiselle, you have no more gloves to sell me, let me have this cap."

"A woman's cap, Monsieur? And, pray, what can you want to do with it?"

"Oh!" said Jules, smiling, 'I shall soon find some one to give it to.'

"Sophie now reddened, and replied,

"I made this cap for myself—it is not for sale."

"Very well, another—this *schu*—whatever you please."

"Nothing, Monsieur; I have nothing to sell you; and I beg you will retire."

"How have I offended you? How have I failed in that respect you so well deserve, that you thus order me to leave, who am an old customer? What have I done?"

"Sophie held down her head—then turned it aside. She wept.

"Jules observed her embarrassment, and repeated his questions with renewed earnestness.

"You believe, Monsieur, that I do not perceive that you come here with some motive. While you pretend to buy my gloves, that you always pay me three francs for what are not worth one? It is not my fault if I cannot supply you with good gloves; but you should not take advantage of my poverty to force me to receive money to which I am not entitled."

"Jules would have spoken, but Sophie's poor heart, which had so long struggled to keep down her tears, could no longer withhold them—and she continued sobbing.

"Oh! I hope that very soon everything will be gone out of this shop, and that my mother will no longer force me to remain here exposed to such insults."

"Jules wept too, and exclaimed—

"'Tis true I did not come here for these cured gloves,—I came for yourself whom I love,—for you, whom I would marry."

"Marry me!" said Sophie, trembling all over: 'Why, Monsieur, I am poor—I have nothing.'

"Nor have I," said Jules.

"Never did misery bring so much happiness to two young beings,—for by this dialogue you have already judged their youth; Jules was hardly more than twenty—Sophie not eighteen."

The mother dies soon after, and Monot, the ex-lamp-maker, takes Sophie to live with him, while Jules, called away, has lost sight of her.

The benevolent uncle conceives at last a project for finding Sophie a husband. He puts a bill on his house; *Maison de Campagne à Vendre*: calculating, that among the number of those who will come to look at the premises, he shall discover some person likely to prove a suitable match for his niece.

Jules comes; and the uncle of Jules, M. Gantois; who, unlike Monot, is a very bad uncle. M. Gantois is attracted to the house by the conveniences which it presents for deceiving Madame Gantois. He is caught unexpectedly in a trap; for, while he has sent for a bailiff to arrest his nephew, who owes him money, and who he suspects is there to watch him, the nephew has dispatched a letter to his aunt; and Jules has heard Sophie's voice, and they meet, and they quarrel, and make friends, and confess their love to old Monot; and the bailiff comes, and the wife is coming, and the uncle dreads exposure; and the two uncles hold council; and the good one works on the feelings and interests, while the nephew acts on the fears of the bad; and they make up a purse for the lovers—and the bill, *Maison de Campagne à Vendre*, is taken down.

Gottfried Wilhelm Freiherrn von Leibnitz, eine Biographie, von Dr. G. E. GUHRAUER. (Biography of Leibnitz). By Dr. GUHRAUER. Breslau.

No one can doubt of the competence of Dr. Guhrauer to write a biography of Leibnitz. For many years has he been before the public, as an author whose energies have been devoted to the elucidation of the Leibnitzian philosophy; and he now comes forward to narrate the life of the great man whom he has selected as his idol. The biographies hitherto published have not been so complete as the importance of the subject deserves; and Dr. Guhrauer's book, in which the progress of Leibnitz, and every incident of his life has been carefully followed up, step by step, forms a valuable addition, not only to the history of philosophy, but to that of Europe at the end of the seventeenth, and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. It is illustrated by a very spirited lithograph portrait. As the bulkiness of the works of Leibnitz have hitherto stood in the way of their being more generally known, and as there are many who would wish to become acquainted with him as a philosopher, without loading their shelves with his historical and mathematical works, it may be mentioned, that a complete edition of his '*Opera Philosophica*' alone, has recently been edited by Dr. Edmann.

Handbuch des poetischen Nationalliteratur der Deutschen, von Dr. HEINRICH KURZ. (Manual of the Poetical National Literature of the Germans). By Dr. H. KURZ. Zurich. Meyer and Zeller. 1842.

ALL collections of specimens from the masters of a foreign literature are useful in England, if they are made with ordinary judgment. By works of this kind is the student able to take a general glance at the various authors, and to decide on the particular path he will afterwards follow. Dr. Kurz's book is sufficiently large to allow of the glance being more than a superficial one. It is a thick royal octavo, containing selections from the time of Haller to the present day, and concludes with a tolerably full history of German poetry; the dates of births and deaths being given in notes. Most of the pieces are necessarily short, but not exclusively so; as we have the whole of Göthe's '*Iphigenia*,' and '*Hermann and Dorothea*;' of Schiller's '*Wilhelm Tell*;' and of Lessing's '*Nathan der Weise*.' The reader who has gone through Dr. Kurz's Manual, will find very few in this country who will rival him in a knowledge of German poetry.

De l'Aristocratie Anglaise, de la Démocratie Américaine, et de la libéralité des Institutions Françaises. Par CHARLES FAREY. Second Edition. Paris. 1843.

THE author tells us that this book has been much eulogized; that the first edition was soon exhausted; and that a noble British peer wrote a reply, controverting the author's claims for the superiority of French institutions over those of Great Britain; all which reasons combined, have led to the publication of the present edition. It is not our intention to come to the rescue of the noble lord, whoever he may be, for indeed we learn for the first time, and only through M. Farey's book, of the controversy to which the author alludes. We have no objection, not the least, that M. Farey should succeed in persuading his countrymen of the excellence of their institutions; nay, we should heartily lend him our assistance; but it must be on the condition that he will not misrepresent the state of English society. M. Farey thinks that the Feudal system still weighs heavily upon England, and that the middle classes are without political influence. His proofs are drawn from certain ceremonials, such, for instance, as that attending the coronation, upon which his reasoning is as just, as if he drew his notions of British laws from the judges' horsehair wigs. He denies in fact, the whole spirit of modern improvement, because a resemblance still exists to what is past; the boy has not become a man, because the boy still speaks with a human tongue, and sees through human eyes. He, in fact, makes the mistake which most Frenchmen do, who think that no political good can be effected, except through violent revolution; and he expects the coming of the crisis, which is to put an end to Feudality in England. Will it be credited in England, that this author, who vaunts the popularity of his book in France, advances as a grave proof of the existence of the Feudal system in England, that the Queen's ministers, when called upon to attend at Windsor, feel honour in putting on servants' livery coats, with livery buttons? We translate literally from page 35.

"Those who would feel surprised to see free England in the 19th century, thus adhere to feudal customs, will be still more surprised when they learn, that the Queen's ministers, called to Windsor at the Queen's accouchement, put on the uniform (in good French, the livery), of Windsor palace, and that gentlemen, possessors of a million of revenue, felt honoured at being allowed to carry upon their coat-buttons the initial letters of a prince of the royal blood; as in France, valets have upon their buttons the first letters of their master's name."

And a little further down, page 36, he asks, if after such instances "England has a right to be boasting of her habeas corpus." It may be confessed, however, that the habeas corpus is not dear at a button, n'en déplaît à Monsieur Farey.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, 18th March.

THERE is a review here, little known, and not highly appreciated, called 'Le Biographe Universel,' containing biographies of the men of the day, which are now and then republished when likely to interest. Some weeks since, when it was believed Guizot might retire, and before Messieurs Passy and Dufaure had signified their intention to hold aloof from any new-formed ministry, one of these pamphlets appeared and disappeared with a rapidity unintelligible to those who had not the key to the enigma. The biography was that of Salvandy, whose silence on the important debate was, it seems, personally requested by royalty. It was said to be by his own hand, his style being recognized in it, and the signature being that of his private secretary. The same whispers aver that Count Molé sent for Salvandy, and said, it might possibly fall to his lot to form a ministry; and that, notwithstanding every conviction of his capacity and usefulness, it would be impossible to name him for a coadjutor, did the biography remain in circulation. The pamphlet was therefore bought up, and is now not to be had. But one of the rare copies already sold, having fallen into our hands, we make a few comments on it, that our readers may learn how M. Salvandy has been unfairly appreciated hitherto, and may contradict, by the genealogy given, on such excellent authority, those idle stories, which gave him a somewhat *too clerical* origin.

"In the unfortunate times, wherein the kings of England counted among their fiefs the fairest French provinces, an Irish family, named *O Salvandy*, itself exiled from a lately conquered country, and no doubt captive beneath the Black Prince's banners, found itself transplanted into Guyenne."

This is the first sentence which adds another and rather foreign-looking comrade to the list of royal O's, which are Ireland's patrimony. "The best manner of praising such men," goes on the biographer, "is to recount their lives;" and this is accordingly done by him through 210 pages of closely printed octavo. We have not the least idea of attacking any portion of M. Salvandy's life; but rather wish to excuse Molé, by pointing out why he decided that a minister, holding in his hand such a story of himself, by himself, would lay the ministry open to that terrible battery of ridicule so potent in France, that is, perhaps, the only battery she fears!

'When he was eight years old,' Rousseau's precept, 'la seule habitude à contracter serait de n'en point avoir,' took possession of his mind, and became a law to him. 'At eleven years old' he had, 'as yet,' advanced in life without any determined object. But it was then that a sentence spoken before him, to the purport that extraordinary children commonly disappointed when they grew to men, induced him to eschew his mode of study, irregular heretofore. 'With sagacity rare at his age,' he decided, that under a military monarchy he should best find his level in a military career! Educated at the Lycée Napoleon (College Henry IV.) he one day, in his enthusiasm and admiration of the emperor's style, invented and read aloud a bulletin de la grande armée. Become an officer, he was at Mayence pointed out to the emperor himself, who fixed upon him such a look, as it seems was worth recording. At twenty years of age, commencing to write as a politician, he hesitated between all the conflicting parties, feeling in himself something of each. He had at this time a precocious sagacity, a knowledge of men and things, usually the fruit of observation and experience. In 1815, under the influence of his indignation, he wrote 'La Coalition et la France.' This was more than 'a good book: it was a good action—an event.' This book was seized. He took it quietly. Louis XVIII. had desired him to withdraw his opposition to its seizure. Then there was his letter to Wellington. The Duc de Richelieu interfered when he was about to publish his letter to the Duke of Wellington, after the attempt made on the duke's life by the assassin to whom Napoleon left a legacy, in the small gratitude of a great man. The letter desired the duke to live, 'that the rising generation might, in the plains of Zama, avenge the insult received at Thrasimene.' There were two more pamphlets, which 'ensured the unhoped for' passing of the loi de recrutement Louis XVIII. at last 'proved himself master' on his own territory, by naming the poet Salvandy of his Conseil d'Etat!! And this is the account, by Salvandy, of Salvandy's career.

Novels, pamphlets *Madame Salvandy*, receive the same unqualified praise. As to Salvandy himself, he is applauded in all senses; politically, morally; as having 'instinct and reasoning powers' to a supreme degree; as having love of order and liberty, progress, stability, moderation; verily, we cannot give the whole list of his perfections. Their name is Legion. As

to his talents as a novelist, if he 'has not all the power which belonged to Walter Scott, his Alonzo has a serenity and calm which may suggest comparison to some broad road, smooth and symmetrical, without ruts or jolting.' As for the book called 'Twenty Months; or, the Revolution of 1830,' it so struck the illustrious Göthe, that, on his bed of death, and when his sight had failed, it was read to him by his daughter; 'and when at last his mind was no longer capable of following its ideas, he bade her approach it to his lips, that, kissing it, he might bid human thought adieu: soon after he expired.

But we have said enough. Salvandy has had his merits, and not few; but we find it difficult not to meet fatuity such as this, with a little innocent laughter.

GERMANY.

Leipsic, March, 1843.

THE presence and the counsels of Alexander von Humboldt have been sadly wanted of late by the Prussian king. It is to the absence of this distinguished man in Paris during the last three months, that the extraordinary change wrought in the feelings of the people towards their sovereign, and the general gloom which has fallen on the hopes of the most distinguished men of letters in Prussia, are, in my opinion, mainly ascribable.

The dismissal of Professor Hoffman of Fallersleben from his professorship in Breslau, and without the usual pension, in consequence of his political poems, belongs to a class of acts which form their own commentary. In the same category we may include the exclusion from the Prussian states of the 'Leipsic Universal Gazette,' which had often rendered Prussia good service, when warring with its own Catholic population. But the odium does not attach so much to the act as to the mode of its enforcement. It may be even reasonably doubted whether the conduct of Prussia in interdicting the *transit* of the journal, and thus cutting it off from the other states where it was desired, has not shed rather an unfavourable light on the indifference of Prussia to the interests of the League, when its own interests seem affected. The suppression of the 'Rhenish Gazette,' which is to cease from the 31st of March, also tends to swell the general amount of popular dissatisfaction. The re-imposition of the censorship on caricatures, after its extinction so recently and pompously announced, is in many ways characteristic. The singular discrepancy between the royal order of the 24th of December, 1841, alleviating the evils of the censorship, and the law promulgated on the 13th of February last, imposing fresh restrictions, and handing over the Press to a perpetuity of arbitrary government, is very far from a realisation of the hopes awakened by the monarch's popular harangues! Such acts, also, as the recent cabinet order, forbidding the future promotion of two officers holding judicial situations, in consequence of an article opposed to the spirit of the projected Divorce Bill having been

inserted by one in a law magazine edited by the other, savour in no small degree of the worst kind of arbitrary power. How pitiable is it that the king should be unable to foresee, in the present state of Germany, the spirit which all this has a tendency to make formidable!

The friends of monarchy and order throughout Germany had sincerely hoped that the occasion of the recent marriage of the Crown Prince of Hanover would have been embraced for putting an end to the sufferings of the state prisoners locked up in dungeons since the unfortunate affair of 1833. This hope has been cruelly disappointed. With the exception of Dr. Eggeling, who seems indebted for his liberation to other causes than to royal clemency, and Dr. Plath, none of the many persons at present confined for political offences have been set at liberty. Even Eggeling has been placed under the odious surveillance of the police for the rest of his life, and Plath must at once leave, and never again re-enter the kingdom. The University of Göttingen is rapidly sinking under the present régime. As Dahlmann, the last of the seven exiled professors has been lately provided for by an appointment to a professorship at Bonn, the society formed throughout Germany to assist these political martyrs with pecuniary aid in their immediate wants, has announced its approaching dissolution, as being no longer necessary; and its intention of handing over the undisposed-of residue of its funds to Dr. Jordan, a literary martyr no less deserving of support.

Leipsic is in itself a little republic; and as the centre of the German book trade, and the great literary mart whither the products of German mind are always sure to find their way, it may be called, in one sense at least, a republic of letters. The mildness of the Saxon censorship, and the facilities of publishing, have induced many popular writers to take up their residence here. The 'Literaten Verein,' also, presenting a formidable array of distinguished names, forms a species of rallying point for patriotic exertions. The musical fame of Leipsic is about to be still further elevated by the erection of a Conservatory of Music, under the direction of Mendelssohn Bartholdy, assisted by several highly distinguished professors. The publishing activity is as flourishing as ever. I have only to point to the edition of English popular writers, in course of publication by the eminent printer, Tauchnitz, of this city, to establish any man's faith in miracles. Each volume, comprising the contents of three ordinary English volumes, neatly and correctly printed on admirable paper, and embellished with a good steel engraving, is published at the almost incredibly low price of *one shilling and sixpence!* The collection will embrace most of the standard English Authors. The works of Byron, Moore, Dickens, Bulwer, and Marryat, have already appeared. The extraordinary popularity of English writers in Germany necessary to the success of such an enterprise, is flattering to both countries. As a matter of curious literary history I may mention the fact, that of this edition of Mr. Dickens' works four thousand copies have been already sold. Amongst other more important literary undertakings, a forthcoming new edition of the Ger-

man and English Dictionary, compiled by the indefatigable Dr. Flügel, the United States Consul at Leipsic, should be mentioned. I believe the new edition will contain many thousand words and phrases not included in the last. A new and much improved edition of Brockhaus' 'Conversations-Lexicon,' being the ninth issue of that important work, is also in course of publication; and a journal on the same plan as the illustrated papers of London is about to appear under the title of 'Illustrierte Nachrichten.'

Before concluding, I may allude to the aboli-

tion of the British consulship in this city. Shortly after the accession of the present ministry to power, the gentleman who filled the office of consul was recalled, and the office itself abolished. England is now the only kingdom unrepresented here. It may perhaps be reasonably asked, whether an efficient and intelligent agent might not be employed with advantage in this nucleus of German trade—the emporium from whence the east is supplied with the manufactures of the West, and the point where the whole of England's German trade centres.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

BELGIUM.

SOME time ago the Belgian Chamber of Representatives passed a resolution for forming, as far as possible, a complete collection of the Belgic state papers, many of which are scattered about in different parts of Holland and France. In furtherance of this design, M. Gachard was sent on an official mission to the Hague in October last. He obtained leave to examine the Royal Library, and he there found many interesting documents relating to Belgian history. M. Gachard has described the results of his mission in a detailed report, of which the following are some of the most interesting points. The Royal Library at the Hague was founded on the collection of the old Stadtholders, and was vastly extended during the time of the union of Holland and Belgium. No state library was then kept in Brussels, and all the purchases of books and manuscripts made by the government were destined for the Hague. Thus the library in the latter city is enriched with the greater portion of the library of Gerard, which, among other things, contained a rare and voluminous collection of manuscripts on the history of Belgium. The Hague library, moreover, obtained numerous and important additions by the sale of the famous collection of Muschenbroeck. The library at present contains upwards of 2000 manuscript volumes, of which many are of infinite value,—some by reason of the subjects they treat of, some for their rarity, others for the beauty of their calligraphic execution, or for the fine miniatures and vignettes with which they are ornamented. Sermons, copies of rituals, and theological writings, forming the bulk of the manuscripts in the libraries of Belgium and France, are by no means numerous in the Hague collection, which does not, like most others, owe its existence to the suppression of abbeys and convents. On the other hand, historical writings and works relating to art and science are numerous. Of these 2000

manuscripts, 400 at least relate to the history of Belgium, and for their acquisition proposals will be made to the Dutch government. The archives of the kingdom of Holland form a collection distinct from the Royal Library of the Hague. Among these archives M. Gachard saw two diplomas of the date of the 11th century, supposed to be the oldest in existence, and formerly kept among the registers of the counts of Holland. There is likewise a Golden Bull of the reign of the Emperor Charles V., once belonging to the Cartularies of the Chapter of St. Servais, at Maestricht. M. Gachard describes several curious old treaties, copies of which are preserved in the archives of Holland. Among them is the treaty concluded between the government of the Netherlands and Cromwell. This document is written on a large sheet of parchment, and bears the Protector's signature, OLIVER. Appended to it is a wax seal, representing Cromwell, seated on a sort of throne, with the members of the long parliament ranged on either side of him. The correspondence of the famous Pensionary, Count de Witte, is also among the archives of the kingdom of Holland. The letters from the foreign agents of the Republic are exceedingly curious, and form a useful appendix to the history of Europe during the 17th and 18th centuries.

The King of the Belgians has lately purchased a small collection of paintings from the eminent picture dealer, M. Nieuvenhuys. Among the collection is Wilkie's celebrated "Whisky Still."

DENMARK.

Thorwaldsen, who spent the late Christmas holidays with the poet Oehlenschläger at Nysø, is now engaged on a new bas-relief, which he calls "Christmas Joys in Heaven." The beauty of this work has inspired Oehlenschläger to tune his lyre in its praise. The indefatigable sculptor, old in years but young in spirit, has just

completed three bas-reliefs for the pedestal of the statue of Frederick VI. The subjects are:—1. The foundation of representative bodies in Denmark. 2. The extinction of serfdom, and the abolition of the slave-trade. 3. The protection of art. The group of the Three Graces, which by an unfortunate accident was thrown down on being landed from the frigate *Thetis*, and shattered into more than 200 fragments, is now fully restored. The bas-relief of Faith, Hope, and Love, which was injured on the same occasion, is likewise repaired.

A valuable collection of bronze figures representing Indian deities, the property of the late Major-general Anker, of Christiania, has been purchased by the King of Denmark for a large sum of money. The Norwegian journals express great regret that this rare and valuable collection is lost to Norway. Major-general Anker collected the antiquities whilst he was Governor of Tranquebar, one of the Danish possessions in India.

On the 10th of February, the Royal Archaeological Society of Copenhagen held its annual public sitting, on which occasion His Royal Highness the Prince Royal, Honorary President of the society, was present. The most interesting part of the business of the sitting consisted of the presentation and explanation of certain monuments recently discovered in America, which tend to confirm the opinion that that part of the world was known to Europeans long before the time of Columbus. These monuments are:—1. A flat stone, bearing an inscription in 24 Runic characters, lately discovered in the valley of the Ohio. 2. A pair of massive silver tongs or pincers, found in the province of Bahia (Brazil), by M. KRÖGER, a Danish naturalist. This instrument precisely resembles, in form, those of a similar kind frequently found in tumular hills in Scandinavian countries. 3. Some arrows with rock crystal points, and saws made of sharks' teeth, and fragments of pebbles, discovered in California, and resembling those used by the ancient Greenlanders. 4. Three very ancient Peruvian vases; the form and ornaments similar to those of the Etruscan vases.—It was stated at the sitting of the Copenhagen Society, that the Brazilian government has taken measures for continuing diggings and searches in a part of Brazil where certain ruins recently discovered seem to indicate that a Scandinavian colony anciently existed. This tract of country is situated in the southern part of the province of Bahia, on the left bank of the *Braço-do-Cinçora*, and to the south of the *Sierra-do-Cinçora*.

EGYPT.

Dr. Lepsius is actively pursuing his interesting labours at the Pyramids. Of the progress of his researches, as far as they have hitherto advanced, he has given a circumstantial report in several letters, recently published officially by the Prussian government. We regret that our limits do not permit us to give a complete translation of these letters, which contain a fund of curious information highly interesting to the antiquarian and the artist. The following is an extract from one of the latest. It is dated from Gizeh, at the foot of the Pyramid of Cheops, Jan. 2d.—“What

will you say when you learn that we have advanced no further than this? We arrived here on the 9th of November, and here we have passed the first day of the new year. But who can foretell the extent of the rich harvest we may reap on this earliest scene of the history of mankind? It is incredible how little this spot has been explored, though more visited than any other part of Egypt. But it is my task to gather the fruit, and I have no wish to dispute the claim to it with my learned predecessors. The best maps of this site, hitherto produced, represent two tombs, besides the Pyramids, having particular inscriptions and figures. Now we have drawn a minute topographical plan of the whole monumental plain, and on this plan there are marked, independently of the Pyramids, 45 tombs, whose occupants I have ascertained by the inscriptions. There are altogether 82 tombs which, on account of their inscriptions or other peculiarities, demand particular attention. With the exception of about 12 which belong to a later period, all these tombs were erected contemporaneously with, or soon after the building of the great Pyramid, and consequently their dates throw an invaluable light on the study of human civilisation in the most remote period of antiquity. Their structure, respecting which I could speak only from supposition, in my work on Egyptian architecture, is now developed before my eyes; all the architectural parts are perfectly made out; and to my great satisfaction the suppositions I hazarded are fully confirmed. The sculptures in relief are surprisingly numerous, and represent whole figures, some the size of life, and others of various dimensions. Their style of execution is bold and decided, but evidently not restrained by the laws of proportion, which, at a later period, were implicitly observed. The paintings are on back-grounds of the finest chalk. They are numerous and beautiful beyond conception—as fresh and perfect as if finished only yesterday. The pictures and sculptures on the walls of the tombs represent, for the most part, scenes in the lives of the deceased persons, whose wealth in cattle, fish, boats, servants, &c., is ostentatiously displayed before the eyes of the spectator. All this gives an insight into the details of private life among the ancient Egyptians. The scenes thus represented are explained by the inscriptions, which sometimes name the numerous members of the family of the deceased, together with all his titles and offices. By the help of these inscriptions I think I could, without much difficulty, make a court calendar of the reign of King Cheops. The most splendid mausoleums are those of the princes, who were either relations of the king, or persons holding high appointments in the royal service. These structures are situated in the proximity of the pyramids. In some instances I have traced the graves of father, son, grandson, and even great grandson,—all that now remain of the distinguished families which 5000 years ago formed the nobility of the land. The post of ‘Superintendent of the King’s Buildings’ must have been in those days of colossal architecture an appointment of vast importance, and it was frequently given to princes of the blood royal. One of the most magnificent tombs I have discovered here,

(which, with many others, was completely buried beneath the sand), is that of a prince of the house of Cheops, who had the office of chief superintendent of buildings. It may be presumed the greatest building of the age, the Pyramid of Cheops, was executed under the direction of this personage. I now daily employ fifty or sixty men in digging, and in other kinds of labour, and a large excavation has been made in front of the Great Sphinx."

FRANCE.

The contest between M. Pierre Leroux and M. Cousin, lately engrossed a considerable share of attention in the literary circles of Paris. The circumstances out of which the misunderstanding has arisen appear to be these:—M. Jouffroy, the most distinguished disciple of the principles of M. Cousin, died some little time ago, leaving a number of manuscripts which he wished should be published after his decease. In this will he made the request that M. Cousin should superintend the publication of the manuscripts, taking care that they should be printed without alteration. It happened that among these manuscripts there was a series of confessions, after the manner of those of Jean Jacques Rousseau. In these confessions M. Jouffroy declared that before he became a follower of the doctrines of M. Cousin, he was a good Christian and a firm believer in immortality. A few years' communication with M. Cousin had sufficed to plunge him into the darkest depths of scepticism. A friend of M. Jouffroy, and one who shared his utmost confidence, had seen many fragments of the manuscripts during the life-time of the writer. This gentleman declared that the papers contained an indirect but absolute condemnation of Cousin's philosophy: that Jouffroy had been simply dazzled by the authority and talents of his master, whilst in his inward soul a voice whispered that he was merely rendering homage to the brilliant errors of human reason. Now it is said that M. Cousin, fearing the tendency of Jouffroy's manuscripts, cancelled all those passages likely to injure his character, or that of his school of philosophy, and filled up the chasms by interpolations of his own. Against this treachery, M. Pierre Leroux vehemently protested when the said manuscripts first made their appearance in print. Cousin, on the other hand, denies having made the alterations with which he is charged. M. Leroux published a series of articles in the '*Revue Indépendante*,' for the purpose of showing that M. Cousin, from motives of personal interest, had mutilated the manuscripts entrusted to him. These charges were replied to in the columns of the '*Journal des Débats*,' by Cousin. Such is the present state of the affair, a more clear elucidation of which is anxiously looked for.

One of the most interesting books of travels that have recently appeared, is the '*Voyage autour du Monde*,' by Admiral du Petit-Thouars. The narrative of this voyage exhibits in every page a charm of style in which nautical and scientific details of a practical and instructive kind are frequently deficient. It abounds with interesting facts, related in graceful and elegant language. Among the most novel and striking

portions of the book are the chapters devoted to Chile and Peru, countries which are described by Admiral du Petit-Thouars from observations collected during a three years' station on the shores of the Pacific. No previous traveller has given such pleasant pictures of social life in those interesting and rapidly flourishing South American States. Female manners, costume, &c., are pleasantly sketched off by the observing man of the world, whose scrutinizing eye has evidently been well exercised in the salons of Paris. These volumes, moreover, contain a fund of information highly useful to the geographer and the naturalist.

The heads of the romantic schools in literature and music, MM. Victor Hugo and Berlioz, have agreed to unite their talents in the production of a grand opera, for which the author of '*Notre Dame*' will supply the text, and the composer of the '*Bleeding Nun*' will furnish the music. A legend related in Victor Hugo's work on the Rhine, is to be the subject of this new musical drama.

On the 1st of January, the French Academy of Fine Arts elected three corresponding members to fill vacancies occasioned by recent deaths. Donizetti the composer, at present residing in Vienna, was elected in the room of the late M. Mauduit;—M. Kaulbach, the painter, residing in Munich, was chosen to succeed M. de Lasalle;—and M. Jesi, the engraver of Florence, fills the place of the late M. de Bray.

A history of the campaign of the Duke of Orleans in Algiers, is about to be printed under the sanction and superintendence of the widowed duchess. The work will appear under the name of Charles Nodier, but the principal portion of the text is from the pen of the Duke of Orleans himself. The book will be adorned with numerous plates and vignettes. The duchess destines it for distribution in the army of Algiers.

M. Charles Dupin has been elected vice-president of the Academy of Science.

Vicomte d'Arlincourt's new work has just made its appearance. It is entitled the '*Polar Star*,' and contains an account of the author's recent visits to the courts of Russia, Prussia, Saxony, Denmark, and Sweden.

The Marquis de Custine's work on Russia is shortly expected to appear. It is described by those who have read fragments of it, to be most violently hostile to Russia. Some very extraordinary circumstances are assigned as the cause of this tone of hostility.

A subscription has been opened for erecting a monument to the memory of the eminent military surgeon Larry, whose services were so important to the French army during the long wars of the republic and the empire.

The Academy of Moral and Political Science has elected Mr. M'Culloch to be one of its foreign members, in the room of the late historian, M. Sismondi. The Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres has completed its list of foreign correspondents by filling up the appointments which became vacant during the course of last year. The newly elected correspondents are M. Eugene Borée for Persia, Mr. Thomas

Wright for London, Herr Waschmuth for Leipzig, Signor Cavedoni for Modena, and M. de Witte for Antwerp.

M. Von Humboldt has, during the present winter, completed his great work on Upper Asia, which has been so impatiently looked for. It will shortly be published in Paris. The work is dedicated to the Emperor of Russia, who adopted every means of facilitating the labours of the great naturalist during his journey in Siberia in 1829. M. Von Humboldt has lately presented the last volume of the work to the French Academy of Science, and he has now left Paris for Berlin to present a complete copy to his sovereign the King of Prussia.

GERMANY.

Natural History.—(A letter from Bohn, dated Feb. 23, contains the following particulars). "A few days ago, Professor Goldfuss received a present for our university museum, sent from London by His Royal Highness Prince Albert. The present is in itself an object of considerable scientific interest, and is the more welcome inasmuch as it is accompanied by an assurance that Prince Albert cherishes a pleasing recollection of his studies at Bohn. The letter with which the gift is accompanied says, among other things: 'the prince wishes hereby to give you a small proof that he still entertains a friendly remembrance of you and the University of Bohn.' The present consists of a well-preserved specimen of the *Hepialus Virescens*, a curious caterpillar, from the tail of which sprouts a vegetable twig about six or seven inches long. It was recently brought from New Zealand by Captain Siardet. In a description sent along with the caterpillar it is stated to be the larva of a species of *Hepialus* (called *Hepialus Virescens* in Dr. Dreffenbach's journey to New Zealand), on which a parasitical *Sphæria* frequently grows. The plant develops itself in the living body of the animal, and when the latter creeps into the earth prior to its chrysalis transformation, it fructifies. Whilst the vegetable shoot sprouts from the caterpillar, the living animal is gradually converted into a substance resembling fungus, which substance retains the form of the caterpillar. Another species of *Sphæria* grows in the larva of a moth in China, where it is gathered and used as a medicine. Some specimens have been brought from South Australia, of a species in which several sprouts, forming a bunch, shoot from an individual animal. A fourth variety, described by Edwards, is found in the West Indies; this invariably grows on the larva of *Cingale*. The silkworm is subject to a disease which transforms the interior of its body into a sort of fungus. Prince Albert's present was likewise accompanied by some very interesting correspondence relating to curious migratory birds whose bones have lately been found in New Zealand."

The King of Bavaria is about to put into execution the scheme he has long entertained of building, in the park adjoining his palace at Aschaffenburg, a house on the plan of the houses of Pompeii. The architect Gartner is to superintend the erection of the building, which is to be in exact conformity with a design made at

Pompeii in 1830, by Professor Zahn. The model selected is the house of Castor and Pollux, one of the most admired in Pompeii. On the walls there are some beautiful paintings, one of which represents Achilles discovered by Ulysses among the daughters of Lycomedes. On other parts of the walls appear groups of fauns and bacchantes, and on a blue back-ground are figures of Hippolytus, Phœdra, Ceres, Venus, and Adonis. The house about to be erected at Aschaffenburg will be furnished with marble statues, bronzes, paintings, altars, &c., and will in all respects be a complete representation of the domestic life of antiquity.

A complete German translation of the celebrated old Spanish 'Cançioneiro del Cid,' has recently been published by Cotta of Stuttgart. The translation is from the pen of Gottlob Regis, whose German versions of Rabelais and of the sonnets of Shakespeare are greatly and justly admired. Regis is the first who has introduced the Cançioneiro into the German language in its complete form. Herder translated only 70 of the romances.

LEIPZIG.—Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's romance of 'Night and Morning' has been adapted to the German stage by the popular dramatists, Madame Birch-Pfeifer, and was produced, after much preparation, on the Leipzig stage. The piece being altogether too lengthy and disjointed, was indebted to the extraordinary popularity of the novelist, and the reputation of the adapters, for the even partial and equivocal success which it met at the hands of a very tolerant audience.

The 'Literaten-Verein,' or Society of Literary Men of this city, has made an alteration in its statutes so as to admit foreign or non-resident members. The election of new members of the 'Verein' is by ballot. Each member pays an annual subscription of two thalers to the funds of the society.

The 'Deutsche Jahrbücher,' edited by Dr. Ruge, have been suppressed by the Saxon government. These 'Jahrbücher,' originally founded by the celebrated Hegel under the name of 'Hallische Jahrbücher,' on being forced to fly from Prussia in 1841, found an asylum in Saxony, where they have continued to be published up to the first of January of the present year, when they were formally suppressed, on the ground of their continued assaults on existing institutions.

HOLLAND.

A work on some early nautical discoveries of the Dutch is preparing for the press by Heer Van Siebold, author of the well known account of Japan. The materials for this new work have been found in some interesting manuscripts discovered by the author in the archives of the Dutch East India Company. These manuscripts, of which notices have been inserted in the Dutch papers, contain, it appears, detailed accounts of an important voyage made in 1699, under the direction of the East India Company, by Matthijs Quast and Abel Jansen Tasman in the Northern Pacific. In that voyage these navigators discovered the Bonin Islands to the east of Japan. It is singular that the names of men so eminent for nautical skill and successful expeditions should have sunk almost into oblivion, being

scarcely noticed by the historians of their own country, and never mentioned, it may be said, by other European writers. We must, however, except Krusenstern, who, in advertising to Tasman, calls him the greatest navigator of the seventeenth century. Tasman, who had previously discovered the Friendly Islands, and explored the ocean to the south of New Holland, gave to that part, now an English colony, the name of Van Diemen's Land. The name was given in compliment to the governor of the Dutch East India settlements, who had aided and encouraged Tasman's expedition. We hope that we shall soon be enabled to give an account of these voyages from the Dutch work about to be published. We understand it is expected to be accompanied by some curious supplementary documents and plates, among which there is the copy of a chart of the Bonin Islands, as laid down by the discoverers. One of the islands is called Engel, another Gracht, being the names of the two vessels in which Quast and Tasman sailed on their expedition.

The Dutch government has recently purchased some curiously painted windows belonging to an old house at Gorcum. The house whence these windows have been removed to be deposited in a place of safety, is the same to which the celebrated Grotius was conveyed after his escape from the castle of Løvestein. Grotius (who is called by the Dutch Hugo de Groot), was condemned to imprisonment for life for his adherence to Barneveldt, in the famous contest with the Prince of Orange. His wife contrived a plan for his escape from captivity. She sent a box full of books to his prison, the castle of Løvestein. Grotius, under pretence of returning the books, ordered the box to be carried away, and shutting himself in it, instead of the books, he effected his escape. He was conveyed to the house at Gorcum, which was then occupied by Daetslaer. On the windows are painted portraits of Grotius, Romboot, Hoogerbeets, and Thomas Esperius.

The Dutch poet and philologist Hoeufft died lately at Breda. His remains were interred at Dordrecht, his native town.

Petronilla Moens, a lady to whom the literature of Holland is indebted for many esteemed productions in prose and verse, died at Utrecht on the 4th of January, at the age of 80.

ITALY.

In the last number of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' mention was made of the arbitrary suppression, by the Neapolitan government, of Michaelis Amari's work entitled, 'Un periodo delle Istorie Siciliane del Secolo XII.' The work, after having undergone the twofold revision of the censorship of the Jesuits and the Prefect of Police, was printed at Palermo about the latter end of last year. An early copy was presented to the King of Naples, by whom it was read and approved. After all this, it might naturally have been expected that no obstacle would arise to the free publication of the book. However, it remained for a minister of the Neapolitan cabinet to discover in the work tendencies of an objectionable nature, which had escaped the observation of both King and censor. The publication was prohibited, and its author, to save

himself from the persecution which was doubtless in reserve for him, fled to France. These circumstances would, in themselves, have sufficed to excite public interest and attention in favour of a work possessing less intrinsic merit than that here alluded to, which is admitted at all hands to be a most valuable addition to Italian history—replete with laborious research, and throwing light upon many points heretofore but imperfectly known or understood. The 'Periodo' embraces an interval glorious to Sicily, viz. the close of the thirteenth century. The principal events treated of are, the Sicilian Vespers, the consequent war, and the elevation of Frederick III., or (as the author more properly styles that monarch) Frederick II., to the throne of Sicily. Previous accounts of this important period are all, in a greater or less degree, derived from unauthentic sources; but Amari, who enjoyed free access to the state archives of Naples and Palermo, has fortunately supplied the deficiencies, and corrected the errors of former historians. Many important points of his narrative are founded on data newly brought to light, and he throws doubt on much that has hitherto been written and currently believed respecting the machinations of Giovanni da Procida, who, according to all contemporary and credible authorities, was not originally connected with the leaders of the Sicilian Vespers. Procida is depicted by Amari, not as a hero of liberty, but as one of those diplomatic adventurers who, at a subsequent period, were numerous in the southern courts of Europe. The Vespers were, in reality, the work of the people, in whose train the barons were the first followers. The events to which the Vespers gave birth are regarded by Amari as the triumph of democracy. He dwells with pride on the similarity of circumstances which attended the establishment of the Sicilian constitution, and the foundation of that great bulwark of English liberty, Magna Charta; and, with feelings of regret, he shows how the fair land and the brave people to whom the Sicilian constitution belonged, were for centuries deprived of its blessings by aristocratic anarchy. These reflections must find a grateful response in every Sicilian heart, when it is remembered that the constitution of 1812 was also framed on the model of the English constitution. There is a charm in Amari's spirited and glowing style which excites general admiration, and bears evidence of the earnest sympathy of the writer with his subject. But, at the same time, the ardour of the Italian patriot does not interfere with the impartiality of the historian. Though never allowing himself to be led away by party passion, he is avowedly an advocate of liberal principles. This latter fact sufficiently explains the disfavour manifested towards a work of such rare merit, by a government whose measures continually tend towards the curtailment of popular freedom. Many imperfect and erroneous accounts have been given of the manner in which Amari eluded the invitation to Naples, where he had too good reason to believe a prison was prepared for him; but the following particulars are derived from sources which may be relied on as correct.

The Neapolitan minister of State, who was the first to discover that the work might possibly have

a mischievous tendency, suggested that the king should call Amari to Naples, but without stating any reason for which his presence there was required. The king's wish was communicated to Amari by the Prefect of the Police of Palermo. At first no sinister design was suspected; and indeed some of the author's friends were of opinion that it was the king's intention to confer on him some mark of favour. But after a little further reflection, Amari recollected what had been the fate of other writers who had incautiously accepted royal invitations to Naples, and he thought the most prudent course would be to devise some means of escape. The prefect of police at Palermo offered him a free passage to Naples on board one of the royal steam-vessels, and Amari pretended to accept the offer. Shortly before the time appointed for departure, he went on board the steamer, where several police officers were stationed to watch his embarkation. After seeing him safe on board, the police-officers took their departure, and no sooner had they disappeared than Amari commenced making inquiries respecting a portion of his luggage, which he alleged had been sent on board some time previously. It was nowhere to be found; and he refused to quit the harbour without ascertaining its safety. The captain of the vessel, therefore, allowed him to go ashore for the purpose of inquiring whether the missing luggage had been left behind at his residence, and it was agreed to postpone the hour of departure to afford time for his return. Amari, instead of proceeding to the shore, directed the boatmen to row him to an English schooner, on board of which his luggage was already shipped. The captain of the steamer having waited till the time of his passenger's expected return, and seeing no sign of his approach, found himself obliged to start without him. Meanwhile, Amari, who was safe on board the English ship, had the good fortune to quit the harbour of Palermo that same night, though a violent storm was raging. He landed safely at Marseilles, and it is understood to be his intention to repair to England.

The eruption of Mount Etna, which broke out on the 27th of November, has excited a considerable degree of interest, not only in Italy, but throughout Europe. The following brief account is contained in the private letter of a gentleman, who was an eye-witness of the phenomena he describes:

"Previously to the eruption, several shocks of earthquake were felt in the plain adjoining the mountain. These shocks gradually increased, and on the 27th of November, fire was observed rising from the crater of Mount Etna. When night set in, great alarm prevailed, and cries of '*Fuoco alla montagna*,' resounded on every side. The crater soon began to vomit volumes of flame and red-hot stones. Burning projectiles were thrown to an immense height, and seemed to mingle and vie with the stars. At two o'clock in the morning of the 28th, it was observed that the stream of lava did not keep to the course which it seemed to have taken. It divided into two branches with which it surrounded the *Casa Inglesa*. Under a column of smoke of great magnitude ascending from the crater, another of a yellowish colour appeared rising from the

mass of lava, about a hundred feet below the brink of the crater. Obscurity began to set in under the skirt of the wood-covered declivity; but the darkness was speedily counteracted by a glowing eruption at the summit. Dull noises like distant cannon were now heard coming from the interior of the mountain. The glaring effect of the light of the first eruptions was so painful, that when travellers reached the *Casa della Neva*, which is, according to French measurement, 12,000 metres from the crater, the mules became alarmed, and sought places shaded from the light. The first explorers, on reaching the *Casa Inglesa* on the 28th, found one of the streams of lava, about one hundred yards broad, already in some degree cooled on the surface, which cracked like glass. On the 29th, the detonations became louder and more frequent. A party of Germans who had assembled at the *Casa Inglesa*, resolved to visit the crater. With immense labour they climbed over masses of ice, often exposed to showers of stones and ashes. They ascended on the north-west side, and at last happily reached the great aperture without any accident of consequence. One of the party, a naturalist, who had visited the volcano in 1838, was of opinion that no material alteration had occurred since that time in the form of the crater, except that on the south side there was a new elevation over the *Pozzo di fuoco*."

The Grand Duchess of Parma has engaged an Italian artist to copy some fine frescoes of Correggio, which are fast going to decay. Some of these frescoes adorn the Cupolas of Santo Giovanni and the Cathedral of Parma. There are also some others on the walls of the Camera di Santo Paolo.

Dr. Frank, of Vienna, died at Como on the 18th of December. He was seventy-two years of age.

PRUSSIA.

The recent prohibition of the '*Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung*,' by the King of Prussia, and the banishment of the poet, George Herwegh, from the Prussian dominions, were for some weeks the engrossing topics of interest throughout literary Germany. The publication above mentioned had for some time maintained a tone of systematic opposition to the Prussian government, but a letter addressed by Herwegh to the king, and inserted in the *Leipziger Allgemeine Zeitung*, brought matters to a crisis, and the result was the prohibition of the journal and the banishment of Herwegh. The poet quitted Berlin on the 29th of December.

The interdiction of the *Leipsic 'Allgemeine Zeitung'* has since been raised through the personal solicitation of its proprietor (Brockhaus the bookseller), who made a journey to Berlin for that purpose. It was, however, required that the principal editor, Julius, should be dismissed.

Baron de la Motte Fouqué died at Berlin on the 23d of January. We have so very recently noticed his works that we need not now speak of them. The Baron was thrice married, and has left a daughter and two sons. He enjoyed the cordial and intimate friendship of the present King of Prussia.

The printing of the works of Frederick the Great will be immediately commenced at Berlin;

the obstacles which have hitherto retarded the undertaking being now entirely removed.

It is the king's intention to form a gallery of the portraits of distinguished literary men and artists. The portrait of Professor Schelling is to be the first picture of the collection.

The annual diminution of students in the Prussian universities has suggested a plan for the union of the two small universities of Königsberg and Greifswald. It is also in contemplation to establish Polytechnic schools in each of the Prussian provinces. At Greifswald there are now more professors than students, and at Königsberg there is nearly a similar disproportion. The university of Greifswald is very richly endowed, and it is expected that some portion of its funds will be applied to the foundation of a manufacturing establishment, which will be more useful to the province than an insignificant university.

The celebrated actor, Carl Seydelman, died at Berlin on the 17th of March, after a lingering illness. In him the German stage has lost one of the most distinguished performers of the present day.

BERLIN.—The University Library of this capital now contains the highly valuable collection of Sanscrit manuscripts purchased in London from the executors of the late Sir Robert Chambers, by order of his present majesty. This collection, the formation of which is supposed to have cost its original collector no less than 20,000*l.* has been, to the disgrace of the country which suffers such collections to be withdrawn from it, obtained for the trifling sum of 9000 thalers. Professor Hofer, of the Greifswald University, an eminent Sanscrit scholar, has been entrusted with the task of ordering and cataloguing the manuscripts.

RUSSIA.

The death of M. Frederick Adelung, Director of the Asiatic Academy at St. Petersburg, has been recently announced. He was the author of several grammars and dictionaries of the Oriental languages. Though settled in St. Petersburg, he was a Prussian, and was born at Stettin in 1768. M. Adelung was the son of the great linguist of the same name—the author of the celebrated German dictionary, and of the work entitled 'Mithridates.' The latter was written by order of the Empress Catharine.

Intelligence has been received at Odessa from Nicolaieff, announcing the death of the Councillor of State, Karazine, a member of several learned societies. In him science has lost a zealous propagator. M. Karazine was honoured with the friendship of the Emperor Alexander, and it was chiefly through his influence that a Minister of Public Instruction was created in Russia. He may be said to have founded the University of Kharkoff; for in the year 1806, he induced the nobles of that government to subscribe 600,000 silver rubles towards its establishment. A great part of his life was devoted to chemical experiments, and he made several valuable discoveries. He was engaged in chemical operations in the Crimea at the time of his death. He was seventy-two years of age.

Prince Charles Bonaparte, the son of Prince Lucien, has lately been elected a member of the

St. Petersburg Academy of Science. Prince Charles has distinguished himself in the study of natural history, a subject on which he has written several works.

The Russian Government has sent a commission to the East, in order to collect information with the view of ascertaining how far heat tends to destroy the germs of the plague. The means heretofore employed, to annihilate the seeds of the disease, have been found effectual; but, in a certain degree, either injurious to health, or destructive to the objects fumigated or steeped. The commission has been for some time at Constantinople, and has now proceeded to Alexandria. The experiments hitherto made are very favourable to disinfection by means of heat.

Professor Koch, of Jena, is preparing to undertake a second journey to the Caucasus, in order to prosecute those scientific researches which, on a former occasion, were interrupted by his illness. In this second expedition he proposes to explore the level heights of Armenia. His route will be by the way of Constantinople to Trebizond. From the latter place he will proceed to trace the sources of the most important rivers of Western Asia, (for example, the Western arm of the Euphrates, the Araxes and the Kur), and to define their primary course. He will cross the centre of Great Armenia, and journeying along the banks of the Araxes, in the direction of the east, will seek to discover the source of the eastern arm of the Euphrates. The expedition will terminate with an excursion in the Caucasus. A number of young artists and men of science are engaged to accompany M. Koch on his journey.

SPAIN.

Archives, of great historical importance, were unfortunately destroyed during the bombardment of Barcelona, a few months ago. Among the most important of the documents were the charters and other acts of the first counts of Barcelona, some of them of as early date as the year 844. These curious papers related not merely to Catalonia, but also to the counties of Roussillon and Cerdagne, and were, moreover, the records of events connected with the history of the old Spanish kingdoms of Aragon and Valencia, with Majorca, Sardinia, Sicily, and Naples. Fifty volumes, containing original treaties negotiated by the Cortes from 1350 to 1702, were particularly curious and valuable. There have also been destroyed 856 original Pontifical bulls, from Benedict IX. (1024) to Clement XI. (1709); 17,640 manuscripts on papyrus, cotton-paper, and parchment; and copies of registers bearing dates from 1214 to 1803, including twenty-four reigns, and amounting in number to 6070. The learned Capmany has, in his 'Historical Memoirs on Barcelona,' declared the Archives of the crown of Aragon to be the most remarkable in Europe, whether viewed with regard to their antiquity, their extent, or the various nations and kingdoms to which they directly related.

It has frequently been alleged by antiquarians that the use of steam, as a propelling power in navigation, was known to the Spaniards several centuries ago, a fact which the following curious story, if true, would tend to confirm:

"It is said that some papers, recently discovered in the Royal Archives of Salamanca, contain unquestionable evidence that, in the year 1540, an experiment in steam navigation was made in the roads of Barcelona. A ship of 200 tons burden was set in motion by a machine worked by the *steam of boiling water*, showing that it might be possible to cross the sea without either the help of sails or rudder. The Emperor Charles, the Crown Prince Philip, and a number of the grandees of the kingdom, witnessed the experiment, and were filled with wonder at the swiftness and lightness with which the vessel glided over the waves. The proposal to apply this discovery to the ships of the Spanish navy, was, however, rejected on the score of its expensiveness and danger. Don Blasco de Gavay, the discoverer, was rewarded with an imperial present of 200,000 maravedis."

So the story goes; but the fact of the existence of the documents referred to requires confirmation.

SWEDEN.

His majesty the King of Sweden and Norway has lately published (we believe only for private distribution) a work 'On Banks and Banking,' especially with reference to the financial condition of Sweden. We have not yet seen a copy, but the work is said to contain several most *extraordinary* passages. Doctorinan Flygare has just published a new romance, 'Kamrer Lassman.' It contains some good passages, but is not very highly spoken of. 'Onkel Adams'

(Dr. Saterberg's) 'Genre-Malningar,' very happy sketches of popular manners, and full of excellent feeling, have also just appeared. And we have to notice the second volume of Professor Geijer's 'Smärre Skrifter,' a republication of his minor essays and other articles, as having lately left the press. The 'Strauss Question' still excites great interest, and suggests various works. 'Morianen,' by Crusenstolpe, has reached its fourth volume.

Captain Lindeberg's new theatre is nearly ready, and will be opened in a few days. It is rumoured that the first piece will be 'Agne,' by Ling. Miss Lindh has returned from her visit to Paris, and reappeared on the boards of the Royal Theatre. She has improved surprisingly, sings admirably, and was received by the public with the most enthusiastic applause.

A new society has lately been established in Stockholm which promises well for the literature of the country. It is called 'The Swedish General Literary Society,' and has already opened an admirable 'Athenæum,' where it holds about 60 literary magazines and reviews, &c., in different languages, besides a variety of Swedish and foreign newspapers. Its library, principally given, already amounts to several thousand numbers.

Sweden, with a population of hardly 3,000,000, supports not less than 70 political journals, exclusive of those of a strictly religious or scientific character. In Sweden the press is free—the censorship unknown.

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ART. I.—*Œuvres de François Rabelais. Nouvelle édition par J. JACOB, Bibliophile. (Works of Rabelais. Edited by the 'Bibliophile JACOB.') Paris: Charpentier. 1840.*

If there be in the whole cycle of literature a book which clearly reflects its period, which shows in vivid and distinct colours the different motives and influences that swayed the great world at the time its author lived, such a book is that which contains 'The Lives of Gargantua and Pantagruel.' Works that exhibit the *manners* of the times, that show some leading peculiarities, are common enough: but rarely do we find one which, like that of Rabelais, gives us at once the elevation of thought, the state of religion, the tone of morals, the condition of science, the point to which learning had advanced, and the administration of the laws, in a particular age. A book built on such broad foundations, and thus thoroughly representing any period in the history of Europe, would be valuable; but when the period represented is the one that, above all others, abounded in those thoughts and springs of action which have proved the chief movers in modern events, the value is enhanced to an incalculable degree. Perhaps indeed it is only at a period eminently significant, that the most prominent creations of the human mind can be called into existence; perhaps those ages alone can be thoroughly represented in literature, which present broad, strong, tangible features. Be that as it may, we can clearly see in Rabelais how the author was hurried on by the might of the period: and how that peculiar state of mind which was solemnly undermining institutions and creeds in all parts of Europe; how that zeal for antique study, which looked with contempt on Gothic tradition,

and viewed, as a sun newly risen, the revived Greek and Roman literature; how the disgust at prejudice, and the thirst for something that would satisfy reason; forced themselves upon him in all their truth, to be refracted by his fantasy into a thousand grotesque apparitions—distorted indeed, but all bearing the mark of their significance. It was as if the same spirit which gravely dictated the burning of the pope's bull at Wittemberg, and which assumed its most rigid aspect at Geneva, once for all frolicked in a Bacchanalian revel, and indulged in a hearty and uncontrollable burst of laughter.

The Commentators of Rabelais (whose name is legion) have not however been contented with contemplating the reflection of thoughts and motives in the works of their author, but have constructed all sorts of theories to give a definite meaning to every one of the figures he introduces: almost making of the book a regular history written in symbols. Volumes have been compiled to show that Pantagruel is Henry II. of France, and have been met by opposing volumes, which prove that he is Anthony de Bourbon. Nothing can exceed the ingenuity with which the commentators of Rabelais build up their systems of interpretation: the acuteness with which, in some passing phrase, they snuff up an allusion, that they may triumphantly carry it off, and use it as a material for their edifice. Is there a skirmish with some 'cake-bakers,' a commentator of ready wit is at hand who at once recollects that Milan is famous for its cakes, and then—can there be a doubt, that the chief of the 'bakers' is Ludovico Sforza and that the wars of Italy are before us? Not the slightest—till we read the next theory: and then most likely we shall find it demonstrated with geometrical exactness, that

the identity of Sforza and the 'cake-baker' is impossible, and that the latter is no other than the Emperor Charles V. It is not our intention here to examine these different theories. For that purpose we should have to devote some two or three entire numbers of the 'Foreign Quarterly' to the one subject only, besides reprinting the works of Rabelais with references, merely for the sake of being intelligible. Fortunately it is possible to read the 'Lives of Gargantua and Pantagruel' without a familiarity with the historical theories: nay, we are inclined to go further, and say that the only way to enjoy them is to cast the theories aside. When so much fancy and humour is sparkling before us, it is a grievous task to bring down all to the level of prose; to read note after note, and find all the offshoots of fancy explained into definite allusions: especially as we have not the satisfaction of arriving at a fixed truth, but are always of the opinion of the last commentator. We will venture to look only at the general satire against monks, lawyers, pedants, &c., &c., who played their fantastic tricks in the sixteenth century; being perfectly convinced, that even if one of the historical theories should chance to be true, it would only give the skeleton of the work; and that all the flesh and blood are independent of particular events or potentates, and represent those great untitled agents in the history of the world—the prevailing thoughts and passions. *Ter quaterque beati* are those who, flying from the dissertations of Ermangart, Johanneau, Le Duchat, De Marsy, and Ginguene, shall take refuge in the compact edition which forms the head of this article; and in their hearts will they thank that famous resuscitator of Old France, the 'Bibliophile Jacob,' for confining himself to an explanation of obsolete words, and an indication of the very obvious allusions, while he rejects with no small contempt the labours of his predecessors: just giving one the 'key' which has been current for those who choose to amuse themselves therewith, without anything like a warranty for its correctness. We have read the large 'Variorum' edition of 1823, and we are fresh from the edition of one volume of M. Jacob, and we therefore speak feelingly on the matter.

It is therefore as a representation of the general features of the time, that we look at the romance of Rabelais. No feature was so important as the reformation, and there is in the 'Pantagruel' no feeling more conspicuous than that to which the reformation owes its origin. A thorough disrespect of every institution of the Romish church manifests itself at almost every page; monk, and hypo-

crite or profligate, are used as convertible terms; the recluses of the cloister are treated with loathing, as if they were no more than the vermin that infected the earth; dirt is flung in the high places; the order of bishops and the pope himself does not escape soiling. And this book was the delight both of bishops and pope: the monks scowled, but the high dignitaries of the church were loud in their laughter: and while the torch was lit that was to destroy the Huguenots, and to kindle a civil war throughout France, the scoffer was the 'pet' of ecclesiastics. The beginning of the sixteenth century was in truth a period of uncertainty; men had scarcely learned to know which creed they professed; there were churchmen who felt with the protestants, but remained churchmen still; there were other churchmen who almost openly professed the infidelity which was so popular at the court of Leo X.:—it was an age of false positions, nor could that falseness of position be better illustrated than by a Cardinal (du Bellay) calling the romance of Rabelais '*Le Livre* *κατ' ἐξοχήν*, and forbidding a gentleman, who had not read it, to dine at his table. What matter that the wit had poured forth all the stores of his inexhaustible fancy and his boundless learning to bring the church into contempt? what matter that it could plainly be seen he was not only mocking a few irregularities in the lives of the clergy, but was attacking the ecclesiastical institution itself? what matter that he was exalting the secular professions, and debasing the clerical?—there was one peculiarity that counterbalanced all these objections: the book was entertaining and the cardinals laughed.

The strong inclination to study the Greek and Roman classics, which was so prevalent at the time when letters were revived, is another tendency that is plainly revealed in the great work of Rabelais. At the present day, when we are constantly hearing debates about the utility of the study of the ancient languages, when those who most rigidly defend a 'classical education,' mean little more than a passable familiarity with selections from some half-dozen authors, we can hardly conceive that zealous adoration of antiquity which was encouraged by the scholars of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The fountain of all wisdom, according to the credence of the learned, was to be sought in the works of the ancients; the greatest wisdom was to understand their doctrines; the highest literary art consisted in imitating their forms. True, the study met with opposition; but the opponents were not like those of the present day, who recommend a smattering of chemistry and botany with a sprinkle of French and

German, as a substitute for hexameters and pentameters. The opponents of the classics in the sixteenth century were men who regarded them with absolute dread; who, belonging to the religious profession, saw in them (and perhaps did not err) the downfall of priestly authority. Now the classics come to us sanctioned by a prejudice; then prejudice was marshalled against them, and they were to overthrow it. Few men would at present apprehend any danger to the church from a youth being a sedulous student of Cicero or Plato, but it was otherwise when the priesthood saw men beginning to acknowledge an authority which was not theirs, and to venerate writings which were of heathen origin. At the papal court the love of classical learning was at its height; but this very love, like the patronage of Rabelais, showed the state of indifferentism to which the higher clergy had arrived. Their love was not like that of a clergyman of the present day for Virgil or Horace: but the ancients were everything, Christianity little or nothing. It is on record that Cardinal Bembo advised a young churchman to avoid reading his missal lest it should corrupt his Latin style. The erudition of those days was vast. The laws of classic composition were indeed not so clearly ascertained as they are now: Dawes had not established his canons, nor had Bentley discovered the rule of the anapest; the spirit of antiquity was not known as at the present time: but there was a certain massive learning which existed then, and which can scarcely exist again, founded as it was on that veneration of the ancients which amounted to a superstition. In perusing the works of Rabelais, who had pursued this fashionable study with the greatest ardour, we are struck by the vast quantity of trivial facts connected with classical literature that he had completely at his command: anecdotes of ancient personages who have no historical value, allusions to the natural objects mentioned by Pliny, the gossip of Athenæus, these were matters which he had at his fingers' ends, and could quote by the dozen, score, or hundred. As in the old books which treat of Greek and Roman antiquities, so could we find here erudition without purpose; there seems to have been but small notion of weighing the value of facts: a tale, an anecdote, a fable, a jest,—they were ancient, that was sufficient, and that gave them the stamp of authority. We cannot wonder that when this new superstition had succeeded the gloomy creeds of the middle ages, thorough-going pagans were to be found among young and enthusiastic scholars, who really wished to revive the worship of Venus and Bacchus. And there is much in Rabe-

lais, which might be quoted to show that his spirit was far from discouraging to the growth of an elegant modern paganism.

Accompanied by the growth of learning was an increasing desire to improve the methods of educating youth. The books of instruction in common use appear to have been for the most part of a dry and barbarous character, and are spoken of with great contempt by those men, who might be considered the lights of their age. Prominent among these was Rabelais, who has devoted several chapters of his '*Gargantua*' to a description of what he considered a vicious education, and has drawn up such a sketch of what he considered a rational one as commands admiration even at the present day, and has caused him to be mentioned by M. Guizot as one of the men whose views on this difficult subject are most enlightened. It was the advantage of the irregular form in which he wrote his romance that he could introduce into it whatever seemed fit for the occasion; there was no thread that he need fear to break, but he might tell obscure tales, utter grave discourses, propound theories, and satirize foes at pleasure;—this form alone permitted the whole man to be poured into one romance. The extravagant character of his narrative was also favourable to his speaking freely, and M. Guizot ('*Annales d'Education*') commends the prudence of the author in transporting himself and his readers into an imaginary world, that he might not violently shock received ideas, at a time when all innovation was attended with peril.

The *beau idéal* of education, which is represented by young Gargantua's discipline under his preceptor Ponocrates, is well worth a description here, as showing the graver side of Rabelais; his facetious side we shall have abundant opportunity to dilate upon. Gargantua was made to wake at four o'clock in the morning, and while his attendants were rubbing (*frottoit*) him, a chapter of the Bible, *aptly pronounced*, was read aloud to him. He then said his prayers, and his master explained the difficulties in the chapter which had been read. The aspect of the sky was then considered, and while he was being combed and perfumed, the lessons of the day before were repeated to him. Then a lecture was read to him, which lasted for three hours; and this being done, he went out with his fellow-students, conferring on the subject of the lecture by the way, till they came to a play-ground, where they played at tennis or other games of the sort. They returned to dinner, and at the beginning of that meal some history of the warlike actions of former times was read. This lasted till Gargantua

had taken a glass of wine, after which they continued reading, or discoursed together; the subject of conversation being the viands served at table, and references being made to ancient authors. By this table-talk* Gargantua learned a quantity of passages from Pliny, Athenæus, Dioscorides, Julius Pollux, Galen, Porphyry, Appian, Polybius, Heliodorus, Aristotle, Elian and others: an accomplishment most completely illustrative of the feeling of the time, and showing that devotion to the ancients, and love of learned scraps to which we have alluded. The lessons learned in the morning were again a subject of discussion, and it is mentioned as an important fact, that they finished their repast with quince marmalade, and made use of mastic tooth-picks. They then washed their hands and eyes with fresh water, and sung a hymn. The recreation after dinner was a game of cards—not of the ordinary sort—but one by which they learned a thousand inventions, all founded on arithmetic. Other mathematical sciences, as geometry, astronomy, and music, were then taught, while the pupils were sitting quietly digesting their food; the time which was allotted to this purpose concluding with their singing a piece of music in four or five parts, or upon a theme.† It is at the same time specified that it was not merely vocal music that Gargantua learned, but that he was taught all sorts of musical instruments. The description of this intellectual part of his education, is followed by a most elaborate account of gymnastic exercises, for the profession of arms was the profession of a gentleman, and Gargantua had to learn every feat of strength and agility. These exercises finished, he went home to supper, and here a system of instruction was adopted similar to that of the table-talk, for he had passed through meadows, observed the trees and plants, and compared them with all that is said of them in ancient authors, making at the same time botanical collections, for which purpose a young page attended him. Arrived at home, passages were again repeated of what had been read, and the pupils sat down to supper, during which the reading commenced at dinner was continued, or they indulged in instructive conversation. Games with cards and dice, or feats of legerdemain, filled up the evening till nearly bedtime; and the last thing they did before they said their prayers and retired, was to observe the aspect of the stars from the most open part of the house. These were the studies for fine days; in the

rainy weather the course was modified in some respects; the time otherwise spent in the open air being passed in the workshops of different artificers, so that Gargantua might learn every department of practical life.

The whole object of this course of education was to make Gargantua a thoroughly accomplished gentleman. He was to be a walking Encyclopedia: a living representative of all the arts, sciences, and learning that prevailed at the time. Not a moment, it will be perceived, was to be lost in the acquisition of knowledge; one of the most important accomplishments being the art of making happy allusions to ancient authors, and every effort being made to secure facility in this respect. This being the *beau idéal* of a complete education, how clearly do we see the original of those books, crammed with erudition, which occur in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, such as the works of Rabelais himself, of Montaigne, and of our own Burton.

Of the obscenity which prevailed in the time of Rabelais, his own romance is a most formidable witness. Now it stands as an isolated specimen of indecency; and the manners of the period in which it was written have in some cases been forgotten by all but the antiquary, and in others have been softened to meet the modest glance of the modern reader. But the work of Rabelais was, of old, the book that an accomplished gentleman was bound to read. His five volumes were the 'delectable' recreation of the court; the pedant and the bigot might decry them, but the 'good society' of the period was decidedly in their favour. Times have changed, and now, when we look at Rabelais, we cannot help wondering that a period should exist when such a writer was fashionable. To a reader of modern times the obscenity of Rabelais appears something tremendous; there is no book admitted as literature, which will bear a moment's comparison with 'Pantagruel' for indecency. He who has his mind stored with the most objectionable passages of Swift, Sterne, Boccaccio, and the Elizabethan dramatists, may fancy that he knows the limit to which grossness in writing may extend. But, alas, if he has not read Rabelais, his knowledge in this respect is as nothing; he cannot conceive the full strong torrent of undisguised and elaborated filth which rolls through a work as bulky as Don Quixote. We have an English translation of it, commenced by Sir Thomas Urquhart, and completed by Motteux; the portion of which, by the first-named translator, is an instance of penetration into the spirit of a foreigner, which is perhaps not to be matched by any other book in the world. It is a splendid

* Do we not seem to hear one of the charming colloquies of Erasmus?

† By this it is meant, no doubt, that he studied counterpoint.

monument of the force and variety of the English language: the ability with which each low French word has been represented by a corresponding bit of English vulgarity, there shines forth as a standing marvel. But honest Sir Thomas had nothing of the Bowdler in his composition; he did not strive to make a 'family' Rabelais; nay, when it was possible, we grieve to say, he rather loved to insert a little dirt on his own responsibility, when he did not find it in the original; a tendency in which he was followed by the Frenchman, Motteux, who continued his translation, and who abounded in outrageous indecency, while he wanted the force and the felicity in discovering corresponding expressions, which distinguished Urquhart. Therefore do we earnestly advise every father of a family to keep from his house, or, at any rate, under very secure lock and key, the English version of Rabelais. The French original is not so dangerous, as it is furnished with a kind of natural barrier against indiscriminate reading, by the old style and spelling; but as for the translation, we can conceive no event more horrible than the opening of it, by chance, in the midst of a respectable family. The terror excited by a bomb-shell, flung into the midst of a quiet tea-party; or by some intended 'aside,' repeated 'aloud' by a quick-eared child; or by an oath, uttered by the smallest urchin in an evangelical preparatory school; would be trivial to that of perceiving Urquhart's Rabelais opened by a young lady in white muslin.

But let us beware of leaving an unjust impression. If Rabelais surpasses all other writers in obscenity, it should be remarked that there is in his licentiousness nothing of that feverish pleasure in contemplating human nature on its most disgusting side, which is so much a characteristic of Swift. There is nothing so repulsive in the romance of Rabelais as Gulliver's visit to the Houynhnms. Moreover, his licentiousness does not take an immoral tendency. Written with a freedom of speech absolutely unparalleled, his book does not contain a line that can stimulate the passions, or gratify the pampered taste of the voluptuary. In this respect he is like Swift, as in his freedom from misanthropy he is above him. Indeed, his ribaldry and indecency resemble those of an elderly gentleman of the old school, who, after the third bottle of wine, indulges in a volley of gross tales and allusions. In a word, there is nothing which shows an unhealthy nature in the licentiousness of Rabelais.

Religion and the study of the ancients were the chief objects among the learned of the time of Rabelais, but he does not stop at

these. There is scarcely a theme in which the mind of man could be employed in his age, that he does not touch with more or less emphasis. We can see the spirit of free inquiry awaking, the reign of authority sinking, in every direction as we turn over his pages. The growing disrespect of the scholastic philosophy, the innovating attempts of Ramus, a disregard of the solemn dictates of the Sorbonne, the weariness at the pedantry of law-courts, and countless other features of the sixteenth century,—all these find a place in the 'Pantagruel,' and it is from its free representation of so many subjects, that the book of Rabelais is eminently the book of the age. The men of the age could turn over his pages, unoffended at the indelicacy which was then fashionable, and might laugh or reflect at his bidding: they were sure to find something to interest, some thought that would respond to a thought in their own bosoms, or throw some light on their own doubts. His fame rapidly spread beyond the limits of his own country; and in Shakspeare's 'As You Like It' we have an allusion, which renders it probable that 'Pantagruel' soon found its way among all the readers of this country, so completely does the reference seem like one to a thing universally known.

Having thus observed the features of the sixteenth century which are represented in the book of Rabelais, let us look more particularly at the book itself, the circumstances in which it was written, and the fortunes of the author. While Rabelais has been encumbered with commentators, there has been a lack of satisfactory biographies. Everybody seems to have been thinking about the book, but few to have troubled their heads about the man. M. Jacob, however, gives us reason to hope that he will some day favour us with a complete life of Rabelais, and in his edition he has published an introductory biography, the result of his own researches, which is far more copious than that which is usually prefixed to the works. It is of this biography that we avail ourselves on the present occasion.

About 1483 (for even the precise year is uncertain), François Rabelais was born at Chinon in Touraine, where his father kept an inn. He had also a farm in the neighbourhood, in which excellent wine was produced, afterwards celebrated by Rabelais in his romance, who never let slip an opportunity of alluding to the pleasures of conviviality. This farm was situated near the Benedictine Abbey of Seuillé, and it was here that he commenced the education which was to qualify him for the profession of a monk. When old enough for his novitiate he entered the

Franciscan convent of Fontenay-le-Courti, in Poitou, and he received the order of priesthood about the year 1511. Already he began to fall into bad odour with the monks. He studied Greek with excessive ardour, and whether, as M. Jacob says, his companions did not like to see their own indolence shamed by his industry, or whether they honestly objected to a passion for heathen writers, it is on record that his studies were considered a little less than heretical. Two kindred minds, however, he found among the monks: Antoine Ardillon, who afterwards became abbot, and Pierre Amy, who corresponded in Greek with the great philologist Budé (Budeus): and his familiarity with literature obtained him many friends out of the convent, among whom were the brothers Du Bellay, who proved his greatest benefactors through life.

The hostility against Rabelais assumed a serious aspect. An accusation was brought against him, the effect of which was a condemnation to perpetual imprisonment in the subterranean vaults of his monastery. The crime of which he was accused is uncertain, and all sorts of contradictory accounts exist on this subject. According to some he had distributed certain mysterious drugs among the monks, the effect of which was anything but favourable to the maintenance of vows of celibacy; according to others he made the peasants drunk at a village, and openly preached debauchery; while another record attributes to him the working of a sham miracle, the tale being that he dressed himself up like St. Francis, and stationed himself where the statue of that saint was usually placed, on purpose to astonish the devotees whom he sprinkled with a most unholy substitute for holy water. We have no historical reason for preferring one of these legends from the others, but from what we generally know of the character of Rabelais, and from the tenour of his writings, we should be most inclined to give credence to the last. The condemnation was carried into effect, and he suddenly disappeared from the sight of his friends. Rabelais on bread and water in a subterranean dungeon! What a narrow chance had the jovial Friar John, and the eccentric Panurge, and the wise Gargantua, of coming into existence! What a world of good fellows would have been nipped in the bud, had not Rabelais been one of the luckiest of men.

His learning and his oddities had contributed to imprison him, the same causes set him again at liberty. His friends, who were delighted with his qualities, discovered his unhappy position, and not only succeeded in delivering him, but the more influential

among them obtained an indulgence from Pope Clement VII., by virtue of which he could pass into the Benedictine order, enter the abbey of Maillezaïs in Poitou, bear the habit of a regular canon, and, in spite of his former vow of poverty, enjoy those benefices which he could hold as a Benedictine. The rules of this order were much more consistent with the taste of Rabelais than those of the Franciscans, but nevertheless he did not assume their habit; adopting that of a secular priest, and attaching himself to Geoffroi d'Estissac, Bishop of Maillezaïs, who had been a friend of his youth. At this period (from 1525 to 1530) he made the acquaintance of several eminent men, among whom were the poet Clement Marot, and the reformer Calvin, with the latter of whom a tie was formed by his knowledge of the Greek language. Besides, not only when he first abandoned a convent life, but even in after times, the reformers hoped to win him to their party, and it is to disappointment in this respect that Calvin's subsequent hostility to Rabelais may be attributed. There is no doubt Rabelais felt with the movement; but he rather chose to scoff at the Church of Rome by himself, patronized by bishops and cardinals, than to join the sect of innovators. We are occasionally reminded of the character of Erasmus by that of Rabelais.

The quiet life which he was now leading soon terminated, and an event happened which was most important in its influence on his fortunes. The fire of persecution broke out against all who were suspected of holding heretical opinions. In the case of Clement Marot, the proof that he had eaten bacon in Lent was a sufficient ground for a criminal process; Louis Berquin, who was a Lutheran, was burned alive in the Place de Grève in April, 1530. Rabelais, who hated monks as monks hated him, had said quite enough against those of his vicinity to be in a perilous situation. Much attached as he was to his native town, to his friends, to the soil of Touraine and Poitou, the only soil he had as yet trod, he felt compelled to fly to a great distance. Montpellier was at the height of its glory as a school of medicine, and thither the *ci-devant* monk went to study.

A curious story is told of Rabelais' first visit to Montpellier. On the day of his arrival he joined the crowd who were on their way to the Faculty of Medicine, to hear a public thesis. As soon as the discussion turned upon the nature of plants, he showed his dissatisfaction by such extraordinary gestures, that he drew upon him the attention of the whole assembly. The dean invited him to enter the lists, and to take part in the dis-

cussion, which he did, displaying so much profundity and tact, that he gained general applause, and this thesis was reckoned a sufficient substitute for that which was usually required to obtain a bachelor's degree.

He made immense progress in his studies at Montpellier, and at once stamped himself as a scholar by using a Greek manuscript of Hippocrates and Galen to correct the errors in the Latin version adopted by the University. His merry disposition displayed itself here, as elsewhere, and without any sorrowful consequences; his amusement being to write farces, and to act them with his fellow-students, many of whom afterwards became the greatest medical luminaries of the age. All seemed to love and esteem him, and though he had not been admitted to a doctor's degree, he was considered one of the most learned professors of the institution. Soon a signal service which he did to the University caused him to be regarded almost as a patron saint. Chancellor Duprat, Minister of Francis I., had attempted to diminish some of the privileges of Montpellier, probably from a wish to elevate the rival faculty of Paris, and Rabelais was deputed to plead the cause of his University. He accordingly went to Paris, dressed himself in a long green robe, and an Armenian cap, to which he fastened a pair of spectacles, while an inkhorn was suspended at his girdle. He then posted himself in the Hôtel d'Hercule, where the chancellor resided, and collected such a crowd, that the minister came to the window to discover the cause, and perceiving the odd figure in the street, sent out to inquire who it was. "I am the slayer of calves," answered Rabelais. Rendered still more curious by this reply, Duprat again sent out to know why he came to Paris. Then did Rabelais commence a new course of eccentricity, for he answered the page who brought the inquiry in Latin; and on the page sending a gentleman who spoke that language, he replied in Greek. A Greek scholar being found, he answered in Spanish; then he proceeded to Italian, German, English, and at last talked Hebrew. Duprat was so much struck with this display of erudition, that he ordered the facetious scholar to be introduced to him. Rabelais immediately dropped his eccentricities, and speaking French, explained his mission to the chancellor, who was so much pleased with him that he confirmed all the privileges of Montpellier. This was an elaborate method of obtaining an object, but Rabelais knew his man. Duprat was remarkable for his appreciation of talent, and perhaps no other plan would have proved equally effectual.

We have said that this act caused Rabelais to be revered almost as the patron saint of Montpellier. Yes, even at the present day, though it is nearly three hundred years since he died, is a custom in vogue which is designed to perpetuate his memory. The robe which he wore at the University was preserved, and the bachelors, on passing their sixth examination, were obliged to wear it. Each successive wearer cut off a piece, and kept it as a sacred relic,—till, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, it became so short that it reached the girdle. In 1610 it was replaced by another, and in 1720 a new substitute was found necessary. The chancellor of the faculty, François Ranchin, held that this pious office was due to the memory of Rabelais.

All Rabelais' reminiscences of Montpellier must have been pleasant, and there is no doubt that his medical studies had a most decided effect on his mind. No pedantry appears more to his taste than the pedantry of anatomy, and it is with singular delight that in his romance he revels among the learned names of the bones and other parts of the human frame. In his descriptions of battles he has followed Homer in the minute account of the wounds of his warriors; and indeed one of his commentators has established a parallel between him and the Greek poet; but there is this difference, that he so describes the injury received that none but an anatomist can comprehend it. Partly, no doubt, he was influenced by that teasing delight in mystifying his readers which appears throughout his work: but we cannot help thinking another feeling occasionally actuated him, and that while he was minutely describing the particular joint, which a particular sword-cut had divided, he was saying, with self-satisfaction, 'It is I who was the idol of the faculty of Montpellier.'

We find, however, that he quitted the University in 1532, without even taking a doctor's degree. He went to Lyons, and commenced literary labours, probably filling the situation of corrector of the press to Gryphius—a situation which in those days was suited to a man of letters. He edited several of the works of Hippocrates and Galen, collected into one volume; also two literary forgeries, which had been palmed upon him as genuine antiquities;* beginning, as a recreation from his severer studies, that species of writing to which he now owes his sole celebrity. It will be observed that Rabe-

* *Ex reliquiis venerandæ antiquitatis, Lucii Cuspioli testamentum; item contractus venditionis, antiquis Romanorum, temporibus initus. Lugd. Gryph. 1532.*

lais commenced his career late in life; he was forty-two years of age when first he visited Montpellier, and he was about fifty when he published the first version of 'Gargantua.'

This first 'Gargantua' is a matter of speculation among the learned. The 'Gargantua' which now forms the first book of the romance, was not in reality published till after the second book which opens the history of Pantagruel. Within the last few years an old romance, called 'La Chronique Gargantuine,' attracted attention, and M. Brunet, a French *savant*, seems first to have raised the question whether this romance was from the pen of Rabelais. M. Jacob decides that the 'Chronique Gargantuine' is, in fact, the 'Gargantua' published by Rabelais in 1532; and to render his edition as complete as possible, consistently with its size, has inserted a few extracts from the old work. Assuming the hypothesis that this is by Rabelais, we find that in 1532 the author's chief purpose was to hold up to ridicule the romances of chivalry, and that he by no means aimed at that general satire which is so conspicuous in the later production. The Gargantua of the 'Chronique' is the son of Grandgousier and Galemelle, a giant and giantess, created by the enchantments of Merlin. A large mare is provided for these huge creatures to ride upon, and the feats of strength which she performs are retained by Rabelais in the later romance. By the advice of Merlin the parents proceed with their gigantic child to the court of Arthur, but die in Brittany, where they have stopped to cast into the sea two rocks, the Mount St. Michel and Tombelaine. The young Gargantua takes a trip to Paris to console himself for the loss of his parents, and astounds the inhabitants by sitting on one of the towers of Notre Dame, with his legs in the Seine, his purpose being to hang the church-bells to the collar of his mare, until he is at last bribed to relinquish the scheme by the Parisians. This incident is also retained in the later 'Gargantua.' Merlin conducts him in a cloud to Britain, where King Arthur has just been defeated by the Gogs and Magogs, but the assistance of Gargantua turns the scale, and the hostile nation is thoroughly routed. Monstrous tales are recorded of the quantity that Gargantua eats, the vastness of his attire, and the deeds that he performs in defeating the Irish and the Dutch (!), with whom King Arthur is at war. A new giant, twelve cubits high, comes to the assistance of the Gogs and Magogs, but Gargantua doubles him up, bags him like game, and so carries him dead to the British court. To complete the extravagance, the chronicler records that Gargantua remained

at Arthur's court *exactly* two hundred years, three months, and four days. His fate, at the end of this period, was somewhat like that of Hylas, for he was carried off to fairy-land, by Melusina and Morgane la Faye.

This book, according to M. Jacob's belief, is the one of which, as the author boasts in the prologue to 'Pantagruel,' more copies were sold in two months than of the Bible in nine years. A second edition appeared which bears neither date nor indication of the place of publication, and in 1533 was published "Pantagruel, the horrible and dreadful deeds and prowesses of the very renowned Pantagruel, King of the Dipsodes, son of the great giant Gargantua, newly composed by Master Alcofribus Nasier." Here, after much uncertainty and conjecture, we tread *terra firma*. This 'Pantagruel' is the second book of the romance in its present state, and Alcofribus Nasier is an anagram for François Rabelais.

The success of the book was prodigious. At Lyons three editions were published in 1533. All France, except the doctors of the Sorbonne and the monks, against whom the satire was especially aimed, received with delight a work so novel in its character, so overflowing with fancy, abounding in such home truths. The merry laughed lustily at the merry form in which the author presented his thoughts, the grave admired the gravities which they could see peering from beneath the cap and bells. The word of the age was spoken, and all were forced to hear. The little piece called 'La Pantagrueline Prognostication,' which is generally inserted in the works of Rabelais, and is a burlesque on astrological predictions, was published shortly afterwards, and shared the success of the 'Pantagruel.' We shall return to the romance presently.

The year 1534 brought with it a new epoch in the life of Rabelais. Jean du Bellay, bishop of Paris, was on his way to Rome to effect a reconciliation between our Henry VIII. and the church, and passing through Lyons, found his old friend Rabelais. He offered to take him to Rome in the capacity of physician, and the offer was accepted with joy; for Rabelais had long wished to see the once capital of the world, to study its antiquities, and to observe the natural phenomena of the country. All the moments he could spare from his avocation, he devoted to the collection of materials for a topographical work on Rome, until he abandoned the design of writing it, upon hearing that he had been anticipated by Barthélémi Marliani, a Milanese antiquary. With the pope Clement VII., who loved a jest, and was not scrupulous about a little license, Rabelais became a

favourite; and the *facétie* which he is said to have uttered at the papal court for the amusement of his holiness, belong to that class of anecdotes which find their way into the collections of all ages and countries. M. Jacob advises us neither to admit nor reject them without due deliberation.

The sojourn of Rabelais at Rome was not for more than six months; yet within that period he managed to make himself master of the Arabic language. Returning to Lyons, he resumed his studies, and superintended a reprint by Gryphius, of Marliani's topography of ancient Rome. He was made physician of the *Grand Hôpital*, lectured on anatomy, and particularly distinguished himself by a discourse which he delivered on the internal structure of the body, over the corpse of a criminal which he had dissected. Astronomy also occupied his serious attention. Many hours of the night were spent in his observatory, and he published a new almanack for 1535, calculated for the city of Lyons. It is necessary to bear in mind these severe studies of Rabelais, to estimate the value of his romance, the composition of which formed the amusement of his little leisure; for then we shall recollect what sort of a man he was who scoffed so openly at the institutions of centuries, and imbodyed in his own person that disregard of authority, which was working such changes. He was no frivolous jester, who, incapable of a serious thought, was laughing at things beyond his capacity. He was an earnest, patient, severe student, a critical linguist, an adept in natural science. He seems to have acquired all that his age could teach, to have grasped branch after branch of learning with incredible strength, and having thus raised himself to the highest point—he jested. The torrent of his imagination often led him astray; a finished work of art would have been impossible from one whose mind was continually darting forth emanations in a thousand different directions; but he could not sin from ignorance or frivolity. His large book is a giant-jest uttered by a giant-intellect.

In 1535 appeared the life of 'Gargantua,' that is to say, the life which forms the first book of the romance in its present shape. And now we will take a glance at this book, and the portion of 'Pantagruel' which he had previously published. Though the latter was first in the order of production, we reserved a notice of it till we came to the publication of 'Gargantua,' as that is first in the order of the story.

The author begins in his prologue by hallooing on his readers to the enjoyment of his book; he addresses them in hearty rollicking

language, that reminds us of "Mine host of the Garter." All jolly souls are of his fraternity, and to them alone does he dedicate the fruit of his labour. He approaches them, as it were, with a slap on the back, and opens his address by calling them "Most illustrious toppers" (*Beuveurs très illustres*). Yes, and throughout his five books are these roaring boys in his mind. He loves every now and then to throw out a hint that he has not forgotten them, bidding them to fill and pass on. The whole romance may be supposed to be uttered across a board replenished with glasses and tankards,—to form the leading enjoyment of a learned revel. The doors are shut, the glasses are brimming, and the host and his guests may roar at the world and its institutions *ad libitum*. The "toppers" are then gravely told, that high and lofty mysteries are couched in these quaint stories: that the tales are like apothecaries' boxes, which, painted with deformed figures without, contain precious drugs within.* This would naturally seem to denote the quantity of satire and of matter for reflection which really is conveyed under a jocose form: but so simple an explanation does not suit the laborious commentators of Rabelais. No! It is a solemn hint to the reader that the whole work is a complete allegory. With due submission, we cannot help thinking that the commentators carved out for themselves a world of useless labour.

The tale is preceded by a fragmentary piece, written in verse, and called 'Les Fanfreluches Antidotées,' which the author states was found in a brazen tomb on the road to Nancy, together with the genealogy of Gargantua. This poem is a jumble, from which the reader will in vain attempt to extract any sense whatever; but therefore has it proved a tempting bait for the commentators, and raised an appetite for solution more than usually sharp. M. Jacob calls their researches "sottes reveries." The 'Fanfreluches' ended, the history of Gargantua begins. We have nothing of the story of King Arthur and Merlin, nor of the journey to Britain. Grandgousier, the father of Gargantua, is introduced to us as a very domestic giant, who loved to drink neat, and primed himself with salt meats. On one occasion, having a large quantity of tripe, of which he could not dispose, he invited the burghers of all the towns in his vicinity, and gave them a grand feast. The gossip of the guests over this feast forms a chapter peculiarly "Rabe-

* These boxes Rabelais called *Silènes*, stating that in Plato's 'Symposium,' Socrates was compared to them by Alcibiades. He makes a mistake; for it is to the god Silenus that Socrates is compared.

laical." It is the favourite trick of Rabelais to heap together as many words and expressions as he possibly can find in reference to the same thing: as if, having chosen a trivial theme, he would load it with as many varieties as it can bear. Thus, sometimes, when one verb would fully convey his meaning, he will fire off some twenty or thirty, completely synonymous, or differing from each other by the merest shade: sometimes, instead of one proverb, or popular saying, he will, in the same spirit, fill whole pages with collections of the kind. Would he describe the games of cards that a man plays, he gives the name of every game that he has heard of: long series of predicates to any given subject he delights in, often printing them in the form of a list. We will just give a scrap from the chapter of gossip.

"Then did they commence their chat over the afternoon's collation, and forthwith began flagons to go, hams to trot, giblets to fly, bowls to ring. Draw, hand hither, fill, mix. Give it me without water; thus, my friend, tip me off this glass handsomely; hand a weeping glass of elaret. A truce to thirst. Ha, false fever, wilt thou not be gone? By my faith, godmother, I cannot as yet enter in the humour of being merry. You have caught cold, gammer. Yes.—By the belly of St. Quenet, let us talk of drinking. I only drink at my hours, like the pope's mule; I never drink but in my breviary, like a good father guardian. Which was first, thirst or drinking? Thirst, for who would have drunk without thirst in the time of innocence? Drinking, for *privatio præsупponit habitum*. I am learned: *Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum*? As for us innocents, we drink too much without any thirst at all. I am no unthirsty sinner. If I have not a present thirst, I have a thirst to come, and I am beforehand with it, mark ye. I drink for the thirst to come; I drink eternally. This is an eternity of drinking, and a drinking of eternity. Let us sing, drink—a match—bowl it off. Where is my bowl? What, I only drink by proxy. Do you soak yourselves to get dry, or dry yourselves to soak? I do not understand theory, but I help myself a little by practice. I soak, I moisten, I drink, and all for fear of dying. Drink always, and you will never die. If I do not drink I am dry, and then I am dead. My soul will fly to some *froggery*. The soul never dwelleth in the dry."

And so on—and so on. What a wild rattle of mirth is before us! we can hear the bawl of the vivas and the clink of the glass! How does the humour bubble up, and sparkle, and disperse itself, till we have an atmosphere of jollity! To imitate the style, now it is once found, is not so difficult, but the wealth of

humour which was requisite to originate this sort of drollery was enormous.

The feast had rather an unhappy issue. Poor Gargamelle, the wife of Grandgousier, being pregnant, made herself ill by eating too much tripe. The consequence was, an irregularity in the birth of Gargantua, similar to that of Minerva. The goddess sprang from the brain of her father, the giant Gargantua issued from the ear of his mother. Rabelais having once got his hero safe into the world, elaborately describes the vastness of his appetite, and the quantity of stuff requisite to make his clothes, informing the reader that his colours were white and blue, and displaying a world of desultory learning and mock philosophy in a disquisition on the signification of these colours. Young Gargantua was not a child that promised much, and his unamiable qualities are set forth at great length. He was always rolling in the dirt, smutting his face, and indulging in other nasty peculiarities which decency forbids us to record, but which honest Master François takes great pains to render perfectly clear and intelligible. The youth had likewise a marvellous habit of flying in the teeth of all that wisdom which is handed down by old proverbs, and it is by a long list of these proverbs that his delinquencies are set forth. Thus he would strike the iron before it was hot, he would put the cart before the horse (cattle), he would always look a gift horse in the mouth, and he hoped to catch larks when the sky fell. Though a *mauvaise sujet*, he was, however, like many others, a great favourite of the fair sex, and the ladies of his father's court expressed their fondness in terms more ardent than delicate. His father he soon convinced he was a youth of superior talent, by a very ingenious dissertation and a brace of poems, on a subject at which we dare not so much as hint, though the chapter which we have in mind is the one which will be most firmly retained by the readers of Rabelais. Grandgousier breaks out into perfect rapture at the prodigy he has begotten, and sets him to learn Latin under various preceptors, who continue to instruct him, without much profit, during an absurd number of years (for everything must be gigantic), till at last the old-fashioned system of education is given up in disgust, and the improved method, which we have already shown as representing Rabelais' notion of perfection, is adopted. Gargantua visits Paris, attended by his wise professor, Ponocrates, and there astonishes the citizens by taking away the bells from Notre Dame: this being the portion of the story that corresponds with the old 'Chronique.' After two or three circumstances connected with the

* In these translated extracts, Urquhart's version has been used, but has not been implicitly followed.

restoration of the bells are narrated, the story takes us back to Grandgousier's land, where a war has broken out with the inhabitants of Lernè, in consequence of a squabble that took place between some cake-bakers (*fouaciers*) of this country and the shepherds of Grandgousier. The people of Lernè commit dreadful ravages, but in one instance mistake their mark by attacking the abbey of Seuillé, where a marauding party is defeated, with great slaughter, by the valour of a single monk, the redoubted Friar John. Thus are we introduced to one of Rabelais' most famous heroes; introduced to him as he is employed in a work which is completely suited to him. Out he marches with his cross in his hand, fearing nothing, and demolishing a foe at every step, prefacing his achievements with a torrent of blasphemy, the *beau idéal* of a fighting, swaggering, drinking monk. Throughout the book he dashes on, regardless of everything in this world or the next. If there is a shipwreck or a skirmish, Friar John is foremost in the bustle; fear is unknown to him; if a joke more than usually profane is to be uttered, Friar John is the spokesman. The swearing, bullying phrases, are all put in the mouth of Friar John. Rabelais loved this lusty friar—this mass of lewdness, debauchery, profanity, and valour. He is the "fine fellow" of the book, and the author always seems in a good humour when he makes him talk.

Grandgousier does all he can to make peace with Picrochole, the sovereign of Lernè, but without effect. Picrochole is swayed by evil councillors, peace is not to be bought, and young Gargantua is summoned from Paris to deliver his father from the foe. On his way home he has two or three conflicts with the enemy, and when he arrives, cannon-balls fall from his head as he combs it, to the astonishment of his parent. Eating a salad which grows in the neighbourhood, he unawares takes into his mouth half-a-dozen pilgrims who have sheltered themselves under the leaves for fear of the enemy. By skipping about with their staves, the unlucky devotees manage to avoid contact with his grinders, till at last one strikes the cleft of a hollow tooth; the pain which this occasions him makes him search his mouth, and the pilgrims are delivered. The fame of Friar John travelling to the castle of Grandgousier, he is invited as a guest, and merry is the conversation of the whole party over their table. The forces of Grandgousier, headed by Gargantua, then go out against the enemy; sundry deeds of valour are narrated, Friar John distinguishing himself most gloriously; and the conflict terminates in a complete victory over the

people of Lernè. With the reward given by Grandgousier to the conquerors, and the building of the Abbey of Theleme, as a special recompence to Friar John, the work called 'Gargantua' concludes.

The Abbey of Theleme is the very reverse of a Catholic religious house, being an edifice consecrated to the highest state of worldly civilisation. As the discipline of Gargantua represents Rabelais' notion of a perfect education, so may we suppose the manners of the abbey show what he considered to be the perfection of polished society. Religious hypocrites, pettifogging attorneys, and usurers are excluded; gallant ladies and gentlemen, and *faithful expounders of the scriptures*, are invited by the inscription over the gate. The motto of the establishment is *Fay ce que voudras* (Do what thou wilt), and the whole regulations of the convent are such as to secure a succession of elegant recreations, according to the pleasure of the inhabitants, the costume of the 'devotees' being the most fashionable of the age. For a moment Rabelais changes the character of Friar John, by making him the head of such an institution. He was first described as illiterate, but Theleme is the seat of learning; with all his good qualities he appeared as a low debauche, but here all is polished and elegant, and there is nothing by which debauchery is indicated; but, as we have said, the change is but momentary, for in the subsequent books we find Friar John the same roaring, cursing, reckless, roistering blade as ever. He is supposed by many to be the portrait of a monk whom Rabelais actually knew in his youth, while some commentators, who give an historical signification to the whole work, declare that he is no other than Jean du Bellay himself, and that Theleme is the chateau of that prelate at St. Maur-des-Fossés.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that while the abbey is consecrated to a sort of refined epicurism, faithful expounders of scripture are among the invited guests, and there is a belief that Rabelais himself was founder of a secret sect, called the 'Pantagruelists,' whose object it was to diffuse Calvinism among the populace, while the higher classes were only to be guided by the precepts of epicurean philosophy. Clement Marot, and other eminent men of the time, are said to have belonged to the sect. This part of Rabelais' biography is enveloped in the deepest obscurity; but in our opinion, if the facts could be established, they would throw greater light on the meaning of Theleme than all the historical interpretations.

The second book of Rabelais' work which treats of Pantagruel, and which was publish-

ed before 'Gargantua,' has all the appearance of being first written, the subject being much more completely introduced to the reader than in the preceding book. Here we have the genealogy of Rabelais' gigantic heroes, traced from the antediluvians; and to account for the preservation of the race in spite of the flood, without contradicting the scriptural record that Noah and his family were the only persons within the ark, the author adopts the rabbinical tradition of Og, king of Bashan, who is said to have escaped by sitting on the roof of the ark, and to have received sustenance from Noah. This legend he transfers to Hurtle, an ancestor of Gargantua, and a "great eater of soups." Pantagruel is the son of Gargantua by his wife Badebec, who dies in giving birth to him: which is not to be wondered at, when we learn that he came into the world accompanied by eighty-one sellers of salt, each leading a mule by a halter; nine dromedaries laden with hams and smoked tongues; seven camels laden with eels; besides twenty-five waggons full of leeks, garlic, onions, and shallots. Born in the midst of a drought, when all the moisture of the earth was a salt perspiration, he is named Pantagruel, from a combination of a Greek (*παντα*) and an Arabic word to signify "All thirsty." Throughout the whole of Rabelais the Bacchanal peeps, and he cannot christen his new hero without a reference to drinking. The mighty strength of the young giant, shown by records, is as extravagant as those which are written of his father. He is sent to Paris to study, where he visits the library of St. Victor, the catalogue of which, containing a list of books with strange names, conveys a mass of satire, much of the purport of which must now be lost. The letter which he receives while at Paris, from his father Gargantua, is such a valuable illustration of the history of the revival of learning, that we insert an extract.

"Now all learned disciplines are restored, the languages are revived, Greek (without which it is a shame that a person should call himself a scholar), Hebrew, Chaldee, Latin. Printing, so correctly and elegantly, as it is now in use, has been invented in my age by divine inspiration, as, on the other hand, artillery was devised by the suggestion of the devil. The whole world is full of learned men, erudite professors, spacious libraries. And I am of opinion that neither in the time of Plato, nor of Cicero, nor of Pipinian, were there such facilities for study as we have at present. Nor must any one henceforward appear in public, or in company, who has not been well polished in the workshop of Minerva. I see the robbers, executioners, adventurers, and hostlers of the present day, more learned than

the doctors and preachers of my own time. Nay, the very women and girls have aspired to this honour and heavenly manna of sound learning. Old as I am, I have been compelled to learn the Greek language, which I did not despise, like Cato, but which I had not leisure to study in my youth.* And I take much delight in reading Plutarch's morals, the fine dialogues of Plato, the monuments of Pausanias, and the antiquities of Athenæus, expecting the hour when it shall please God my creator to call me from this earth.

"Whereupon, my son, I admonish thee to employ thy youth in profiting both in learning and in virtue. Thou art at Paris, thou hast thy preceptor Epistemon, and mayest learn both by the lively and spoken instructions of the master, and by the praiseworthy examples of the city. The languages I wish thee to learn perfectly. First Greek, as Quintilian will have it; then Latin; then Hebrew, for the holy Scriptures; and then Chaldee and Arabic. Thy Greek style I would have like that of Plato; thy Latin like that of Cicero. Let there be no history which is not present to thy memory, and to that end thou wilt receive much assistance from the writings on cosmography. Of the liberal arts, geometry, arithmetic, and music, I gave thee some taste when thou wert but five or six years old. Pursue the remainder, and learn all the canons of astronomy. As for judicial astrology, and the art of Lullius, leave those aside as whims and vanities. The fine texts of civil law I would have thee learn by heart, and compare with philosophy.

"I wish thee to study accurately the works of nature, so that there may be neither sea, river, nor fountain, of which thou dost not know the fishes. Likewise all the birds of the air; all the trees, and shrubs of the forest; all the grass of the field, all the metals hid in the bowels of the earth; the precious stones of the east and of the south; let none of these be unknown to thee. Then carefully consult the books of the Greek, Arabic, and Latin physicians, without despising the talmudists, and cabalists; and by frequent dissection, acquire a thorough knowledge of the other world; I mean the microcosm, man. And at some hour of the day begin the study of the holy scriptures; first, in Greek, the New Testament, and the epistles of the apostles; and then, in Hebrew, the Old Testament. In brief, let me see in thee an abyss of science; for henceforward, when thou becomest a man and growest great, it will be necessary to leave this tranquillity and repose of study, and learn arms and chivalry for the defence of my house and the succour of my friends, in all circumstances, against evil doers."

The description of the progress of learning in this epistle is simply eloquent and impressive. There is nothing in all the works of Rabelais more truly interesting than Gargantua's education (already referred to), and this letter to his son.

* Rabelais seems to have forgotten this in describing the education of Gargantua.

At Paris Pantagruel meets with Panurge, the malicious, the witty, the cowardly : the real hero of the story. Learned to the highest degree, this eccentric person is a kind of spoiled child, almost half-witted, and on that account the privileged jester of Pantagruel and his friends. In many instances it can be shown that Rabelais identified himself with Panurge ; the costume that he wore when he had the interview with Duprat, was one that he afterwards assigned to this especial favourite ; and the way in which he obtained an introduction to the minister by speaking a variety of languages, is precisely that which Panurge, being in great poverty, adopts to obtain the notice of Pantagruel. He is described as of middle stature, with an aquiline nose, handsome to look upon, rather loose in his morals, and subject to a disease called ' want of money.' The great object of his life, previous to his acquaintance with Pantagruel, was the performance of countless malicious practical jokes, with the materials for which his numerous pockets are armed. In one he has little horns full of fleas, which he amuses himself by blowing upon the necks of the ladies in church ; in another he has a store of hooks, that he may fasten people's dresses together ; in a third a bottle of oil that he may soil handsome suits ; in another an itching powder, &c. &c. ; so that the examination-room of the inquisition was not more richly stored with instruments for torture on a grand scale, than the pockets of Panurge with materials for inflicting petty miseries. These are no very amiable qualities, but nevertheless the reader always has an affection for Panurge. He stands in fine contrast to Friar John, and there is a kind of friendly bickering constantly kept up between them. The lusty, roaring, bullying speeches are, as we have said, given to the monk, but the sly waggeries, the odd conceits, and the astute sophistries, are given to Panurge. Friar John butts his way through the world like a bull, while Panurge glides through it like a snake.

While Pantagruel is in Paris he decides a lawsuit, the chief humour of which consists in the unintelligible jargon which is used by the pleaders on both sides, and by Pantagruel himself. The farrago of nonsense, which M. Jacob declares to be meant for nonsense and nothing else, has even rivalled the *fanfreluches* in inspiring the commentators with a fever for expounding. Another feat in the metropolis of France is the victory which Panurge gains over an English scholar in a grand disputation, each party arguing by signs, and maintaining perfect silence. Pantagruel is summoned to his own country by the wars that have broken out there, just as

his father was in the time of Grandgousier. A description of the war ensues ; the preceptor Epistemon loses his head, and has it replaced by Panurge, when he gives an account of the infernal regions which his soul visited while he was lifeless. The vast stature of Pantagruel is shown by his covering his army with his tongue, which the author stepping upon, he discovers in his mouth an entirely new world, the teeth being huge mountains. Pantagruel proves victorious over his enemies.

All that we can give of the books of Rabelais, saving an extract here and there, is the merest outline. None but those who have perused them can judge of the immense effect which they must have produced on their first publication. It is enough for our purpose to say that the volumes we have slightly noticed, were crammed with satire direct and indirect against the monks and theological professors. About the signification of his writings in other respects there might be doubts ; here there could be none. Jest after jest, anecdote after anecdote, nay chapter after chapter had been written, to exhibit the monks as erudite only in lewdness, as holy only to have a mask for the most bestial debauchery. With the religious orders and the Sorbonne he was completely compromised.

Shortly after the appearance of Gargantua occurred that memorable event, which is considered the first beginning of those religious wars that deluged all France with blood, and of which Saint Bartholomew's day was a terrible offshoot. Blasphemous placards had been posted up one night in Paris, and this had such an effect on Francis I., that he declared he would cut off his own arm if he knew it were tainted with heresy, and ordered parliament to use the utmost rigour. The signal of persecution thus given, it was carried on with ruthless alacrity. Six persons were tortured in the *Place de l'Estrapade*, in the presence of the king and all his court. Marot, who was then connected intimately with Rabelais, and is supposed to have been a ' Pantagruelist,' fled to Navarre ; while Rabelais betook himself to Italy, knowing that he had enemies enough in France to take advantage of the storm, and direct it against his head.

This was in 1536. His friend Jean du Bellay was still at Rome, having been presented to the cardinalate by Paul III., successor to Clement VII. In his house Rabelais might remain perfectly sheltered from all dangers on account of his writings, but unfortunately his enemies had a charge more serious against him, than that of heresy or atheism. Having been a monk, he had broken his rules and cast aside his habit—he was an *apostate*.

His friends convinced him of the peril of his situation, and he accordingly addressed a petition to the pope, praying to be allowed to resume the Benedictine habit, to return to a monastery, and to practise medicine, with the reservation that he was to use neither steel nor fire : that is, that he was to be a physician only, and not a surgeon. In the management of this affair, Rabelais displayed a most honourable feeling. He would not ask the intervention of his friend and protector Cardinal du Bellay, lest that friend might be involved in hostilities with the French clergy, by protecting their avowed enemy. The Cardinals Ghunicii and Simonetta interceded for him, and his petition was granted. What a fine illustration is all this affair of the sixteenth century ! A man is compelled to fly from France, on account of his attacks on the Catholic religion, and whither does he fly ? To the seat of Catholicism—the papal court itself. And when he arrives there, who are his protectors ? The Cardinals.

Rabelais did not immediately return to France, but remaining at Rome so much exhausted his resources, that he was obliged to have recourse to his old friend, the Bishop of Maillezais. At length, in 1537, he proceeded to Montpellier, and there took up his degree as doctor of medicine, after which he returned to Paris, and practised with success. His position, however, was still insecure. He had, it is true, obtained the pope's absolution, and it was with his authority that he practised medicine ; but those conditions of the absolution which required him to resume the Benedictine habit, and to return to his order, he had left unfulfilled. His friend Cardinal du Bellay was dissatisfied at seeing his *protégé* and physician living thus in disobedience of injunctions, and wished him to quit the secular life. This Rabelais would have done, but he found that his disregard of the conditions had already cancelled the absolution, and a fresh petition to the pope was necessary. This new petition set forth that Du Bellay had made him Canon of the Convent of Saint-Maur-des-Fossés, but that certain difficulties were in the way of his admission. These he prayed might be overruled, and that his former absolution might be confirmed.

The bull which granted the first absolution is extant, and M. Jacob has given it in his biography, but it seems that the grant of the second absolution is not recorded. That it was granted there is little doubt, as Rabelais assumed the Benedictine habit, and removed his library to Saint-Maur-des-Fossés. He did not however remain confined here, but amused himself by paying visits to his friends in various parts, and his native place, Chinon ;

spending much of his time with the brothers of Cardinal du Bellay, especially Guillaume du Bellay, the Lord of Langey, highly celebrated for his acts both in war and in diplomacy. The death of this veteran, and the circumstances attending it, had a great effect on Rabelais, who devoted a chapter in one of the latter books of his '*Pantagruel*' to the event. It was towards the end of 1542 that Guillaume du Bellay, then lieutenant-general of the king's forces in Piedmont, being informed of an intrigue of Charles V. against his royal master, set out to inform him of all that he knew. He died on the road, having bequeathed an annuity to Rabelais ; and it is recorded that all his servants, terrified at divers 'horrific' prodigies which had occurred for some days, had fully anticipated his death. The grave chapter in which the usually scoffing Rabelais alludes to this event, and at the same time pays a compliment to his departed friend, is worthy an extract, and we insert it here, although we have not yet come to the book (the fourth) in which it appears. *Pantagruel* speaks :

"Some souls are so noble, precious, and heroic, that the heavens give us notice of their dislodgment and departure some days before it occurs. And as the prudent physician, seeing by prognostic signs that his patient is approaching his death, some days before gives notice to the wife, children, relatives, and friends, of the approaching decease of their husband, father or kinsman ; that during the remainder of the time he hath to live, they may admonish him to set his house in order ; to exhort and bless his children ; to provide for his wife during her widowhood ; to declare what will be necessary for the maintenance of the orphans ; so that he may not be surprised by death without making his will and providing for his soul and his house : so in like manner do the gracious heavens, as if rejoicing at the new reception of these blessed souls, seem to discharge fireworks of comets and meteoric phenomena, by which they signify that within a few days such revered souls will leave their bodies and the earth. Nay they do more, since to declare the earth and the inhabitants thereof unworthy of the presence, society, and advantage of such illustrious souls, they astound and terrify them by prodigies, monsters, and other ominous signs, which appear in opposition to all the orders of nature. This we saw several days before the departure of the illustrious, generous, and heroic soul of the learned and *preux* Chevalier de Langey, of whom you have spoken. 'I remember it well,' said Epistemon, 'and my heart still shudders and trembles within its cavity, when I think of the various "horrific" prodigies which we plainly saw five or six days before his decease. So that the Lords D'Assier, Chemant, Mailly of the one eye, Sainet Ayl, Villeneuve la Guyart, Master Gabriel physician of Savillan, Rabelais, Cohuan, Massuan, Maiorici, Bullon, Cercu called Bourguemaistre, François Proust, Ferron, Charles Girard, François Bourré, and many other friends

and servants of the deceased, gazed on each other without uttering a word; but all believing, and foreseeing in their understandings, that France would shortly be deprived of a perfect chevalier, necessary to her glory and protection, and that the heavens claimed him as due to them by natural right."

It was now ten years since Rabelais had promised a continuation of his '*Pantagruel*,' and he was anxious to perform his promise, far from scared at the frightful persecution of all who were suspected of heresy. He contrived however to put his book in a manner under royal protection, by the pretence that the previous volumes had been corrupted by the printers, and that this had alone hindered him from publishing the continuation. A privilege signed by Francis I. made its appearance, in which all were forbidden to print or sell the first two volumes, excepting those whom Rabelais should furnish with true copies; and a sanction was given to the publication of the third. It was at the instance of powerful friends, some of them secret friends to the reformation, that Rabelais obtained this privilege.

In the third book of the romance, a much higher tone is taken than in the two preceding. The resemblance to the old chivalric tales disappears, and the author now stands forth undisguisedly as a satirist of the world in which he lived. The different professions are passed in review, and all are treated at length. Adventures are almost at a stand-still in this third book: it is a work of dissertations, argumentations, discussions, and sophistries. It completely astonished the public, which had become familiar to reckless extravagances and audacious drolleries, but had not looked for a 'critique of the world,' as M. Jacob calls it. *Pantagruel*, who had never been a very marked character, now becomes little more than a wise monarch who interposes with good advice, and Panurge stands in unrivalled pre-eminence. On gaining his victory, *Pantagruel* has made Panurge governor of Salmigundin, in which capacity he soon contrives to waste his revenue. For immersing himself in debt, he has to endure the reproaches of his master; and his defence, in which he sets up an eulogy of indebtedness, is a masterpiece of pompous burlesque; exactly the pleasantry that would have delighted an old scholar, and have set Erasmus in a roar. We cannot resist an extract.

"I give myself to the good Saint Babolin, if all my life I have not considered debts as a connexion and a tie of the heavens and the earth, the sole cement of the human race—(yea without them all

humanity would perish)—that they are, perhaps, the great soul of the universe, which, according to the academies, vivifies all things. To perceive that this is the case, represent to your calm mind the idea and form of some world (take if you please the thirtieth of those which the philosopher Metrodorus imagined) in which there shall be neither debtor nor creditor. A world without debts! Then among the stars will there be no regular course, but all will be in disorder. Jupiter, not considering himself debtor to Saturn, will depose him from his sphere, and with his Homeric chain will suspend all the intelligences, gods, heavens, demons, heroes, devils, earth, sea, nay, all the elements. Saturn will ally himself with Mars, and put all the world in confusion. Mercury will not be subservient to the others, he will cease to be their *Camillus*, as the Etruscan language has it, for he owes them nothing. Venus will be no more venerated, for she will have lent nothing. The moon will remain bloody and dark, for why should the sun impart to her any of his light?—he owes her nothing. The sun will no more shine upon the earth, the stars will exercise no beneficial influence, for earth hath desisted from lending them nourishment by vapours and exhalations, whereby Heraclitus said, the stoics proved, and Cicero maintained, the stars were nourished. Among the elements there will be no symbolization, no alternation, no transmutation. For one will not think himself obliged to the other, owing him nothing. Earth will not become water, water will not be transmuted to air, air will not become fire, and fire will not warm the earth. The earth will produce nothing but monsters, titans, giants; there will be neither rain, light, nor wind, summer nor autumn. Lucifer will break loose, and leaving the abyss of hell with the furies and the horned devils, will attempt to unnesle from Heaven all the gods, both of the greater and the lesser nations. This world without lending, will be no better than a dog-kennel; a more anomalous place of wrangling than that of the rector of Paris; a *devildom*, more confused than the mysteries of Doué. Among human beings one will not salute the other, it will be in vain to cry Help, Fire, Water, or Murder, for no one will assist. Why?—Because, when one has lent nothing, nothing is due him. No one has any interest in his conflagration, in his shipwreck, in his ruin, in his death. He has lent nothing, neither would he have lent anything afterwards. In short, faith, hope, and charity, will be banished from this world, for men are here for the the assistance of each other. In their stead will succeed defiance, mistrust, rancour, with a cohort of all evils, all crimes, and all miseries."

Pantagruel is not convinced by the eloquent harangue of his favourite, but discharges his debts, whereupon Panurge takes a new freak into his head, for he attires himself in a coarse gown, and attaches a pair of spectacles to his cap, declaring that it is his resolution to take to himself a wife. An uneasy doubt as to whether his entrance into married life will

ensure felicity, is the foundation of all the humour and satire of the book. Every mode of divination into future events is tried, a member of every conceivable calling is consulted, and each consultation brings with it a separate display of the ingenuity, subtlety, and learning of the author, and his ability in treating on every subject. The theologian, the lawyer, the physician, and sceptical philosopher, the poet, the idiot, the sibyl, all are asked for council, besides a recurrence to dreams, and a search for oracular answers according to the old superstition in the works of Virgil. All the oracles unite in giving answers which in the opinion of disinterested friends are plain dissuaves from matrimony, while Panurge, whose heart is bent on a wife, displays the most vexing ingenuity in torturing them to mean the reverse. Such grotesque personages as those of Rabelais can hardly be supposed to interest the feelings; but nevertheless, we cannot help remarking that there is something almost affecting in the paternal regard which Pantagruel shows to his *protégé*, and the perverseness which the unhappy wag exhibits in pursuing his own unhappiness. A true mine of wealth is the third book of Rabelais, which prepares the reader for the fourth, by concluding with the resolution of Pantagruel and Panurge to consult the oracle of the 'holy bottle.' Among the ship's stores is laid in a large quantity of the herb 'Pantagruelion,' which is most elaborately described, and is supposed to mean hemp, and to bear a reference to the persecution of the protestants.

The publication of this work created a perfect uproar at the Sorbonne and among the monks. The former could not immediately wreak its vengeance on the author on account of the king's privilege, and it was found necessary to apply to Francis to allow of an attack. The king, who was a zealous catholic, annoyed at finding that he had given his sanction to a book which was represented as full of heresies, determined to read it himself. The result of the perusal was unfortunate for the Sorbonne, since Francis refused to authorize a prosecution. This prevented the effects of the storm, but it did not dissipate it. Certain books, in substance like the fourth, which had not yet appeared, issued from the press, having partially been based on loose manuscripts, stolen from Rabelais; and other works not from his hand, and abounding in obscenity and blasphemy, were attributed to him. Among the protestants also, a great feeling of dislike against Rabelais had arisen, chiefly inspired by Calvin. These, as we have already said, had hoped that he would some day abandon his ludicrous scoffing, and be-

come a *serious* champion of the Reformers, his learning being such as perfectly to qualify him for that character. Nevertheless, his conduct towards the protestants was particularly tantalizing. While discharging a full volley at the Roman priesthood, he had now and then a sly cut at the 'hypocrites of Geneva,' and Henri Etienne (Stephanus), the great printer, observed, "Though Rabelais does seem to be on our side, he is always flinging stones into our garden."

Rabelais again accompanied to Rome Cardinal du Bellay, who on the accession of Henry II. had given up his place at the French court to Cardinal de Lorraine. On this occasion he not only acted in his capacity of physician, but cast nativities; not, perhaps, because his real sentiments were changed with regard to judicial astrology, but because Catherine de Medicis had made the science fashionable. In the management of a pageant which was given at Rome in honour of the birth of a son of Henry II. (in 1550), who died in his cradle, the part taken by Rabelais gained him a new and powerful friend at court, the famous Diana of Poitiers, the king's mistress, who had been especially complimented in the pageant. Through her intercession he obtained a privilege, similar to that accorded by Francis, by virtue of which he could publish his continuation of 'Pantagruel.'

Returning to France, Rabelais was on the 19th of January 1551, made curate of the parish church of St. Martin de Meudon, and this appointment stirred up fresh wrath among his enemies. The renowned innovator, Peter Ramus, famed for his attacks on Aristotle, openly accused the 'curate' of atheism, and the Aristotelian Galland, who was of course a zealous opponent of Ramus, had equal disrespect for Rabelais. In fact Rabelais was subject to rather a comical species of annoyance from the doughty heads of the rival schools of philosophy, since each used to express his contempt of his rival's doctrine by comparing it to 'Pantagruel.' This last mode of persecution seems particularly to have teased Rabelais, and to have been the immediate stimulus to his publication of the fourth book.

In this we find another great change in the author's method of dealing with his subjects. The third book was a series of dissertations, the fourth is almost a series of allegories. It is filled with the early part of the voyage in quest of the 'holy bottle;' and the description of the different strange places, which the travellers visit, conveys a satire directed against so many distinct objects. There is the land of Catchpoles, and the island famous

for its meagre diet, inhabited by 'Lent' personified; and the 'fierce island,' where reside the Chitterlings, the mortal enemies of Lent; and the island of the Papefigues (representing protestantism), where the people laugh at the pope; and the island of the Papemanes, where the inhabitants, on the contrary, are such worshippers of the pope, that they have the greatest veneration for all persons who may chance to have seen his holiness; and the land where dwells Gaster (the belly), who is represented as the first master of arts. The descriptions of these places are worked out with the greatest ingenuity, and in most cases it is impossible to mistake the drift of the author. Whether Pantagruel means Henry II., or Panurge Cardinal de Lorraine, are questions to exercise the wits of those who love to fashion long comments; but the fourth book is evidently directed more against thoughts and institutions, than individuals; and here all may understand. There can be no mistake, for instance, as to the purport of the chapter on the Papefigues and the Papemanes. No longer is the lash confined to the dissoluteness of the monks, and the bigotry of the Sorbonne, but the papacy itself becomes the object of attack, and reverence for the pope is declared ridiculous. Strange is it, that far from increasing years bringing with them an increase of weakness to Rabelais, each successive book betokens a growth of power, a greater vigour of thought, a freer play of fancy, a vast accession of courage. Much of the second book (the first written) is puerile; and the extravagances being merely repetitions of the same notion, immensity of stature, are such as might have been attained by a comparatively moderate fancy: in the first book (the second printed) there is an aspect of more decided purpose: in the third, the author plainly appears as the accomplished scholar, the acute essayist: while in the fourth, he rises to the great poet,—showing that there is not a thought, not an abstraction, that he cannot illustrate with bold and living colours, and convert into a striking picture. The descriptions of the places visited by Pantagruel and his comrades, are relieved by the adventures and conversation in the ship. We cannot help regretting that we have not room for the account of a storm, which occupies several chapters, and which exhibits the same design of rendering an incident forcible to the reader by plunging him in the midst of the bustle, and, as it were, whirling the shrieks and exclamations around him, as was adopted by Shakspeare in the first scene of the 'Tempest.' The opposite characters of Friar John, who is ever foremost in action, and of Panurge,

who weeps and snivels while the ship is in danger, but swaggers when the peril is past, are here brought in with admirable effect.

It was not to be expected that a book, more audacious than any that had yet been published, would make its appearance without exciting a fresh commotion. It was scarcely seen at the publishers, than its sale was prohibited by the parliament, at the instance of the faculty of theology. Rabelais' old friend, Cardinal du Bellay, had returned to France, but being sick at his château, he was forced to have recourse to a new patron, Cardinal Odet de Chatillon. By his intervention the book was, at last, allowed to circulate amongst the public, and to him was it dedicated. The orthodoxy of this cardinal had long been suspected, and shortly after the act of favour to Rabelais, he declared himself a protestant, and was married in his cardinal's robe.

After the publication of his fourth book, Rabelais dwelt in retirement at his curacy. The Duke and Duchess of Guise, who lived at the Château de Meudon, were on such friendly terms with him, that he called them by the familiar name of his 'good parishioners.' With the poet Ronsard, who had been one of his most intimate friends, and perhaps a 'Pantagruelist,' he quarrelled at this time, and the rancour of the poet was shown after the death of Rabelais by a satirical epigram. But the conduct of the old curate of Meudon, while living at his curacy, is described as most exemplary. He never would admit any female within his residence lest he should give rise to scandal; but he always received the visits of learned men; and spent much of his time in teaching poor people to read, and in instructing children in plain-song. It was the delight of many to go to Meudon on purpose to see a man so celebrated, in his curate's dress, and to hear his sermons. He seems to have pursued his taste for study to the time of his death, which happened in 1553, and which furnished as many stories for the collectors of jests as his sojourn at the Roman Court. By these it would appear that he died scoffing at the rites of the church; while there are other records, less probable, according to which he died a sincere Catholic. The various profanities which are attributed to him on his deathbed, we shall not repeat here, but there is a tradition of his closing words, which is really impressive. Just before breathing his last, he is said to have collected all his strength for one hearty burst of laughter, and then to have cried out, "Draw the curtain, the farce is over."

But the 'farce' was not over. Rabelais

indeed was dead, but his last attack on Catholicism had not yet taken effect. A fifth book was yet to make its appearance—a book that should even surpass in audacity the formidable fourth. This was first printed complete in 1564, and it is supposed that the editor (whoever he was) supplied with his own hand certain *lacunæ* left by Rabelais. It contains the sequel to the voyage of Pantagruel and his friends in quest of the bottle; and the satire is still conveyed by making the adventurers visit allegorical places. Under the name of the Sounding Island, where there is a perpetual ringing of bells, we have an exact picture of the Catholic Church: the different ranks of the clergy, including the pope, being represented by birds, who are called by names that leave no doubt of the author's intention. The signification of 'clergaux,' 'monagaux,' 'prestregaux,' 'abegaux,' 'evesgaux,' 'cardingaux,' and 'papegaut,' is plain enough to the most inattentive reader. The genealogy of these birds is, that the 'clergaux' beget the 'monagaux' and 'prestregaux,' the 'prestregaux' beget the 'cardingaux,' and the 'cardingaux,' if they live long enough, become 'papegaut.' Of this last-named bird there is but one at a time, though formerly two were seen together, and then there was an uproar in the island: meaning of course, the great schism. With some difficulty the travellers obtain a sight of the 'papegaut,' who is sitting in a cage of state, accompanied by two little 'cardingaux,' and six fat 'evesgaux.' Panurge vows that he is nothing more than a hoopoe, and spies a female owl in the corner of his cage, the exhibitor loudly protesting that he is mistaken. The attack on the lives of the clergy is thus carried on into the highest places. Pursuing their voyage, some of the party fall into the terrible clutches of Grippemenaud, archduke of the furred cats, from whom they only escape by bribery, and who is supposed to symbolize the state of criminal justice, or the inquisition. The kingdom Entelechie, governed by Queen Quintessence, which is afterwards visited, represents the taste for speculative science, and is beyond a doubt the foundation of Swift's Isle of Laputa. Here a very pretty description of the game of chess is introduced under the semblance of a tournament. Passing through the country of Lanternois, inhabited by lanterns, the travellers take one of these for a guide to the oracle of the bottle. The temple of this oracle is most minutely described, as richly adorned with every symbol of drinking. The answer of the bottle, when consulted, is the German 'trink;' those of the pilgrims who quaff are seized with a poetic fervour, and

rhyme at random; and an eulogy is pronounced on wine, which is declared to be the most divine of all things. The travellers take leave of the temple, but we hear nothing of their further adventures, and the curtain falls on an arabesque scene composed of leaves, tendrils, grapes, fauns, satyrs, and all the appurtenances, animate and inanimate, of the victorious Bacchus. The work has been dedicated to the illustrious drinkers,—the grape has, through the five books, been constantly mentioned with honour,—and the whole is completed with an apotheosis of wine.

We are aware that some of the interpreters of Rabelais will have this bottle to signify the abstraction "truth;" but we cannot see any reason for such a supposition, nor why a temple consecrated to wine, and mentioned in a Bacchanalian book, should have reference to anything but the juice of the grape. Such, we conceive, is the opinion of M. Lenormand, from whom, according to M. Jacob, we are to expect a treatise, proving that Rabelais was inclined to protestantism when he wrote his early books, and was a mere epicurean in his last. Certain it is, that amid all the ribaldry and obscenity of the first part of his romance, the Holy Scriptures and faithful exponents of them are invariably spoken of with reverence, and that there are several exhortations in favour of religion; while, in the last book, this pious tendency appears to vanish, and the author seems to be on the merely negative side of an opponent of Catholicism. It is worthy of remark that this fifth book, which exceeded all the others in boldness, was circulated among the public without impediment. The man it seems had more enemies than his book. Edition after edition of the complete work was published in safety, notwithstanding 'Pantagruel' was prohibited by the council of Trent, and is inserted in the index of forbidden books published by the court of Rome.

Here we take leave of an author who is without parallel in the history of literature: an author who is the literary parent of many authors, since without him we should probably have never known a Swift, a Sterne, a Jean Paul, or in fact any of the irregular humorists: an author who did not appear as a steadily shining light to the human race, but as a wild, startling meteor, predicting the independence of thought, and the downfall of the authority of ages: an author who for the union of heavy learning with the most marvellous power of imagination, is perhaps without a competitor. To the few who know the works of Rabelais, our account of them must appear exceedingly meagre, but

those few will be aware of the difficulty there is in setting forth the plan of a book which has scarcely any plan at all. To the many we think that our account, short though it be, will suffice to convey a notion of an author whose name is familiar to every one, but whose writings must be prohibited from all libraries but those compiled for the private use of the student. Much should we regret if our praise of the learning and genius of the "grand wit of France" should extend to familiarity with his writings. For the student of old literature, who looks upon a book as a symbol of its period, and who assigns the good and evil he meets to their several causes, 'Pantagruel' is replete with instruction; but the general reader, who takes up a book to recreate him in his leisure hours, can derive no benefit which will compensate him for wading through the ocean of obscenity and profanity which he will find before him. And lest there should be some unhappily among our readers, to whom this warning against a licentious book should prove rather an attraction than a warning, and who would seek Rabelais for the sake of his licentiousness, we caution them, that his are no books for their taste. He who takes up the writings of the great wit merely to gratify a vicious inclination, will soon be scared from his task by the ponderous learning, the grave thoughts of the author, the obscurity of some of his pleasantries. Time was when all Europe could roar lustily at the drolleries of Rabelais; now it is a labour to read him, and the roar has dwindled down to the smile of the scholar. It is well that it is so. The name of Rabelais does not perish, but the book recedes from the gaze of all but those who have a right to peruse it.

la Société Académique d'Agriculture, Belles-Lettres, Sciences et Arts de Poitiers. Vannes. 1825.

4. *Les Derniers Bretons.* (The Last Bretons.) Par EMILE SOUVESTRE. 4 tom. Paris. 1836.

5. *Antiquités de la Bretagne.* (Antiquities of Brittany.) Par M. le Chevalier de FREMENVILLE, ancien Capitaine des Frégates du Roi, &c. &c., Membre de la Société Royale des Antiquaires de France. Brest. 1837.

WE take it for granted, O Genial Reader, that you have basked in the sunshine of Froissart; that you are familiar with the deeds of such men as De Foix and Du Guesclin; and that you could re-word upon occasion many Saintly legends of the Cross, garnered up reverently in your old reading. We even assume that you have a proper respect for the Genii and the Fairies, and for all the other articles of faith out of which the Imagination of the world, from time immemorial, has formed its own poetical creed. Confiding then in your lore, but above all in your sympathies, we invite you to make an excursion with us into a country where this Antique Belief still colours the practical business of life, moulding, as it did of old, the hearts and habits of the people: a country strewn over with monuments of the past, and haunted with historical memories and fantastic traditions to the last stone of its rocky solitudes. Put on your mountain shoes, and grasp your staff firmly, for we have rugged hill sides to clamber, and shall leave the carriage roads far behind us; striking into the interior amidst the smoke of the dun *chaumières*, and sweeping round by the seashore once pressed by the feet of Druid priestesses, but now abandoned to the funeral surge of the dismal waters, where, according to the respectable testimony of the fishermen, thousands upon thousands of unhappy ghosts may be heard at midnight shrieking for Christian burial.

Let us commence our pilgrimage at once with this cluster of tumble-down houses, half stone, half wood and mud, jammed up among hillocks of clay, orchard trees, and the debris of Roman walls and Gothic towers. A street runs, or meanders, through the midst; unpaved, irregular and surfy; invaded here and there by a scrap of a courtyard shouldering the causeway; and indented at intervals with clumps of stunted firs, and broken flags, set cornerwise to bind the fluctuating path, through which, in the summer time, tall melancholy grass

ART. II.—1. *Essai sur l'Histoire, la Langue et les Institutions de la Bretagne Armoricaïne.* (Essay on the History, Language, and Institutions of Armorican Brittany.) Par AURELIEN DE COURSON. Nantes. 1841.

2. *Notes d'un Voyage dans l'Ouest de la France.* (A Voyage in the West of France.) Par PROSPER MERIMEE, Inspecteur-Général des Monumens Historiques de France. Paris. 1836.

3. *Essai sur les Antiquités du Département du Morbihan.* (Essay on the Antiquities of the Department of Morbihan.) Par J. MAHE, Chanoine de la Cathédrale de Vannes, et Membre Correspondant de

mopes upward into the humid air. This is the public way, or high-road; but, with the exception of the narrow strip in the centre, with the sky overhead, it is wholly absorbed by the people on each side. All the houses have work-shop sheds or crazy porches projecting far into the street; and here, in the open air, the greater part of the life of the inhabitants is spent. Here the poor beat the corn of their little fields; here they wash, prepare their simple cookery, and spread out their linen to dry. A busy, chattering, squalling place it is. As you pass through you see children seated at the open thresholds eating black bread, and lucky are they, if you can detect a streak of honey on their fingers or lips. In front of the doors are knots of women spinning, and accompanying their monotonous labour with songs or gossip in high treble voices. The old men are all stretched out at full length basking in the sun; and, as evening approaches, the workshop benches are given up to the young girls who crowd round them in eager, picturesque groups, while one of the travelling mendicants, the *trouveurs* of the country, recites a favourite ballad, or trolls out some plaintiff airs. The work of the day is over; the bustle and mirthful clamour increases; and as the twilight begins to set in, the young people gather into the *Place*, and, full of riotous animal spirits, are speedily lost in the whirls of their mountain *ronde*: the gayest and noisiest of all national dances. The strange "auld-waird" style of the dresses, the dark back-ground of mixed and crumbling architecture, and the freedom and simplicity by which the whole scene is so strongly marked, might almost tempt the spectator to imagine that he was standing in a city of the middle ages. Nor would the speculation be very wide of the reality; for this is an old Breton town, where the habits and manners, costume and peculiarities of the middle ages, are to this hour carefully preserved.

We have no intention at present of trespassing upon the domain of history, or of discussing any of the moot questions involved in the language or complex antiquities of the ancient Armorica; but, confining ourselves strictly to the living characteristics of the people, we propose to touch upon some points of greater novelty, and of a more popular and interesting nature. The history of Brittany, and the philological researches into her dialects, the battle-ground of so many Gaelic, Welsh, and Irish antiquaries, have already

largely occupied the attention of the learned; but we are not aware that the indoor life and superstitions of the Breton peasantry have, as yet, received the consideration they deserve. To these aspects of the subject, not less attractive from their simplicity than their freshness, it is our intention to restrict our observations.

The traveller who keeps to the beaten track can scarcely hope to learn anything about Brittany. He must diverge from the main routes, if he would see the people in their primitive and national habits. The high roads are now pretty well macadamized; the principal towns are tolerably well supplied with hotels; the *cuisine* is certainly not quite equal to Verrey's, but you can dine satisfactorily nevertheless; and you can get newspapers and books, and other *agrémens* much as you get them elsewhere. The tourist, therefore, may post easily enough from Brest to Rennes, or sail up the Rance from St. Malo to Dinan, and make a detour to Nantes on his way to Paris, traversing no inconsiderable portion of Brittany: but he will not be a whit the wiser concerning the Bretons. The leisurely Englishman who risks the springs of his carriage on any of these lines, dropping at an hotel, looking about him, and then going home again, will have nothing to report about the country beyond that monotonous buck-wheat which, even in its most cultivated sections, distinguishes it from all the rest of France. If he would really see the Brittany of a former age in its yet undisturbed integrity, a people sombre and heavy, with boorish manners and antique costumes, steeped in their old superstitions, speaking their old language, and living in the midst of Celtic monuments and the reliques of feudal and religious pomp, he must penetrate districts remote from the highways, traverse roads impracticable for locomotives, cross marshes, plains, and mountains, and bury himself in scenes that have not yet been swept into the circle of Parisian centralization. Here, and here only, he will find the traditions of the country still subsisting in the faith and usages of the people.

The first thing that strikes the traveller, after his eye has become a little accustomed to the physiognomy of the country, is the vast number of ruins that are scattered over the surface. There is no part of the world, where, within the same compass, such extensive and magnificent reliques of Druidism are to be found. The stones of Carnac, stretching in eleven parallel lines for a distance of upwards of

seven miles, have long excited the wonder and admiration of Europe; and there is not a single form of Druidical remains, of which there are not innumerable specimens in various states of preservation. Barrows, galgals, *tombeaux* and *sacrés*, to use the French phrases, Dolmens, Menhirs, Roches-aux-Fées, Cromlechs, Lichavens, appear to have been showered upon the soil with a profusion for which history assigns neither origin nor use. But while the curiosity of the stranger is intent upon the examination of these stupendous and inexplicable structures, he is still more amazed by the discovery that these Celtic temples, or altars, or graves, or whatever else they may have been, are generally either mixed up with fragments of the feudal ages, or close in the neighbourhood of early Christian monuments. This strange association throws open a large and perplexing field of inquiry. Christianity seems to have pursued her triumphs, with bold and rapid steps, into the very recesses and last strongholds of that gigantic idolatry which once exercised so marvellous an influence over the human mind; and in some instances to have wrestled with its sorceries on the very spot where they were enacted. Many of the Druidical localities are connected by exulting tradition with the victories of the Cross; and in not a few cases they are blended together and rendered identical. Thus there is an old legend, still repeated and currently received amongst the peasantry, that the stones of Carnac owe their origin to a heathen army which chased St. Cornelius into the valley, because he had renounced paganism; when, being close pressed and surrounded on all sides, he had recourse to prayer, whereupon the whole host were petrified in their lines as they stood. And near the city of Lannion, there is an enormous Menhir, between twenty and thirty feet in height, crowned with a stone cross, and exhibiting upon the front the passion of Christ carved amongst the usual gross images of the Celtic worship. This intermixture of symbols is carried out still farther in some of the popular superstitions, to which we shall presently refer, in which the sites of the Druidical faith are selected as the special theatres for the performance of Christian miracles.

Of all the provinces of France, Brittany is the richest in the evidences of religious sentiments. The fields, the causeways, the streets, the mountains, are starred with churches, chapels, crosses, images, expia-

tory monuments, and consecrated chapels. A notion was entertained on the return of the Bourbons, of restoring the road-side crosses that had been demolished during the revolution; but it was found that the reconstruction of the crosses at the cross-roads in Finisterre alone would cost no less than 1,500,000 francs, and the intention was of course abandoned. The nation could not afford to indulge in so expensive a luxury; but the piety of the Bretons, fortunately, did not stand in need of such suggestive helps. It had successfully resisted too many shocks, and survived too much persecution, to require the admonitions of tinsel Virgins, and Saints twice crucified in the agonies of village art.

The sanguinary agents of the revolution had tough work to do in this sturdy province. The struggle in Brittany between the guillotine and the unlettered faith of the people was long and obstinate. The Bretons clung to their religion with unexampled fidelity, until they wearied the guillotine with victims. There was no employment of physical force, no resistance: the population were calm and resolute. Every man's mind was made up to martyrdom, and, with a few insignificant exceptions, the inhabitants of Basse-Bretagne were inaccessible to the terrors or the seduction of power. Throughout the whole of that memorable season of carnage they remained, as one of their graphic historians describes them, on their knees with clasped hands: an attitude which they kept to the end, till the clotted knife fell from the hands of their executioners. The priests and the people were true to each other to the last extremity. In vain the republican committees pronounced the penalty of death against the minister who should celebrate any of the functions of the church. In vain they destroyed the edifices of public worship: 'I will pull down your belfries,' exclaimed the famous Jeann-Bon-Saint-André to the maire of a village, 'in order that you may have no more objects to recall you to the superstitions of past times.' 'You must leave us the stars, and we can see them farther off,' was the memorable reply of the enlightened peasant.

A single instance, recorded by Souvestre, will sufficiently illustrate the intrepid devotion of priests and people. At Crozon all the churches were demolished; the priests, tracked day and night, could not find a solitary spot to offer up the mass in security; the villages were filled with

soldiers. In this extremity, how did they contrive to perform the offices of religion, to baptize the new-born, to marry the affianced? Listen!

"Midnight sounds: a flickering light rises at a distance on the sea: the tinkle of a bell is heard half lost in the murmur of the waves. Instantly from every creek, rock, and sinuosity of the beach, long black shadows are seen gliding across the waters. These are the boats of the fishermen freighted with men, women, children, and the aged of both sexes, who direct their course towards the open sea, all steering to the same point. The bell now grows louder, the light becomes more distinct, and at last the object that has drawn this multitude together appears in the midst of the ocean! It is a bark, on the deck of which stands a priest ready to celebrate mass. Assured of having God only for a witness, he has convoked the neighbouring parishes to this solemnity, and the faithful people have responded to his call. They are all upon their knees, between the sea rolling heavily beneath, and the heavens above darkened with clouds!"

Can any one imagine a more striking spectacle! Night, the billows, two thousand heads bent lowly round the man standing over this abyss, the chants of the holy office, and, between each response, the awful menaces of the sea murmuring like the voice of God!

It is a natural sequence that a strong attachment, amounting almost to infatuation, should exist between pastors and their flocks who have suffered so much in common; and this attachment, as might be expected, is not unfrequently heightened into fanaticism on the part of the people. The Breton priests occupy the most conspicuous place in the foreground of the picture. They wield an unlimited ascendancy over the confiding and sensitive population. Taken direct from the plough, clothed in the coarsest cassocks, with heavy brogues to protect his feet, and a stout stick in his hand, the devoted minister traverses the muddy roads and the most difficult mountain paths, at all seasons of the year, with unflagging zeal, to carry the viaticum to the dying, or offer up prayers for the dead. He is followed everywhere with love and awe. His aid is sought at all times of calamity, and his counsel brings strength and comfort. His sermons possess almost divine authority, and exercise a supernatural power upon his audience. The crowd palpitate under his appeals, like the sea under a storm. They cry aloud, weep, shriek, and fling themselves upon the earth, in that delirium of religious enthusiasm which supervenes upon the undue excitement of the passions

to the exclusion of the reason. In all states of society, such exhibitions are deplorable; but in the Breton they are at least natural and sincere, and contribute, in the absence of healthier influences, to regulate and control the simple morality of his life. Sometimes they react upon the priest himself, and convert the apostle of the frenzy into its victim. On one occasion a poor zealot, who had probably become insane through the excitement of his arduous ministry, and who used to sleep at the foot of a stone cross by the roadside through summer and winter, informed the assembled crowd that Christ had appeared to him, and asked him for his left hand. 'It is yours, Lord,' he answered. 'I have kept my promise,' he cried to the affrighted congregation, raising his left arm over his head—a stump bandaged with bloody linen: then, in a fit of horrible inspiration, he tore the linen from the reeking wound, and, making a semicircle in the air, flung the streaming blood for ten feet round him on the heads of the people.

Notwithstanding such revolting incidents, however, the relations between the pastor and his flock are productive of important advantages in the existing condition of the population. The Breton peasant has few ideas beyond those revealed to him by religion. He is a man living within the echoes of civilisation, yet far enough off not to be able to distinguish its voice. Villemarqué tells us that when he was making his collection of ballads, travelling through all parts of the country, visiting the popular festivals, *pardons*, *veillées*, *fileries*, and fairs, and mixing familiarly with the people, he found to his great astonishment, that they were all well acquainted with their national ballads, but that not one of them could read. In this vast want of mental resources, they are thrown upon their superstitions. Living apart from the rest of the world, and buried in their grim solitudes, they have no reunion except the church. It is their spectacle. The processions and religious ceremonies, the fêtes, and Saints' days, and anniversaries, fill up the void of their desires; and to these ends, as the pleasures and graces of their lives, the whole poetical capacity of their nature is directed. Hence, all their customs are tinged, more or less, with religious feeling. Until very recently they had no physicians amongst them; and priests, prayers, and offerings were resorted to in lieu of medicine. At the first indication of disease, at the solemn hour of death, and even long

after the grave has received its tenant, the offices of religion are invoked for help and consolation. The dying are soothed with candles and devotions, the dead celebrated in annual fêtes. The morrow of All Saints sees the bereaved family gathered in the common apartment, and, in accordance with a curious and pathetic superstition, they leave some meat upon a table as they retire from the room, under the certain belief that the dead will return to the scene of their household affections to partake of the anniversary repast.

Like all other countries, Brittany has undergone changes, and received the vaccination of knowledge. But there are large districts, upon the confines of which civilisation, in our active and accumulated sense of the term, is still arrested by the feudal immobility of the population. These districts are principally comprehended in the departments of Finisterre, Morbihan, and the Côtes-du-Nord; and it is here we must look for these surviving characteristics of the middle ages which confer such peculiar interest upon the people. There are certain minor points of contrast amongst the departments themselves; but in the essential attributes of nationality there is a common agreement. They all have their Druidical remains, and old castles, and traditions connected with them; they all have ballads and balladmongers, lays and superstitions; and wherever you move amongst them, you are sure to fall in with an historical recollection already familiar in some shape to most of the literatures of Europe.

It is in this enchanted ground you hear from the lips of the peasantry a thousand legends about the Round Table; until at last you get so accustomed to the famous names, hitherto revealed to you only in the antiquated diction of the unpronounceable old poetry, that you would not be very much surprised if some of the stalwart champions were to come prancing by you in full armour on the highway. It was in the château of Kerduel that King Arthur held a magnificent court, surrounded by the flower of his chivalry, Lancelot, Tristan, Ywain, and the rest; with his fair Queen Gwenarc'han and the beautiful Brangwain. The old château is gone, but a modern one stands in its place, and the name and all the memories associated with it are still reverently preserved. By the way, the Breton antiquaries are very angry with us for changing the name of Gwenarc'han, which means white as silver, to Guenever, in which its etymology is

lost; and for altering Brangwain into Brangier. The reproach is probably just enough; but in their zeal to appropriate Arthur and his court all to themselves, they insist upon burying his majesty in the isle of Agalon or Avalon, near this château, instead of allowing him to repose in the island of that name in Somersetshire, where our minstrels interred him long ago. We will give up the etymology of the incontinent queen, if they will only leave us the bones of the king. This Breton island, we may add, was the favourite resort of Morgain, celebrated in the chronicles as a fairy and sister of Merlin the enchanter, but who was in reality a renowned priestess of the Druids.

It is here also, in this storied Brittany, that we tread upon the sites of many fearful tragedies and strange deeds narrated by Froissart and Monstrelet, and others: Beaumanoir, where Fontenelle de Ligueur used to disembowel young girls to warm his feet in their blood;—Carrec, where they show the mysterious pits in which a Duke of Bretagne hid the golden cradle of his son;—Guillac, where the Combat of the Thirty took place, that extraordinary fight towards the close of which Geoffrey de Blois replied to Robert de Beaumanoir, when, exhausted by wounds and faint with thirst, he asked for a respite to obtain a drink, 'Boy de ton sang, ta soif se passera';—the old Château of Kertaouarn, with its portcullis yet gaping, and its dripping dungeons still exhibiting the enormous beam loaded with rings to which the seigneur used to chain his prisoners, where the whistling of the winds in the subterranean passages is believed to be the moaning of the souls of unshrived coiners who return to their desperate work at sunset;—the Château de la Roche, where the lord of Rhé found the Constable du Guesclin carving a boar into portions for his neighbours;—and the Square in Dinan, where the same Constable fought Thomas of Canterbury for entrapping his brother during a temporary truce;—and the Church of St. Sauveur, where his proud heart is preserved, after having run more hazards, dead and alive, than any other heart ever outlasted.

Amongst such recollections as these, the Breton peasant draws his first breath. His earliest experiences are linked with the reliques of the feudal ages. His boyhood is passed amongst ruins, dignified with awful names and shadowy histories. His life is elevated and saddened by them. He steps in the daylight mournfully

amongst them, and he shudders and cowers as he passes them at night. He has no books, no social intercourse except amongst people like himself, and then only upon occasions that admit of no play of the social feelings. This is exactly the man to be affected by the vague terrors of solitude; to see weird faces in the woods; to track the demons of the storm in the clouds on the mountain tops; to hear the shrieks of wandering spirits; to believe implicitly in omens and presages, and supernatural visitations. The church seizes him up in his dreamy fears, and completes his subjugation. His whole existence is one long superstition.

Let us look at the actual life of these people for a moment, before we approach the imaginative aspect of their character.

The peasantry of Basse-Bretagne are generally short in stature, with ungainly bodies, thick black hair, bushy beards, large lumpish shoulders, and a fixed expression of seriousness in their eyes. There is as marked a difference in the special characteristics of particular districts, as there is in their costume, although the general description of frankness and fidelity, coldness and indolence, credulity and ignorance, will apply with equal correctness to them all. The obstinacy of the Bretons has passed into a proverb in France. They make capital soldiers or sailors, but, left to themselves, fall into phantasies and idleness. Love of country showing itself in the most passionate excess, is a permanent attribute of the national character. Bretons have never been known to seek the favour of the court. They have always abhorred the contagion of offices and public employment: and this feeling exists so strongly even amongst the lowest classes, that a Breton peasant, after a service of twelve or fifteen years in the army or navy, always returns to the scenes of his boyhood, and lapses back again at once into his original habits—as if the interval had passed in a trance!

The inhabitants of Cornouaille, embracing the districts lying between Morlaix and Corhaix, in the department of Finisterre, are distinguished by some striking peculiarities. Their costume is composed of the liveliest colours, bordered with brilliant loops. They frequently embroider the fronts of their coats with the date when it was made, or the name of the tailor, wrought in various coloured wools. In the mountains, the breeches are worn short and tight, and equally fit for the dance or the combat; but towards Quim-

per they expand into huge cumbersome trousers, that fall about their legs and embarrass all their movements. An old author says, that the nobility imposed this inconvenient dress upon them, that they might not stride too fast in the march of revolution! Their hats, not very large, and surrounded by a raised border, are ornamented with ribbons of a thousand gay colours, producing a very picturesque effect as they flutter in the wind. The mountaineers wear a girdle of leather, fastened by a copper buckle, over their working-dresses of quilted linen. The costume of the women is composed of a similar variety of vivid colours, at once sprightly and graceful, and not unlike the dresses of the peasantry in the neighbourhood of Berne. The life of these people is in keeping with their gaudy apparel, and forms a remarkable contrast to the sombre aspect of the population elsewhere.

The people of Léon, in the same department, are of grave and solemn manners: even their festivities are under the control of this natural severity, and their dance itself is stiff, severe, and monotonous. Their cold and rigorous exterior, however, conceals a volcano. Their life, like that indeed of the Bretons generally, is folded up within themselves, and is expressed with singular propriety in their dismal costume. A Léon peasant sails along in a floating black dress, large and loose, and confined at the waist by a red or blue girdle, which only makes its melancholy the more palpable; the border of his great hat rolling back over his sun-burnt features, and his profuse hair falling thickly down his shoulders. The women are not less lugubrious in their appearance, and might easily be mistaken for the *religieuses* who attend the hospitals. Their dress, plain black and white, is equally ample and modest. It is only when they go into mourning that they affect anything like gaiety. On such occasions they dress in sky-blue from head to foot. They wear mourning for the living, not for the dead. In Léon you move through a succession of funerals: in Cornouaille through bridal feasts.

Morbihan and the Côtes-du-Nord recall still more emphatically the aspect and temperament of the middle ages. The peasantry in the neighbourhood of Vannes are of the unmistakable lineage of the old feudal races. Turbulent and choleric, they are always either fighting or drinking, frequently both. On the least excite-

ment, they will grind their teeth and shake with violent emotions. All their evil passions are called into fierce activity by their hatred of the Bourgeois. The Breton peasant has an invincible horror of modern notions, of the airs of fine breeding, the etiquette, taste, and manners of the towns. He glories in his rough candour, his vigorous arm, and his blouse. Even the richest farmer rarely aspires to the grandeur of cloth, and considers himself well off if he can wear shoes four months in the year; while the poor never ascend above coarse linen and sabots, and are often compelled to dispense with the latter. Their jealousy of the bourgeois is a natural corollary from their circumstances; but they have other and profounder reasons for disliking them—the instinctive sense of the superiority of their education, and the knowledge of the contempt with which they regard the old usages and traditions of the country. A Breton never forgives a slight offered to the objects of his habitual reverence. It is a part of the superstitions of our universal nature to defend with the greatest pertinacity those canons which we have ourselves taken for granted, and for which we can assign no better grounds than the prejudices of custom. This smouldering feud between the large towns and the rural population, marks very distinctly the boundary between the Breton masses and the rest of the people. Nothing can be more dissimilar than the modes of thinking of individuals disengaged from the primitive habits of the soil, and congregated together in the stirring occupations of commerce; and the native population still haunting the pastures of their ancestors, and inheriting their manners.

The intercourse with the towns is too slight to produce any sensible modifications of the popular characteristics. In the Côtes-du-Nord you meet country gentlemen speaking nothing but Breton, and attending the session of the States at Rennes in the dress of peasants; in sabots, with swords by their sides. The Bretons know nothing of governments or parties. They are never mixed up in the fugitive politics of the country. They live and die, and there an end. Their lives are passed in a tranquil routine, without change or trouble; presenting no varieties of pleasure or employment beyond the little assemblages of their arrondissements, the jousts of holidays, and the gossip of the fireside. A match of bowls under the yew trees in summer, or penny picquet in

winter, gives them more pause for thought than wars or regicides. They believe, with Pope, that 'whatever is, is best;' and they hunt the doctrine to the extremity of fatalism. They yield a passive obedience to the principles of Good and Evil. Whatever happens, either way, they ascribe to God or the Devil. Upon questions of public policy, they neither express an opinion, nor feel any interest. It would be impossible to inflame them into a revolution about such matters. But assail their traditional rights, and the whole population is in the field. The only instance in which the Bretons were ever known to combine for a common purpose, was when an attempt was made, when the cholera was raging, to inter those who died of that disease in detached cemeteries, for the preservation of the public health. The peasantry repudiated the doctrine of infection. The dead cannot kill the living, was their exclamation: death comes only by the will of God. Piety towards the dead is a sentiment common to all primitive communities; but the Bretons carry it out to an excess of romantic tenderness. They believe that the dead are conscious of their locality, and that they lie in their graves like sentient creatures listening to high mass and the supplications of their friends! 'The souls of our fathers dwell here,' they cried: 'far away in the cemetery they will no longer hear the chaunts of the service, nor the intercession of relatives. This is their place: we can see their tombs from our windows: we can send our children to pray beside them in the twilight. This ground is the property of the dead: no power can take it from them, or change it for another.' It was with great difficulty the priests could persuade them that the dead were insensible to their cares; an innovation upon their established creed which caused them no small astonishment, and sent them home troubled and perplexed with profound wonder.

The isolation of the Bretons is peculiarly favourable to the nurture of such fantastic ideas. Their way of life seems to keep them perpetually hovering between physical and spiritual existences. They live in a sort of mental gloamin', in which real objects become converted by the imagination into mysterious phantoms, exaggerated and fearfully embellished by the terrors they inspire. Unlike the peasantry of other countries, the Bretons are dispersed over the soil in solitary farms, never forming themselves into villages or

societies. The want of constant intercommunication, which elsewhere preserves the faculties from that rust which eats in upon them in loneliness—that self-consuming moodiness which the ancients describe under the image of a man feeding upon his own heart—leaves them an incessant prey to their heated and unregulated fancy. As in certain styles of art, where the fertile invention of the painter is unrestrained either by the limits of nature or the laws of taste (such as the arabesque for example), we see all manner of complex monsters, centaurs, griffins, and chimeras, dimly revealed through an indescribable confusion of tracery; so, in the phantasmagoria conjured up by the poor Breton, uninformed by knowledge and uncontrolled by judgment, we discover all sorts of extravagant illusions mingled in a bewildering chaos of types and images.

The lonely farm-houses of the Bretons betray at once their extreme poverty, and that negligence of personal comforts which always marks the condition of a people given up to the oppressive doctrine of necessity, and the reveries of superstition. The farm-house, built on the naked earth, without cellerage, but sometimes with a scanty granary overhead, is the residence of the family and the cattle. The stable is generally at the end of the habitation, divided from the principal apartment by a partition-wall, with a door communicating from the one to the other. In many instances this partition is only breast high: amongst the poorest class, men and beasts heard together. The furniture is *en suite*—beds, formed out of a sort of narrow chest, in which the sleeper is nearly stifled; a table opposite the only entrance, along the sides of which run rude benches, brightened with lard; a dresser, on which are ranged wooden or earthen bowls, delf plates, large spoons, and scoured basins; a wooden clock; a trough near the fire; a box for keeping eggs, milk, and butter; a recess with an image of the virgin in delf, dressed gaily on fête days, and at the sides, or hung between the beds, two or three images of St. Anne, or St. Genevieve of Brabant. Upon the table lies a knife, sharpened like a scythe, and a black loaf, covered with a cloth, over which is placed a mat for the purpose of protecting the bread from the smoke, and from the crowds of flies which the close neighbourhood of the stables brings through the open door in the warm season. The fireside is the grand centre of attraction, with benches at each side of the

hearth, and the inside of the chimney garnished with an enormous pot-hook, trevets, gridiron, and pans. Around this fireside, by the light of a resin torch, fastened in a block of wood, the labourer and his children sit throughout the long winter evenings, relating legends, or talking under their breath about apparitions, or the voices of the dead that come wailing to them on the night-winds.

In front of these farm-houses there are, invariably, accumulating heaps that urgently remind the traveller of similar loathsome mounds he has observed at the doors of hovels in Ireland. Nor is this the only point of resemblance. When a stranger enters the humble dwelling, he exclaims, *Que Dieu bénisse ceux qui sont ici!* This is, word for word, the Irish greeting of, 'God bless all here!'

Hospitality—the virtue, as it has been somewhat sneeringly designated, of savage life—prevails in its fullest development amongst the Bretons. The traveller may approach the wide-spread door with confidence, assured of a hearty welcome. The sight indeed of a stranger is always an event of interest to these insulated rustics, and he is instantly seated in the place of honour to dine with the family. The moment he enters they offer him a pitcher of cider, and if he refuses to drink they regard it as an insult, which they never forgive. Rank, or money, has no influence over this free and cordial reception. The poorest man is as bounteously treated as the richest; and, of all classes, none are so joyously hailed as the wandering mendicants. The moment one of these gossips appears in sight, the whole household crowd round him eagerly to hear his budget of news.

The mendicant is, in fact, a very important character in Brittany. He is the carrier-general of all sorts of intelligence, the Gazette des Tribunaux of the department: conveys letters and love messages, helps in negotiating proposals, sings popular songs which he frequently composes himself, for he is the bard of Lower Brittany, and adds to the rest of his functions the still higher character of a nomade novelist. His voluminous gossip, when he gets ensconced by the chimney-corner, refers to all the tittle-tattle of the country side; the miraculous cures, and ominous appearances; how stay-pins may be dropped into certain fountains, to ascertain whether their anxious owners will be married in the next year; how a bevy of young girls gathered, for a like purpose, on a certain

bridge on St. Michael's day; what crowds of young men came to that beauty fair, full of hope and curiosity; and how many marriages ensued thereupon. To such prattle as this, the peasants listen with delight; but it is when the mendicant relates a complete story, in all the artful pomp of circumstantial details, that they crouch round him in the winter nights, palpitating with mixed terror and expectation, while the howling storm without, to which they assign so many significant meanings, imparts a savage wildness to the scene.

Souvestre gives us a specimen of these narratives, which it may not be uninteresting to transcribe. It loses, unavoidably, much of its original energy by being diluted from the wild imaginal Breton language into the French; and must suffer still more in our English version. But we have endeavoured to preserve as close a verbal resemblance as the genius of our phraseology would admit. The mendicant begins by crossing himself, and invoking a solemn blessing, hoping that the young women will profit by his narrative, and then breaks at once into the history.

THE WINDING-SHEET.

There was formerly at Plouescat a young girl, called Rose-le-Fur, beautiful as the dawn of day, and full of spirit as a young girl should be who has just left her convent.

But bad councils had ruined her. Rose had become as unstable as a straw, blown about at the pleasure of the wind, dreaming only of *pardons*, flattery, and fine dresses. She was no longer seen at the church, nor at the confessional: at the hour of vespers she walked with her lovers, and, even at La Touissant, she neglected to pray over the grave of her mother.

God punishes the wicked, my children. Listen to the story of Rose-le-Fur, of Plouescat.

One evening, very late, she had been at a wake far from her own home, listening to the melancholy dirges round the fireside. She was alone, humming to herself a song which she had just learned from a young Roscovite. She reached the cemetery, and flew up the steps as gaily as a bird in May.

At that instant, THE CLOCK STRUCK TWELVE! But the young girl thought only of the handsome Roscovite, who had taught her the song. She made no sign of the cross; she murmured no prayer for those who slept beneath her feet; she traversed the holy place with the hardihood of an infidel.

She was already opposite the door of the church, when, throwing her eyes around her, she saw that over every tomb was spread a white sheet, held at the four corners by four black stones. She stopped. At this moment she was beside the grave of her mother. But instead of feeling a holy fear, possessed by a demon Rose stooped, seized the winding-sheet

which covered the grave, and carried it with her to her own house.

She went to bed, and her eyes were soon closed; but a horrible dream convulsed her slumbers.

She thought she was lying in a cemetery. A tomb was open before her, from which a skeleton hand was thrust out, and a voice cried, *Give me back my winding-sheet! give me back my winding-sheet!* and at the same time she felt herself drawn towards the tomb by an invisible power.

She awoke with a shriek. Three times she slept, and three times she had the same dream.

When morning came, Rose-le-Fur, with terror in her heart and eyes, ran to the rector,* and related to him all that had happened.

She made her confession, and wept over her faults, for she felt then that she had sinned. The rector was a true apostle, good to the poor, and mild of speech. He said to her, 'Daughter, you have profaned the tomb; this evening, at midnight, go to the cemetery, and restore the winding-sheet to the place from whence you took it.'

Poor Rose began to weep. All her boldness was gone; but the rector said, 'Be of good courage; I shall be in the church praying for you; you will hear my voice near you.'

The young girl promised to do as the priest desired her. When night came, at the appointed hour, she repaired to the cemetery. Her limbs trembled beneath her, and everything seemed to be in a whirl before her eyes. As she entered, the moon was suddenly obscured, and the clock struck twelve!

For some moments all was silent. Then the rector said, with a loud voice, 'Daughter, where are you? Take courage, I am praying for you!'

'I am beside the tomb of my mother,' answered a feeble voice in the darkness; 'father, abandon me not!'

All was again silent. 'Take courage, I am praying for you!' repeated the priest, with a loud voice.

'Father, I see the tombs opening, and the dead rising!' This time the voice was so weak, that you might have believed it came from a great distance.

'Take courage!' repeated the good priest.

'Father! father!' murmured the voice, more and more faintly, 'they are spreading their winding-sheets over the tombs. Father, abandon me not!'

'Daughter, I am praying for you. What do you see?'

'I see the tomb of my mother, who is rising. She comes! she comes! Father!'

The priest bent forward to listen; but he could only catch a remote and inexplicable murmur. All of a sudden a cry was heard; a great noise, like that of a hundred grave-stones falling together; then all was silent.

The rector threw himself on his knees, and prayed with all his soul, for his heart was filled with terror.

The next day they sought in vain for Rose-le-Fur. Rose-le-Fur never appeared again.

* The Breton name for the curé of a parish.

MORAL.

Thus, young men and maidens, may this history serve you as a warning. Be pious towards God, and love your parents; for punishment always overtakes light heads and bad hearts.

The general character of these recitations may be gathered from this example; but, to make the illusion perfect, we want the agitated group of frightened women and children, clinging to each other round the flickering fire, and the earnest pantomime and solemnly inflected voice of the tattered man, whose attitudes and accents fill them with such speechless fear.

But the mendicant, prominent as the part is which he plays on these occasions, is eclipsed in importance and popularity by an individual indigenous to Brittany, whose multiplex labours and versatile capacity entitle him to a separate and distinguished niche in the portrait-gallery of her historical characters. This individual is no other than the tailor: but such a tailor as was never dreamt of in May-fair, or realized in Bond-street.

The Breton tailor is a complicated man in mind and person. Generally cross-made, lame, and humpbacked, red hair and a violent squint would complete the *beau idéal* of the class. The reason assigned for these peculiarities is, that the profession is embraced only by persons of weakly growth, although it is very difficult to conceive how such persons could perform the varied and toilsome offices monopolised by the craft. The tailor rarely marries, scarcely ever has a house of his own, and lives abroad like the birds or the wild goats. The men hold him in contempt on account of his effeminacy; but he finds an ample compensation in the ardour of the women. He seldom dines at the same table with the men; but when they are gone, a dozen glittering fair hands lay out a cozy repast for him. The source of his influence lies in his wheedling tongue. He is an eternal chatterbox, a consummate master of the art of flattery, is *au fait* at the whole *finesse* of flirtation, and can coquet and coax with unfailing success for others, although never for himself. His individual exemption on this score gives him a sort of license with the fair sex; for a pretty girl may listen with impunity to a man so completely out of the pale of wedlock. He retails all the small talk and scandal of the parish; knows all the new songs, occasionally contributing one of his own; and is as full of stories, and tells them as well as the mendicant: with this

difference, that the latter confines himself to stories as melancholy as his own life, while those of the tailor, better suited to his peculiar functions, are all glee and sunshine. In a word, the tailor is the scandalous chronicle, and high minister of the love affairs of his district.

He is at the height of his inspiration when he is charged with a negotiation of marriage: an undertaking which is usually managed through his agency. If he meets a magpie on his way, he quickens his steps, for it is considered an ill omen. His first object is to see the young lady alone. He opens with some indifferent topic—the weather, the crops, the state of the sky; perhaps he hits upon the stars; then, naturally enough compares them to her eyes; and so contrives to bring about the delicate question with the address of an accomplished diplomatist. When he succeeds in obtaining her consent, he applies to her parents, and a day is settled, when he brings the lover to the house, accompanied by his nearest relative. This is called asking leave. The young people retire to one end of the house, while the old ones are settling the preliminaries at the other, the tailor vibrating like a pendulum between them. At last the lovers are summoned to the table, where they eat with the same knife, drink out of the same glass, and indulge in white bread, wine, and brandy. A day is then appointed for the assembling of the two families at the house of the young lady; this is called *velladen*, or the view. At this preliminary meeting they are all dressed in their holiday suits. Great preparations are made in the house. The tables and benches are highly polished; the drawers left half open with premeditated carelessness, to display a large stock of household linen; pieces of bacon are hung up profusely in the chimney; the horses, if there be any, are paraded; all the plate that can be mustered up is ostentatiously exhibited; and everything is done to give the bride an appearance of wealth, although, in most cases, the majority of these luxurious equipments are borrowed for the occasion. At last the young man arrives; he steps over the farm with an air of business; examines everything with his own eye; and then enters upon the question of property. The parents drive as hard a bargain as they can. If the result of the negotiation, however, should happen not to fall in with his expectations—that is to say, if they do not come up to his price—all he has to do is to enter the house, draw a brand from

the fire, and place it across the hearth. By this action he indicates his intention of relinquishing the alliance.

On the other hand, if the terms be agreed upon, the ceremonial is proceeded with at the end of a stipulated period, with extraordinary pomp and circumstance. Eight days before the wedding, the bride and bridegroom invite their friends to the feast. The mode of invitation is curious. The young couple, forming separate processions, with white wands, accompanied by their bridesmen and bridesmaids, proceed to the houses of the persons they intend to invite, and stopping opposite to the doors, pronounce a regular speech, in which they engage them to the merry-making, announcing at the same time the name of the innkeeper who is to furnish the dinner. This speech, which seems to be an affair of inflexible tradition, is frequently interrupted by prayers and signs of the cross. At last the wedding-day arrives; and now the little tailor, elevated to the summit of his multifarious functions, assumes the office of a *rimeur*. He approaches the house of the lady, followed by the friends of the bridegroom, and is met on the threshold by the *rimeur* of the opposite side. Here a long inflated dialogue takes place between the bards, which ends by the admission of the expectant lover into the house. After this they go to the Mairie, and then to the church. The bridal repast is often attended by five or six hundred persons. The bridegroom sings a tristful song, which is succeeded by a similar wail from the lady. These songs are called *complaintes*, and the burden of them is the leave-taking of their single lives. These wild rhapsodies throw a shade of melancholy over the company, and even draw tears from their eyes: the effect of them is described as being singularly touching. But the sensation does not last long. The effect of the wine and the cider begins to be felt, flushing the cheeks and unloosening the tongues of the party. Dinner is over, the patriarch of the assembly rises, and the guests all stand uncovered and respond to his solemn grace. This is followed by a dance, riotous, furious like a whirlwind of leaves in a storm, like a frantic dance of Indians under the maddening spell of a recent victory. The bride and bridegroom are then conducted to their chamber; and, by an ancient and strange custom of the country, two watchers are appointed to sit up with them all night.

The majority of these regular contracts

are matters of calculation, into which love never enters. And it is perhaps for this very reason, that the Bretons are famous for improvident marriages. In a country where wedlock is thus openly ratified by prudential considerations, it is not to be wondered at that the poor, who cannot reach the desiderated test, should often be found plunging recklessly into the opposite extreme. Besides, there is no surveillance in the way of social opinion to warn them against the consequences; no *status* to be maintained; no Mrs. Grundy to propitiate or outvie. The Breton is luckily exempt from all the ordinary responsibilities of domestic indiscretion. He never stops to think about the danger of increasing the population. Political economy is as great an enigma to him as the balance of Europe. He never thinks of a provision for a family: to do him justice, he never thinks about a provision for himself. He often marries without a bed; sometimes without a house to put one in; and it is not at all an uncommon occurrence for him to borrow the nuptial couch from some compassionate friend. But what of that? He is safe in the eternal justice, the clemency, the protection of Heaven. What is the use of human foresight, he argues, when he has the providence of God?

These marriages of the very poor are altogether unique. No country in the world furnishes a parallel to them. The most extraordinary feature in them is, that the peasant not only marries without a penny in his pocket, but the happy-miserable couple invite all the surrounding families to the marriage festival; and, what is more wonderful still, the greater the number of visitors the better enabled is the host to provide them with a becoming banquet. The solution of the difficulty is obvious enough. Every guest is a contributor to the feast. Some bring wine, some linen, others honey, corn, and even money. Thus a liberal supply is scrambled together, and the utmost hilarity prevails. The company are always dressed in their gayest attire, attracted by the dance and the revel. There are frequently no less than three hundred people assembled at these joint-stock bridals; and it often happens that the contributions they furnish constitute the sum total of the worldly goods with which the new-married pair begin housekeeping!

Nor does this general sympathy end here. When a young woman of this class is about to become a mother, presents pour

in upon her from all sides ; especially from others similarly circumstanced. It is a sort of festival amongst the mothers-expectant of the neighbourhood. The birth itself is a solemn religious event, surrounded by many touching details. The infant is looked upon as an angel from heaven, and all the mothers present offer their breasts in succession, regarding the sanctifying contact of the new-born lips as a happy portent. If the mother dies, the child is adopted by all the other mothers. The priest selects one to whom he confides it, and she receives the sacred charge as a boon from the Almighty. If they are too poor for any one of them to take the sole charge of the child, it is received amongst them in common. One lodges it, and the rest watch over it, and tend it, hour by hour, alternately. It is the invariable usage of the nurse, when she takes her turn, to make the sign of the cross, and sprinkle the linen with holy water. Everything connected with infancy is associated with pious feelings, and fenced round by gracious safeguards. Nobody passes a woman carrying a child without exclaiming, 'God bless you!' If this salutation be omitted, the mother thinks you have thrown an evil eye upon her offspring. Even inveterate hatreds are disarmed by this tender custom, and a man's most implacable enemy will never strike him while he has a child in his arms.

Almost all the popular usages of the Bretons have their spring in religious notions, or in superstitions that claim a sort of poetical kindred with religion. The ceremonies of the church are here preserved with more gravity and strictness than in any other part of Europe. The fête-days of saints are solemnized with a degree of pomp which could hardly be expected from a population so poor and scattered. Nor are they less remarkable for their picturesque effects. In some cases the people gather into such crowds, that the interior of the church, from the altar through the nave, and in every nook and cranny of the private chapels, becomes illuminated with a forest of candles. Their pilgrimages,—especially that of Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secours,—many of which take place at night, consisting of vast processions through the least frequented parts of the country, resemble long trains of phantoms holding wax lights in their hands. Every fête is marked by distinct features peculiar to itself. That of St. John is, perhaps, on the whole, the most

striking. Throughout the day, the poor children go about begging contributions for lighting the fires of Monsieur St. Jean ; and, towards evening, one fire is gradually followed by two, three, four ; then a thousand gleam out from the hill tops, till the whole country glows under the conflagration. Sometimes the priests light the first fire in the market-place ; and sometimes it is lighted by an angel who is made to descend, by a mechanical device, from the top of the church with a flambeau in her hand, setting the pile in a blaze, and flying back again. The young people dance with bewildering activity round these fires, for there is a superstition among them that if they dance round nine fires before midnight, they will be married in the ensuing year. Seats are placed round the flaming piles for the dead, whose spirits are supposed to come there for the melancholy pleasure of listening once more to their native songs, and contemplating the lively measures of their youth. Fragments of the torches on those occasions are preserved as spells against thunder and nervous diseases, and the crown of flowers which surmounted the principal fire is in such request as to produce tumultuous jealousy for its possession. At Brest, where the crowd, swelled by sailors, is considerably more riotous than elsewhere, there is a wild torch dance which winds up the night with savage uproar. There can be no doubt that this festival is a relique of Druidism, and that the fires had their origin in the worship of the sun. They are, in every respect, identical with the *Beal teinidh* of the Phœnicians. The custom of kindling fires about midnight at the moment of the summer solstice, considered by the ancients a season of divinations, was a custom of remote antiquity, and seems to have been grafted upon Christianity by a common movement of all modern nations. When the year began in June, there was a direct significance in this *feu de joie*, which was intended to celebrate the commencement of vegetation, and to propitiate the fruits of the year by vows and sacrifices ; but the usage still continued, by the force of habit, after its symbolical meaning had long ceased. That St. John should have inherited the fires of the sun is not half so curious as that the Christian festival should have retained some of the rites which were potent only in the Pagan interpretation. Thus the ancients used to carry away the burning flambeau, in the belief that as they shook off showers of sparks from them they ex-

pelled every evil, a practice which is still followed in Cornwall and other places: the dance itself, for which there is always, to be sure, a sufficient excuse in the animal spirits of the revellers, had reference to the produce of the vine: and in some parts of Ireland the people still exhibit an implicit reverence for the old faith, by making their cattle pass through the fire for the purpose of charming them against disorders.

The Pardons are the favourite points of meeting for the youth of both sexes. Here they freely indulge in their national games, and above all in the dance. The excitement of these scenes can hardly be understood by the civilized reader whose taste is subdued by the refinements of the modern ball-room; nor, without having actually witnessed a Breton festival, is it possible to conceive the frenzy of delight with which it is enjoyed by the people. Their principal dances are composed of *chansons*, played upon an ancient national instrument, the *bombarde*, accompanied by the *binon*, a species of bag-pipe, which serves to mark the time with rude but emphatic precision. The form of the dance may be best described as consisting of a succession of gyrations, the dancers whirling themselves round in a circle, with linked hands, at a rate of perilous rapidity. This is called the *ronde*, and is probably the most ancient of all known figures. Sometimes they perform this dizzy evolution with their arms interlaced, when it takes a somewhat more complicated and dazzling aspect. In this shape it changes its name to the *bal*. Something of the excess with which these pleasures are entered into may be accounted for by the fact, that it is only in their youth and girlhood the Breton females have any chance of relaxation or enjoyment. It is the first joyous bound of the courser into the circus, when he is led round to be familiarized with the glittering scene: all the rest is severe exertion and hard work. The Breton women, the themes of all their poets, the subjects of innumerable elegies, songs, and romances, *before* marriage, are placed *after* marriage as low down in the social scale as the women of the Asiatics. In the country they hold an inferior rank; wait upon their husbands at table; and never speak to them but in terms of humility and respect. Amongst the lowest classes of all, they toil in the open fields and surrender up their lives to the most laborious drudgery. And so ends that

dream of life, which begins in *chansons* and dances, and sets in squalid slavery!

But in the midst of their drudgery they are cheered by the voices of the young, in whom the games and romps and innocent sports of their childhood are renewed. Few countries have a greater variety of amusements, and it is not a little suggestive of the identity of the sources of pleasure—perhaps of their limitation—to find amongst these primitive people precisely the same class of plays and diversions which entertained the Greeks and Romans, and which entertain the English and most other nations to the present day. The children trundle hoops, embellished with rattles for bells, the *trochus* of the ancients; build card houses; play at blindman's buff, odd or even, and head or tail; gallop upon sticks; and draw miniature chariots with miniature horses: every one of which are derived direct from classical examples. Then the grown-up people play at bowls, cards, chess, ninepins, dice, and twenty other games of hazard that have come down to them in the same way.

A game formerly existed called *la Soule*, not unlike the English game of foot-ball, but it led to such violent disorders that it has been gradually abolished in most parts of the country. It now lingers chiefly in the environs of Vannes, where the people still retain much of their original barbaric taste for raids and bloodshed. It is occasionally revived also, in the distant commune of Calvados, in the province of Normandy.* A healthier exercise and more inspiring pastime survives to the Bretons in their great wrestling matches, which are celebrated with all the popular ardour and ceremonial detail of one of the Olympic games.

In their preparations for their manly pastimes, they do not always rely upon natural means, but have recourse, not only to the miraculous waters of certain fountains, but to particular herbs, which they gather on the first Saturday of the month, and which they believe have the power of rendering them invincible in the *lutte*. The employment of a secret advantage, or what they suppose to be one, would imply a spirit of jockeyship wholly inconsistent

* At a recent sitting of the Société d'Archéologie of Avranches, a paper was read by M. Mangon-Delalande upon the game of *Soule*, in which he referred to it as an ancient Norman custom. Any of the Breton antiquaries could have set him right upon the point.

with the general integrity of the Breton character; but the proceeding carries so heavy a penalty with it that it is very rarely acted upon. The wrestler who fortifies himself with these enchanted herbs risks the perdition of his soul: a sufficient guarantee against the frequent use of so perilous a spell. It is the only instance in which the superstitions of the Bretons recognize the possibility of entering into a contract with the powers of darkness. Nor does it even appear that anything approaching to a specific admission of such a contract takes place; although the hazard avowedly annexed to the charm leaves the tacit understanding of some such responsibility clear enough.

The credulity of the Bretons is certainly not chargeable with melodramatic absurdities of this kind. They do not believe that a man can lease out his soul for a consideration. They have no witch-glen bazaars for the sale of inexhaustible riches, or parchment deeds scrawled in blood for reversionary interests in eternity. They are simply the passive recipients of that large class of influences which, from time immemorial, have been associated in the popular mind with the Elements and the Seasons, Night and the Grave, Life and Death. Their creed in this respect, embracing a variety of singular items peculiar to themselves, includes most of the superstitions common to other countries. To the peasant of Lower Brittany, the cries of crows and screech-owls convey a sinister presage. He believes in the fairies who come to warm themselves at his fire-side, who dance in the light of the moon, or sit meditating on the sea-shore. He shudders at apparitions and at sounds in the air charged with messages from the world of spirits; and he yields implicit credence to the functions attached to hobgoblins, ware-wolves, and the demons that combat with guardian angels for the souls of men. Many of these superstitions are intimately interwoven with religion itself.

It is a generally received belief that two crows attend upon every house. When the head of a family is dying the ominous birds perch on the roof, and commence their dismal screaming, which never ceases till the body is carried out; whereon the birds vanish and are never seen again. The approach of death, heralded by numerous signs, is connected in one locality with a remarkable superstition. Between Quimper and Chateaulin, strange-looking men are occasionally encountered on the highways, habited in white linen, with long

straggling hair and coal-black beards, armed with heavy sticks, and carrying dingy wallets slung over their shoulders. Their aspect is in the last degree dark and sinister. In the night time they take the least frequented routes. They never sing while they are walking, nor speak to anybody they meet, nor put their hands to their slouched hats with that politeness which is so general in Brittany. Sometimes they are accompanied by large fawn-coloured dogs. The custom-house officers tell you that these people are smugglers, who go about the country with salt and tobacco; but the peasantry, who know better, assert that they are demons, whose dreadful business it is to conduct doomed souls into the next world. Wherever there is a person at the point of death, they may be seen prowling about the house like hungry wolves. If the guardian angel of the dying man, summoned by repeated prayers, do not arrive in time, the white man pounces on the deathbed at the last gasp, seizes the departing soul, crams it into his wallet, and carries it off to the marshes of St. Michel, into which he flings it, and where it must remain until it is delivered by vows and masses.

The belief, common to all catholic countries, that the souls of men who died without the benefits of absolution, are wandering about in excruciating misery supplicating for intercession, is varied in different localities according to circumstances. There is a desolate plain between Auray and Pluvigner, a mournful stretch of uncultivated ground, formerly the scene of a sanguinary conflict between the houses of Blois and Montfort. Many hundred soldiers fell in the battle, and remains of armour and mouldering bones have frequently been turned up there. The tradition runs that the souls of these poor fellows, still compelled to haunt the dust they once inhabited, rise from the ground at a certain hour every night, and run the whole length of the funeral field. The moaning of the winds over this exposed surface is regarded as the expression of the anguish of the unshrived spirits, entreating for masses. The worst of it is, they are condemned to this hopeless nightly exercise until doomsday, and to gallop on in a straight line, no matter what obstacles they may encounter. Woe to the traveller who falls in with one of these unhappy ghosts. The touch is death.

The remains of Celtic superstitions may be distinctly traced in some of the legendary usages, thinly disguised under Christian

forms. Thus in some places they carry the statue of a saint in procession to the charmed fountains, and plunge it into the water, by way of purifying themselves of the sins of the past year: an obvious relic of the pagan custom of washing idols. The *arbres à niches*, trees converted into arcades by drawing the branches over into an arch, in which crosses or images are set up, are also derived from the Celts, who worshipped all natural objects, and trees amongst the rest, believing them to be animated by supernatural intelligences. Then the stones and monuments of the Druids have particular virtues ascribed to them. Some conceal buried treasures; some, like the forge of Wayland Smith in Berkshire, possess magical powers; and an immense stone, poised on its inverted apex, called by the French the *pierre vacillante*, which the finger of a child would easily shake, will not move if attempted by the whole strength of a man whose wife has deceived him. At Carnac, if you pass the cemetery at midnight, you find all the tombs open, the church illuminated, and two thousand spectres on their knees listening to Death delivering a sermon from the top of the choir, in the dress of a priest. Some of the peasants will confidently affirm that they have beheld from a distance the light of the numerous wax tapers, and have even heard the confused voice of the preacher.

The fairy lore of Brittany is literally located among these monuments. The Roches aux Fées (for there are many besides the celebrated one near Rennes) must not be approached after nightfall. It is here the fairies hold their court, and dance their elfish hays in the moonlight. The barrows are called the *châteaux* of the poulpicans. The poulpicans are no other than the husbands of the fairies, and make a very prominent figure in the mischievous gambols of 'Fairy-Londe.' The fairies are fair handsome women, conceived in the most perfect French taste, but their husbands are little squat ugly black men, who take the utmost delight in all sorts of whimsical and malicious jokes; playing Will-o'-the-Whisp to the poor herdsmen in the woods, when they are looking after their strayed cattle, and seizing young girls by the neck as they are wending home at night, when the offended damsels, horridly vexed at having such a freedom taken with them, turn round in a furious passion to scold the supposed clown, but get nothing for their pains but the far-off laughter of the frolic-

some poulpicans. A thousand legends are related about these humorous sprites. Often in the winter nights, cries of apparent agony are heard outside as the family sit listening to the crackling of the fire in the chimney nook. The children think it is the wind straining the pulleys in the neighbouring pits, or the wings of a wind-mill creaking on their axis, or the twirling post placed on the great apple-tree to frighten off the birds: but the old people shake their heads, and declare that these shrieking noises are the cries of the poulpicans calling to each other to run round the cromlechs on the hill side. Those who are wise will never stir out on such occasions, but place a vase full of millet at the foot of their beds. The object of this precaution is to catch the poulpicans in a trap should they venture to come into the house; for they are sure to overturn the vase in their tricky fashion, and they are then compelled, by a strange necessity of their nature, to pick it all up again, grain by grain, an occupation which will fully occupy them till daylight, when they are obliged to abscond.

The Evil-Eye, familiar to us in Scotch and Irish traditions, is universal in Brittany, where its influence is supposed to extend to the communication of infectious diseases. They give to this malevolent fascination the name of the Evil-Wind, under the impression that the pestilential effluvium, which streams from the eyes of such persons, is carried by the air to the individuals who are struck by the contagion.

In the enumeration of these fanciful terrors, the hobgoblin, a venerable sprite, must not be overlooked. The Breton hobgoblin is a sort of harlequin among the fiends. He takes the shape of different animals, and also answers for the demoniacal pranks of the night-mare. The loup-garou is another formidable monster, whose business consists in all sorts of depredations in the vicinity of towns and villages. The word *garou* belongs to the dialect of Morbihan, and signifies a cruel or savage wolf. The loup-garou is the *lycanthrope* of the French, a lineal descendant of the prowling ware-wolf of the Greeks and Romans.

A people who indulge so largely in supernatural luxuries, may fairly be allowed to pamper their imagination with charms and exorcisms; although it must be frankly conceded to the Bretons, that, except where their religion seems to suggest or foster such operations, they do not

often resort to them. Everybody who knows Brittany, knows that the buckwheat which is cultivated in such vast quantities over the surface, and which gives such a sickly uniformity to the aspect of the country, is regarded by the natives with feelings of enthusiasm. Buckwheat is much the same to a Breton as the leek to a Welshman, or the music of the *Ranz des Vaches* to a Swiss. It is the key to the whole system of national mnemonics. We remember a young Breton lady, who, after an absence of two or three years, ran out into the fields immediately upon her return to her native province, and, flinging herself down amongst the wheat, burst into a flood of tears at seeing it once more. A stranger can thoroughly comprehend the nature of this feeling, although, stepping for the first time into the wheat-ground, steaming with that peculiar odour by which it is distinguished, it is quite impossible to comprehend how even the most patriotic ardour can overcome the disagreeable olfactory sensation it provokes. This wheat, however, is converted into the main article of consumption by the peasantry; the most substantial reason that can be assigned for their inordinate admiration of it; and the black bread thus produced becomes an active minister in a variety of conjurations. Whether the virtue is supposed to reside originally in the wheat, or is only reflected back upon it by the influence attributed to the bread itself, we have no means of determining; but it is certain that on many occasions of difficulty the bread is resorted to not merely as a sort of sanctified agent, but as a vehicle of divination. When a first-born child is taken to the church to be baptized, the mother hangs a piece of black bread round its neck to indicate the poverty of her circumstances; seeing which the evil spirits do not consider it worth their while to shower misfortunes on the infant, and so they are cheated of their victim with their eyes open. When a person is drowned, the family assemble in mourning, and throw a piece of black bread, with a wax-light on it, into the water; it is sure to float to the spot where the body lies. When anything is stolen, they have a certain method of detecting the thief by flinging pieces of black bread, of equal size, into the water, pronouncing at each cast the name of a suspected person; when the real robber is named, the piece representing him is sure to sink. It might be supposed that the certainty of failure in a multitude of

instances, would at last have the inevitable effect of exposing the fallaciousness of the test; but the experience of all human nature proves that the frustration of such experiments is attended by no other result than that of fixing the delusion still more deeply. Such articles of belief do not depend upon the efficacy of trial, but upon the strength of faith; and failure, instead of endangering their credit, deepens the halo of superstition by which they are invested. A believer will believe anything rather than that 'his faith is in the wrong?' and it is so easy to shift the responsibility of disappointment upon the blunders of manipulation, that he always has a convenient excuse at hand which will cover any imaginable dilemma, and even transform the most palpable defeat into a victory.

In the districts that lie upon the seashore, many of the popular superstitions are full of poetical beauty, and appeal forcibly to the imagination by the elegiac pathos with which they colour the actual circumstances of the people. Here the population consists chiefly of poor fishermen and their families, engaged incessantly in the most precarious of livelihoods, and living upon an iron-bound coast, where their perilous craft is constantly prosecuted at the risk of life itself. The solitude of these scenes is intense; and the tempests which brood over the waters, strewing the shore with wrecks through all seasons of the year, help to increase the gloom that acts so strongly even upon those who are accustomed to contemplate the sea under all its aspects. The frequent loss of husbands and sons, the roar of the waves, and the atmospheric effects which in such situations present so many strange illusions to the eye, are well calculated to work upon the terrors of the people, and supply them with melancholy fancies when they sit watching at midnight to catch the voices of their friends through the intervals of the storm. Their superstitions are generally shaped to this end; and phantoms and death-warnings are familiar to them all.

In the long winter nights when the fishermen's wives, whose husbands are out at sea, are scared from their uneasy sleep by the rising of the tempest, they listen breathlessly for certain sounds to which they attach a fatal meaning. If they hear a low and monotonous noise of waters, falling drop by drop at the foot of their bed, and find that it has not been caused by natural means, and that the floor is

dry, it is the unerring token of shipwreck. The sea has made them widows! This fearful superstition, we believe, is confined to the isle of Artz, where a still more striking phenomenon is said to take place. Sometimes in the twilight, they say, large white women may be seen moving slowly from the neighbouring islands, or the continent, over the sea, and seating themselves upon its borders. There they remain throughout the night, digging the sands with their naked feet, and stripping off between their fingers the leaves of rosemary flowers culled upon the beach. These women, according to the tradition, are natives of the island, who, marrying strangers, and dying in their sins, have returned home to their beloved birthplace to beg the prayers of their friends. A great number of their superstitions turn upon this clinging love for the scenes of their youth.

It is a general opinion amongst them that a hurricane can never be appeased until the waves have rejected and flung upon the shore the dead bodies of heretics who perished by shipwreck, and all other unclean bodies. This is a fragment of the old Druidical worship: a dim recollection of that association of ideas held by the Celts as existing between the purity of the waters and the soul of man. The idea was originally derived, probably, from observation of the natural purifying process of the Alpine glaciers, which have a constant tendency to throw up to the sides the heaps of stones and mud they accumulate in their course.

There is a special day set apart for the anniversary of the shipwrecked dead, called the *Jour des Morts*. On this occasion the winds and waters are brought into active requisition to supply materials for the spectral drama. When the wind ripples the sea into wreaths of foam, the fishermen fancy they hear melancholy murmurs stealing over the waves, and behold the souls of the poor creatures who were wrecked rise upon the summits of the billows, and then in ghostly grief, pale and fugitive, melt away like froth. If one of these sad spirits happens to encounter the soul of some well-beloved friend, the air is filled with cries of despair at the first glance of recognition. Sometimes the fishermen, sitting in their huts at night, hear a strange and mysterious melange of sounds over the bay, now low and sweet, now loud and turbulent, now trembling, groaning, and whistling with the rising of the surge. These mixed clamours of

cries and voices indicate the general meeting of the poor ghosts, at which it appears they hold a sort of marine *conversazione*, and diligently relate their histories to each other.

At the sea-side village of St. Gildas, the fishermen who lead evil lives are often disturbed at midnight by three knocks at their door from an invisible hand. They immediately get up, and impelled by some supernatural power, which they cannot resist, and dare not question, go down to the beach, where they find long black boats, apparently empty, yet sunk so deeply in the water as to be nearly level with it. The moment they enter, a large white sail streams out from the top of the mast, and the barque is carried out to sea with irresistible rapidity, never to be seen by mortal eyes again. The belief is that these boats are freighted with condemned souls, and that the fishermen are doomed to pilot them over the waste of waters until the day of judgment. This legend, like many others, is of Celtic origin, and is related by Procopius.

Such are a few of the salient superstitions of a people not yet embraced in the girdle of modern civilisation, who have derived none of their notions from books, and who realize in their living faith all those characteristics of Romance which we are too apt to believe, in our sober England, have long since passed out of the world. To the Breton, the elements of that Romance are part and parcel of his daily existence; he breathes the very atmosphere of the middle ages, which are not revived, but continued in him; and acts to the life the whole round of their enchantments, without being in the slightest degree conscious of the performance. How long the people are destined to preserve these peculiar attributes is a problem rapidly hastening towards solution. Two great railroads from Paris, the one stretching to Rouen, the capital of Normandy, and the other to Orleans, on the banks of the Loire—have just been thrown open. The railroad is the giant annihilator of old customs and provincial manners. The moment its fiery chariot touches the boundary line of Brittany, we may take our last look upon the Armorica of the ancients.

ART. III.—*Nachgelassene Schriften* B. G. NIEBUHR's *nicht-philologischen Inhalts*. (Posthumous Works of B. G. NIEBUHR, other than Philological). Hamburg: Perthes. 1842.

WE believe that no modern biographical publication has excited so deep and general an interest as the 'Life and Letters of Niebuhr' (*Lebensnachrichten*), which appeared about five years ago. The judgment displayed in the compilation of the work is worthy of the rich materials on which it is exercised. The curiosity of the studious and learned to know the circumstances that attended the development of his marvellous historical capacity is fully gratified, and we are not aware of any letters or memoirs which so fully illustrate the political events of the time. But the book has a higher value still, as a picture of Niebuhr in his individual character, and in his social and domestic relations. His letters are tender and communicative, from the warmth of his nature: and on serious subjects, although the best of them are addressed to a woman. His first wife, and her sister Doré Hensler, who was his chief correspondent, were fortunately for him not among the multitude of well-meaning women, who cultivate a frivolous indifference to every pursuit which can interest a reasonable man beyond the narrow limits of his own domestic circle.

Those who are already familiar with Niebuhr's personal history will find in the volume before us an interesting supplement to the *Lebensnachrichten*; but its character is not directly biographical. More than half of it consists of letters descriptive of Holland, which he wrote to his family in Holstein, during his residence on a financial mission to Amsterdam, in 1808 and 1809. The remainder of the collection contains political essays, written at different periods of his life from 1806 to 1830. The account of Holland probably retains a great part of its original value: the shorter essays belong more exclusively to their own time, and though still instructive, partake of the obsolescence of fulfilled or unfulfilled prophecies. But whatever Niebuhr wrote was so thoroughly characteristic of himself, that every part of the publication tends almost equally to illustrate his life and opinions, and requires some knowledge of his history before it can be fully appreciated. A slight biographical sketch will, therefore, not be foreign to our present purpose.

Barthold George Niebuhr was born at Copenhagen, on the 27th of August, 1776. His father, Carsten Niebuhr, the celebrated traveller, had resided in that capital since his return

from the East; but in 1778 he removed to Meldorf, in Holstein, once a principal town in the Republic of Dithmarsch, where for the rest of his life he remained as *Landschreiber*, or collector of the revenues. He was a man of extraordinary energy, accurate in observation, and thoroughly practical in character; but his own early education had been neglected, and he could contribute little to the vast amount of knowledge which his son began from his childhood to collect. He taught him, however, to speak French and English, and gave him valuable instructions in geography, his own favourite science. Above all, he impressed him with an early interest in contemporary history, and with a view to an appointment which he hoped to procure for him as a writer in the service of the East India Company, he provided him with a constant supply of English newspapers. The future historian received no direct philological tuition, except during part of his thirteenth year, under Jäger, who was master of the school at Meldorf. Yet, when he left his father's house at the age of eighteen, for the university of Kiel, he was already a widely-read scholar, and an original speculator in history and politics. His delicate health had made him sedentary, and his boyhood had been spent among books. Through life the strength of his memory enabled him to retain whatever he read, and it was probably fortunate that his unguided taste led him to study original authors only, where teachers would have led him to dissipate his attention among the labours of commentators. But he always regretted his bookish education. It had made him, as he knew, in childhood *altklug*, too old for his age. It had cut one essential portion out of his life, and it was probably the cause of a certain stiffness and intolerance which seems to us not unfrequently to accompany his judgment of men and things.

He occupied two years at Kiel in severe study, and in 1790 became private secretary to Schimmelmann, the Minister of Finance at Copenhagen; soon afterward he accepted an appointment in the Royal Library, and after pursuing his studies there for some time, determined to complete his education in England, and arrived there in the summer of 1798. His professed object was to become acquainted with practical life on the only existing field of free political action; but his early habits prevailed. He soon left England for Edinburgh, and pertinaciously preferred books and lectures, which he might have found on the Continent, to the opportunities which offered themselves of observing actual life. In 1799 he returned to Holstein, and in

a few months afterwards settled for a second time at Copenhagen, with the office of assessor in the commercial department of East India affairs, and secretary to the commission for the affairs of Barbary. At the same time he married Amalie Behrens, to whom he had been betrothed before his visit to England. She was the sister of Dorè Hensler, with whom Niebuhr had formed a friendship at Kiel, in the House of Professor Hensler, the father of her deceased husband. There was never a more fortunate union. His wife interested herself in all Niebuhr's schemes, in his studies, and his historical speculations, and fully shared in the public anxieties which henceforth, for many years, engrossed a great portion of his thoughts.

His deep hatred of France must have increased the anxiety and regret which accompanied his first actual experience of the evils of the European war, when Denmark, by joining the coalition of the North, incurred the hostility of England. In March, 1801, the approach of the English fleet was known at Copenhagen, and Niebuhr shared in the hopes of the Danes, that their desperate courage might succeed. His letters at the time are singularly interesting to an Englishman. On the 24th of March, he anticipates from the presence of Nelson, a furious attack on the port. Four days afterwards he relies in some degree on the impracticability of the channels, and the rapid progress of the batteries. On the third of April, he relates how the English had surveyed the navigation, found new channels, marked them out with buoys, turned the defences, and fought the battle, which was as honourable to the courage of the defeated party, as to the skill and daring of Nelson.

When this temporary disturbance had passed away, Niebuhr resumed his course of official and intellectual activity. In 1803 he was employed on a financial mission in different parts of Germany; and in the following year he became a member of the board for the affairs of Barbary, and director of the government bank. During the same period, although his days were occupied with business, and a great part of his evenings in reading aloud to his wife, he acquired a considerable knowledge of Arabic, continued his investigations of Roman antiquity, and wrote or commenced essays on various subjects, one of which contained the principle of his great discovery of the tenure of the public lands of Rome, and of the purpose of the different agrarian laws. His first publication was a notice of the Life of William Leyel, a governor during the seventeenth century, of the Danish possessions in India. The volume of

Posthumous Works contains a translation of the Danish original, which appeared in a periodical, called 'Det Skandinaviske Litteraturselskabs Skrifter,' in 1805. His next work was a German translation of the first Philippic of Demosthenes, written after the defeat of Austria and Russia at Austerlitz, with a feeling of the imminent danger impending over Europe from the Philip of modern times. Twenty-five years afterwards, when the Revolution of July renewed the fear of French aggression in Germany, the translation was remembered by his friends, and reprinted. Personal discontent with Schimmelmänn, and a growing desire to identify himself with the national struggle of Germany against Napoleon, induced him to accept an offer of the post of joint bank director at Berlin, under Stein, who was at that time finance minister; and he arrived at Berlin in October, 1806, a few days before the battle of Jena. Immediately afterwards all official persons were obliged to leave the capital to escape the French, and Niebuhr accompanied Stein to Königsberg, Dantzic, and the headquarters of the army at Bartenstein, where he was engaged in the financial and commissariat department. The battle of Friedland, in May, 1807, drove the court over the Russian border, and Niebuhr was induced by the earnest entreaty of Hardenberg to accompany them to Riga. The treaty of Tilsit, in July, occasioned the dismissal of the prime minister, and Niebuhr became a member of a commission for conducting the administration till the return of Stein to the head of affairs.

In the universal depression of the time, it was evident that the most pressing business was to find money for the subsidy, which the French demanded as the condition of evacuating the remaining dominions of Prussia, and Stein selected Niebuhr for a mission to Holland, for the purpose of negotiating a loan. In November he left Memel, with his wife, for Berlin and Hamburg; and after a short visit to his relations in Holstein, arrived in Amsterdam in March, 1808. With his characteristic love of knowledge, he had found the means, in Riga and Memel, of learning the Russian and old Slavonic languages; and about this time, his father proudly tells a friend, that Barthold now knew twenty languages. His residence in Holland gave him abundant leisure, but he had few books, and no literary society; he interested himself, however, in acquiring the knowledge of the country, of which the results are contained in the Circular Letters to his father and friends, which are now, for the first time, published. The wretched condition of Prussia, and the uncertainty whether Napoleon might even

permit its continued existence, made it difficult to transact the commission with which he was entrusted. The capitalists showed no disposition to lend money, and the financial difficulties of his own kingdom indisposed King Louis to sanction or encourage the withdrawal of a large sum of money from the country. A prospect of success appeared in the spring of 1809, which seems to have been occasioned by the interference of the French government, with a view, when Austria was arming for a new contest, both to procure money for the campaign, and to render the army which occupied Prussia disposable for active service. The negotiation, however, ultimately failed; and after a three months' visit to his friends, Niebuhr rejoined the court at Königsstein, in August, 1809. The campaign of Wagram again disappointed him, but the increased severity of the struggle, and the evident advance of national spirit in Germany, gave him better hopes for future times, than he had entertained after the defeats of Austerlitz and Jena. Henceforth he became more cheerful in his views of public events, though as yet there appeared no probability that the existing generation would witness the liberation of Prussia. He now became a privy-councillor, and entered on a wide sphere of official duties, involving the management of the national debt, of the paper currency, the financial part of the alienation of the demesnes, the salt monopoly, and a superintendence over the provincial debts, and over private banks. The reputation which had procured him the original invitation to leave Copenhagen, was justified by his financial success; but he considered that he was secretly thwarted by Hardenberg, who retained the king's confidence, though not in office; and when that minister returned to power, in 1810, Niebuhr with some difficulty obtained permission to resign his employments; and with the rank of royal historiographer, joined the University of Berlin, which opened under the first scholars of Germany, at Michaelmas in the same year.

To himself and to the world this change was the most fortunate event of his life. In the full vigour of life, enjoying perfect leisure, unmixed domestic happiness, and the society of such men as Heindorf, Schleiermacher, and Savigny, he now commenced the Lectures on Roman History, which formed the basis of his great work. They were received by all competent judges with approbation and gratitude; and the first edition of his history, which appeared in the course of two years, though the abstruse disquisitions of which it mainly consisted, prevented it from obtaining general popularity, at once estab-

lished his reputation among learned men, as the most original and successful of all inquirers into Roman antiquity. He probably never felt so thoroughly satisfied as during this period of untroubled industry; but a time of more intoxicating interest approached, when the world was aroused by the event of the Russian campaign.

As soon as the war was resolved on, Niebuhr applied for an appointment in the secretariat department; but in the event of not obtaining it he had resolved to serve as a volunteer in the ranks of the *Landwehr*. He had, before the war commenced, like many others, practised the infantry exercise in secret, and he now, with the full consent of his tender and noble wife, renounced the exemption from personal service to which he was entitled as a professor of the university. In the meantime he undertook the editorship of the '*Prussian Correspondent*,' a paper devoted to the advancement of the national enthusiasm. A portion of his addresses to his countrymen through this medium, will be found in the '*Posthumous Works*.' In April, 1813, he was summoned to the head-quarters of the allies at Dresden, to arrange with General Stewart, now Marquis of Londonderry, the terms of the English subsidy. In the autumn he went to meet the English commissioners at Amsterdam, and remained there till the end of the war. His enthusiastic devotion to the cause of freedom, his pride and confidence in the army, and his just hatred of the foreign tyrant, made him from the first sanguine of success, even during the armistice, when Metternich was promising assistance to both parties, with an accumulation of promises perhaps unparalleled even in the annals of diplomatic falsehood. The result of the peace disappointed him. He had hoped that Germany might be restored to its old frontier on the left of the Rhine, and he deeply resented the opposition of England to the claims of Prussia at the congress of Vienna. It was natural that he should regret that Hanover and not Prussia received the district of Hadeln to the south of the Elbe, which was the country of the long line of Frisian yeomen, from whom he was himself descended. We can less sympathize with his indignation at the failure of the Prussian claim to the whole of Saxony, which he supported in a pamphlet which attracted great attention. In the hope that a new war would give increased influence to Prussia, he heard, not without satisfaction, of the sudden breaking up of the congress by the news of the flight from Elba. In the course of the winter he had given the crown prince, now King of Prussia, lessons in finance and politics. He mentions, in one

of his letters, that he has, not without difficulty, impressed the young prince with due respect for the sound and manly character of the much abused Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great.

The triumph of the allies and the final overthrow of Napoleon would have given him abundant cause for rejoicing; but in April his father died, at the age of eighty-two, and on the 20th of June his wife expired in his arms. From this loss he never fully recovered. For many years he could not bear to recommence his history, without the companion to whom he had from his youth been accustomed to think aloud; yet it was for her sake that he afterwards resumed his great work, because she for his sake had on her deathbed urged him to complete it. But he could not live alone; and the prospect of solitude became unbearably oppressive to him, when he had accepted from Hardenberg the appointment of minister at Rome with a view to the arrangement of terms for the government of the Catholic Church in the Prussian dominions. He had persuaded Doré Hensler, his wife's sister, to accompany him; but in the summer of 1816 he married the niece of her husband, Gretchen Hensler, whom Madame Hensler had educated, and who had now accompanied her to Berlin. She kindly shared in Niebuhr's regrets for Amalie, and by degrees won him over to a calmer and more cheerful view of the future. In the previous winter he had occupied himself in continuing his instructions to the crown prince, and in writing several pamphlets, and shortly before his marriage he published the life of his father, the best example we are acquainted with of a concise and characteristic biography.

In the month of July he set out with his wife for Italy, and arrived at Rome in October. On his way he found, with satisfaction, the estimation in which he was held by learned men in the south of Germany, and at Verona he discovered the fragments of Gaius, which were afterwards published at Berlin. The chancellor, Hardenberg, had promised to send his instructions immediately, but it was four years before he received them, and in the mean time he had little business to transact. When the instructions arrived in 1820, he was occupied by the anxiety for himself and his family, occasioned by the outbreak of the contemptible Neapolitan revolution. We have heard curious anecdotes of the abject cowardice of the Roman authorities, which might well justify him in apprehending danger from the no less cowardly patriots. If we remember rightly, Niebuhr applied to the governor of the castle of

St. Angelo for an asylum for his family during the apprehended siege. The governor declared that it would be impossible to resist, although he admitted that assistance might be expected in a few days. "You have plenty of guns on your walls," said Niebuhr. "True," shrugged the Roman general, "but who will fire them?" The danger, such as it was, soon passed over. When the Austrian army, dragging with it the perjured and frightened king, was checked on the frontier by want of money, Niebuhr used the credit of his government and of his own name to supply them, a service acknowledged by the transmission from the Emperor of the Grand Cross of the Order of Leopold. He had already conciliated the warm regard of the Pope, and of his minister, Cardinal Gonsalvi; and he facilitated the conclusion of arrangements with the Papal Court, by conceding the honour of the settlement of the terms to Hardenberg, who visited Rome at the time. He was a sincere friend to the independence and security of the Catholic Church, though his residence in the country had imbued him with profound disgust for the mummeries of modern Italian paganism, to which he seriously preferred the more serious and manly religion under which the old Republic had conquered and civilized the world. But he thought central despotism in all cases bad, and he felt that the church was entitled to be treated with good faith.

In the spring of 1823 he returned to Germany, having, at the wish of his government, withdrawn an application for his recall, on condition of obtaining leave of absence for a year. He had himself no inclination to leave Rome, for the climate, which at first had increased his hypochondriac depression, became agreeable to him on further experience; and he felt that an absence of seven years had thrown him out of the current of political interests. But his wife disliked Italy, and found the effects of the climate injurious to her health; and he had now four children, whom he was anxious to bring up with the language and associations of Germany. The eldest of them, his son Marcus, was born in the year 1817, and had, from his cradle, occupied a great share of Niebuhr's thoughts and affections. Nothing else could have so effectually cured the melancholy which still oppressed him from the loss of Amalie. He had always loved children, and he became devoted to his own. Before his son could think or speak, he pleased himself with plans for teaching him, and with resolutions such as many fathers have formed and failed in keeping, for avoiding all the defects which had accompanied the formation of his

own character. When the child could understand him, he began to tell him stories of the ancient gods and heroes, and was equally delighted with the appreciation or indifference which might, in either case, be referred to some promising quality. His anecdotes of the infantile excellences of Marcus, and Amalie, and Cornelia, constantly communicated to Dorè Hensler, are among the most agreeable portions of his correspondence. Marcus Niebuhr has contributed to his father's memory the present collection of his posthumous works.

M. Bunsen, his worthy successor at Rome, now so well known and highly esteemed in England, has contributed to the *Lebensnachrichten* a very interesting account of 'Niebuhr, as a diplomatist at Rome.' His income did not allow him, or his inclination lead him, to give great entertainments, or compete in splendour with some others of the diplomatic body; but he made it a rule to expend the whole of his official revenue, and his house, his purse, and his advice, were at the service of his countrymen, if deserving. The artists received a peculiar share of his attention and friendship. He anticipated the world in appreciating Cornelius, and the more earnest and religious race of painters, who were then preparing a change in the character of German art. He found in them, however, a want of general knowledge, and a one-sidedness, which, we believe, to be one of the many reasons which account for the inferiority of modern painters; and it was only with such men as Bunsen, or Brandis, that he could enter upon the vast variety of subjects which his knowledge embraced. The warmest friendship of his latter years he formed with Count de Serre, at that time French ambassador at Naples, and it was partly with a view to facility of intercourse with him, when he should return to France, that Niebuhr determined, in the autumn of 1823, to fix his residence at Bonn. In the following year he lost his friend, with whom he had for the last time parted at Naples.

About this time an attack on his 'History' was fortunately published by Steinacker, which led him, in preparing to answer it, to a discovery of the character of the third great change in the Roman constitution. He immediately determined to resume and remodel his work, and thought it a good omen that his resolution was formed on the anniversary of his betrothal to Amalie. In the long interval which had elapsed since the discontinuance of the work, his views had been gradually ripening and expanding, and he had acquired much valuable knowledge of Italian topography and antiquities, and of the municipal consti-

tutions of the middle ages, which were immediately derived from those of the Roman provincial towns. The king allowed him to resign his post as ambassador, with a pension equal to his salary, and in 1824 and 1825 he was detained for a considerable time at Berlin, to share in the financial deliberations of the Council of State. He refused, however, every offer of a civil appointment, and made a proposal, which the ministry accepted, to attach himself as an independent member to the University of Bonn. His new duties, and the continuation of his 'History,' occupied the remainder of his life. He lectured on Greek and Roman History, on universal and modern history, and on other subjects of the same class. In August, 1826, on the eve of his fiftieth birthday, he completed the second edition of the first volume of his 'History.'

He afterwards still further altered the first volume in a third edition, and remodelled the second volume, notwithstanding an inconsiderate undertaking to superintend an edition of the Byzantine historians. In February, 1829, a part of his house was burnt, and a portion of the manuscript of his history unfortunately destroyed. He immediately began to exert himself to repair the loss, and the second volume was published in July, 1830. The preface expresses the sorrow and alarm with which the French revolution, which took place in that month, had overwhelmed him. Henceforth he lived in a constant state of anxiety for the results of the new relation in which France seemed to stand to Europe. On the 24th of December, 1830, he caught a cold in returning on a cold night from the public news room, where he had been reading the trial of the ministers of Charles X. On the 2d of January, 1831, he died. His wife attended him night and day till she also sickened. Nine days after her husband she died of a broken heart, and was buried in the same grave. The volume before us contains an engraving of a bas-relief by Rauch, which has been placed over their tomb by the pious affection of Niebuhr's pupil and steady friend, the crown prince, now the King of Prussia.

Niebuhr's character was one of strict and inflexible honesty and of earnestness, not too great, but too minute. He seems to have always desponded of success, in some degree because, circumstances compelling him through life to act under the control of others, his convictions were too strong to allow him to be satisfied when they were overruled. He had great influence with Stein, and perfect confidence in his intentions; but the moment that he was removed from the opportunity of personal intercourse with him, he distrusted his judgment, and attributed the

misfortunes in which he was involved to the defects of his character. He was irritable, querulous, and hypochondriac; distrustful, like most experienced men, of the affection of his friends, but not like them content to let go what cannot be retained. It is possible that he may have possessed undeveloped powers for governing men. He always thought that he had the natural qualifications of a military commander. We are quite certain that he had not those of a subordinate officer; but it is probable he may have had some ground for his opinion, besides the geographical *coup d'œil*, and the familiarity with military history, which he undoubtedly possessed. On the other hand we can see proofs that he was habitually unpunctual, the fault generally of calmer-minded men; and we suspect that he would always have anticipated defeat like Nicias or Paullus Æmilius.

In all his letters there is scarcely an attempt at wit or playfulness; but a man of ability, whose temperament leads him to express the contempt which he must often feel, cannot help being sometimes humorous. "It is unjust to the Romans," he said, "to say that no true word ever comes out of their mouths. In every visit, they utter at least one truth in their form of taking leave, 'Now I will relieve you of the annoyance.' (Adesso le leverò l'incomodo)."—*Lebensnachrichten*, vol. iii., p. 312. "How I enjoyed," he writes in one of the circular letters from Amsterdam, "the contempt of a fine lady for my stupidity and ignorance" (in not being able to play at *bouillotte*): "I enjoyed it so much that it made the evening quite endurable. I enjoyed too the really unutterable miserableness of a young Parisian gentleman, who pleased the lady as much as I was despised by her; I blessed the conscription which drives such rabble by thousands on balls and bayonets. To such people, a prince says quite justifiably (not cruelly, like the address to the honourable guards: Do you want to live for ever, you hounds!) but, why do you want to live, you hounds, when death is the only reputable moment of your lives."—*Nachgelassene Schriften*, p. 38. We have heard an expression applied by him to Canning, in conversation with an eminent English scholar, which showed a familiarity with the most forcible parts of our language that renders it almost impossible to quote, even if we had his friend's authority for doing so. With such exceptions as these he seems to have been constitutionally grave and serious.

His talents and attainments were, as we have called them, wonderful. He became one of the greatest scholars in Europe while he was engaged in the details of finance and

banking. His knowledge of past history included all nations; his acquaintance with the affairs of foreign states embraced the minutest details. He discusses the French law of election, the calculations of an English budget, the Spanish funds, the Swiss constitution, with an accuracy and familiarity which would have been remarkable in a native of the country under consideration. One source of his information consisted in newspapers, particularly those published in London; but his reading also included reviews, pamphlets, parliamentary reports, novels, travels, and all other miscellaneous kinds of literature, which are generally despised by severe students. Wherever he travelled he talked to persons of every class, if possible, on the subjects with which they were most familiar; and he seldom failed to learn some domestic custom or provincial word, which threw light on his historical speculations at the same time that he attained his main object of understanding practically the working of every-day life. It was this knowledge of the present, which enabled him to realize to himself the condition of the ancient world. A mere comparison of authorities might assist his researches, but never satisfied him: more frequently it was but a process of verification, to justify his discoveries to the world. Knowing what a State must be to fulfil the conditions of political existence, he sought for a point of view from which he could contemplate it as a whole, and a sound historical instinct taught him that what he saw was true or false. He always said that his discoveries flashed upon him, and were only confirmed by his investigations. He saw that things must be so, and found that they were so. And yet the dullest student could not be more conscientiously laborious than Niebuhr. In his whole life he never used a second-hand quotation without citing his immediate authority; and he never wilfully neglected the minutest detail which might support or invalidate his theories. The obscurity in which some of the proofs which his history contains are involved, arises from the difficulty which an ordinary reader finds in occupying the position from which it is necessary to contemplate them.

It is not easy to give a definition of his political opinions, though in themselves they were sufficiently positive and decided. He was not devoted to monarchy, he disliked aristocracy, he loathed jacobinism. His view of public affairs was above all things historical. He watched the practical working and not the letter of a constitution, and valued it as he found that it led to free political action in individuals and corporations, respect

for chartered rights in high and low, and perpetuity of the forms of institutions. Uniformity and equality he thought incompatible with freedom, except among a simple, agricultural population. In the complicated social system of modern Europe, he thought that privileged interests, local jealousy of interference, and practical self-government, were necessary as safeguards against the crushing weight of central despotism. The nearest approximation to ideal perfection he saw in the best times of the Roman Republic. He considered national feeling a better bond of union than political sympathy, and his indignation against Canning was founded on his attempt to make England the representative of popular opinion in opposition to the absolute monarchs of the continent. In the application of his principles to events, as they arose, the vehemence of his temperament certainly predisposed him to exaggerate the importance of transient occurrences; and perhaps he wanted that practical tact, which he appreciated so highly in Englishmen, as the result of their unconscious political education in the course of the discharge of the public duties of their respective stations. On the other hand he had a degree of honesty, which an Englishman can very seldom possess, accustomed and expected as he is to take his opinions in bundles, from the organs or leaders of his party, and anticipating, as he generally does, that his private interests may be affected by his political form of creed. Niebuhr had not even the temptation to belong to a party, and he was quite free from selfishness.

When he was appointed in 1808 to negotiate the loan in Holland, he looked forward with pleasure to the opportunity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the ancient institutions, and with the social character of the country. Not only the glorious history of the United Provinces, but the old local laws and customs of the fen-districts, strongly interested him, from the illustration which he expected to find in them of the earlier history of his ancestors, the Frisians of Hadeln, and of the sturdy republicans of Dithmarsch, among whose descendants he had been brought up. He determined from the first to write a journal in the form of letters to his friends in Holstein, with a view to the possibility of ultimate publication. The subjects of the letters are various; but a large portion of them is devoted to the details of fen-husbandry, and geological speculations on the origin of the country, for the information of his father, who was not only a scientific observer, but a zealous farmer and land-improver, and in his official capacity interested in the management

of the sea-dikes. The old man took the warmest interest in the accounts which he received, and wrote minute and detailed answers, which Niebuhr at one time proposed to publish. He describes with pleasure the energy with which his father attended to his farm a few years before, crossing the ten-foot drains which divided the fields, at the age of seventy, with a leaping-pole.

Leaving Hamburg with his wife in February, 1808, he travelled by the road of Osnabrück and Bentheim into Holland. On his way he admired the Westphalian character, which Stein had taught him to respect, and wondered at the rudeness of their cabins, and the wildness of their morasses. "I can easily believe," he says, "that the old Germans lived in just such houses, when the old Romans sought them out in these bogs, where it is still far more disagreeable to travel than in Poland or Russia. How the Romans must have despaired, when they were quartered in such a country." In all the Hanoverian dominions, he observes, from the non-interference of the government, each district administered its own affairs; and when the time of need came, people who understood their several neighbourhoods came into power; and "effected infinitely more than with us in Prussia, when the States had decayed and degenerated, and all local knowledge was confined to salaried officials." He arrived in Amsterdam early in March.

Louis Bonaparte, the most amiable and benevolent of his family, was then in the second year of his short and unsuccessful reign over a mutilated territory, which contained not more than a million and a half of inhabitants. He devoted himself to the utmost to restore the prosperity of his adopted country, and resisted as far as possible the disposition of Napoleon to make use of it as a province of France. But it was impossible to relieve the distress of the country while England blockaded its coasts, and occupied its colonies. The deficit of the finances constantly increased, and when in the following year, Napoleon, weary of the conscientiousness of his brother, annexed his kingdom to the empire, the arbitrary act by which he cancelled two-thirds of the national debt had become almost necessary. The king received Niebuhr with kindness and courtesy, and won his entire personal esteem; but he could feel little interest in the modern system of administration; and his attention was principally directed either to the recollections of the Republic, or to the custom and national character which survive all political changes.

He admired and studied the celebrated charitable establishments, in which Amster-

dam probably surpasses any part of Europe, and he even formed a scheme for employing the judgment and benevolence of Madame Hensler in the superintendence of one of them. He could no doubt easily have accounted for the fact that organized systems of charity succeed better among a monied than a landed community. The great works of art in which both divisions of the Netherlands are so rich, were also fully appreciated by him, and he visited with respect the monuments of the heroes of the Republic, the Ruyters, De Witts, and Barneveldts. Another class of monuments in the cathedral at Utrecht gave occasion to different reflections. "What great lords are buried here?" saith the old woman who showed the church: ay, all lords of quality and rank—those whose names I read were historically unknown to me. And how should it be otherwise? except the Wassenaers, no man of noble family has distinguished himself in the history of the Republic. They were the originators of the enormities by which three Stadtholders, William I. and II., and Maurice, have stained their reputation: and it is remarkable that the province in which the nobility predominated, Gueldres, always betrayed freedom, and tried not merely to aid but to tempt the House of Orange to assume the sovereignty; and also always evaded burdens, and was rated in its quota disproportionately low. All the great men of the Republic were plebeians (and truly it had many great men), except Admiral Opdam, who was a Wassenaar, and therefore a nobleman of Holland; in which province the collective knightly body had only one vote, and eighteen towns had one each. The event of a burgher, De Ryk, extorting from the noble commander of the *Watergeueyen* (*Gueux*), their consent to go to Briel, was the foundation of the freedom of the Netherlands. . . . I remembered my feelings at the spots where the plebeian heroes, poets, and historians rested: as at Leyden too I will make a pilgrimage to the graves of my beloved philologists. One great man and his children are immortal here: but William I. came from Nassau, where Stein was born and has lived. That must be a fine climate for keeping good old blood as well as old Rhenish wine."

In one of the letters he sums up the principal result of his investigations into the dialects of the Netherlands. He found that the Low Dutch of Holland, Flanders and Brabant, was unintelligible to the country people of Friesland and Gröningen, who still speak a dialect of the ancient Frisian. On the eastern border he found the language passing into Low Saxon and into Frisian. On the north,

between the Maas and the Rhine, there is a mixture of High and Low Dutch, which he attributed to the occupation of the country by the Franks. With some difficulty he procured two books written in ancient Frisian, and mastered the grammar of the language, which, as he says, had never been investigated before: with this key he examined the question of the old divisions of the country.

"1. In old times, as in the seventh century, the Yssel formed the boundary between the Frisians and Saxons, so that all the country west of this river, excepting a portion of Veluwe, belonged to Friesland, which was bounded on the south by the Maas. The Zuyder-zee, or as it was then called, the Vlie, was still only an inland lake, and Friesland extended along the coast to the north as far as Schleswig. Inland it reached at most points as far as the great morasses, which extend from Overijssel and Drenthe, through Westphalia, into the county of Hoya—these were the northern limits of the Westphalian Saxons, and I find that the word which I heard in Sublingen and supposed to be Frisian, really belongs to this language. Overijssel is therefore purely Saxon. 2. The ancient inhabitants of Brabant, Flanders, and the country between the Maas and the Rhine, before and under the Romans, seem to have been of the same race as the Frisians. But in the last-mentioned country, and in the Betuwe, the Franks settled in the fourth century, and altered the dialect still more than in the countries west of the Maas, where they never were so numerous. However, here as well as there, it was their supremacy which affected the language most. 3. Low Dutch is not an original language, but Frisian modified by the influence of Frankish and Saxon. The most distinctive words are originally Frisian, and indigenous in no other German dialect. This appears especially in the particles, which in all languages are least borrowed, and therefore the most characteristic parts of it. All words in Hollandish, which resemble Danish or English, and vary from German, are Frisian. 4. The mixture of Frankish arose through the conquest and settlement of the Franks: that of Saxon, through the circumstance that Low Saxon was from early times the written language of these regions. Thence comes the Low Dutch mode of spelling, which deceives the Low Saxon; for many words are spelt as they formerly were with us, but pronounced quite differently. Hence it is that the sound *u* is designated by *oe*. They pronounce *mûd*, *blûd*, *hûd*, *mûder*, and write, as they formerly did with us, *moed*, *bloed*, *hoed*, *moeder*. 5. In the thirteenth century the present language of Holland already existed, and was nearer to German than now."

He afterwards found, during a visit to the northern provinces, that the dialect of Gröningen approximated to Low German (*Platt-deutsch*), both in pronunciation and in many words: *Koolzaat*, *colesseed*, for instance, being used instead of the Hollandish *Ropzaat*, *rapeseed*. In the old Frisian language he discov-

ered the origin of the names of the great provinces of Zeeland and Holland.

"A district with independent administration (*selbstständige Landschaft*) was called in old Frisian a *Zeeland*, and this is the true origin, unknown, I believe, to any Dutchman, of the name of the province, which was also Frisian before the Frankish conquest; just as the name *Holland* is Frisian, and signifies *Hauptland* (*head or chief land*): this I have proved even to the Hollanders, to whom, even to the historical inquirers among them, Frisian is as strange as Greenlandish."

In determining the extent of the ancient Frisian territory, Niebuhr applied geological observations and theories to the explanation of the fragmentary information which he was able to collect. He had, in common probably with other strangers, and, as he says, with most natives of the country, supposed Holland to be naturally a salt marsh. On arriving at Amsterdam, he was surprised by finding that the piles on which the city stands, were fixed in a peat-bog, and by inquiry he found that there was not even a word corresponding to *marsh* in Low Dutch or in Frisian. He describes the province of Holland as consisting almost entirely of peat soil, such as in Wales and its borders is called *Rhos*, with abundance of peat-bogs, which he supposes to have been formed on sand-banks originally covered by the sea, and forming receptacles for masses of driftwood. Zeeland, which he had no opportunity of visiting, he ascertained, with some difficulty, to consist of salt-marsh. The islands in the *Maas* he found to be fresh water marshes, and some parts of Friesland to consist also of salt-marsh; but by far the greater portion of the surface of the Dutch Netherlands is occupied by *mooren*, or peat-morasses. To the northeast, in Drenthe and Gröningen he found uplands which form the western limit of the granite boulders, which, as is well known, are scattered over the whole width of the great plain which lies south of the German ocean and the Baltic. The Frisian name for a dry upland he observed to be the same which is used in Yorkshire, *wold*; but in some proper names, as *Rinsmageest*, they retain the North German *Geest*, which may perhaps also be traced in some English names, as *Hergest*, a *Geest* near Kingston in Herefordshire.

By a combination of historical and geological grounds, he satisfied himself of the truth of a statement in an old Dithmarsch chronicle, that the whole of the country which once formed North Friesland is now covered by the sea. He traced the ancient coast from the Helder northward along the string of sandy islands which enclose

the *Zuyder Zee*, in a continued *dune* or sandhill of which *Nordeney* and *Wangerroog*, off the mouths of the *Jahde* and *Weser*, are remains, by *Heligoland* as far as *Syltöe* and *Romöe*, which lies on the north-west of *Schleswig* in about 55° N. lat. He supposed the outer sandbank, which formed the coast-line, to include at some places, especially at the mouth of the *Jahde*, inland seas like the *Crisehe Haff* at the north of the *Niemen*, which is separated from the *Baltic* by the narrow strip of the *Curische Nehrung*, a sandbank which runs as a chord across the arc formed by the *Haff*. Perhaps a more familiar illustration may be found in the *Lido*, which separates the *lagunes* of *Venice* from the *Adriatic*; but Niebuhr does not refer to it, and there may be some difference of formation. In other parts he supposed the interval between the shore and the high wolds to have been occupied by swamps and peat-morasses, which may have allowed a person to pass on foot, though not, as he says, in silk stockings and pumps, from *Eyderstadt* on the mainland to *Heligoland*. All these fens, from the *Rhine* to the *Eyder*, he believed to have been inhabited by *Frisians*; the wolds by *Saxons*; the marshes, which were interspersed here and there, by inferior races. He placed the era at which the sea broke through the bar of sandbank at about the year 800, when he supposed that many islands with a Frisian population remained, which afterwards disappeared. Before the catastrophe, he believed that the *Elbe* and *Weser* had a common outlet into the sea, but that the *Elbe* was much narrower than it is at present. North of the *Eyder* he found no trace of the *Frisians*, and thought that the rest of *Holstein* probably belonged to the *Angles*.

His most direct authority for the ancient extent of Friesland was a copy of the national laws, printed in the fifteenth century. From this he found that the nation was divided into seven Seelands; 1. the present West Friesland; 2. *Westergoo*; 3. *Oostergoo*; 4. *Zevenwold*, together with *Drenthe*, *Vollenhoven*, and *Lingen*; 5. *Gröningen*; 6. *East Friesland*; 7. *Butjadingerland*, *Rüstringerland*, and *Haedelre* (*Hadeln*), provinces subject, as the writer complains, to foreign tyrants: adding *Dithmers is etu fry. Dithmarsch is yet free*. To prove that in the time of the Romans the Frisian tribes lived not in the marshes, but in *rhöses* or peat-moors, Niebuhr referred to the statement of *Tacitus* that they dried earth and used it for fuel.

To determine the present limits of the population of Frisian origin, he attended to dress, local customs, agriculture, and the system of land measurement. Thus he identified a plough with a large wheel running in the furrow and a small wheel outside, to be the original Frisian plough, as distinguished from the old Saxon plough, of which, he says, the original type is that used in Devonshire. He found the Frisian superficial measure to be a *pondemate* or pound, divided, as in our coinage, into twenty shillings or *einsen*, and each *einse* into twelve pence. The *pondemate* is equal to about six-fifteenths of a Rhenish *Morgen*, and nearly corresponds to an English acre. In Drenthe he observed, that, as among the ancient Romans, land measurement only applied to arable, which was held in severalty, while the pasturage was occupied in common. He was unable to ascertain the extent of a *ploeging* or *koegang*, a difficulty which the readers of the 'Heart of Mid Lothian' will remember as affecting the corresponding Scotch measure of *ane ploughgate*. In Drenthe he saw the *Hünebedden*, or graves of the Huns, a collection of stones, like those which we are accustomed to call Druidical; but we are surprised to find that Niebuhr attributes all these remains, including Stonehenge, to Frisian tribes of the sixth century, or of even a later period.

His antiquarian researches were combined with inquiries, of which these letters contain the results, into the methods of draining and cultivating peat soils, and into the rental and taxation of the country. He found that in Holland leases were generally for six years, in Friesland for ten, at a rent not very different apparently from that of similar land in England; but subject, at that time, to a tax of fifteen per cent. on the tenant, and ten per cent. on the landlord. The laws of the dikes, the different appropriations of the *Aussen-deiche*, or land formed outside the dike, and the regulations for general drainage, also form an interesting portion of the subjects which he investigated.

Of the state of public affairs, the condition of the finances, and the particulars of his official intercourse with the great capitalists he was not able to speak with equal freedom. It was, as we have said, a time of great distress in Holland; but he found that, notwithstanding the annihilation of trade, the economy of individuals counteracted to an extraordinary extent the diminution of their incomes, and the increase of public burdens. On recent his-

tory he touches only allusively and incidentally; but he never mentions the republican movement of 1795 without indignation, although he considered it in part a reaction consequent on the establishment of the supremacy of the Stadtholder in 1787, by the influence of England and the arms of Prussia.* It would have been difficult to have founded any general inference on so anomalous a condition, as that of a maritime and trading country under a blockade; but we regret that circumstances prevented Niebuhr from giving a full account of the financial and social prospects of Holland. On one side, as a state with commercial importance out of all proportion to its bulk, as the seat of vast accumulated capital, and above all, as a debtor to an immense amount to its own citizens, it has long closely resembled England. On the other hand, it has no basis of land or population, as Voltaire long ago observed, to be compared to our own, and it has not even manufactures to serve as the material of its trade. During the union of the Netherlands, its trade was checked by the jealousy of the Belgian landowners and manufacturers against the free admission of foreign productions. Since the separation in 1830, we believe its wealth has considerably increased, and that the immediate financial pressure has been less felt: but the greater part of the interest of the debt is met by the remittances from the eastern colonies, which might at once be cut off by a war or rebellion. If such a misfortune should occasion a national bankruptcy, it may be doubted whether the prosperity of Holland could ever revive. A great country like France or Austria may overlive a public declaration of insolvency, but it seems as if credit was as essential to Holland as to a bank.

Of the political essays which occupy the remainder of the volume the most remarkable is that on the state and prospects of England, which was written in the beginning of 1823. It includes a detailed examination of the condition of the finances, and a suggestion of a property-tax as the only sufficient remedy for the existing difficulties. His views of the foreign policy of the country will seem to most Englishmen sufficiently strange. He says that France has ceased to be our na-

* The best account of the history of the Netherlands, during the latter half of the eighteenth century, will be found in the second part of the third volume of Schlosser, published since our notice of his history—*Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 61.

tural enemy, that between England and Russia nothing but blind hatred can occasion a quarrel, and that it would be our true policy to leave the Turks to their fate. Our one natural enemy he holds to be America, and he considered it an unpardonable error to have concluded the last war, before we had produced the dissolution of the union, and extorted the confirmation of a secret article in the peace of Paris (1783), by which America was not allowed to possess any ship of war larger than a frigate. Further than this, he believes that the English Government has adopted the same view; that it is preparing for a decisive struggle; and that the declaration in favour of the Spanish colonies is only meant as a step to the overthrow of the United States: of all which we can only say, that it has not hitherto been verified by experience.

From an account of the Spanish national debt at the time of the short supremacy of the Cortes in 1821, we will content ourselves with the curious fact, that among the innumerable kinds of stock which even then existed, and have since so happily multiplied, were to be found unredeemable bonds of Ferdinand and Isabella, issued in the form of perpetual annuities, to evade the canonical objections to borrowing on usury. The instructive Essay on the French law of election would carry us into too wide a field of discussion for the present occasion.

We regret that we have never seen the celebrated pamphlet, 'The claims of Prussia against the Saxon Court,' which the Editor has, we doubt not, in the exercise of a sound discretion, excluded from the present collection. We have no doubt that it expressed a feeling which in 1814 was strong and general in Germany; but we are curious to know how Niebuhr reconciled the popular opinion with his own habitual respect for ancient national rights. When the King of Saxony was punished for his adhesion to Napoleon by a sacrifice of a part of his dominions to Prussia, the hardship inflicted on the people by partitioning their country was a strange argument for the right of the stronger power to seize the whole. The Electors of Saxony had held the second rank in the empire, when the house of Hohenzollern were simply burgraves of Nuremberg. The reigning king had followed the fortunes of Napoleon, when every prince in Germany was on the same side, and he may be pardoned for having followed them in their

decline, till his last parting, when the emperor left him in the town of Leipsig. His subjects had preferred their German patriotism to their military faith, and their adhesion to the national cause might well be considered an atonement for the faults of their government. The disappointment of Prussia, however, was severe. The king, with the separate consent of Russia, had announced to the Saxons that they were henceforth to be his subjects, in a proclamation which contrasted most unfavourably with the calm and dignified tone of the answer with which it was met by the King of Saxony. It is probable that the Emperor Alexander expected, in return for his consent, the support of Prussia in the Congress for his own schemes of aggrandizement; and he may also have wished to guard against a renewal of the ancient connexion of the House of Saxony with Poland. But the jealousy of the Western Powers had by this time been aroused against Russia. Talleyrand threatened in the name of his tottering king to march an army of 400,000 men; and Lord Castlereagh put a stop to the scheme by the more substantial threat of the armed interposition of England. It seems to us that in this case the English minister saved the Congress of Vienna from adding to the many well founded charges of injustice and disregard of national rights, the obloquy of another great spoliation; and we regret that it is through a sanction and not through a protest that the plan is connected with the name of Niebuhr.

How far this transaction increased the disposition to irritation against England which he had entertained since the bombardment of Copenhagen, and how far his dislike was increased by the policy of Canning, his later letters abundantly show. It is, however, always useful to attend to the reproofs of a sagacious fault-finder, and Englishmen can bear attacks on their country with tolerable fortitude; partly from curiosity, and a suspicion that they may be just in detail; partly from confidence that they will on the whole be unsuccessful. Prejudice is a microscope, which alters the relations of the parts to the whole, but brings out partial deficiencies more clearly. If 'a friendly eye would never see such faults,' it may be worth while to have an enemy to observe them. And if, nevertheless, there are Englishmen who feel aggrieved by the scarcely friendly severity of Niebuhr, they may at least derive satisfaction from

observing the impartial distribution of his censure, to France, Italy, Spain, America, and Germany itself.

ART. IV.—1. *Le Rime del Petrarca con note letterali e critiche del Castelvetro, Tassoni, Muratori, Alfieri, Ginguené.* Da C. ALBERTINI da Verona. 2 tom. Firenze. 1842.

2. *The Life of Petrarch.* By THOMAS CAMPBELL. London. 1841.

SCARCELY on any author, of whatever age or country, has there so much been written, spoken, and thought, by both sexes, as on the present subject of our criticism, Petrarca.

The compilation by Mr. Campbell is chiefly drawn together from the French. It contains no criticism on the poetry of his author, beyond a hasty remark or two in places which least require it. He might have read Sismondi and Ginguené more profitably; the author of the 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe' had already done so; but neither has he thrown any fresh light on the character or the writings of Petrarca, or, in addition to what had already been performed by those two judicious men, furnished us with a remark in any way worth notice. The readers of Italian, if they are suspicious, may even suspect that Mr. Campbell knows not very much of the language. Among the many apparent causes for suspicion, we shall notice only two. Instead of *Friuli*, he writes the French word *Frioul*; and, instead of the *Marca di Ancona*, the *Marshes*. In Italian, a *marsh* is *palude* or *padule*: whereas *marca* is the origin of *marchese*: the one a *confine*; the other a *defender* of a *confine*, or lord of such a territory.

Whoever is desirous of knowing all about Petrarca, will consult Muratori and De Sade: whoever has been waiting for a compendious and sound judgment on his works at large, will listen attentively to Ginguené: whoever can be gratified by a rapid glance at his works and character, will be directed by the clear-sighted follower of truth, Sismondi: and whoever reads only English, and is contented to fare on a small portion of recocted criticism in a long excursion, may be accommodated by Mrs. Dobson, Mr. Hallam, and Mr. Campbell.

It may seem fastidious and affected to

write, as we have done, his Italian name in preference to his English one; but we think it better to call him as he called himself, as Laura called him, as he was called by Colonna and Rienzi and Boccaccio, and in short by all Italy: for we pretend to no vernacular familiarity with a person of his distinction. We should almost be as ready to abbreviate Francesco into Frank, as Petrarca into Petrarch. Besides the one appellation is euphonious, the other quite the reverse.

We Englishmen take strange liberties with Italian names. Perhaps the human voice can articulate no sweeter series of sounds than the syllables which constitute *Livorno*: certainly the same remark is inapplicable to *Leghorn*. However, we are not liable to censure for this depravation: it originated with the Genoese, the ancient masters of the town, whose language is extremely barbarous, not unlike the Provençal of the Troubadours. With them the letter *g*, pronounced hard, as it always was among the Greeks and Romans, is common for *v*: thus, *lagoro* for *lavoro*.

We hope to be pardoned our short excursion which was only made to bring our fellow-labourers home from afield. At last we are beginning to call people and things by their right names. We pay a little more respect to Cicero than we did formerly, calling him no longer by the appellation of Tully: we never say Laurence, or Lal de Medici, but Lorenzo. On the same principle, we beg permission to say Petrarca and Boccaccio, instead of Petrarch and Boccace. These errors were fallen into by following French translations: and we stopt and recovered our footing only when we came to *Tue-live* and *Aulugelle*. It was then indeed high time to rest and wipe our foreheads. Yet we cannot shake off the illusion that *Horace* was one of us at school, and we continue the friendly nickname, although with a whimsical inconsistency we continue to talk of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*. *Ovid*, our earlier friend, sticks by us still. The ear informs us that Virgil and Pindar and Homer and Hesiod suffer no worse by defalcation than fruit-trees do: the sounds indeed are more euphonious than what fell from the native tongue. The great historians, the great orators, and the great tragedians of Greece, have escaped unmutated: and among the Romans it has been the good fortune, at least as far as we are concerned, of Paternus, Quintus Curtius, Tacitus, Catullus, Propertius, and Tibullus, to remain intact by the hand of *onomaclasts*.

Spellings, whether of names or things, should never be meddled with, unless where the ignorant have superseded the learned, or where analogy has been overlooked by these. The courtiers of Charles II. chalked and charcoaled the orthography of Milton. It was thought a scandal to have been educated in England, and worse to write as a republican had written. We were the subjects of the French king, and we borrowed at a ruinous rate from French authors: but not from the best. Eloquence was extinct; a gulf of ignominy divided us from the genius of Italy; the great Master of the triple world was undiscovered by us; and the loves of Petrarca were too pure and elevated for the sojourners of Versailles.

FRANCESCO PETRARCA, if far from the greatest, yet certainly the most read and the most celebrated of poets, was born in the night between the nineteenth and twentieth day of July, 1304. His father's name was Petracco, and his mother's Eletta Canigniani. Petracco left Florence under the same sentence of banishment as his friend Dante Alighieri, and joined with him and the other exiles of the Bianchi army in the unsuccessful attack on that city, the very night when, on his return to Arezzo, he found a son born to him: it was his first. To this son, afterwards so illustrious, was given the name of Francesco di Petracco. In after life the sound had something in it which he thought ignoble; and he converted it into Petrarca. The wise and virtuous Gravina, patron of one who has written more good poetry and less bad than Petrarca, changed in like manner the name of Trapasso to Metastasio. We cannot agree with him that the sound of the hellenized name is more harmonious: the reduplication of the syllable *tas* is painful: but we do agree with Petrarca, whose adopted form has only one fault, which is, that there is no meaning in it.

When he was seven months old he was taken by his mother from Arezzo to Incisa, in the Val-d'Arno, where the life so lately given was nearly lost. The infant was dropt into the river, which is always rapid in that part of its course, and was then swollen by rain into a torrent. At Incisa, he remained with her seven years. The father had retired to Pisa; and now his wife and Francesco, and another son born after, named Gherardo, joined him there. In a short time, however, he took them to Avignon, where he hoped for employment under Pope Clement V. In that crowded

city lodgings and provisions were so dear, that he soon found it requisite to send his wife and children to the small episcopal town of Carpentras, where he often went to visit them. In this place Francesco met Convenole, who had taught him his letters, and who now undertook to teach him what he knew of rhetoric and logic. He had attained his tenth year when the father took him with a party of friends to the fountain of Vacluse. Even at that early age his enthusiasm was excited by the beauty and solitude of the scene. The waters then flowed freely: habitations there were none but the most rustic; and indeed one only near the rivolet. Such was then Vacluse; and such it remained all his lifetime, and long after. The tender heart is often moulded by localities. Perhaps the purity and singleness of Petrarca's, his communion with it on one only altar, his exclusion of all images but one, result from this early visit to the gushing springs, the eddying torrents, the insurmountable rocks, the profound and inviolate solitudes, of Vacluse.

The time was now come when his father saw the necessity of beginning to educate him for a profession; and he thought the canon law was likely to be the most advantageous. Consequently he was sent to Montpellier, the nearest university, where he resided four years; not engaged, as he ought to have been, among the jurisconsults, but among the classics. Information of this perversity soon reached Petracco, who hastened to the place, found the noxious books, and threw them into the fire: but affected by the lamentations of his son, he recovered the Cicero and the Virgil, and restored them to him, partially consumed. At the age of eighteen he was sent from Montpellier to Bologna, where he found Cino da Pistoja, to whom he applied himself in good earnest, not indeed for his knowledge as a jurisconsult, in which he had acquired the highest reputation, but for his celebrity as a poet. After two more years he lost his father: and the guardians, it is said, were unfaithful to their trust. Probably there was little for them to administer. He now returned to Avignon, where, after the decease of Clement V., John XXII. occupied the papedom. Here his Latin poetry soon raised him into notice, for nobody in Avignon wrote so good; but happily, both for himself and many thousand sensitive hearts in every age and nation, he soon desired his verses to be received and understood by one to whom the Latin was unknown.

Benedetto sia il giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno!
Blest be the day, and month, and year!

LAURA, daughter of Audibert de Noves, was married to Hugh de Sade; persons of distinction. She was younger by three years than Petrarca. They met first on Good-Friday, in the convent-church of Saint Claire, at six in the morning. That hour she inspired such a passion, by her beauty and her modesty, as years only tended to strengthen, and death to sanctify. The incense which burnt in the breast of Petrarca before his Laura, might have purified, one would have thought, even the court of Avignon; and never was love so ardent breathed into ear so chaste. The man who excelled all others in beauty of person, in dignity of demeanour, in genius, in tenderness, in devotion, was perhaps the only one who failed in attaining the object of his desires. But cold as Laura was in temperament, rigid as she was in her sense of duty, she never was insensible to the merits of her lover. A light of distant hope often shone upon him, and tempted him onward, through surge after surge, over the depths of passion. Laura loved admiration, as the most retired and most diffident of women do: and the admiration of Petrarca drew after it the admiration of the world. She also, what not all women do, looked forward to the glory that awaited her, when those courtiers, and those crowds, and that city should be no more, and when, of all women, the Madonna alone should be so glorified on earth.

Perhaps it is well for those who delight in poetry that she was inflexible and obdurate; for the sweetest song ceases when the feathers have lined the nest. Incredible as it may seem, Petrarca was capable of quitting her: he was capable of believing that absence could moderate, or perhaps extinguish, his passion. Generally the lover who can think so, has almost succeeded; but Petrarca had contracted the habit of writing poetry; and now writing it on Laura, and Laura only, he brought the past and the future into a focus on his breast. All magical powers, it is said, are dangerous to the possessor: none is more dangerous than the magic of the poet, who can call before him at will the object of his wishes; but her countenance and her words remain her own, and beyond his influence.

It is wonderful how extremely few, even of Italian scholars, and natives of Italy, have read his letters or his poetry entirely through. We are not speaking of his

Latin, for it would indeed be a greater marvel if the most enterprising industry succeeded there. The thunderbolt of war . . . 'Scipiades fulmen belli' . . . has always left a barren place behind. No poet ever was fortunate in the description of his exploits; and the least fortunate of the number is Petrarca. Probably the whole of the poem contains no sentence or image worth remembering. We say *probably*: for who-soever has hit upon what he thought the best of it, has hit only upon what is worthless, or else upon what belongs to another. The few lines quoted and applauded by Mr. Campbell, are taken partly from Virgil's 'Æneid,' and partly from Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.' We cannot well believe that any man living has read beyond five hundred lines of 'Africa:' we ourselves, in sundry expeditions, have penetrated about thus far into its immeasurable sea of sand. But our wonder is, as we have said before, that neither the poetry nor the letters of Petrarca seem to have been, even in his own country, read thoroughly and attentively; for surely his commentators ought to have made themselves masters of these, before they agitated the question, some whether Laura really existed, and others whether she was flexible to the ardour of her lover. Speaking of his friends, Socrates and Lælius, of whose first meeting with him we shall presently make mention, he says,

Con costor colui 'l glorioso ramo
Onde forse anzi tempo ornaì le tempie,
In memoria di quella ch' i' tant' amo:
Ma pur di lei che il cuor di pensier m' empie
Non potei coglier mai ramo nè foglie;
Sì fur' le sue radici acerbe ed empie.

We cannot render these *verses* much worse than they actually are, with their '*tempo*' and '*tempie*,' and their '*radici empie*,' so we will venture to offer a translation.

They saw me win the glorious bough
That shades my temples even now,
Who never bough nor leaf could take
From that severe one, for whose sake
So many sighs and tears arose—
Unbending root of bitter woes.

There is a canzone to the same purport, which we shall notice in its place; and several of his letters could also be adduced in evidence. We may believe that, although he had resolved to depart from Avignon for a season, he felt his love increasing at every time he wrote. Such thoughts and images cannot be turned over in the mind and leave it perfectly in

composure. Yet perhaps when he had completed the most impassioned sonnet, the surges of his love may have subsided under the oil he had poured out on his vanity. For love, if it is a weakness, was not the only weakness of Petrarca; and, when he had performed what he knew was pleasing in the eyes of Laura, he looked abroad for the applauses of all around.

Giacomo Colonna, who had been at the university of Bologna with him, had come to Avignon soon after. It was with Colonna he usually spent his time; both had alike enjoyed the pleasures of the city, until the day when Francesco met Laura. To Giacomo was now given the bishopric of Lombes, in reward of a memorable and admirable exploit, among the bravest that ever has been performed in the sight of Rome herself. When Lewis of Bavaria went thither to depose John XVIII., Giacomo Colonna, attended by four men in masks, read publicly, in the Piazza di San Marcello, the bull of that emperor's excommunication and dethronement, and challenged to single combat any adversary. None appearing, he rode onward to the stronghold of his family at Palestrina, the ancient Preneste. His reward was this little bishopric. When Petrarca found him at Lombes, in the house of the bishop he found also two persons of worth, who became the most intimate of his friends; the one a Roman, Lello by name, which name the poet Latinized to Lælius; the other from the borders of the Rhine, whose appellation was probably less tractable, and whom he called Socrates. Toward the close of autumn the whole party returned to Avignon.

In the bosom of Petrarca love burnt again more ardently than ever. It is censured as the worst of conceits in him that he played so often on the name of Laura; and many have suspected that there could be little passion in so much allusion. A purer taste might indeed have corrected in the poetry the outpourings of tenderness on the name; but surely there is a true and a pardonable pleasure in cherishing the very sound of what we love. If it belongs to the heart, as it does, it belongs to poetry, and is not easily to be cast aside. The shrub recalling the idea of Laura was planted by his hand; often, that he might nurture it, was the pen laid by; the leaves were often shaken by his sighs, and not unfrequently did they sparkle with his tears. He felt the comfort of devotion as he bent before the image of her name. But he now saw little of her, and was

never at her house: it was only in small parties, chiefly of ladies, that they met. She excelled them all in grace of person and in elegance of attire. Probably her dress was not the more indifferent to her on her thinking whom she was about to meet: yet she maintained the same reserve: the nourisher of love, but not of hope.

Restless, for ever restless, again went Petrarca from Avignon. He hoped he should excite a little regret at his departure, and a desire to see him again soon, if not expressed to him before he left the city, yet conveyed by letters or reports. He proceeded to Paris, thence to Cologne, and was absent eight months. On his return, the bishop, whom he expected to meet, was neither at Avignon nor at Lombes. His courage and conduct were required at Rome, to keep down the rivals of his family, the Orsini. Disappointed in his visit, and hopeless in his passion, the traveller now retired to Vauchuse; and here he poured in solitude from his innermost heart incessant strains of love and melancholy.

At Paris he had met with Dionigi de' Ruperti, an Augustine monk, born at Borgo San Sepolcro, near Florence, and esteemed as one of the most learned, eloquent, philosophical and religious men in France. To him Petrarca wrote earnestly for counsel; but before the answer came he had seen Laura. A fever was raging in the city, and her life was in danger. Benedict XII., to whom he addressed the least inelegant of his Latin poems, an exhortation to transfer the Roman See to Rome, conferred on him, now in the thirtieth year of his age, a canonry at Lombes. But the bishop was absent from the diocese, and again at Rome. Thither hastened Petrarca, and was received at Capranicia, a castle of the Colonnas, not only by his diocesan, but likewise by Stefano, senator of Rome, to which city they both conducted him. His stay here was short; he returned to Avignon; but, inflamed with unquenchable love, and seeking to refresh his bosom with early memories, he retired to Vauchuse. Here he purchased a poor cottage and a small meadow; hither he transferred his books; and hither also that image which he could nowhere leave behind. Summer, autumn, winter, he spent among these solitudes; a fisherman was his only attendant, but occasionally a few intimate friends came from Avignon to visit him. The Bishop of Cavaillon, Philippe de Cabassoles, in whose diocese was

Vaucluse, and who had a villa not far off, here formed with him a lasting friendship, and was worthy of it. During these months the poet wrote the three canzoni on the eyes of Laura, which some have called the 'Three Graces,' but which he himself called the 'Three Sisters.' The Italians, the best-tempered and the most polite of nations, look rather for beauties than faults, and imagine them more easily. A brilliant thought blinds them to improprieties, and they are incapable of resisting a strong expression. Enthusiastic criticism is common in Italy, ingenious is not deficient, correct is yet to come.

About this time Simone Memmi of Siena, whom some without any reason whatsoever have called a disciple of Giotto, was invited by the Pope to Avignon, where he painted an apartment in the pontifical palace, just then completed. Petrarca has celebrated him, not only in two sonnets, but also in his letters, in which he says, '*Duos ego novi pictores egregios; Joctium Florentinum civem, cujus inter modernos fama ingens est, et Simonem Senensem.*'

Had so great an artist been the scholar of Giotto, it would have added to the reputation of even this illustrious man, a triumvir with Ghiberti and Michel-Angiolo. These, although indeed not flourishing together, may be considered as the first triumvirate in the republic of the arts; Raffael, Correggio, and Titian, the second. There is no resemblance to Giotto in the manner of Simone; nor does Ghiberti mention him as the disciple of the Florentine. No man knew better than Ghiberti how distinct are the Genoese and the Florentine schools. Simone Memmi, the first of the moderns who gave roundness and beauty to the female face, neglected not the graceful air of Laura. Frequently did he repeat her modest features in the principal figure of his sacred compositions; and Petrarca was alternately tortured and consoled by the possession of her portrait from the hand of Memmi. It was painted in the year 1339, so that she was thirty-two years old; but, whether at the desire of her lover, or guided by his own discretion, or that in reality she retained the charms of youth after bearing eight or nine children, she is represented youthful, and almost girlish, wherever he introduces her.

With her picture now before him, Petrarca thought he could reduce in number and duration his visits to Avignon, and might undertake a work sufficient to fix his attention and occupy his retirement.

He began to compose in Latin a history of Rome, from its foundation to the subversion of Jerusalem. But, almost at the commencement, the exploits of Scipio Africanus seized upon his enthusiastic imagination, and determined him to abandon history for poetry. The second Punic war was the subject he chose for an epic. Deficient as the work is in all the requisites of poetry, his friends applauded it beyond measure. And indeed no small measure of commendation is due to it; for here he had restored in some degree the plan and tone of antiquity. But to such a pitch was his vanity exalted, that he aspired to higher honours than Virgil had received under the favour of Augustus, and was ambitious of being crowned in the capitol. His powerful patrons removed every obstacle: and the senator of Rome invited him by letter to his coronation. A few hours afterward, on the 28d of August, 1340, another of the same purport was delivered to him from the University of Paris. The good king Robert of Naples had been zealous in obtaining for him the honour he solicited; and to Naples he hastened, ere he proceeded to Rome.

It was in later days that kings began to avoid the conversation and familiarity of learned men. Robert received Francesco as became them both; and, on his departure from the court of Naples, presented to him the gorgeous robe, in which, four days afterward, he was crowned in the capitol. At the close of his life he lamented the glory he had thus attained, and repined at the malice it drew down on him. Even in the hour of triumph he was exposed to a specimen of the kind. Most of those among the ancient Romans to whom in their triumphal honours the laurel crown was decreed, were exposed to invectives and reproaches in their ascent. Fescennine verses, rude and limping, interspersed with saucy trochaics, were generally their unpalatable fare. But Petrarca, the elect of a senator and a pope, was doomed to worse treatment. Not on his advance, but on his return, an old woman emptied on his laurelled head one of those mysterious vases which are usually in administration at the solemn hour of night. Charity would induce us to hope that her venerable age was actuated by no malignity. But there were strong surmises to the contrary: nor can we adduce in her defence that she had any poetical vein, by which we might account for this extraordinary act of incontinence. Partaking, as

was thought by the physicians, of the old woman's nature, the contents of the vase were so acrimonious as to occasion baldness. Her cauldron, instead of restoring youth, drew down old age, or fixed immovably its odious signal. A projectile scarcely more fatal, in a day also of triumph, was hurled by a similar enemy on the head of Pyrrhus. The laurel decreed in full senate to Julius Cæsar, although it might conceal the calamity of baldness, never could have prevented it: nor is it probable that either his skill or his fortune could have warded off efficaciously what descended from such a quarter. The Italians, who carry more good humour about them than any other people, are likely to have borne this catastrophe of their poet with equanimity, if not hilarity. Perhaps even the gentle Laura, when she heard of it, averted the smile she could not quite suppress.

We will not discuss the question, how great or how little was the glory of this coronation: a glory which Homer and Dante, which Shakespeare and Milton, never sought, and never would have attained. Merit has rarely risen of itself, but a pebble or a twig is often quite sufficient for it to spring from to the highest ascent. There is usually some baseness before there is any elevation. After all, no man can be made greater by another, although he may be made more conspicuous by title, dress, position and acclamation. The powerful can only be ushers to the truly great; and in the execution of this office, they themselves approach to greatness. But Petrarca stood far above all the other poets of his age; and, incompetent as were his judges, it is much to their praise that they awarded due honour to the purifier both of language and of morals. With these indeed to solicit the wife of another may seem inconsistent; but such was always the custom of the Tuscan race; and not always with the same chastity as was enforced by Laura. As Petrarca loved her,

Id, Man! non est turpe, magis miserum est.

Love is the purifier of the heart; its depths are less turbid than its shallows. In despite of precepts and arguments, the most sedate and the most religious of women think charitably, and even reverentially, of the impassioned poet. Constancy is the antagonist of frailty, exempt from the captivity and above the assaults of sin.

There is much resemblance in the char-

acter of Petrarca to that of Abreillard. Both were learned, both were disputatious, both were handsome, both were vain; both ran incessantly backward and forward from celebrity to seclusion, from seclusion to celebrity: both loved unhappily; but the least fortunate was the most beloved.

Devoted as Petrarca was to the classics, and prone as the Italian poets are to follow and imitate them, he stands apart with Laura; and if some of his reflections are to be found in the sonnets of Cino da Pistoja, and a few in the more precious reliquary of Latin Elegy, he seems disdainful of repeating in her ear what has ever been spoken in another's. Although a cloud of pure incense rises up and veils the intensity of his love, it is such love as animates all creatures upon earth, and tends to the same object in all. Throughout life we have been accustomed to hear of the Platonic: absurd as it is everywhere, it is most so here. Nothing in the voluminous works of Plato authorizes us to affix this designation to simple friendship, to friendship exempt from passion. On the contrary, the philosopher leaves us no doubt whatever that his notion of love is sensual.* He says expressly what species of it, and from what bestowers, should be the reward of sages and heroes.

Di meliora pili!

Beside 'Sonnets' and 'Canzoni' Petrarca wrote 'Sestine'; so named because each stanza contains six verses, and each poem six stanzas, to the last of which three lines are added. If the 'terzarima' is disagreeable to the ear, what is the sestina, in which there are only six rhymes to thirty-six verses, and all these respond to the same words! Cleverness in distortion

* A mysterious and indistinct idea, not dissipated by the closest view of the original, led the poetic mind of Shelley into the labyrinth that encompassed the garden of Academus. He has given us an accurate and graceful translation of the most eloquent of Plato's dialogues. Consistently with modesty he found it impossible to present the whole to his readers; but as the subject is entirely on the nature of love, they will discover that nothing is more unlike Petrarca's. The trifles, the quibbles, the unseasonable jokes, of what is exhibited in very harmonious Greek, and in English nearly as harmonious, pass uncensured and unnoticed by the fascinated Shelley. So his gentleness and warmth of heart induced him to look with affection on the poetry of Petrarca; poetry by how many degrees inferior to his own! Nevertheless, with justice and propriety he ranks Dante higher in the same department, who indeed has described love more eloquently than any other poet, excepting (who always must be excepted) Shakespeare. Francesca and Beatrice open all the heart, and fill it up with tenderness and with pity.

can proceed no further. Petrarca wearied the popes by his repeated solicitations that they would abandon Avignon; he never thought of repeating a *sestina* to them; it would have driven the most obtuse and obstinate out to sea; and he never would have removed his hands from under the tiara until he entered the port of Civita-Vecchia. While our poet was thus amusing his ingenuity by the most intolerable scheme of rhyming that the poetry of any language has exhibited, his friend Boccaccio was occupied in framing that very stanza, the '*ottavarima*,' which so delights us in Berni, Ariosto, and Tasso. But Tasso is most harmonious when he expatiates most freely, '*numerosque fertur lege solutis*;' for instance, in the '*Aminta*,' where he is followed by Milton in his '*Lycidas*.'

We left Petrarca not engaged in these studies of his retirement, but passing in triumph through the capital of the world. On his route towards Avignon, where he was ambitious of displaying his fresh laurels, he stayed a short time at Parma with Azzo da Correggio, who had taken possession of that city. Azzo was among the most unprincipled, ungrateful, and mean, of the numerous petty tyrants who have infested Italy. Petrarca's love of liberty never quite outrivalled his love of princes: for which Boccaccio mildly expostulates with him; and Sismondi, as liberal, wise, and honest as Boccaccio, severely reprehends him. But what other, loving as he loved, would have urged incessantly the return to Italy, the abandonment of Avignon? At times, beyond a doubt, he preferred his imperfect hopes to the complete restoration of Italian glory; but he shook them like dust from his bosom, and Laura was less than Rome. Shall we refuse the name of patriot to such a man? No; those alone will do it who have little to lose or leave. Sismondi, who never judges harshly, never hastily, passes no such sentence on him.

So pleased was he with his residence at Parma, that he purchased a house in the city, where he completed his poem of '*Africa*,' which we noticed. He was now about to rejoin at Lombes his friend and diocesan, whom he saw in a dream, pale as death. He communicated this dream to several persons; and twenty-five days afterward he received the intelligence of its perfect truth. Another friend, more advanced in years, Dionigi di Borgo San Sepolcro, soon followed. Before the expiration of the year he was installed arch-deacon of Parma. Soon after this ap-

pointment, Benedict XII. died, and Clement VI. succeeded. This pontiff was superior to all his predecessors in gracefulness of manners and delicacy of taste; and, at his accession, the corruptions of the papal court became less gross and offensive. He divided his time between literature and the ladies: not quite impartially. The people of Rome began to entertain new and higher hopes that their city would again be the residence of Christ's viceroy. To this intent they delegated eighteen of the principal citizens, and chose Petrarca, who had received the freedom of the city on his coronation, to present at once a remonstrance and an invitation. The polite and wary pontiff heard him complacently, talked affably and familiarly with him, conferred on him the priory of Migliorino; but, being a Frenchman, thought it gallant and patriotic to remain at Avignon. Petrarca was little disposed to return with the unsuccessful delegates. He continued at Avignon, where his countryman Sennuccio del Bene, who visited the same society as Laura, and who knew her personally, gave him frequent information of her, though little hope.

Youth has swifter wings than love. He had loved her sixteen years; but all the beauty that had left her features had settled on his heart, immoveable, unchangeable, eternal. Politics could however at all times occupy him; not always worthily. He was induced by the pope to undertake a mission to Naples, and to claim the government of that kingdom on the part of his Holiness. The good king Robert was dead, and had bequeathed the crown to the elder of his two granddaughters. Giovanna, at nine years of age, was betrothed to her cousin Andreas of Hungary, who was three years younger. She was beautiful, graceful, gentle, sensible, and fond of literature: he was uncouth, ferocious, ignorant, and governed by a Hungarian monk of the same character, Fra Rupert. It is deplorable to think that Petrarca could ever have been induced to accept an embassy, of which the purport was to deprive of her inheritance an innocent and lovely girl, the granddaughter of his friend and benefactor. She received him with cordiality, and immediately appointed him her private chaplain. His departure, he says, was hastened by two causes: first, by the insolence of Fra Rupert, which he has well described; and secondly, by an atrocious sight, which also he has commemorated. He was in-

vited to an entertainment, of which he gives us to understand he knew not at all the nature. Suddenly he heard shouts of joy, and '*turning his head*,' he beheld a youth of extraordinary strength and beauty, covered with dust and blood, expiring at his feet. He left Naples without accomplishing the dethronement of Giovanna, or, what also was intrusted to him, the liberation from prison of some adherents of the Colonnas; robbers, no doubt, and assassins, who had made forays into the Neapolitan territory; for all persons of that description were under the protection of the Colonnas or the Orsini. His failure was the cause of his return, and not the ferocity of a monk and a gladiator.

He went to Parma on his way back to Avignon: the roads were dangerous; war was raging in the country. His friend Azzo had refused to perform the promise he made to Lucchino Visconti, by whose intervention he had obtained his dominion, which he was to retain for five years, and then resign. Azzo he found had taken refuge with Mastino della Scala, at Verona; and he embarked on the Po for that city. His friends hastened him forward to Avignon; some by telling him how often the pope had made inquiries about him; and others, that Laura looked melancholy. On his return, Clement offered him the office of apostolic secretary: it was a very laborious one, and was declined.

Laura, pleased by his return to her, was for a time less rigorous. Within the year, Charles of Luxemburg, soon after made emperor, went to Avignon. Knowing the celebrity of Laura, and finding her at a ball, he went up to her and kissed her forehead and her eyes. 'This sweet and strange action,' says her lover, 'filled me with envy.' Surely, to him at least, the sweetness must have been somewhat less than the strangeness. She was now indeed verging on her fortieth year: but love is forgetful of arithmetic. The following summer, Francesco for the first time visited his only brother Gherardo, who had taken the monastic habit in the Chartreuse of Montrieu. On his return he went to Vaucluse, where he composed a treatise '*De Otio Religiosorum*,' which he presented to the monastery.

Very different thoughts and feelings now suddenly burst upon him. Among the seventeen who accompanied him in the deputation, inviting the pope to Rome, there was another beside Petrarca chosen for his eloquence. It was Cola Rienzi. The love of

letters and the spirit of patriotism united them in friendship. This extraordinary man, now invested with power, had driven the robbers and assassins, with their patrons the Orsini and Colonnas, out of Rome, and had established (what rarely are established together) both liberty and order. The dignity of tribune was conferred on him; by which title Petrarca addressed him, in a letter of sound advice and earnest solicitation. Now the bishop of Lombes was dead he little feared the indignation of the other Colonnas, but openly espoused and loudly pleaded the cause of the resuscitated commonwealth. The cardinal was probably taught by him to believe that, by his influence with Rienzi, he might avert from his family the disaster and disgrace into which the mass of the nobility had fallen. 'No family on earth,' says he, 'is dearer to me; but the republic, Rome, Italy, are dearer.'

He took leave of the prelate, with amity on both sides undiminished; he also took leave of Laura. He could not repress, he could not conceal, he could not moderate his grief, nor could he utter one sad adieu. A look of fondness and compassion followed his parting steps; and the lover and the beloved were separated for ever. He did not think it; else never could he have gone; but he thought a brief absence might be endured once more, rewarded as it would be with an accession to his glory; and, precluded from other union, in his glory Laura might participate.

Retired, and thinking of her duties and her home, sat Laura; not indifferent to the praises of the most celebrated man alive (for her heart in all its regions was womanly) but tepidly tranquil, or moved invisibly, and retaining her purity amidst the uncleanly stream that deluged Avignon. We may imagine that she sometimes drew out, and unfolded on her bed, the apparel long laid apart and carefully preserved by her, in which she first had captivated the giver of her immortality; we may imagine that she sometimes compared with him an illiterate, coarse, morose husband; and perhaps a sigh escaped her, and perhaps a tear, as she folded up again the cherished gown she wore on that Good-Friday.

On his arrival at Genoa, Petrarca heard of the follies and extravagances committed by Rienzi, and, instead of pursuing his journey to Rome, turned off to Parma. Here he learnt that the greater part of the Roman nobility, and many of the Colonnas, had been exterminated by order of the tribune. Unquestionably they had long

deserved it; but the exercise of such prodigious power unsettled the intellects of Rienzi. In January the poet left Parma for Vienna, where, on the 25th (1348), he felt the shock of an earthquake. In the preceding month a column of fire was observed above the pontifical palace. After these harbingers of calamity came that memorable plague, to which we owe the immortal work of Boccaccio; a work occupying the next station, in continental literature, to the 'Divina Commedia,' and displaying a great variety of powers. The pestilence had now penetrated into the northern parts of Italy, and into the southern of France; it had ravaged Marseilles; it was raging in Avignon. Petrarca sent messenger after messenger for intelligence. Their return was tardy: and only on the 19th of May was notice brought to him that Laura had departed on the 6th of April, at six in the morning; the very day, the very hour, he met her first. Beloved by all about her for her gentleness and serenity, she expired in the midst of relatives and friends. But did never her eyes look round for one who was away? And did not love, did not glory tell him, that in that chamber he might at least have died?

Other friends were also taken from him. Two months after this event he lost Cardinal Colonna; and then Sennuccio del Bene, the depository of his thoughts and the interpreter of Laura's.

The Lord of Mantua, Lui Gonzaga, had often invited him to his court, and he now accepted the invitation. From this residence he went to visit the hamlet of Pietola, formerly Andes, the birthplace of Virgil. At the cradle of her illustrious poet the glories of ancient Rome burst again upon him; and, hearing that Charles of Luxemburg was about to cross the Alps, he addressed to him an eloquent exhortation, 'De pacificandâ Italiâ.' After three years the emperor sent him an answer. The testy republican may condemn him, as Dante was condemned before, for inviting a stranger to become supreme in Italy; but how many evils would this step have obviated! Recluses, and idlers, and often the most vicious, had been elevated to the honours of demigods; and incense had been wafted before the altar, among the most solemn rites of religion, to pilferers and impostors. As the Roman empire, with all the kingdoms of the earth, was sold under the spear by the Pretorian legion, so now, with title-deeds more defective, was the kingdom of Heaven knocked down to the best bidder. It was not a de-

sire of office and emolument, it was a love of freedom and of Roman glory, which turned the eyes of Petrarca, first in one quarter, then in another, to seek for the deliverance and regeneration of his native land.

No preferment, no friendship, stood before this object. In the beginning he exhorted Rienzi to the prosecution of his enterprise, and augured its success. But the vanity of the tribune, like Bonaparte's, precipitated his ruin. Both were so improvident as to be quite unaware, that he who continues to play at *double or quits* must at last lose all. Rienzi, different from that other, was endowed by nature with manly, frank, and generous sentiments. Meditative but communicative, studious but accessible, he would have followed, we may well believe, the counsels of Petrarca, had they been given him personally. Cautious but not suspicious, severe but not vindictive, he might perhaps have removed a D'Enghien by the axe, but never a L'Ouverture by famine. He would not have banished, he would not have treated with insolence and indignity, the greatest writer of the age, from a consciousness of inferiority in intellect, as that other did in Madame de Stael. With that other, similarity of views and sentiments was no bond of union: he hated, he maligned, he persecuted, the wisest and bravest who would not serve his purposes: patriotism was a ridicule, honour was an insult to him, and veracity a reproach. The heart of Rienzi was not insane. Instead of ordering the murder, he would have condemned to the gallows the murderer of such a man as Hofer. In his impetuous and eccentric course he carried less about him of the middle ages, than the pestilent meteor that flamed forth in ours. Petrarca had too much wisdom, too much virtue, to praise or countenance him in his pride and insolence; but his fall was regretted by him, and is even still to be regretted by his country. It is indeed among the greatest calamities that have befallen the human race, condemned for several more centuries to lie in chains and darkness.

In the year of the jubilee (1350) he went again to Rome. Passing through Florence, he there visited Boccaccio, whom he had met at Naples. What was scarcely an acquaintance grew rapidly into friendship; and this friendship, honourable to both, lasted throughout life, unbroken and undiminished. Both were eloquent, both richly endowed with fancy and ima-

gination ; but Petrarca, who had incomparably the least of these qualities, had a readier faculty of investing them with verse, in which Boccaccio, fond as he was of poetry, ill-succeeded. There are stories in the 'Decameron' which require more genius to conceive and execute than all the poetry of Petrarca, and indeed there is in Boccaccio more variety of the mental powers than in any of his countrymen, greatly more deep feeling, greatly more mastery over the human heart, than in any other but Dante. Honesty, manliness, a mild and social independence, rendered him the most delightful companion and the sincerest friend.

Petrarca, on his road through Arezzo, was received with all the honours due to him, and among the most delicate and acceptable to a man of his sensibility was the attendance of the principal inhabitants in a body, who conducted him to the house in which he was born, showing him that no alteration had been permitted to be made in it. Padua was the place to which he was going : on his arrival he found that the object of his visit, Giovanni da Carrara, had been murdered : nevertheless, he remained there several days, and then proceeded to Venice. Andrea Dandolo was doge ; and war was about to break out between the Venetians and the Genoese. Petrarca, who always wished most anxiously the concord and union of the Italian States, wrote a letter to Dandolo, powerful in reasoning and eloquence, dissuading him from hostilities. The poet on this occasion showed himself more provident than the greatest statesman of the age. On the sixth of April, the third anniversary of Laura's death, a message was conveyed to him from the republic of Florence, restoring his property and his rights of citizen. Unquestionably he who brought the message counselled the measure, and calculated the day : Boccaccio again embraced Petrarca.

It was also proposed to establish a university at Florence, and to nominate the illustrious poet its rector. Declining the office, he returned to Vaucluse, but soon began to fancy that his duty called him to Avignon. Rome and all Italy swarmed with robbers. Clement, from the bosom of the Vicomtesse de Turenne, consulted with the cardinals on the means of restoring security to his dominions. Petrarca too was consulted, and, in the most elaborate and most eloquent of his writings, he recommended the humiliation of

the nobles, the restoration of the republic, and the enactment of equal laws.

The people of Rome, however, had taken up arms again, and had elected for their chief magistrate Giovanni Cerrosi. The privileges of the popedom were left untouched and unquestioned ; not a drop of blood was shed ; property was secure ; tranquillity was established. Clement, whose health was declining, acquiesced. Petrarca, disappointed before, was reserved and silent. But his justice, his humanity, his gratitude, were called into action elsewhere.

Ten years had elapsed since his mission to the court of Naples. The king, Andreas, had been assassinated ; and the queen, Giovanna, was accused of the crime. Andreas had alienated from him all the Neapolitans, excepting the servile, which in every court form a party, and in most a majority. Luigi of Taranto, the queen's cousin, loved her from her childhood, but left her at that age. Graceful and gallant as he was, there is no evidence that she placed too implicit and intimate a confidence in him. Never has any great cause been judged with less discretion by posterity. The pope, to whom she appealed in person, and who was deeply interested in her condemnation, with all the cardinals and all the judges, unanimously and unreservedly acquitted her of participation, or connivance, or knowledge. Giannone, the most impartial and temperate of historians, who neglected no sources of information, bears testimony in her behalf. Petrarca and Boccaccio, men abhorrent from every atrocity, never mention her but with gentleness and compassion. The writers of the country, who were nearest to her person and her times, acquit her of all complicity. Nevertheless, she has been placed in the dock by the side of Mary Stuart. It is as certain that Giovanna was *not* guilty as that Mary was. She acknowledged before the whole pontifical court her hatred of her husband ; and, in the simplicity of her heart, attributed it to magic. How different was the magic of Othello on Desdemona ! and this too was believed.

If virtuous thoughts and actions can compensate for an irrecoverable treasure which the tomb encloses, surely now must calm and happiness have returned to Petrarca's bosom. Not only had he defended the innocent and comforted the sorrowful, in Giovanna, but, with singular care and delicacy, he reconciled two

statesmen whose disunion would have been ruinous to her government; Acciajoli and Barili. Another generous action was now performed by him, in behalf of a man by whom he, and Rome, and Italy, had been deceived. Rienzi, after wandering about for nearly four years, was cast into prison at Prague, and then delivered up to the pope. He demanded to be judged according to law, which was refused. The spirit of Petrarca rose up against this injustice, and he addressed a letter to the Roman people, urging their interference. They did nothing. But it was believed at Avignon that Rienzi, the correspondent and friend of Petrarca, was not only an eloquent and learned man, but (what Petrarca had taught the world to reverence) a poet. This caused a relaxation in the severity of his confinement, subsequently his release, and ultimately his restoration to power.

Again the office of apostolic secretary was offered to Petrarca; again he declined it; again he retired to Vaucluse. Clement died; Innocent was elected; so illiterate and silly a creature, that he took the poet for a wizard, because he read Virgil. It was time to revisit Italy. Acciajoli had invited him to Naples, Dandolo to Venice: but he went to neither. Giovanni Visconti, archbishop of Milan, had succeeded his brother Lucchino in the sovereignty. Clement, just before his decease, sent a nuncio to him, ordering him to make choice between the temporal and spiritual power. The duke-archbishop made no answer; but on the next Sunday, after celebrating pontifical mass in the cathedral, he took in one hand a crosier, in the other a drawn sword, and 'Tell the Holy Father,' said he, 'here is the spiritual, here the temporal: one defends the other.' Innocent was unlikely to intimidate a prince who had thus defied his predecessor. Giovanni Visconti was among the most able statesmen that Italy has produced; and Italy has produced a greater number of the greatest than all the rest of the universe. Genoa, reduced to extremities by Venice, had thrown herself under his protection; and Venice, although at the head of the Italian league, guided by Dandolo, and flushed with conquest, felt herself unable to contend with him. Visconti, who expected and feared the arrival of the emperor in Italy, assumed the semblance of moderation. He engaged Petrarca, whom he had received with every mark of distinction and affection, to preside in a deputation with offers of peace to Dandolo.

The doge refused the conditions; and Visconti lost no time in the prosecution of hostilities. These were so successful, that Venice was in danger of falling; and Dandolo died of a broken heart. In the following month died also Giovanni Visconti. The emperor Charles, who had deceived the hopes of the Venetians by delaying to advance into Italy, now crossed the Alps; and Petrarca met him at Mantua. Finding him, as usual, wavering and avaricious, the poet soon left him, and returned to the nephews and heirs of Visconti. He was induced by Galeazzo to undertake an embassy to the emperor. Ill disposed as was Charles to the family, he declared that he had no intention of carrying his arms into Italy. On this occasion he sent to Petrarca the diploma of Count Palatine, in a golden box, which golden box the Count Francesco returned to the German Chancellor: and he made as little use of the title.

He now settled at Garignano, a village three miles from Milan, to which residence he gave the name of Linternò, from the villa of Scipio, on the coast of Naples. Fond as he was of the great and powerful, he did not always give them the preference. Capra, a goldsmith of Bergamo, enthusiastic in admiration of his genius, invited him with earnest entreaties to honour that city with a visit. On his arrival, the governor and nobility contended which should perform the offices of hospitality toward so illustrious a guest: but he went at once to the house of Capra, where he was treated by his worthy host with princely magnificence, and with delicate attentions which princely magnificence often overlooks. The number of choice volumes in the library, and the conversation of Capra, were evidences of a cultivated understanding and a virtuous heart. In the winter following (1359) Boccaccio spent several days at Linternò, and the poet gave him his Latin Eclogues in his own hand-writing. On his return to Florence, Boccaccio sent his friend the '*Divina Commedia*,' written out likewise by himself, and accompanied with profuse commendations.

Incredible as it may appear, this noble poem, the glory of Italy, and admitting but one other in the world to a proximity with it, was wanting to the library of Petrarca. His reply was cold and cautious: the more popular man, it might be thought, took umbrage at the loftier. He was jealous even of the genius which had gone by, and which bore no resemblance to his own, excepting in the purity and intensity

of love: for this was a portion of the genius in both. He was certainly the very best man that ever was a very vain one: and vanity has a better excuse for itself in him than in any other, since none was more admired by the world at large, and particularly by that part of it which the wisest are most desirous to conciliate, turning their wisdom in full activity to the elevation of their happiness. Laura, it is true, was sensible of little or no passion for him; but she was pleased with his; and stood like a beautiful Cariatid of stainless marble, at the base of an image on which the eyes of Italy were fixed.

Petrarca, like Boccaccio, regretted at the close of his life, not only the pleasure he had enjoyed, but also the pleasure he had imparted to the world. Both of them, as their mental faculties were diminishing, and their animal spirits were leaving them apace, became unconscious how incomparably greater was the benefit than the injury done by their writings. In Boccaccio there are certain tales so coarse that modesty casts them aside, and those only who are irreparably contaminated can receive any amusement from them. But in the greater part, what truthfulness, what tenderness, what joyousness, what purity! Their levities and gaieties are like the harmless lightnings of a summer sky in the delightful regions they were written in. Petrarca, with a mind which bears the same proportion to Boccaccio's as the Sarga bears to the Nile, has been the solace of many sad hours to those who probably were more despondent. It may be that, at the time when he was writing some of his softest and most sorrowful complaints, his dejection was caused by dalliance with another, far more indulgent than Laura. But his ruling passion was ungratified by her; therefore she died unsung, and, for aught we know to the contrary, unlamented. He had forgotten what he had declared in Sonnet 17.

E, se di lui forse altra donna spera,
Vive in speranza debole e fallace,
Mio, perche sdegno ciò ch' a voi dispiace, &c.

If any other hopes to find
That love in me which you despise,
Ah! let her leave the hope behind:
I hold from all what you alone should prize.

It can only be said that he ceased to be a visionary; and we ought to rejoice that an inflammation of ten years' recurrence sank down into a regular fit, and settled in no vital part. Yet we cannot but wish that he had been as zealous in giving instruction and counsel to his only son, a youth

whom he represents in one of his letters to have been singularly modest and docile, as he had been in giving it to princes, emperors, and popes, who exhibited very little of those characters. While he was at his villa at Linterno, the unfortunate youth robbed the house in Milan, and fled. We may reasonably suppose that home had become irksome to him, and that neither the eye nor the heart of a father was over him. Giovanni was repentant, was forgiven, and died.

The tenderness of Petrarca, there is too much reason to fear, was at all times concentrated in self. A nephew of his early patron, Colonna, in whose house he had spent many happy hours, was now deprived of house and home, and being reduced to abject poverty, had taken refuge in Bologna. He had surely great reason to complain of Petrarca, who never in his journeys to and fro had visited or noticed him, or, rich as he was in benefices by the patronage of his family, offered him any succour. This has been excused by Mr. Campbell. It may be short of turpitude; but it is farther, much farther, from generosity and from justice. Never is mention made by him of Laura's children, whom he must have seen with her, and one or other of whom must have noticed with the pure delight of unsuspicious childhood his fond glances at the lovely mother. Surely in all the years he was devoted to Laura, one or other of her children grieved her by ill-health, or perhaps by losing it; for virtue never set a mark on any door so that sickness and sorrow must not enter. But Petrarca thought more about her eyes than about those tears that are usually the inheritance of the brightest, and may well be supposed to have said, in some inedited canzone,

What care I what tears there be,
If the tears are not for me?

His love, when it administered nothing to his celebrity, was silent. Of his two children, a son and a daughter, not a word is uttered in any of his verses. How beautifully does Ovid, who is thought in general to have been less tender and was probably less chaste, refer to the purer objects of his affection!

Unica nata, mei justissima causa doloris, &c.

Petrarca's daughter lived to be the solace of his age, and married happily. Boccaccio, in the most beautiful and interesting letter in the whole of Petrarca's correspondence, mentions her kind reception of him, and praises her beauty and demeanour.

Even the unhappy boy appears to have been by nature of nearly the same character. According to the father's own account, his disposition was gentle and tractable; he was modest and shy, and abased his eyes before the smart witticisms of Petrarca, on the defects his own negligence had caused. A parent should never excite a blush, nor extinguish one.

Domestic cares bore indeed lightly on a man perpetually busy in negotiations. He could not but despise the emperor, who yet had influence enough over him to have brought him into Germany. But bands of robbers infested the road, and the plague was raging in many of the intermediate cities. It had not reached Venice: and there he took refuge. Wherever he went, he carried a great part of his library with him: but he found it now more inconvenient than ever, and therefore he made a present of it to the republic, on condition that it neither should be sold nor separated. It was never sold, it was never separated; but it was suffered to fall into decay, and not a single volume of the collection is now extant. While he was at Verona, his friend Boccaccio made him another visit, and remained with him three summer months. The plague deprived him of Lælius, of Socrates, and of Barbato. Among his few surviving friends was Philip de Cabassoles, now patriarch of Jerusalem, to whom he had promised the dedication of his treatise on 'Solitary Life,' which he began at Vacluse.

Urban V., successor to Innocent, designed to reform the discipline of the church; and Petrarca thought he had a better chance than ever of seeing its head at Rome. Again he wrote a letter on the occasion, learned, eloquent, and enthusiastically bold. Urban had perhaps already fixed his determination. Despite of remonstrances on the side of the French king, and of intrigues on the side of the cardinals, whose palaces and mistresses must be left behind, he quitted Avignon on the 30th of April, 1367, and, after a stay of four months at Viterbo, entered Rome. Before this event Petrarca had taken into his house, and employed as secretary, a youth of placid temper and sound understanding, which he showed the best disposition to cultivate. His name was Giovanni Malpighi, better known afterward as Giovanni da Ravenna. He was admitted to the table, to the walks, and to the travels of his patron, enjoying far more of his kindness and affection, than at the same time of life, had ever been bestowed upon

his son. Petrarca superintended his studies, and prepared him for the clerical profession. Unexpectedly one morning this youth entered his study, and declared he would stay no longer in the house. In vain did Petrarca try to alter his determination: neither hope nor fear moved him: and nothing was left but to accompany him as far as Venice. Giovanni would see the tomb of Virgil: he would visit the birthplace of Ennius: he would learn Greek at Constantinople. He went however no farther than Pavia, where Petrarca soon followed him, and pardoned his extravagance.

Pope Urban had no sooner established the holy see at Rome again, than he began to set Italy in a flame, raising troops in all quarters, and directing them against the Visconti. The emperor too in earnest had resolved on war. But Bernabo Visconti, who knew his avarice, knew how to divert his arms. He came into Italy, but only to lead the pope's palfrey and to assist at the empress's coronation. Urban sent an invitation to Petrarca; and he prepared, although in winter, to revisit Rome. Conscious that his health was declining, he made his will. To the Lord of Padua he bequeathed a picture of the Virgin, by Giotto; and to Boccaccio fifty gold florins, for a cloak to keep him warm in his study. Such was his debility he could proceed no farther than Ferrara, and thought it best to return to Padua. For the benefit of the air he settled in the hamlet of Arquà, where he built a villa, and where his daughter and her husband Francesco di Brossano, came to live with him. Urban died, and was succeeded by Gregory XI., who would have added to the many benefices held already by Petrarca: and the poet in these his latter days was not at all averse to the gifts of fortune. His old friend the bishop of Cabassoles, now a cardinal, was sent as legate to Perugia: Petrarca was desirous of visiting him, and the rather as the prelate's health was declining: but before his own enabled him to undertake the journey, he had expired.

One more effort of friendship was the last reserved for him. Hostilities broke out between the Venetians and Francesco da Ferrara, aided by the king of Hungary, who threatened to abandon his cause unless he consented to terms of peace. Venice now recovered her advantages, and reduced Francesco to the most humiliating conditions. He was obliged to send his son to ask pardon of the republic. To render this less intolerable,

he prevailed on Petrarca to accompany the youth, and to plead his cause before the senate. Accompanied by a numerous and a splendid train, they arrived at the city; audience was granted them on the morrow. But fatigue and illness so affected Petrarca that he could not deliver the speech he had prepared. Among the many of his compositions which are lost to us, is this oration. Happily there is preserved the friendly letter he wrote to Boccaccio on his return; the last of his writings. During the greater part of his lifetime, though no less zealous than Boccaccio himself in recovering the works of the classics, he never had read the 'Divina Commedia'; nor, until this period of it, the 'Decameron'; the two most admirable works the continent has produced from the restoration of learning to the present day. Boccaccio, who had given him the one, now gave him the other. In his letter of thanks for it, he excuses the levity of his friend in some places, attributes it to the season of life in which the book was written, and relates the effect the story of Griseldis had produced, not only on himself, but on another of less sensibility. He even learnt it by heart, that he might recite it to his friends; and he sent the author a Latin translation of it. Before this, but among his latest compositions, he had written an indignant answer to an unknown French monk, who criticised his letter to Urban, and had spoken contemptuously of Rome and Italy. Monks generally know at what most vulnerable part to aim the dagger; and the Frenchman struck Petrarca between his vanity and his patriotism. A greater mind would have looked down indifferently on a dwarf assailant, and would never have lifted him up, even for derision. The most prominent rocks and headlands are most exposed to the elements; but those which can resist the violence of the storms are in little danger from the corrosion of the limpets.

On the 18th of July, 1374, Petrarca was found in his library, his brow upon a book he had been reading: he was dead.

There is no record of any literary man, or perhaps of any man whatsoever, to whom such honours, honours of so many kinds, and from such different quarters and personages, have been offered. They began in his early life; and we are walking at this hour in the midst of the procession. Few travellers dare to return from Italy until they can describe to the attentive ear and glistening eye, the scenery of the Euganean hills. He who has loved truly,

and, above all, he who has loved unhappily, approaches, as holiest altars are approached, the cenotaph on the little columns at Arquà.

The Latin works of Petrarca were esteemed by himself more highly than his Italian.* His Letters and his Dialogues 'De Contempta Mundi,' are curious and valuable. In the latter he conversed with Saint Augustin, to whom he is introduced by *Truch*, the same personage who appears in his 'Africa,' and whom Voltaire also invokes to descend on his little gravelly Champ de Mars, the 'Henriade.' The third dialogue is about his love for Laura, and nobly is it defended. He wrote a treatise on the ignorance of one's self and others (*multorum*), in which he has taken much from Cicero and Augustin, and in which he afterwards forgot a little of his own. 'Ought we to take it to heart,' says he, 'if we are ill spoken of by the ignorant and malicious, when the same thing happened to Homer and Demosthenes, to Cicero and Virgil?' He was fond of following these two; Cicero in the number of his epistles, Virgil in eclogue and in epic.

Of his twelve eclogues, which by a strange nomenclature he also called bucolics, many are satirical. In the sixth and seventh Pope Clement is represented in the character of Mitio. In the sixth Saint Peter, under the name of Pamphilus, reproaches him for the condition in which he keeps his flock, and asks him what he has done with the wealth intrusted to him. Mitio answers that he has kept the gold arising from the sale of the lambs, and that he has given the milk to certain friends of his. He adds, that his spouse, very different from the old woman Pamphilus was contented with, went about in gold and jewels. As for the rams and goats, they played their usual gambols in the meadow; and he himself looked on. Pamphilus is indignant, and tells him he ought to be flogged and sent to prison for life. Mitio drops on a sudden his peaceful character, and calls him a faithless runaway slave, deserving the fetter and the cross. In the twelfth eclogue, under the appella-

* It is incredible that Julius Cæsar Scaliger, who has criticised so vast a number of later poets quite forgotten, and deservedly, should never have even seen the Latin poetry of Petrarca. His words are: "Primum, quod equidem sciam, Petrarca ex insuetudine barbarie os calco attollere ausus est, cujus, quem admodum diximus alibi, quid nihil videre licuerit, ejus viri castigationes sicut et alia multa, reliquam studiosis."—*Poet.* l. vi., p. 769.

tions of Pan and Arcione, are represented the kings of France and England. Arcione is indignant at the favours Pan receives from Faustula (Avignon). To King John the pope had remitted his tithes, so that he was enabled to continue the war against England, which ended in his captivity.

Petrarca in all his Latin poetry, and indeed in all his Latin compositions, is an imitator, and generally a very unsuccessful one; but his versification is more harmonious, and his language has more the air of antiquity, and more resembles the better models, than any since Boethius.

We now come to his Italian poetry. In this he is less deficient in originality, though in several pieces he has imitated too closely Cino da Pistoja. 'Mille dubj in un dì,' for instance, in his seventh canzone. Cino is crude and enigmatical; but there is a beautiful sonnet by him addressed to Dante, which he wrote on passing the Appenines, and stopping to visit the tomb and invoke the name of Selvaggia. Petrarca, late in life, made a collection of sonnets on Laura; they are not printed in the order in which they were written. The first is a kind of prologue to the rest, as the first ode of Horace is. There is a melancholy grace in this preliminary piece. The third ought to have been the second; for, after having in the first related his errors and regrets, we might have expected to find the cause of them in the following; we find it in the third. 'Di pensier in pensier,' 'Chiare dolci e fresche acque,' 'Se il pensier che mi strugge,' 'Benedetto sia il giorno,' 'Solo e pensoso,' are incomparably better than the 'Tre Sorelle,' by which the Italians are enchanted, and which the poet himself views with great complacency. These three are upon the eyes of Laura. The seventh canzone, the second of the 'Sorelle,' or, as they have often been styled, the 'Grazie,' is the most admired of them. In this however the ear is offended at 'Qual all'alta.' The critics do not observe this sad cacophony. And nothing is less appropriate than

Ed al fuoco gentil ond' io tutt' ardo.

The close is,

Canzon! l'una Sorella è poco inanzi,
E l'altra sento in quel medesimo albergo
Apparecchiarsi, ond' io più curta vengo.

This ruins the figure. What becomes of the *Sorella*, and the *albergo*, and the *apparecchiarsi*. The third is less celebrated than the two elder sisters.

Muratori, the most judicious of Italian commentators, gives these canzoni the

preference over the others: but it remained for a foreigner to write correctly on them, and to demonstrate that they are very faulty. We find more faults and graver than Ginguenè has found in them: but we do not complain with him so much that the commencement of the third is heavy and languid, as that serious thoughts are intersected with quibbles, and spangled with conceits. We will here remark freely, and in some detail, on this part of the poetry of Petrarca.

Sonetto 21. It will be difficult to find in all the domains of poetry so frigid a conceit as in the conclusion of this sonnet,

E far della sue braccia a se stessa' ombra.

Strange that it should be followed by the most beautiful he ever wrote:

Solo e pensoso, &c.

Canzone 1.

Ne mano ancor m' agghiaccia
L' esser coperto poi di bianche piume,
Ond' io presi col suon color di cigno!

How very inferior is this childish play to Horace's ode, in which he also becomes a swan.

Canzone 3. Among the thousand offices which he attributes to the eyes is *carrying the keys*. Here he talks of the *sweet eyes* carrying the keys of the *sweet thoughts*. Again he has a peep at the keyhole in the seventh.

Quel cuor ond' hanno i begli occhi la chiave.

He also lets us into the secret that he is really *fond* of complaining, and that he *takes pains* to have his eyes always full of tears.

Ed io son un di quei ch' il pianger giova,
E per ben ch' io m' ingegno
Che di lagrime preghi
Sien gli occhi miei.

Sonetto 20. Here are Phœbus, Vulcan, Jupiter, *Cæsar*, Janus, Saturn, Mars, Orion, Neptune, Juno, and a chorus of *Angels*: and they have only fourteen lines to turn about in.

Canzone 4. The last part has merit from 'E perche un poco.'

Sonetto 39. In this beautiful sonnet, as in almost every one, there is a redundancy of words: for instance,

Benedetto sia il giorno, e 'l mese, e 'l anno,
E la stagion, e 'l tempo.

Sonetto 40 is very serious. It is a prayer to God that his heart may be turned to other desires, and that it may remember how on that day He was crucified.

Sestina 3. With what derision would a poet of the present day be treated who had written such stuff as,

*E pel bel petto l' indurato ghiaccio
Che trae dal mio sì dolorosi venti.*

Sonetto 44. 'L' aspetto sacro' is ingenious, yet without conceits.

Canzone 8. As far as we know it has never been remarked (nor indeed is an Italian Academia worth a remark), that the motto of the Academia della Crusca, 'Il più bel fior ne coglie,' is from

*E, le onorate
Cose cercando, il più bel fior ne coglie.*

Sonetto 46. Here he wonders whence all the ink can come with which he fills his paper on Laura.

Sonetto 50. In the fourteenth year of his passion, his ardour is increasing to such a degree, that, he says, 'Death approaches . . . and life flies away.'

Che la morte m'appressa.....e 'l viver fugge.

We believe there is no instance where life has resisted the encounter.

Sonetto 59. This is very different from all his others. The first part is poor enough: the last would be interesting if we could believe it to be more than imaginary. Here he boasts of the impression he had made on Laura, yet in his last Canzone he asks her whether he ever had. The words of this sonnet to which we refer are,

*Era ben forte la nemica mia,
E lei viddi io ferita in mezzo al core.*

But we may well take all this for ideal, when we read the very next, in which he speaks of being free from the thralldom that had held him so many years.

Sonetto 66. The conclusion from 'Ne mi lece ascoltar,' is very animated: here is greatly more vigour and incitation than usual.

Canzone 9. It would be difficult to find anywhere, except in the rarest and most valuable books, so wretched a poem as this. The rhymes occur over and over again, not only at the close, but often at the fifth and sixth syllables, and then another time. Metastasio has managed best the redundant rhymes.

Sonetto 73. The final part, 'L' aura soave,' is exquisitely beautiful, and the harmony complete.

Sonetto 84. 'Quel vago impallidir' is among the ten best.

Canzone 10. In the last stanza there is

a lightness of movement not always to be found in the graces of Petrarca.

Canzone 11. This is incomparably the most elaborate work of the poet, but it is very far from the perfection of 'Solo e pensoso.' The second and third stanzas are inferior to the rest; and the *fera bella e mansueta* is quite unworthy of the place it occupies.

Canzone 13 is extremely beautiful until we come to

*Pur ti medesimo assido,
Me freddo, pietra morta in pietra viva.*

Sonetto 95. 'Pommi ovi 'l Sol,' is imitated from Horace's 'Pone me pigris,' &c.

Sonetto 98. Four verses are filled with the names of rivers, excepting the monosyllables *non* and *e*. He says that all these rivers cannot slake the fire that is the anguish of his heart: no, nor even ivy, fir, pine, beech, or juniper. It is by no means a matter of wonder, that these subsidiaries lend but little aid to the exertions of the fireman.

Sonetto 110.

O anime gentili ed amorose

has been imitated and improved upon by Redi, in his

Donne gentili, divote d' amore.

Sonetto 111. No extravagance ever surpassed the invocation to the rocks in the water, requiring that henceforward there would not be a single one which had neglected to learn how to burn with his flames. He himself can only go farther in

Sonetto 119, where he tells us that Laura's eyes can burn up the Rhine when it is most frozen, and crack its hardest rocks.

Sonetto 132. In the precarious state of her health, he fears more about the disappointment of his hopes in love than about her danger.

Sonetto 148. His descriptions of beauty are not always distinct and correct; for example,

*Gli occhi sereni e le stellanti ciglia
La bella bocca angelica...de perle
Piena, e di rose...e di dolci parole.*

In this place we shall say a little about *occhi* and *ciglia*. First, the sense would be better and the verse equally good, if, transposing the epithets, it were written

Gli occhi stellanti e le serene ciglia.

The Italian poets are very much in the

habit of putting the *eye-lashes* for the *eyes*, because *ciglia* is a most useful rhyme. The Latin poets, contended with *oculi*, *ocelli*, and *lumina*, never employ *cilia*, of which indeed they appear to have made but little account. Greatly more than a hundred times has Petrarca inserted eyes into the first part of his sonnets; it is rarely that we find one without its *occhi*. They certainly are very ornamental things; but it is not desirable for a poet to resemble an Argus.

Canzone 15. The versification here differs from the others, but is no less beautiful than in any of them. However, where love appears in person, we would rather that Pharaoh, Rachel, &c., were absent.

Sonetto 157. He tells us on what day he entered the labyrinth of love.

Mille trecento ventisette appunto
Sull' ora prima il dì setto d' Aprili.

This poetry has very unfairly been taken advantage of, in a book

Written by William Prynn Esquier, the
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three.

Sonetto 158. He has now loved twenty years.

Sonetto 161. The first verse is rendered very inharmonious by the cesura and the final word having syllables that rhyme. Tutto 'l dì piango, e per la notte quando, lagrimando, and consumando, are considered as rhymes, although rhymes should be formed by similarity of sound and not by identity. The Italians, the Spaniards, and the French, reject this canon.

Sonetto 187, on the present of two roses, is light and pretty.

Sonetto 192. He fears he may never see Laura again. Probably this was written after her death. He dreams of her saying to him, 'Do you not remember the last evening, when I left you with your eyes in tears? Forced to go away from you, I could not tell you, nor could I, what I tell you now. Do not hope to see me again on earth.' This most simple and beautiful sonnet has been less noticed than many which a pure taste would have rejected. The next is a vision of Laura's death. There are verses in Petrarca which will be uttered by many sorrowers through many ages. Such, for instance, are

Non la conobbe il mondo mentre l' ebbe,
Conobbla io chi a pianger quì rimasi.

But we are hard of belief when he says

Pianger cercai, non già dal pianto onore.

There are fourteen more Sonnets, and

one more Canzone in the first series of the *Rime*; but here we close it. Of the second, third, and fourth series we must be contented with fewer notices, for already we have exceeded the limits we proposed. They were written after Laura's death, and contain, altogether, somewhat more than the first alone. Many of the poems in them are grave, tender, and beautiful. There are the same faults, but fewer in number, and less in degree. He never talks again, as he does in the last words of the first, of carrying a laurel and a column in his bosom, the one for fifteen, the other for eighteen years.

Ginguené seems disinclined to allow a preference to this second part of the Canzoniere. But surely it is in general far more pathetic, and more exempt from the importunities of petty fancies. He takes the trouble to translate the wretched sonnet (33, part 2) in which the waters of the river are increased by the poet's tears, and the fish (as they had a right to expect) are spoken to. But the next is certainly a most beautiful poem, and worthy of Dante himself, whose manner of thinking and style of expression it much resembles. There is a canzone in dialogue which also resembles it in sentiment and feeling;

Quando soave mio fido conforto, &c.

The next again is imitated from Cino da Pis-
toja: what a crowd of words at the opening!

Quel antico mio dolce empio signore.

It is permitted in no other poetry than the Italian to shovel up such a quantity of trash and triviality before the doors. But rather than indulge in censure, we will recommend to the especial perusal of our readers another list of admirable compositions. 'Alma felice,' 'Anima bella,' 'Ite rime dolenti,' 'Tornami a mente,' 'Quel rossignol,' 'Vago angelletto,' 'Dolce mio caro,' 'Gli angeli,' 'Ohime! il bel viso,' 'Che deblo io far,' 'Amor! se vuor,' 'O aspettata,' 'Anima, che dinostra,' 'Spirto gentil,' 'Italia mia.' Few indeed, if any, of these are without a flaw; but they are of higher worth than those on which the reader, unless forewarned, would spend his time unprofitably. It would be a great blessing if a critic deeply versed in this literature, like Carey, would publish the Italian poets with significant marks before the passages worth reading; the more worth, and the less. Probably it would not be a mark of admiration, only that surprise and admiration have but one between them, which would follow the poet's declaration in Can. 18, that 'if he does not melt away it is because fear holds him together.' After this foolery he becomes

a true poet again 'O colli! &c.,' then again bad, 'You see how many colours love paints my face with.'

Nothing he ever wrote is so tender as a reproach of Laura's, after ten years' admiration, 'You are soon grown tired of loving me!' He replies,

Io non fui d' amor voi lassato unquanco, &c.

There is poetry in Petrarca which we have not yet adverted to, in which he has changed the chords *καὶ τὴν λυγρὴν ἀπασαν*: such as 'Fiamma del ciel,' 'L' avara Babilonia,' 'Fontana di dolor.' The volumes close with the 'Trionfi.' The first, as we might have anticipated, is 'Il Trionfo d' Amore.' The poem is a vile one, stuffed with proper names. The 'Triumph of Chastity' is shorter, as might also be anticipated, and not quite so full of them. At the close, Love meets Laura, who makes him her captive, and carries him in triumph among the virgins and matrons most celebrated for purity and constancy. The 'Triumph of Death' follows.

This poem is truly admirable. Laura is returning from her victory over love; suddenly there appears a black flag, followed by a female in black apparel, and terrible in attitude and voice. She stops the festive procession, and strikes Laura. The poet now describes her last moments, and her soft sleep of death, in which she retains all her beauty. In the second part she comes to him in a dream, holds out her hand, and invites him to sit by her on the bank of a rivulet, under the shade of a beech and a laurel. Nothing, in this most beautiful of languages, is so beautiful, excepting the lines of Dante on Francesco, as these.

*E quella man' già tanto desiata,
A me, parlando e sospirando, porse*

Their discourse is upon death, which she tells him should be formidable only to the wicked, and assures him that the enjoyment she receives from it, is far beyond any life has to bestow. He then asks her a question, which he alone had a right to ask her, and only in her state of purity and bliss.

She sighed, and said, 'No; nothing could dis sever My heart from thine, and nothing shall there ever.

If, thy fond ardour to repress,
I sometimes frown'd (and how could I do less?)
If, now and then, my look was not benign,

'Twas but to save my fame and thine.
And, as thou knowest, when I saw thy grief,
A glance was ready with relief.'

Scarce with dry cheek
These tender words I heard her speak.
'Were they but true!' I cried. She bent the head,

Not unapproachfully, and said,

'Yes, I did love thee; and whom'er
I turn'd away my eyes, 'twas shame and fear.
A thousand times to thee did they incline,
But sank before the flame that shot from thine.'

He who, the twentieth time, can read unmoved this canzone, never has experienced a love which could not be requited, and never has deserved a happy one.

ART. V.—1. *La Russie en 1839.* (Russia in 1839). Par le MARQUIS DE CUSTINE. 4 vols. Paris. 1843.

2. *Esprit de l'Economie Politique.* Par IVAN GOLOWINE, Auteur Russe. Paris. 1843.

Few readers there are, who have not rambled through Russia very lately under the guidance of the amiable, the sharp-sighted, and plain-spoken Kohl. So microscopic as well as panoramic were the views afforded by the German traveller, that most people, though amused, were satiated, and we wanted to hear or see very little of Russia for the next twelvemonth. But here a new cicerone has started up, of a nation and a kind so perfectly contrasted with Kohl, that it was impossible not to listen to what he had to say. Instead of the simple and plain good sense of the German, we have here the *esprit*, the conceit, the paradox, the happy hits, and the unhappy blunders of the Frenchman.

The Marquis de Custine, well known for his work on Spain, and for several novels, more sentimental and lively than interesting, is not of the old school of French writers, nor yet of the new. He is of the *school of transition*: that halfway house between classic and romantic, which well-bred and well-born authors love to frequent, and so keep aloof from what they consider to be the vulgar ravings of Balzac and Sand. Monsieur de Custine is of the school of Chateaubriand—high and mighty as a feudal chief whose sword and buckler had been stolen by the fairies and replaced by pen and inkstand. He admires the past, praises religion, and patronizes providence. He affects the profound and the poetic, has an equal horror of common sense and commonplace, and writes as if he were 'perorating' to an attentive audience. Monsieur de Custine is evidently a man accustomed to shine in saloons, and he wags his pen, as he would his tongue, always for effect, and more eager after point than truth. But if his high birth and habits of good society have thus misled him in one

respect, they have secured him precious advantages, as a tourist, in another, by an *entrée* into those aristocratic, nay imperial circles, which they who penetrate into, have seldom the opportunity or audacity to talk of.

The first hundred pages of the Marquis de Custine's book have, however, nothing to do with his travels, and are, indeed, much more interesting than his observations on foreign countries. They are an hundred pages of the memoirs of his family: of his father and grandfather, who both perished on a revolutionary scaffold, and of his mother, one of those few lovely tenants of Parisian prisons who chanced to escape the Reign of Terror. His grandfather, the Marquis de Custine, commanded the army of the Rhine: his son was sent French envoy to Berlin. An expression of disgust against Robespierre occasioned the recall and persecution of the elder Custine. Trial was then synonymous with death. But personal efforts and intervention, especially of a beautiful woman, sometimes mollified the judges of the revolutionary tribunal. The mother of the author of the present work, then daughter-in-law of the accused general, spared no effort or peril to save her husband's father. Her importunities were so great, that Fouquier-Tinville, the public accuser, gave orders to his band of cut-throats to hew her in pieces, as she descended the steps of the Palais de Justice. She had often escaped; but on the last day of trial, after the general had been led back to prison, she found herself on the summit of the steps of the Palais de Justice, whilst two rows of ruffians, with drawn sabres and imprecations, awaited her descent with that of other victims marked out to them. She saw her fate, and knew that weakness or faltering would hasten it. She advanced to run down the fatal gauntlet, when, perceiving a *poissarde* near her with a child at her breast, she lingered, and exclaimed, 'What a pretty child!' 'Take it, then,' replied the fishwoman. Madame de Custine took the ragged infant, and with it in her arms, traversed unhurt the menacing crowd, and then returned it to its rude mother, who had thus saved a precious life.

General Custine was visited by his daughter-in-law the night before his execution. He had changed cells. His old one was given to Marie Antoinette as the worst of the prison. General Custine, in ceding this worst cell of the Conciergerie to Marie Antoinette, recollected the queen's brilliant circle at Versailles, 'where he had lost 300,000 francs in one night.'

The turn of the younger Custine, father of the author of the present volume, came next.

We mentioned that he had been sent to succeed M. de Segur as French envoy at Berlin. M. de Segur had failed altogether to ingratiate himself with the king: this was partly owing to his having, when at the Russian court, amused the Empress Catharine by caricatures of the Prussian court and monarch. On learning that M. de Segur was sent to Berlin, the empress forwarded thither one of M. de Segur's notes, containing several of these caricatures. Such an envoy, it may be supposed, was but coldly received. Young Custine was not more successful. One night on his return home, he was followed by a person wrapped up in a cloak, who flung at his feet a roll of paper: it was a copy of the treaty of Tilsnitz. The younger Custine was condemned with the Girondins, and perished with them. His heroic wife had planned his escape, but he refused to adopt her plan, as it would have risked the life of the gaoler's daughter, who was to be an accomplice of his flight.

His widow was soon after arrested, and thrust into the same prison with Mesdames d'Aiguillon, de Lamett, and the future empress Josephine. The latter was the most fearful of all: full of tears and despair, and trusting more to a pack of fortune-telling cards which she consulted, than to either religion or virtuous fortitude. Madame de Custine used to tell of a fellow-prisoner, 'an aged Englishwoman, deaf and almost blind, whom it was impossible to make comprehend, why she was in prison. The executioner answered her last question.' Madame de Custine was saved by the benevolence of an old cobbler, Jerome, member of the revolutionary tribunal, a terrorist, whom she was able to save in her turn. She was the daughter of Madame de Salvan, and gave her name at least, if she gave no more, to her friend Madame de Stael's 'Delphine.'

Reared in this terrible school, having received so amply that *baptême de sang* which has rendered the better order of the French so politically circumspect, and having lost therewith the greater part of his fortune, we should expect to find the Marquis de Custine anti-revolutionary: and so he is, but not to such an extent as to make him admire Russian despotism. A traveller better disposed, we should think, to give a favourable account of the autocrat's empire, ought not to have been found than the French noble. Yet no one has written so severe a satire of Russia, as the Marquis de Custine. The French aristocrat has, in fact, got his head so full of democratic rights, that he was hurt and mortified at finding in Russia nobles reduced to the state of domestics.

This is more striking when Russian princes are met with out of their own dominions, as when the author meets the Grand Duke Michael at Ems. He praises much the personal appearance of the Grand Duke, a panegyric in which we by no means join, but exclaims against the servile manners of his suite. The writer of this review was witness to a scene which would have fully exemplified M. de Custine's objections. The Grand Duke Michael went out with a large party, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, to shoot. He brought with him a packet of cigars, no one else daring to provide himself with a similar source of pleasure. The impatient Grand Duke had soon wasted his cigars; flung away one as bad, half smoked another, lost a third; till towards the end of his day's sport his cigar-box was as empty as his game-bag. The sport had not been brilliant. Hereat his royal highness muttered many imprecations, and packed every member of his suite back through the woods to pick up for him the remnants of his cigars.

The Marquis de Custine sails from Lübeck on board the steamer, *Nicholas* the First. His description of Baltic scenery is lively.

"An hour since I saw the sun sink into the sea, between the N.N.E. and the N., leaving behind it a luminous train, which has sufficed me to write by on the deck; and now I look to the N.N.E., and mark the first tints of sunrise. Yesterday is not over, yet to-morrow commences. Day here is an interminable *aurora*, which never keeps its promise. The sunrise brings no new day, and sunset no night. The magic of colour, the religious obscurity of night, are not to be found. Though not dark by night, it is still grey by day. The sun of the north appears to me as an alabaster lamp, suspended and turning between heaven and earth. The atmosphere is that of the pictures we see painted on China. . . .

"The Russians are proud of the approach to St. Petersburg by the Neva. It disappointed me. When first you begin to perceive some steeples, the effect is more singular than imposing. A narrow line of earth is perceived between sea and sky, indented by a few irregularities, and these irregularities are the mighty buildings of the capital. It is like a line traced by the trembling hand of a child, trying to draw a mathematical figure."

Our author has for fellow-travellers on board a Prince K——, and several Russian ladies: the former a liberal in words, and as fond of idle expatiation in political philosophy as the Frenchman. The prince tells the story of the Baron Ungens, of Sternberg, who lived in his castle on the solitary island of Dago, for the sake of murdering and plundering the shipwrecked. He compares the baron to Byron's heroes, an odd idea of the huma-

nity of the poet and his ideal. The prince denies to the Russians the sentiment of the *point of honour*, that growth of feudalism perpetuated in the modern gentleman. Hence, saith he, amid all their bravery and good qualities, the Russians want altogether that chivalrous respect for truth, which is, or ought to be, found further west.

The numerous fleet of Russia was far from inspiring the French marquis with respect.

"On approaching Kronstadt the imposing men-of-war of the Russian empire appear. The fleet is the creation and recreation of Nicholas. But, for my part, when told that this naval scene was merely for the instruction of cadets, my curiosity turned to ennui, and I thought of school. All this movement was the result of neither war nor commerce, but *parade*; and, with the Russians, *parade* is the great mania. Here is a fleet on parade, and its crews at school for three months. At the end of that time the scholar re-enters his cage, his plaything of a ship goes into its box, and the ice commences its attacks upon the imperial navy. Lord Durham told the Emperor his ships were his playthings. To admire Russia, when coming to it by water, you must forget the entrance to London by the Thames. This is life—that is death!"

We have had a hundred descriptions of the Emperor Nicholas, but M. de Custine still adds a few traits.

"The Emperor is taller than most men by half a head. His stature is noble, though somewhat stiff. He has been accustomed from his youth to girth his waist so tight as almost to drive his stomach into his chest, and it literally falls over his waist. It is said that when the Emperor untightens his belt, he experiences a complete though momentary prostration of strength. His features are more German than Slavonic. His life is passed in the open air: so much so, that the shade of his military hat has marked a fair region on the midst of his face, on each side of which the skin is bronzed by the sun."

The following is M. de Custine's description of the marriage ceremony of the Duc de Leuchtenberg and the Grand Duchess Marie, at which he was present:

"The ceremonies of the Greek church are long and majestic. Everything is symbolical and rich. The walls, the ceiling, the priests' garments, shone with gold and precious stones. The imperial chapel is not large; it was filled by the grandees, the courtiers, and foreign representatives. We were separated from the altar, which is a mere square table, by a balustrade. At length the Emperor and Empress and their family entered, and every eye was turned upon them. Notwithstanding the crowd there was no confusion, nor was the silence of respect troubled in any way. By the side of the Emperor, in a long golden robe and pointed cap, stood a Tartar khan, half independent, half tributary, who had come

to Petersburg to procure the place of page for one of his sons. How this monarchy has started up to the first rank of might and magnificence! The Emperor himself did not seem much accustomed to such scenes, for every now and then he quitted his praying stool to correct some fault of position or etiquette on the part of his children or clergy. His son-in-law was not in his proper place; he made him advance or retire two feet. The grand duchesses, the courtiers, even the priests, were subject to this minute discipline. During the mass the new-married couple drink together out of the same cup, and go hand in hand three times round the altar. Crowns were held over their heads. Her brother held the crown over the grand duchess, the Emperor frequently rectifying his attitude. Count Pahlen held the crown over the Duc de Leuchtenberg: singular that the son of one of the assassins of Paul should grace the marriage of his grand-daughter. It was astonishing how the arms of the Hereditary Grand Duke and of Count Pahlen could keep motionless, whilst extended and holding these crowns. The bride was full of grace and purity, fair, with blue eyes, and countenance of candour and intellect. Immediately after the ceremony the Empress in emotion flung herself into the arms of the Emperor. Two pigeons had been let loose, and they had perched on the cornice of one of the columns over the altar, and billed and cooed their part to perfection. The Duc de Leuchtenberg is well made, handsome, but his features are not *distingués*. He is rather a handsome lieutenant than a prince."

The Emperor Nicholas threw a singular charm over the mind of M. de Custine. He fascinated the traveller: so much so, that from the moment of the chapter of his first interview and conversation, the French marquis sees nothing but the Emperor. The imperial image haunts him, dominates him, charms him, frightens him, and in struggles against this charm and this fright, M. de Custine becomes liberal, and harangues against despotism. He is pursued by a spectre; he tells each minute that he is afraid of being transported to Siberia; and having laid hold of a story of a prince harshly exiled to Siberia, he expatiates and expands upon it; representing the Emperor as a demon in the last chapter, who had been extolled as an angel in the first.

It is too hard a task to put upon the shoulders and conscience of any man, to render him at once the lord, the judge, and the permanent executioner, of the errors of his people. Yet thus have the laws and habits of Russia constituted their sovereign. The penalty of death is abolished in a country, where civilisation is for the masses not more advanced than it was in France and England during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. How the kings of that day treated their noblesse the history of the scaffold bears witness. What would have been the effect of the abolition

of the penalty of death under the Tudors, or under Louis XI.? It is the Russian Emperor's position which is awful, and which renders his character so. He was bred to that position, instructed in its duties: terrible duties they are, but he performs them conscientiously! We hope we are not profane, but at any rate we are true, in assimilating the duties of a Russian despot to that of a deity: an awful responsibility and an awful character. The Emperor Nicholas performs his merciless and impressive and patriotic part, with what wisdom he may; and has at least the merit, not so very common, of deeming that a being so highly placed ought to be exempt from weakness and from vice, and to be a model in the only human relations left him, those of husband, father, and master.

"The Emperor," says De Custine, "forgets his supreme majesty only in his family relations. There he remembers that man has pleasures independent of his duties. His domestic virtues aid him in his public task, by ensuring him universal esteem."

In this respect, Nicholas is superior to Alexander. M. de Custine relates that, in 1814, he was dancing the Polonaise at Vienna:

"Chance had placed me between the Emperor Alexander and his Empress, a Baden Princess. I felt awkward, pressed between such personages. All of a sudden the dancers came to a stop, and the Emperor, impatient, put his head over my shoulder, and said, roughly enough, to the Empress, 'Get on, do.' The Empress turned round, and perceiving the Emperor dancing with a lady for whom he had shown for some days a profound passion, observed, 'Always polite.' The autocrat bit his lip."

The author gives a lively description of the ball and supper after the imperial wedding, and describes amusingly the imperturbable *sang-froid* of a young Genevese, clad in the dress of a national guard, the uniform least liked at St. Petersburg. Besides the great table of a thousand seats, was a small table of eight. It was reserved for the Emperor and his friends. The young Genevese boldly took his seat at this table, opposite the Emperor, who called for a ninth chair rather than disturb his republican guest. This was playing the amiable host.

The author tells us of an English marquis, much liked by the imperial family, who, with a wooden leg, contrived to dance the Polonaise with the Empress. Her majesty wished to give a ball expressly for the marquis before he left St. Petersburg, and made the invitation herself in person. The marquis said, that he had been already too much *fêted*, and if her majesty did not intend to kill him with the magnificence of hospitality, she must permit him to decline the ball, and retire on

board his yacht to make preparations for departure. The Empress then turned to the Marquis's eldest son, who pleaded his engagement to a reindeer hunt. Her majesty then repeated her invitation to the younger son of the marquis, who was at a loss for an excuse, and was therefore obliged to consent. But he was at the same time heard to murmur. 'It's I, who am the victim.' *Si non e vero, e ben trovato.*

There is one weakness or characteristic of the Russians, especially of its imperial family, by which travellers profit, and by which M. de Custine largely profited; and which, instead of filling him with satisfaction and gratitude, on the contrary inspires him with complaint and suspicion. This is their anxiety to be well spoken of, and well thought of abroad. The Emperor and Empress both expended a world of blandishments on M. de Custine. He accepted them, nay, acknowledged the receipt of them by a profusion of compliments at the time; and now that he has returned safe to his desk and to his friends in France, he indulges in as much malignity. This is unfair. The author should not have played Voltaire's part, who fawned on the Great Frederick in Berlin, and lampooned him in Paris. We cannot perceive any crime in the desire of the Russian prince to be well considered in Europe. It is a laudable feeling, and one that might be turned to better account by writers, or by eminent men who visit St. Petersburg. M. de Custine, who could converse with Nicholas on the circumstances of that fearful day on which he ascended the throne, might have had the courage to mark at once what he admired, and what he censured in Russia.

"The day on which Nicholas ascended the throne," recounts M. de Custine, "was the day on which his guard rebelled. At the first news of the revolt, the Emperor and Empress descended alone together to their chapel, and there, falling on their knees at the altar, vowed to God to die as sovereigns, if the insurrection could not be put down. The Emperor knew the mutiny to be serious, for the archbishop had failed in appeasing the soldiers. After making the sign of the cross, the Emperor went to overcome the rebels by his presence, and by the calm energy of his countenance. He himself recounted to me this scene in words which, unfortunately, I cannot all recollect,

"Sire," observed M. de Custine, "your majesty derived force from the genuine source."

"I was ignorant what I was about to do or say," said the Emperor, "I was inspired."

"To have such inspirations, one must merit them."

"I did nothing extraordinary. I bade the soldiers, *Return to their ranks*; and at the moment of passing the regiment in review, I cried, *On your knees!* All obeyed. What gave

me strength was my previous resignation to death. I am grateful for success, not proud of it, having no merit therein."

"Nicholas," continues the author, "is the Louis XIV. of the Slavons. Eyewitnesses assured me, that he seemed to rise in height at each step he made towards the mutineers. From having been taciturn, melancholic, and minute in his youth, he became a hero when sovereign. One of the mutineers approached four times to kill him, without having the courage. It had been insinuated to the soldiers that Constantine was marching to defend his rights. They cried for *The Constitution*, being told that this meant the wife of Constantine (?). Constantine had refused the crown from weakness, and from fear of being poisoned.

"The following is the remainder of our conversation. 'When the mutiny was appeased, sire, you must have returned to your palace with very different feelings from what you left it. You had then not only ensured your throne, but acquired the admiration of the world, and the sympathy of every elevated mind.'

"It has been too much vaunted, what I did then."

"The Emperor did not tell me what I learned from another source, that on returning to his wife, he found her with a nervous affection, a trembling of the head, which she still has when in weak health. The Emperor himself, when the excitement was over, experienced a collapse, and flinging himself overcome into the arms of one of his followers, exclaimed, 'What a commencement of a reign!'

"Despotism," cried the Emperor to M. de Custine, "still exists in Russia, since it is the essence of my government. But it is in harmony with the genius of the nation. I understand a republic, which is at least, or may be, a clear and sincere government. I understand an absolute monarchy: but a representative monarchy is what I cannot understand. It is a government of fraud, lies, and corruption: I would rather fall back to China, than ever adopt it."

"Sire," observed M. de Custine, "I have always regarded representative government as an inevitable compromise in certain states of society, at certain epochs. Instead of resolving any difficulty, however, it merely adjoins them. It is a truce signed between democracy and monarchy, under the auspices of two tyrants, fear and interest. It is prolonged by the pride of loquacity and popular vanity. It is the aristocracy of speech substituted for that of truth; it is the government of advocates."

Such was the mean and commonplace flattery, by which the author replied to the Emperor's face: thus pronouncing a panegyric on despotism, whilst on the moment of his return to his writing-desk, the French marquis rebecomes a liberal, and falls to abusing the despot on whose hand he has just slavered. This is base!

"Sir, you speak truth," said the Emperor, pressing my hand, "I was a representative sovereign [in Poland], and the world knows what

it cost me to subject myself to the exigencies of that infamous system of government: to buy votes, corrupt consciences, seduce the one in order to deceive the other. All these means I disdained, and I paid dear the penalty of my frankness. But, I thank God, I have done with such an odious system. I shall never be a constitutional king. I could never consent to reign by artifice and intrigue."

The Emperor, we see, is an absolutist fanatic. And certainly there is no accounting for tastes. To bribe a patriot with a place, a leading orator with a blue ribbon; to indulge a town with a lucrative road; these little innocent tricks of constitutional government are an abomination to the Czar, who thinks it, all the time, right noble to pack women and children off to Siberia for the faults of their hapless parents and relations. But having protested against M. de Custine's denunciations of the Emperor Nicholas after having so, himself, flattered him, we think it necessary in fairness to give his story of Prince Trubetskoi and his family.

"Prince Trubetskoi was condemned to the galleys fourteen years ago. Young at that time, he took part in the insurrection of December the 14th. He tried to persuade the troops that the Emperor Nicholas was not legitimate, and hoped by aid of this false conviction, communicated to the soldiers, to effect a political revolution. But the conspirators were too few to bring about any result. It was merely creating disorder for disorder's sake. The conspiracy was defeated by the presence of mind of the Emperor, and by the intrepidity of his regard. The Prince Trubetskoi, the most compromised of the guilty, was condemned to work in the mines of the Ural for fourteen years, and pass the rest of his life in one of these remote colonies of Siberia peopled exclusively by malefactors. The Prince had a wife, a daughter of the noblest of the land. She would follow her husband to his living tomb, and would not be persuaded to quit him. She obtained permission as a favour, and the government respected, that is, permitted this permanent act of sacrifice and devotion during fourteen years. The journey alone was enough to have killed a delicate, and delicately reared female. But she supported all. The Prince and Princess had no children in St. Petersburg. They have had five children in the mines. Their friends had the permission to send clothes and provisions to those in the mines, but not money. Such aid was indispensable to a mother who reared five children in a climate, of which the temperature alone is sufficient to extinguish human life. After seven years the Princess addressed a petition to the Emperor to allow her children to be sent to St. Petersburg to be educated. The reply was, 'That the children of the galley-slaves, slaves themselves, did not want education.' The Prince has now fulfilled his years of public work in the mines, but the place assigned for his residence in Siberia is so remote, so barbarous, that

the rigour there is far worse than labour in the mines. The health of the Princess has suffered. She therefore prays the Emperor, through her family, to be permitted to inhabit some part of Siberia not utterly savage. The environs of Tobolsk, of Irkutsk, or Orenburg, would appear paradise to her; there, at least, would be found an apothecary's shop, if not teachers. The reply of the Emperor to the person who made this demand for the unfortunate Princess, was, 'I wonder how any one dares to speak to me again of a family whose chief conspired against me.' The Trubetskoi family at St. Petersburg, as well as the family of the Princess, still go to court."

Discontent, and what is called liberalism, exist in Russia solely amongst the noblesse; there is as yet no middle class, capable of feeling the noble desire of aiding the nobles to obtain freedom, or capable of tempering that aristocratic government which would be the immediate result of a revolution that overthrew monarchy. There are no doubt liberal and enlightened men amongst the Russian nobles, and their position is certainly such as to create disaffection in every manly breast. But we fear that for some years to come the work of advancing and emancipating man in Russia, will best be achieved by a despot. The transition of the peasant from a servile to a free state must be achieved by the monarch: it will never be done by an aristocracy, unless in the heyday of a revolution, like the late Polish one. Emancipating a serf will not render him the fit member of a free state: generations must pass ere this be achieved. Now the Emperor of Russia is favourable to the emancipation of the serfs. His own, that is, those on the state domains, are the best off, and most independent of the empire. So says M. de Custine, and many others, though Russian writers contest it. Count Golowine, for example, says, that the imperial slaves have a thousand masters, whilst the slaves of the noble have but one. In a recruitment the poor are carried off from the imperial estates; the richer serfs compound.

The last work which heads the present article, is written by a Russian nobleman, who has been residing in Paris. He was said to have been recalled a few months back, in consequence of having written it. But we can perceive nothing to excite the jealousy or choler, even of the Russian government, in Count Golowine's '*Esprit de l'Economie Politique*,' except that he gives the author as Ivan Golowine, *auteur Russe*, setting aside his title. We here give what he says of Russian servage.

"The Russian landowner cannot maltreat his

peasants. The seizure of their property takes place indeed at times, but is excessively rare. The landowner must feed his serfs, and advance their seed in spring. In the colonies the peasant is even better protected from want. The Russian serf cannot denounce his master except in cases of high treason. The woman follows the condition of her husband. The right of slave-owning is limited to the hereditary noblesse. In Russia the members of one family cannot be sold separately. What drags down the condition of the serf to a level with that of the slave, is the right of the master to attach the serf to his person or to domestic service. The Russian peasant gives but three days a week out of seven to the lord, who in return abandons half of his lands for the use of his peasants in common. The Obroschni peasants are in a better state, they pay rent; and the owners prefer this system, which allows them to live abroad or at court. The Russian government has shown rare sagacity in a question so delicate and difficult. The edict of 1842, authorizing masters to emancipate serfs without giving them lands, and binding them except by contracts, was conceived in the best intention. This law has come in aid of those improvers, who begin to *exploiter* their lands rather than their serfs."

This extract displays the nature of Count Golowine's work, and answers much of the unfounded accusation brought by the Marquis de Custine, from stories gathered on the wind.

We shall not follow the marquis during the latter part of his route by Moscow and Nisni. His observations are chiefly valuable, when exercised upon the court. When he quits that, with which he is most familiar, to portray the oft-described city of Moscow; when he launches into ecstasies upon the Kremlin; or indulges in profound and poetical divergations on religion and national character; one begins to think four volumes of such crudities too much. All that is really matter of fact and observation has been told before, whilst all that is speculation may be well dispensed with. The style of De Stael and Chateaubriand, very well in its day and from their pens, is fatiguing and repulsive in an imitator. Nevertheless it is not every day that one meets, either in France or England, with volumes so entertaining and instructive:

lysis of the Life and Labours of Sir William Herschel.) Par M. ARAGO. Paris: in the 'Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes' of 1842.

THERE is nothing more wonderful in the history of the human mind than the perfection already attained by astronomy. We are in many respects better acquainted with the constitution and laws of the remote parts of the universe, than with those of the elements in which we are actually involved, and with which we are intimately connected. In this branch of knowledge we see to what a height science may be reared, when the results of patient observation are joined together with mathematical precision and on a mathematical foundation. If modern learning were swept away by a barbarous deluge, a few fragments only surviving the general wreck, we know of no volume more likely to excite the admiration of future ages than the 'Nautical Almanac': for it does not consist of that which forms, as Hamlet justly remarked, the staple material of most books, 'words, words, words;' but, in the accurate language of figures, applies a profound knowledge of all the movements of the heavenly bodies to the practical service of man's boldest undertaking—the navigation of the wide ocean. The successful cultivators of this sublime study, therefore, are entitled to a foremost rank among the votaries of science, and, in the estimation of M. Arago (than whom there is no one more competent to decide on such a question), Sir William Herschel deserves to be considered one of the greatest astronomers of any age or country.

This extraordinary man was born in Hanover, the 15th of November, 1738. Of his family there is but little known, although public curiosity has of course busily inquired after the origin of one so illustrious. His great-grandfather, Abraham Herschel, was driven, it is said, from Moravia* on account of his attachment to the Protestant creed. His son Isaac was a farmer in the neighbourhood of Leipsic, whence Jacob Herschel, Isaac's eldest son, afterwards removed to Hanover, renouncing agriculture for the profession of music. Jacob was an amiable, clever man, and a good musician, but his means were unequal to the complete education of a family of ten children, all of whom, however, six boys and four girls, acquired from him some proficiency in his own art.

* "Il demeurait à Mahren, d'où il fut expulsé," says M. Arago, who seems not to be aware that Mahren, or properly Mehren, is the German corruption of Moravia, or Morawa, which name is of Slavonic origin.

William, the third son, manifested in his early years great capabilities of mind; he learned the French language, and in studying the German philosophy of that time, acquired a taste for metaphysics which never afterwards forsook him.

In 1759 William Herschel, then twenty-one years of age, came to England, following in the trace of his eldest brother Jacob. For two years he maintained a painful struggle with adverse circumstances, till at length Lord Darlington engaged him as teacher of the band of a regiment, at that time stationed in, or perhaps raising, in the north. The young man's abilities now developed themselves, and in the course of 1765 he was elected organist at Halifax. The leisure, and comparatively abundant means, which this elevation procured him, he employed in self-instruction. He taught himself Italian, Latin, and even a little Greek; but it says still more for his perseverance, that he thoroughly studied Smith's 'Harmonics,' or the Philosophy of Music, a profound and difficult work, which presumes in the student a considerable knowledge of geometry and algebra.

Respecting Herschel's election to the post of organist at Halifax, a story is related, which, though we are unable to vouch for its authenticity, yet has so characteristic an air, and displays so advantageously the frankness, courage, and well-grounded self-confidence of the young musician, that we cannot help suspecting it to be partially founded on fact, and as such, shall here relate it. It is said that when the time of the election was near at hand, two gentlemen, known to have great weight with the electing body, were addressed, while walking in the nave of the church, by the young Hanoverian, who was a stranger to them, and who, in begging their suffrages, acknowledged that he had never played the organ (Herschel's instrument was, we believe, the hautboy), but added that his musical attainments were such as would justify his hope of attaining the requisite skill on that instrument in a very short time. The gentlemen thus accosted were Joah Bates (well known to all collectors of musical and literary anecdote), and his brother, and they were so well satisfied with the proofs which the stranger gave them of his ability, that they lent him their influence and secured his election. Although we suppose this story to be in the main untrue, it has the merit of suggesting a very important and probable conjecture, which is, that Herschel, during his sojourn in Halifax, had the good fortune to be thrown into the company of able and educated men, who took an interest in him from their love of music; yet were not

musicians of that class who have 'nothing but a solo in their heads,' but rather philosophers who know the utility of music in keeping alive the imaginative faculties, in maintaining the elasticity of the mind, and averting that intellectual rigidity which so often ensues from long continuance in undiverted habits of thought.

The following year (1766) Herschel obtained the appointment of organist in the Octagon chapel, Bath, a more lucrative situation than that which he filled in Halifax. So rapid an advancement shows that his superior talents were already recognized. He was now in the midst of fashionable society, constantly occupied with the arrangements of concerts and oratorios, or with the numerous pupils whom his patrons forced upon him. Here his biographer remarks,

"One can hardly conceive how, in the midst of so much business and distracting variety of calls, Herschel was able to continue the studies, which even in Halifax had required of him a strength of will, a steadfastness and grasp of intellect much above the common. We have already seen that it was music which led Herschel to mathematics; mathematics, in turn, led him to optics, the first and amplest source of his celebrity. The hour at length came when the young musician was to proceed from theoretic knowledge to its application with an extreme boldness and brilliant success, which cannot fail to excite astonishment."

We may here hazard a natural conjecture respecting the course of Herschel's early studies. Music conducted him to mathematics, or in other words, impelled him to study Smith's 'Harmonics.' Now, this Robert Smith (a cousin of the celebrated Cotes, and his successor at Cambridge in the chair of natural philosophy) was also author of 'A Complete System of Optics,' a masterly work which, notwithstanding the rapid growth of that branch of science, is not yet wholly superseded. It seems to us not unlikely then, that Herschel, studying the 'Harmonics,' conceived a reverence for the author who was at that time still living, so that from the Philosophy of Music he passed to the Optics, the work on which Smith's great reputation chiefly rested; and thus undesignedly prepared himself for the career on which he was shortly about to enter with so much glory.

A reflecting telescope, two feet long, happened to fall into the hands of Herschel, at Bath. With it he saw countless stars in the heavens, the existence of which he had previously not even suspected. A new creation seemed to open on him. He was transported with delight and enthusiasm, and immediately wrote to London for an instru-

ment of similar construction, but of greater size. The price of the desired instrument, however, was much beyond his means. Inflamed rather than cooled by the disappointment, he resolved that if he could not buy a powerful telescope he would make one. From this day forward the organist of the Octagon chapel devoted all his leisure and his energies to the making of metallic specula. He made experiments to ascertain the best composition of the metal, the best form of the mirror, and the best mode of polishing it. He laboured with an enthusiasm which took no heed of difficulties. The scale of his operations is hardly credible. He made no fewer than two hundred metallic mirrors of seven feet focus, a hundred and fifty of ten feet, and about eighty of twenty feet focus. While polishing the mirrors, he never desisted from his task, not even to take food, till the whole was completed, though this implies the continued labour of ten, twelve, even fourteen hours. Such ardour and intelligence could not fail of success. In 1774 Herschel had the happiness of surveying the heavens with a telescope of five feet focal length, made wholly by himself; but he afterwards went on to instruments of ten and even twenty feet focus. The captious world was of course disposed to ridicule these gigantic preparations of the star-gazing musician; but a lucky hit raised him at once in the general estimation to the rank of an astronomer. On the 13th of March, 1781, he discovered a new planet on the furthest confines of the solar system. George III., in compliment to whom the new discovery was named the Georgium Sidus, 'and who,' says M. Arago, 'had a great leaning to men and things of Hanoverian origin,' showered on the self-taught astronomer the most substantial favours. He assigned him a pension of three hundred guineas a year and a residence near Windsor, first at Clay Hall, and afterwards at Slough.

"The expectations of George III.," adds M. Arago, "have been completely realized. One may fearlessly say of the garden and little dwelling at Slough, that it is the spot in the world in which the greatest number of discoveries have been made. The name of that village will never perish; science will scrupulously hand it down to the latest posterity."

Herschel was now released from professional engagements, and at liberty to devote himself wholly to astronomy. It must not be supposed that his good fortune was wholly attributable to his discovery of the new planet. That discovery, in itself sufficient to confer distinction on an ordinary astronomer, served chiefly in his case to call attention to the

extreme boldness of his genius evinced in the construction of his telescopes. For even the intrepid resolution of Columbus to sail directly westward across the unexplored ocean to India, is not a more admirable example of enthusiasm than the determination of the Bath organist to outdo, by far, all that opticians or astronomers had hitherto attempted in the means of penetrating into space, and his perseverance till he completely succeeded. The making of reflecting telescopes became after this a very lucrative branch, we believe, of Herschel's occupations. His mode of preparing the specula has never been divulged. It was stated with much emphasis, at the last meeting of the British Association, that Lord Ross had attained such skill in the treatment of metallic specula, that he could dismount the mirror of his large telescope, repolish and replace it the same day. Now M. Arago, in the following extract from a letter written by Sir John Herschel four years ago, furnishes us with an example of still greater address. 'By following,' says Sir John, 'my father's rules minutely, and using his apparatus, I have succeeded, in a single day and without the least assistance, in polishing completely three Newtonian mirrors of nineteen inch aperture.'

The anecdotes of Herschel's life terminate with his removal to Slough. Henceforward he devoted day and night to the study of the heavens, or to perfecting the means of observing them. The proofs of his unwearied industry, and best record of his labours, are to be seen in the *sixty-nine* memoirs which he furnished to the 'Philosophical Transactions' in the following years; and which, his biographer remarks, "constitute one of the principal treasures of that celebrated collection." We cannot however think of recapitulating those voluminous records, in order to form an estimate of his scientific achievements: for brevity sake we shall rather survey his labours systematically, under the guidance of his able biographer, and omitting those topics which are unimportant either in themselves or as they affect his reputation.

The grandeur of Herschel's views, with respect to instruments of observation, and his dexterity in carrying those views into effect, would alone have entitled him to form an epoch in science. His telescopes far surpassed in power those which had preceded him; and in his mode of mounting them, so as to combine perfect firmness with facility of movement, he showed himself a consummate mechanician. Galileo, when he discovered the satellites of Jupiter and the phases of Venus, used instruments magnifying ordinarily seven times, and never exceeding thirty-two

times. The telescope with which Huygens discovered the first satellite of Saturn, had a magnifying power not exceeding ninety-two. A monster telescope made by Auzout, in the latter half of the 17th century, which was 300 feet long (and therefore useless), magnified but six hundred times. Until the means of achromatizing images formed by refraction were discovered, it was vain to think of employing high magnifying powers in the eyeglass of a telescope. After the invention indeed of achromatic lenses, telescopes were easily made to obtain an accession of power without any increase of length. But notwithstanding this, the scientific world was not a little astonished, when informed in 1782, that Herschel, with a reflecting telescope seven feet long, had used magnifying powers of 2000 and even 6000 times. "No one will be surprised," observes M. Arago, "that people were slow to believe in a magnifying power which ought to show us the mountains of the moon as Mont Blanc is seen from Mâcon, Lyons, or even from Geneva." The Royal Society called for an explanation of the mode in which the astronomer of Slough ascertained the power of his instruments, and he replied in a memoir which satisfied the most sceptical, and firmly established his reputation.

Soon after Herschel was settled at Slough he conceived the design of erecting a telescope which should eclipse all his former efforts, and show him not unworthy of the royal munificence which had enabled him to give his whole time to his favourite pursuits. He accordingly began his great telescope which was finished in 1789. The iron cylinder of this instrument was thirty-nine feet four inches in length, and four feet ten inches wide. These colossal dimensions were still further amplified by public report, and according to M. Arago, there were people who confounded the great telescope at Slough with the great vat of Meux or Barclay. But the magnitude of this instrument was not its only peculiarity: Herschel was too sagacious to let slip an opportunity to make an improvement. In ordinary reflecting telescopes there is, besides the speculum which receives the rays from the object viewed, a second mirror, the purpose of which is to direct the rays to the eye of the spectator. From this second reflection there necessarily ensues a great loss of light. This inconvenience Herschel averted by a method equally bold and simple. The focal image in his great telescope was formed near the edge of the aperture, and the spectator, looking down into the instrument with his back to the heavens, viewed the image immediately without the aid of a second re-

flection. The obliquity of the axis of vision in this arrangement, and the interposition of the spectator's head, were, with so large an instrument, of no importance. Thus, owing to the simplicity of its construction, as well as to its size, the great telescope had a great superiority in the abundance of its light.

Some have supposed, and even eminent astronomers have stated, that the great telescope at Slough proved useless; while others imagine that Herschel never used any other. Both these opinions are erroneous. Herschel had recourse to the great instrument for observations which required much light. But he found that for ordinary purposes the most manageable instruments are the best. Besides, telescopes magnify not merely real objects, but also all the irregularities of the atmosphere, so that the tremor of the image increases with the power of the instrument.

"Herschel found that in England there are not above a hundred hours in the course of a year, during which observations can be made to any purpose with a 39 feet telescope and a magnifying power of 1000 times. He thence concluded, that in order to make, with his great telescope, such a survey of the heavens that every point of space would pass under review for an instant, he should require 800 years!"

It ought to be here mentioned, as connected in some degree with the history of the great telescope, that no individual ever contributed more than Herschel to what may be called the arts of observation. His great experience in the use of telescopes of various powers, was not unproductive of valuable results. Many minute and apparently anomalous phenomena of vision caught his attention, which would have escaped the notice of one less scrupulous or vigilant. His memoir 'On the power of penetrating into space by Telescopes,'* was the fruit of twenty years' assiduous labours of this kind. It is strongly impressed with the peculiar character of his genius: bold and original, marked with all the circumspection required in the disciples of the inductive philosophy, but at the same time regardless of the paths established by routine and of the limits set to speculation by vulgar opinion.

In the memoir here alluded to, Herschel assumes that the stars are all of the same size, and that they are uniformly distributed through space. These assumptions are, it is evident, not strictly true; but they are true in the main when we speak of many thousand stars. He thus supposes that stars of the

* Published in the 'Philosophical Transactions' of 1800.

second magnitude are removed as far from stars of the first magnitude as the latter from the sun. Sirius, for example, the brightest star in the heavens, would become a star of the second class, if removed to double its actual distance from us; at three times that distance, it would be reduced to the third magnitude; and at 100 times that distance to the 100th magnitude. This being premised, he found that with his 20 feet telescope he could penetrate into space 75 times further than with the naked eye; 96 times further with a 25 feet instrument; and with his great telescope, 192 times the distance reached by the unassisted eye. Now since the naked eye can discern stars of the seventh magnitude, it follows that stars of the 1344th magnitude were rendered visible by the 39 feet telescope. This conclusion, followed through all its bearings, has something in it quite astounding. Light, notwithstanding its velocity of 77,000 leagues in a second, could not clear the distance from such a nebula or cluster of stars of the 1344th magnitude to the earth, in less than half a million of years!

"Consequently," observes M. Arago, "the changes which take place in nebulae of this order, must have already gone by, half a million years before we perceive them. If such a nebula, for example, were to be this day extinguished, it would yet continue to be seen, from the earth, for half a million years. In this sense, we may be allowed to say that telescopes enable us to dive into time as well as into space."

Previous to Herschel, little attention was given by astronomers to the physical constitution of the stars. The character of his instruments, as well as the bias of his mind, led him to expatiate in a field which was vast and unbounded, as well as unexplored.

"The catalogue of Messier, communicated to the academy in 1771, and inserted, with some additions, in the '*Connaissance des Temps*' of 1783, contained 68 nebulae, which, together with 28 added by Lacaille, made up a total of 96. This branch of science took a rapid flight, however, as soon as Herschel applied to it his powerful instruments, his rare penetration and unconquerable perseverance. In 1786 he published, in the '*Philosophical Transactions*,' a catalogue of a thousand nebulae or clusters of stars. Three years later, there appeared, to the astonishment of practical astronomers, a second catalogue from him, quite as extensive as the first; and that again was followed, in 1802, by a third catalogue of 500 nebulae. *Two thousand five hundred nebulae!* such was the contingent supplied by Herschel to a branch of astronomy which had been hardly touched before him. At the same time, the extensiveness of his work was its least merit."

In surveying the astronomical labours of Herschel, our object is not so much to insist on their number, variety, and combined value, as to show that from the boldness of his genius, his assiduity, and the accuracy of his observations, he took his station at once among the most eminent astronomers. He turned his attention to the changes taking place in the sidereal heavens, and the result was, a catalogue of stars, classed according to their intensities, so numerous and exact as to suffice for the basis of all future labours in that department. As to his observations of changing stars, it does not comport with our plan or limits to enter far into such details. The seventh pleiad is not the best authenticated instance of an extinguished star. The journals of the astronomer of Slough could furnish several other examples, but the following will suffice.

"The star numbered the 55th of Hercules, placed in the neck of the figure, has been inserted in Flamsteed's catalogue as a star of the fifth magnitude. The 10th of October, 1781, Herschel saw it distinctly, and noted that it was red; the 11th of April, 1782, he perceived it again and marked it in his journal as an ordinary star. Nine years later it was not to be found, though repeatedly looked for. So the 55th of Hercules has disappeared."

If old stars perish, it is equally certain that new stars occasionally appear. Herschel watched closely, also, the periodic stars, which undergo a change of brightness at regular intervals of time, and he furnished lists of the coloured stars. The general result of his observations of this kind was, that of all the stars which are singly visible, about one in thirty is undergoing observable change.

The powerful instruments at Slough fully confirmed the opinion that the stars are not, in the ordinary sense of the word, magnified; on the contrary, the more powerful the telescope, the less the apparent diameter of the star—the efficacy of the telescope in stripping the star of its crown of splendour to which it owes its apparent magnitude, more than counterbalancing the increase of the real disk. The stars in the heavens thus resemble many of our stars on earth, from which, if we take away the flash and glitter, it will be found hard to raise their solid merits by any magnifying power to an appreciable quantity. But to speak more precisely: Herschel ascertained that the apparent diameters of the stars are really increased by telescopes, though not in the same proportion as the magnifying powers; a double power showing a star with less than double its previous apparent diameter. But the perfection of his in-

struments, and his scrupulous accuracy, reduced these apparent diameters far below the measures previously assigned to them. Kepler believed the diameter of Sirius to be four minutes; Tycho Brahe supposed that stars of the first magnitude have, in general, a diameter of two minutes. With the improvement of instruments these measures, or rather estimates, were continually reduced, till at length Cassini assigned to Sirius a diameter of five seconds. Herschel, however, employing the highest magnifying powers, found that the apparent diameter of the chief star in the Lyre is about the third of a second; and that of Arcturus, two tenths of a second, which he supposes to be double of the true diameter. The value of these observations may be collected from the following remarks of M. Arago:

"It is of the greatest importance to ascertain the share which illusions of vision have in the magnitude of the diameter under which we see the stars, whether with the naked eye or telescopes. Suppose the disks, seen with the naked eye, to be real disks, then it will follow that some stars will be 9000 millions of leagues in diameter. In fact, it is proved, by observations of parallax, that, at the distance of the nearest stars, a diameter of one second would answer to at least 38 millions of leagues; consequently the diameter of Sirius, according to Kepler's measure of that star, would be at least 9000 millions of leagues. The determination of Gaspari and Cassini, though much reduced, would still leave to some of the stars diameters of 380 millions of leagues. The observations of Herschel give us, for the diameter of Arcturus, four millions of leagues, which is still eleven times the diameter of our sun."

The earth, in its annual revolution, moves in an orbit having a diameter of 76 millions of leagues. Now it must strike every one that a star ought to appear in different positions, when viewed from two points 76 millions of leagues asunder. If when the earth is in the southern part of its orbit, a star be observed near the North Pole, then, six months after, when the earth is 76 millions of leagues further north, that star ought to appear higher in the heavens, unless the diameter of the earth's orbit be as nothing compared to the distance of the star. The angle, nevertheless, indicating such a change of place in a star (and which is called parallax), was in Herschel's time thought inappreciable, being too minute to be safely disentangled from the inevitable errors of observation. No one could show that the parallax of any fixed star equalled a single second; whence it necessarily followed, that the nearest star was, at least, eight millions of millions of leagues from the earth. He, however, made a grand

step towards the decision of this interesting question. He proposed that instead of observing the absolute position of a single star, we should fix our attention on a double star; for if the two stars, which were apparently brought together by an effect of projection, happened to be at very different distances from the earth, then, having different parallaxes, they would change place with respect to each other, a motion which, however minute, might be observed with ease and certainty. It does not detract from the merit of this suggestion that the same method had before occurred to the minds of Galileo and Gregory. Herschel, who was strong in original genius though not in erudition, certainly did not borrow the hint from his precursors; and with him moreover it was no hint, but a well-developed method; and to facilitate the proceeding which he recommended, he published catalogues of the double stars which seemed best adapted for the purpose.

To choose the proper star for observations of parallax, is, in a great measure, a matter of good fortune. Herschel did not make the discovery, though he showed the path to it; but his method has recently had complete success in the hands of M. Bessel of Königsberg, to whom belongs the glory of first demonstrating the exact value of an element which goes far to determine the dimensions of the universe. As the details of M. Bessel's discovery were laid before the British Association at its last meeting, it will be here sufficient to state briefly, that he found the parallax of a small star, in the constellation of the Swan, to be about the third of a second, or more strictly $0''.31$. This parallax corresponds to a distance from the earth, exceeding 600,000 times the distance from the earth to the sun; and which, light, with its velocity of 77,000 leagues in the second, could not pass over in less than ten years.

Herschel's labours in seeking the parallax of the fixed stars were not wholly thrown away. Though he did not find what he sought, he made, incidentally, discoveries no less memorable and quite unexpected. Movements of the stars had been previously detected, and Fontenelle had ventured to suggest that our sun also moved.

"So far," observes M. Arago, "astronomers remained within the domain of conjecture, and of mere probability. Herschel went beyond this; he demonstrated that the sun actually moves; that in this respect, too, the immense, dazzling central body of our system, must be counted as a star; that the apparently inextricable irregularities of the sidereal motions, are partly derived from the change of place of the solar system; and, finally, that the point of

space towards which our system is constantly moving, is in the constellation of Hercules. These are magnificent results. The discovery of the proper movement of our system will always be reckoned among Herschel's chief titles to renown."

But he went further than this : he showed not only that the sun is a star, and holds a place in the sidereal movements, but also that the stars are many of them suns and the centres of systems. He showed, in fact, that there are groups of stars not formed accidentally nor associated by perspective, but connected together and forming true systems. He pointed out the fact, that there are stars revolving round other stars in less time than is required by Uranus to complete his circuit of the sun. And these discoveries did not proceed from a hot theorist possessing practical dexterity enough to confirm his views ; they were the discoveries of one whose work was always of the most solid kind ; a consummate observer ; whose enthusiasm stimulated but never overruled his sagacity and perseverance.

There is no branch of astronomy which Herschel might more justly have called his own, than that which treats of clustered stars and luminous nebulae. Besides the wide latitude which he found in that remote field of speculation for the exercise of a daring sagacity, he enjoyed, in the possession of the most powerful instruments, advantages for the study of the smaller stars which had never been enjoyed before. This superiority may be best estimated from the fact, that in a small luminous spot or nebula, in which before him no eye had ever discerned a star, he was able to count 14,000 stars ! We have seen that he rapidly raised the number of observed nebulous stars from 96 to 2500. The general result of his speculations on these phenomena is thus explained by his biographer :

"On the grounds of probability no reasonable person will refuse to adopt the views of Herschel, and he will remain convinced, that there really exist brilliant stars surrounded by atmospheres, luminous of themselves ; and the supposition that these atmospheres, becoming condensed, unite with or are absorbed in the central stars, so as to increase their splendour, will then appear very plausible. The recollection of the Zodiacal light—that immense luminous zone surrounding the equator of our sun, and extending even as far as the orbit of Venus—will then strike the mind as a new feature of resemblance between our sun and certain stars ; and the nebulae which have in their centre condensations of light more or less decided, will present themselves to the imagination as the first outlines of stars, or as a state of luminous matter interme-

diate between the uniformly diffused nebulae and the nebulous stars properly so called. These speculations of Herschel conduct to nothing less than the supposition that the formation of new stars is continually going on, and that we witness the slow, progressive creation of new suns."

For many years Herschel held that all nebulae are composed of stars. He subsequently modified this opinion, however, and admitted that there are some nebulae which are not of a starry nature. This recognition of luminous matter existing in the universe in a rude, or, as it may be called, elemental state, was of great importance towards the formation of a theory. The small circular or rather globular nebulae may be looked upon as luminaries in a more advanced state of growth, and in some of these, which have an extent equal to about a tenth of the moon's surface, Herschel calculated that there are at least 20,000 stars. To him also belong the important remarks that the nebulae lie for the most part in strata, and that the heavens in their immediate vicinity are generally quite free from stars.

The favourite object of Herschel's study and contemplation was the Milky way. That also he considered to be a stratum of stars, in the middle of which nearly is our sun. But this was not the speculation of a mere theorist. Though his bold genius has enlarged the bounds of Astronomy, yet this science owes more to his practical skill than to his happy conjectures. He was the first who really gauged (to use his own expression) the heavens. The stars visible in the heavens on a clear night are about 5000 in number. Now Herschel, by reckoning the stars in given spaces where the stellar light is equally diffused, ascertained that within the space of five degrees in the Milky way there are at least 331,000 stars. He also clearly established by thousands of observations, that the whiteness of the Milky way is due not to these multitudes of discernible stars, but to gatherings of stars too small to be distinguished. The crude luminous matter or raw material here plays a subordinate part among hosts of stars. The Milky way, though to a careless observer it may appear uniformly luminous, will yet be found by an experienced eye to be divided into separate groups, and this grouping of the light was considered by Herschel as progressive. M. Arago shares his belief, and exclaims, "Everything justifies the opinion of the illustrious astronomer. In the course of ages, the clustering power (this is Herschel's expression) will inevitably bring about the disruption, subdivision, and separation of the Milky way."

The sun also shared the vigilant attention of the Astronomer of Slough: and here again his opinions have made such an impression on the learned world as can only be effected by those issuing from a master spirit. According to him, the light of the sun does not proceed from the solid nucleus of that body, but from a cloud-like substance which floats in its atmosphere. This doctrine is now generally received, and we need not discuss its advantages in accounting for the spots on the sun, or the phenomena attending the revolution of that luminary on its axis. Herschel believed that the sun is inhabited; but his arguments to this effect only go to prove, that we may conceive the atmosphere of the sun to be so constituted, that the solar nucleus suffers no inconvenience from the proximity of that circumambient heat and light which enliven the solar system. Other and better arguments, as M. Arago intimates, may still be urged in favour of that opinion.

We cannot refrain from turning aside for an instant from the grave review of these speculations and discoveries, to glance at the fate of an unconscious fellow-labourer of Herschel. Had this wonderful man been unpensioned he could never have dared to publish so many new and bold opinions. Fortunate as he was, and the favourite of a king, he has yet been sneered at for what has been deemed a constant hankering after the prodigious; but there can be no doubt that much of what the world accepted as philosophy from him, would have been thought madness in one less advantageously circumstanced.

It happened that in 1787 Miss Boydell, the niece of Alderman Boydell, was shot at in the street by a man who was arrested on the spot. Her clothes were set on fire, but she suffered no serious injury, and indeed it was never proved that the pistols were loaded with anything destructive. The prisoner turned out to be a medical practitioner named Elliot. On his trial the defence set up was insanity, in proof of which Dr. Simmons, physician to St. Luke's, came forward among other witnesses. The Doctor, in order to show the disordered state of the unhappy man's mind, produced in court a paper which Elliot had sent to him, for the purpose of being presented to the Royal Society, but which the Doctor thought too visionary for that learned body. He called the attention of the court particularly to a passage, in which the author asserted "that the sun is not a body of fire as hath been hitherto supposed, but that its light proceeds from a dense and universal aurora, which may afford ample light to the inhabitants of that body's surface beneath, and yet be at such a distance aloft as not to

annoy them. No objection," he proceeds to say, "aristeth to that luminary's being inhabited, and vegetation may obtain there as well as with us. There may be water and dry land, hills and dales, rain and fair weather; and as the light, so the season must be eternal; consequently it may be easily conceived to be by far the most blissful habitation of the whole system." Here then we find adduced as a proof of the madness of Mr. Elliot, the very doctrine which Herschel promulgated with much applause eight years later.

The Recorder, who tried Elliot, held that extravagant opinions are no proof of monomania. We are disposed to think that, in this particular case, the physician of St. Luke's was better qualified to decide than the judge.* To a man's opinions we may apply the common maxim '*noscitur a sociis*.' No definitions can safely decide what is monomania and what is not; no act of parliament can mark the exact line which separates madness from philosophy, poetry, or love. At the present day, when there is such a call for a law on monomania which shall settle to a nicety the degree of mental obliquity entitled to humane treatment, and which, by exact definitions, shall teach us '*insanire ratione modoque*;' it may not be amiss to call attention to the difficulties surrounding such an attempt.

By a natural transition, we pass from a case of lunacy to the moon. An immense height was formerly ascribed to the mountains in our satellite. Galileo estimated their general elevation at nearly 30,000 feet. Hevelius, more accurate, reduced them to 17,000 feet. Herschel, however, lowered to 9,000 feet the highest of the lunar mountains, and to the generality of them he allowed but a very moderate elevation. In this particular, he is at variance with those who have followed him in the same line of inquiry. According to Beer and Maedler, who have bestowed so much care on the study of the moon, there are in that satellite six mountains exceeding Cotopaxi in height, and twenty-two which rise above the elevation of Mont Blanc. In reference to the disagreement existing between the conclusions of recent Selenographers and those of Herschel, the acute and impartial M. Arago makes an observation which deserves to be well weighed by those inimical to the reputation of the latter. "Al-

* Elliot was acquitted under the indictment for an attempt to murder, but was ordered to be tried for the assault. Chagrined at his detention in prison, he refused food, and died on the twelfth day after his acquittal. He was assuredly insane. See the '*Gentleman's Magazine*,' for 1787, pp. 636 and 645.

low me to remark," he says, "how incompatible the conclusion hazarded by Herschel is, with that affectation of the extraordinary and gigantic, which some have maintained on very slight grounds, to have been the characteristic of that illustrious astronomer."

The active volcanoes which Herschel fancied that he could descry in the moon, were doubtless optical delusions, or else spots on the moon's surface, illuminated from the earth. We have already mentioned his discovery of the remote planet named by him the *Georgium Sidus*, but to which continental astronomers persisted in giving his name, and which is now, by general consent, called *Uranus*. Seven years elapsed before he could discover any satellites attached to the new planet; his perseverance, however, and the perfection of his telescopes, were at length rewarded with the discovery of six. Some of these satellites are so minute, and owing to their obscurity, so hard to be detected, that doubts have even been thrown on their existence. It is therefore not unimportant to observe that M. Lamont, of Munich, observed in 1837, one of those which had been so long missing. On the whole, the discovery of *Uranus* and its satellites may be justly reckoned among the most remarkable additions made to astronomy in modern times.

We have said nothing of the pains taken by Herschel to examine the rings of Saturn; nor of his memoirs on the optical phenomena called the Newtonian rings; nor of his discovery that heat and light have not exactly the same refrangibility. Yet when he showed that in the solar spectrum formed by refraction with a prism, the thermometer rises higher beyond the limit of the red rays than in any, even the brightest, part of the spectrum, he led the way to inquiries which have since yielded the most important results. Regard to our limits, however, obliges us to pass over in silence as many of his ingenious disquisitions as would suffice to make the reputation of an ordinary man.

The degree of Doctor was conferred on Herschel by the University of Oxford in 1786, and thirty years later he was made a knight of the Hanoverian order of the *Guelfs*. He died in his eighty-third year, on the 23d of August, 1822.

"For some years before his death," says his biographer, "he enjoyed the purest delight from the distinguished success of his only son. In his last moments he closed his eyes in the grateful thought that that beloved son, the inheritor of a great name, would not allow it to sink, but would even clothe it with fresh lustre, and that great discoveries would also adorn his career. No prediction of the illustrious astronomer has ever been more fully realized."

The sketch which we have given of Herschel's discoveries will be sufficient to show that his mind was at once the boldest and the most practical. Skilful, and unconquerably persevering as a contriver, constructor, and observer, he was bold even to temerity in his speculations, but his boldness was always guided by great natural penetration. Yet this great man has not escaped the censure of those modish philosophers, who, measuring by the standard of their own minds, would restrain all speculation within narrow limits. One of this school, after mentioning Herschel's sixty-nine memoirs, adds, "A great part of these, however, is filled with speculations of no value to astronomy; and his taste was rather to observe astronomical phenomena, than to engage in computation, or the more arduous and essential, though less fascinating labours, through which the science can be really benefited." It grieved us to read this shallow and ill-considered judgment in the 'History of Astronomy' in the last edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

Herschel was not only a great man; he was also a most fortunate man. He was fortunate in having George III. for a patron. Again he was fortunate in having M. Arago for a biographer, who, while complete master of his subject, is also a gentleman superior to envy, and capable of sympathizing with the truly great. Thrice fortunate was he in transmitting his name and fame to one who, with the amplest intellectual resources of an accomplished scholar and philosopher, evidently cherishes the characteristic boldness of his father's spirit, and upholds that liberty of conjecture which is indeed the mainspring of sagacity. Sir John Herschel has observed about 2500 nebulae, and perhaps 2000 double stars in the southern hemisphere. He has detected among them ample evidence of that change and revolution which had fixed his father's attention. When we consider that the Herschels, father and son, have carefully examined the whole starry firmament with 20 feet telescopes—instruments of which, in their present state of perfection, the elder of them may be said to have been the inventor—and that they have made known to us thousands of the most interesting sidereal phenomena, it appears to us hardly an exaggeration to say, that Astronomy, beyond our own system, rests chiefly on their labours.

It is generally understood that the one sole object of Sir John Herschel's labours is to complete those of his father, and to develop fully those views respecting the Construction of the Universe which, when demonstrated, will immortalize its author. For such an undertaking, Sir John Herschel has inex-

baustible materials in the journals of the observatory at Slough; he has collected all the evidence which the southern hemisphere can supply; and inspired, as he is, by a noble and pious purpose, we doubt not that his work, whenever it shall appear, will be reckoned one of the most remarkable monuments of modern science.

ART. VII.—*Napoléon et Marie Louise, Souvenirs Historiques de M. LE BARON MENEVAL, ancien Secrétaire du portefeuille de Napoléon, &c.* (Historical Recollections of Napoleon and Maria Louisa). 2 vols. Paris. 1843.

THIS is an addition to the number of memoirs of the Emperor of France, by individuals in his service and attached to his person, from which the future biographer and historian will draw materials: for the life of that extraordinary man is yet to be written. The work of Sir Walter Scott, admirable in parts, is, as a whole, a crude compilation, swelled hastily to its enormous bulk to meet financial difficulties. He gave himself no time to weigh conflicting authorities, with the load of which his own biographer describes him oppressed and overwhelmed; and the result was a production of the most unequal kind, in which we find clear and animated narrative, graphic description, depth of thought, and eloquence of language, blended with loose and prolix composition, trivial details treated at disproportioned length, and apocryphal stories told as if they were ascertained facts. It may be remarked that among all the memoirs and other books, towards a life of Napoleon, which have appeared in France, that country has not yet produced the life itself, while England has produced several. Apparently the French are better aware than the English, of the difficulties of the task.

From the Baron Meneval's opportunities, his memoirs ought to have been more instructive as well as more interesting than they are. From the year 1802 to the catastrophe of Waterloo, he was attached to the person of Napoleon, whose favour and confidence he enjoyed without interruption: a circumstance which says much for the usefulness no less than the fidelity of his services. His name is never mentioned by his contemporaries as involved in the *tracasseries* and intrigues of the imperial court; he seems to have conducted himself with straightforwardness and singleness of purpose. His book also gives

that idea of his character. It is written with simplicity, and is as free from the tinsel of French fine writing as from the easy style of French fine morals. There is nothing of 'la jeune France' in the pages of M. Meneval; a rare merit in a French literary production of the present day. But the quietness of temper, which made him a correct and plodding functionary; which kept him aloof from the crowd around him, elbowing, pushing, and scrambling for profit and place; and which offered a passive resistance to the contagion of fashionable manners; detracted from his qualities as a chronicler. His observation does not appear to have been keen, nor his memory retentive. Of the thousand noticeable traits of character in Napoleon, and remarkable occurrences of his private life, which Meneval must have had peculiar opportunities of witnessing, his book contains but few; and they are for the most part trivial in themselves, and poorly told. The style of the whole book indeed is meagre, and destitute of that vivacity, lightness, and happy art of story-telling, for which French memoir-writers have ever been pre-eminent.

The author tells us that he wrote these memoirs in compliance with the wish of the emperor himself. Napoleon, he says, in his last moments at St. Helena, among other recommendations left to his executors, expressed his desire that certain persons, of whom M. Meneval was one, should undertake to give his son just ideas on facts and circumstances of great interest to him. M. Meneval adds, that so long as the Emperor's son lived, reserve was imposed on him; but that, since the young prince's death, it was no longer necessary to remain silent. There is something here which we do not understand; an inconsistency arising probably from want of clearness in the author's language. The circumstances most interesting to the young prince must naturally have been the union between his parents, and their ultimate separation; and these (as is shown by its title) properly form the subject of M. Meneval's book.

"To conform as much as possible to the emperor's desire, which I look upon as a command, I have thought it proper to choose the times which followed his second marriage. The narrative which I publish is intended to recall some scattered traits of his private history during that period; not to paint the conqueror and the legislator, but Napoleon in his privacy, as a husband, and a father."

An interesting subject: which in M. Meneval's hands might have been more interesting than he has made it, had he better known how to gather and to use the materials within his reach. '*Napoléon et Marie-Louise*'

is prefaced by an "introduction" containing some of the least known circumstances, anterior to the year 1810, of which M. Meneval was himself an eye-witness. This part of the work is exceedingly barren: almost everything worth telling which it contains having been told over and over again. Throughout the whole book Napoleon is painted *en beau*; there is not a shade in the picture; a fault which is not less wearisome because there is no wilful dishonesty in it, but simply the natural feeling of affection which lingers in the heart of an old and faithful servant, towards the memory of a master who had loved and trusted him, and in whose fall the sunshine of his own life had passed away for ever. The same amiable feeling heightened the author's prejudice, no doubt, against his master's great and fatal enemy England; but it is not the less absurd and tiresome to have him to talk continually after the ordinary French fashion, of our perfidy, ambitious rapacity, and so forth; and to observe the gravity with which he seems to have swallowed any absurd story that could by possibility make Englishmen appear odious or ridiculous. One of his important anecdotes is, that during the negotiation of the treaty of Amiens, our plenipotentiary Lord Cornwallis every day after dinner retired to his room, along with his natural son, Captain Nightingale, and passed the evening over the bottle till both were regularly carried dead drunk to bed. He tells us, however, another story, more to the honour of that excellent nobleman; though to us it possesses as much novelty, and may possibly have as much authority as the other.

"The following trait of *loyauté* was a worthy termination to the mission of this respectable minister. The protocol of the last diplomatic meeting had been settled, the definitive treaty agreed on, and an appointment made for its signature next day at the Hôtel de Ville. On the night before the day of signature, a courier from London brought Lord Cornwallis an order to modify some articles of the treaty, relative to the balance in favour of England of the sum due for the subsistence of the prisoners of war. The article of the protocol on this subject had been settled between the two ministers. Lord Cornwallis had declared to Joseph Bonaparte, that happen what might, it should not prevent the signature of the treaty: at the moment when it was about to be signed, he received from his government this order to insist on an additional payment to England. Holding, however, that his word was pledged, he declared that he could not retract; and the treaty was signed with solemnity, while the hall resounded with the acclamations of the spectators."

Passing the introductory chapters, we proceed to the book itself, in which, as its title indicates, Maria Louisa holds a principal

place. It contains a good deal of new information respecting the princess, who, even in her imperial days, came little before the public, and, since her separation from Napoleon, has been wholly lost sight of by the world, except as the occasional subject of vague rumours and calumnies, from which M. Meneval vindicates her.

The Archduchess Maria Louisa was the eldest daughter of the late Emperor, Francis the Second, and Maria Theresa of Naples. She was educated in the usual manner of the royal family of Austria. Brought up under the eye of their parents till their marriage, the Archduchesses live in complete retirement, at a distance from court, and with no society but that of their ladies and attendants, whom they are accustomed to treat with great kindness and familiarity. Maria Louisa's education was carefully attended to. She spoke several languages, and had even learned Latin, a living language in Hungary. She was an excellent musician, and was accomplished in drawing and painting. One circumstance in this mode of education is worth noticing:

"The most minute precautions were taken to preserve the young Archduchesses from impressions which might affect their purity of mind. The intention, doubtless, was laudable; but the means employed were not very judicious. Instead of keeping improper books altogether out of the way of the princesses, the plan had been adopted of cutting out with scissors, not only pages of these books, but lines, and even single words, the sense of which was deemed improper or equivocal. Such a blundering censorship was calculated to produce the opposite effect to what was intended: the expunged passages, which might have remained unnoticed had they been let alone, were interpreted in a thousand ways by young imaginations, the more active that they were stimulated by curiosity. The evil meant to be prevented was thus increased. On the other hand, their books became, to the royal pupils, objects of indifference—bodies without souls, deprived of all interest after the mutilations they had undergone. The Archduchess Maria Louisa, after she became empress, confessed that her curiosity had been excited by the absence of these passages, and that, when she had obtained the control of her own reading, her first idea was to seek, in complete copies of the works, the expunged passages, in order to discover what it was that had been concealed from her."

When the youthful Archduchess first heard of her projected marriage with the French Emperor, she looked upon herself (says M. Meneval) as a victim devoted to the Minotaur. She had grown up with feelings of dread and aversion towards the man who had been so terrible an enemy to her family and country. It was an ordinary amusement

with her and her brother and sisters, to draw up in line a troop of little wooden or waxen figures to represent the French army, placing at their head the ugliest and most forbidding figure they could find; and then to make an attack on this formidable enemy, running him through with pins, and beating and abusing him till they had taken full vengeance for the injuries he had done their house. As soon, however, as she found the matter determined on, her quiet disposition and Austrian habits of obedience, made her willing to resign herself to her destiny. She endeavoured to learn the character of her future husband, and was entirely occupied by the wish to please before she had ever seen him.

M. Meneval gives full details of the marriage, and all its ceremonies and festivities, dull as such things always are. He describes, after the following fashion, the person of the bride:

"Maria Louisa was in all the brilliancy of youth; her figure was of perfect symmetry; her complexion was heightened by the exercise of her journey and by timidity; a profusion of beautiful chestnut hair surrounded a round, fresh countenance, over which her mild eyes diffused a charming expression; her lips, somewhat thick, belonged to the features of the Austrian royal family, as a slight convexity of nose distinguishes the Bourbons; her whole person had an air of ingenuousness and innocence, and a plumpness, which she did not preserve after her accouchement, indicated the goodness of her health."

Among the emperor's rich presents, and attentions to his young consort, nothing is said about the oft-repeated circumstance of his having, in anticipation of her arrival, had her chamber at St. Cloud made so complete a fac-simile of that which she had quitted at Schœnbrunn, that she started on entering it, thinking she had been transported by magic back to her paternal home. At all events the story, if not true, was *ben trovato*.

The description given by M. Meneval of the domestic life of the imperial pair, after the birth of their ill-fated son, is so pleasing a family picture that we shall extract a few of its features.

"The emperor appeared happy. He was affable in his family, and affectionate to the empress. If he found her looking serious he amused her with lively talk, and disconcerted her gravity by a hearty embrace; but in public he treated her with great respect, and a dignity not inconsistent with polished familiarity.

"The emperor wished her to learn to ride on horseback. Her first lessons were taken in the riding-school at St. Cloud. He walked by her side holding her by the hand, while the groom held the bridle of her horse; he thus calmed her

fears and encouraged her. When her skill did honour to her teacher, the lessons were continued in a private alley of the park. The emperor, when he had a moment's leisure after breakfast, ordered the horses, mounted himself, in his silk stockings and shoes, and cantered by the empress's side. He urged her horse and made him gallop, laughing heartily at her cries, but taking care that there should be no danger, by having servants stationed all along the path, ready to stop the horse and prevent a fall.

"Meanwhile the king of Rome grew in strength and beauty under the watchful eye of Madame de Montesquiou, who loved him as her own child. He was carried every morning to his mother, who kept him till it was time to dress. During the day, in the intervals between her lessons in music and drawing, she went to see him in his apartment, and sat by him at her needlework. Sometimes, followed by the nurse who carried the child, she took him to his father while he was busy. The entry to his cabinet was interdicted to everybody, and the nurse could not go in. The emperor used to ask Maria Louisa to bring in the child herself, but she seemed so much afraid of her own awkwardness in taking him from the nurse, that the emperor hastened to take him from her, and carried him off covering him with kisses. That cabinet, which saw the origin of so many mighty plans, so many vast and generous schemes of administration, was also witness to the effusions of a father's tenderness. How often have I seen the emperor keeping his son by him, as if he were impatient to teach him the art of governing! Whether, seated by the chimney on his favourite sofa, he was engaged in reading an important document, or whether he went to his bureau to sign a despatch every word of which required to be weighed, his son, seated on his knees, or pressed to his breast, was never a moment away from him. Sometimes, throwing aside the thoughts which occupied his mind, he would lie down on the floor beside his beloved son, playing with him like another child, attentive to everything that could please or amuse him.

"The emperor had a sort of apparatus for trying military manoeuvres: it consisted of pieces of wood fashioned to represent battalions, regiments, and divisions. When he wanted to try some new combinations of troops, or some new evolution, he used to arrange these pieces on the carpet. While he was seriously occupied with the disposition of these pieces, working out some skillful manoeuvre which might ensure the success of a battle, the child, lying at his side, would often overthrow his troops, and put into confusion his order of battle, perhaps at the most critical moment. But the emperor would recommence arranging his men with the utmost good humour.

"The emperor breakfasted alone. Madame de Montesquiou every morning took the boy to his father's breakfast-table. He took him on his knee, and amused himself with giving him morsels to eat, and putting the glass to his lips. One day he offered him a bit of something he had on his plate, and, when the child put forward his mouth to take it, drew it back. He

wished to continue this game, but, at the second trial, the child turned away his head; his father then offered him the morsel in earnest, but the boy obstinately refused it. As the emperor looked surprised, Madame de Montesquiou said, that the child did not like to be deceived; he had pride, she said, and feeling. 'Pride and feeling!' Napoleon repeated, 'that is well—that is what I like.' And, delighted to find these qualities in his son, he fondly kissed him."

M. Meneval's subsequent narrative contains other traits of Napoleon's domestic life. The empress, it appears, was mild and good-natured, placid and yielding in her temper, with little strength either of intellect or of passions. Her mind seems at all times to have taken the tone of surrounding circumstances with the utmost ease and quickness. We have seen how readily her fear and hatred of Napoleon were changed into a predisposition, at least, to affection, before she had ever seen him. Settled in France, she almost instantly acquired French feelings and habits. To such an extent had she, in two or three years, been transformed into a Frenchwoman, that in her German correspondence with her family she was often obliged to have recourse to French expressions, because she had forgotten the equivalent words in her mother-tongue. At a later period, when, finally separated from her husband and from France, she found herself once more an Austrian Archduchess in the midst of her own relatives, we observe in the quickness with which she forgot both him and it, and in the ease with which her mind took the hue of her altered fortunes, but another illustration of this chameleon like quality, which she possessed in so remarkable a degree.

When Napoleon, after his disasters in Russia, commenced the terrible struggle which ended in his ruin in 1814, he invested the Empress with the character of regent. During this period her affection for her husband and zeal in the cause of her adopted country suffered no abatement, even though her own father was now among the number of their enemies. At last, when the Allies had forced their way almost to the gates of Paris, Napoleon sent instructions that his wife and child should leave the capital. His letter to his brother Joseph, written from Rheims on the 16th of March, 1814, is striking:

"Conformably to the verbal instructions which I have given you, and to the spirit of all my letters, you are not to permit that in any case the Empress and the King of Rome shall fall into the hands of the enemy. I am going to manoeuvre in such a way that you may possibly be several days without hearing from me. Should the enemy advance on Paris in such

force as to render resistance impossible, take measures for the departure, in the direction of the Loire, of the Empress-regent, my son, the grand dignitaries, the ministers, the great officers of the crown, and the treasure. Do not quit my son, and remember that I would rather know that he was in the Seine than in the hands of the enemies of France. The lot of Astyanax, prisoner among the Greeks, has always appeared to me the saddest in history."

Joseph and the archchancellor laid this letter before the empress, making at the same time some remarks on the bad effects which might ensue from this abandonment of Paris, but leaving the decision to her, and refusing to incur the responsibility of counselling her to act in opposition to the emperor's order. On this she declared, that though, as the emperor had said, she as well as her son should fall into the Seine, she would not hesitate a moment to depart: the desire he had so distinctly expressed being a sacred order for her. The order was obeyed, and on the 29th of March, Maria Louisa and her son left Paris for ever.

"When it was time to set out, the young King of Rome refused to leave his apartment. It seemed as if a fatal presentiment had gifted him with the second sight. 'Don't go to Rambouillet,' he cried to his mother, 'it is an ugly house—let us stay here.' He struggled in the arms of M. de Canisy, the gentleman-usher who carried him, repeating again and again, 'I will not leave my house; I will not go; since papa is away, it is I who am master!' and he clung to the doors and the banisters of the staircase. This obstinacy excited a painful surprise, and produced melancholy forebodings in those who witnessed it. The carriages defiled slowly, and as if in expectation of a countermand, by the wicket of the Pont Royal. Sixty or eighty people gazed in silence on this cortege, as if it were a funeral procession passing by; it was, indeed, the funeral of the empire. Their feelings did not betray themselves by any manifestation: not a voice was raised to express sorrow for this cruel separation. Had any one been inspired to cut the traces of the horses, the empress would have remained. She passed the gate of the Tuileries, with tears in her eyes and despair in her soul. When she reached the Champs Elysées, she saluted for the last time the imperial city which she left behind her, and which she was never more to behold."

When Napoleon, fallen from his high estate and no longer emperor of France, had become Emperor of Elba, and had gone to take possession of that second Barataria, his consort, with their son, was sent to Vienna; and it henceforward became her father's policy to detach her thoughts and feelings from her husband, and to break the ties which united her to France. He knew her character, doubtless, and succeeded as easily as he

could have expected. She was separated as much as possible from her French friends and attendants, induced to adopt her old habits and occupations, and amused with journeys and parties of pleasure. But whatever she did, and wherever she went, she was carefully watched, and every precaution was taken to obliterate French reminiscences and associations. In a visit to the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, an Austrian general introduced himself into her society; and a division of troops under his command was stationed in the neighbourhood. This officer, General Neipperg, was an emissary of Metternich, and, according to M. Meneval, was a perfect serpent in matters of seduction. When Austrian minister at Stockholm in 1812, he was no stranger to the concoction of the treaty of Orebro, whereby Bernadotte took up arms against the sovereign to whom he owed his rise in the world, and agreed to deliver him up to his enemies. If this be true, it argues consummate duplicity on the part of the Austrian cabinet, at a moment when Austria was still in alliance with Napoleon, and when Austrian troops were actually co-operating with his own. From Stockholm Neipperg was sent to Naples, where his arts and persuasions seduced the unfortunate Murat into that coalition with the allies against his relative and ancient comrade, remorse for which led him into the desperate enterprise which cost him his life. The successful tempter was then directed to turn his battery against Prince Eugene, but that chivalrous soldier was proof against his wiles.

This personage, according to our author, was employed by Metternich to work the desired change in the thoughts and feelings of Maria Louisa.

"He was then a little turned of forty, of middle stature, but of a distinguished air. His hussar uniform, and his fair, curled hair, gave him a youthful appearance. A broad black bandeau concealed the loss of an eye; his look was keen and animated; his polished and elegant manners, insinuating language, and pleasing accomplishments, created a prepossession in his favour. He speedily got into the confidence and good graces of a good and easy-tempered young woman, driven from her adopted country, withdrawn from the devotion of the few French who had adhered to her evil fortunes, and trembling at the further calamities which might still be in store for her."

Neipperg accompanied her in the remainder of her tour, and returned with her to Vienna, where he still further gained her favour by his zeal and activity in her affairs, particularly in removing difficulties attending her obtaining the sovereignty of Parma and Placentia.

At this time arrived the news of Napoleon's return from Elba, and his being once more at the head of a formidable army. In such an alarming crisis it was judged necessary to keep stricter watch over his son. The child had hitherto lived with his mother, at Schœnbrunn, under the care of his governess, Madame de Montesquiou. From this lady he was now separated and brought to Vienna, where he was lodged in the palace under the care of another governess, the widow of an Austrian general.

Soon after this, M. Meneval, finding his situation in Vienna become every day more and more disagreeable, in consequence of the jealousy and suspicion shown towards the French members of Maria Louisa's suite, returned to Paris. Before his departure, he went to take leave of the young prince, whom he never saw again. There is something touching in his account of this final parting. The boy was then about four years old.

"I observed with pain, his serious and even melancholy air. He had lost his gaiety and childish prattle. He did not run to meet me as he was wont, and did not even seem to know me. Though he had been already more than six weeks with the persons to whom he had been entrusted, he had not become accustomed to them, and still looked as if he were surrounded by new faces. I asked him in their presence if he had any message for his father, whom I was going to see again. He looked at me sadly and significantly, without saying anything; and then, gently withdrawing his hand from mine, walked silently to the embrasure of a distant window. After having exchanged a few words with the persons in the room, I approached the place where he was standing, apparently watching my motions. As I leaned towards him, to say farewell, he drew me towards the window, and said softly, looking earnestly in my face, 'Monsieur Meneval, you will tell him that I always love him dearly.' The poor orphan felt already that he was no longer free, or with his father's friends. He had difficulty in forgetting his 'Mama Quiou,' as he called her, and constantly asked for her of Madame Marchand, his nurse, an excellent woman, who had been allowed to remain with him, and of whom he was very fond. She, too, returned to France the following year; another source of grief for the young prince."

The history of this ill-fated youth is brief, like his life. In 1818, he received the title of Duke of Reichstadt, with rank immediately after the princes of the Austrian imperial family. He was much beloved by the old emperor his grandfather; and his mother, who had been put in possession of the Duchies of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, provided liberally for his maintenance and education, though she treated him in other respects

with heartless neglect: her affections, by this time, being engrossed by a new object. His talents, which were above the common, were highly cultivated by an excellent education. But he was kept in a kind of splendid captivity. It was the Austrian policy to render him politically insignificant; to withdraw, as much as possible, the son of their great emperor from the thoughts and recollections of the people of France; and, on the other hand, to efface from his mind the memory of what he had been, and what he had been born to. Neither object was accomplished: the attempt was fatal. The sense of his condition preyed on a naturally ardent mind; and the source of his habitual melancholy showed itself in the warmth with which he received such Frenchmen as visited the imperial court, and the interest he took in their conversation. His health gradually declined, and he died, we think, in 1833, at the age of about two-and-twenty.

As to Maria Louisa, she took possession of her new sovereignties, and was attended by Count Neipperg in the capacity of her minister. There are circumstances in her connexion with this personage, on which M. Meneval either cannot throw light, or is not disposed to do so. He talks of calumny and scandal respecting her private life; but he leaves it unrefuted. Indeed from what he himself says, we cannot think the lady's reputation unquestionable. She was united, he says, to Count Neipperg, by a left-handed marriage, and has had three children by him. The eldest married the son of Count San-Vitale, the grand chamberlain of Malta, and resides at his mother's court. The second, Count de Montenuovo, is an officer in an Austrian regiment: and the third, a girl, died in her childhood.

"The fact of this union," says M. Meneval, "being established, I shall not examine whether a regular act had intervened to legitimize the birth of the children, or whether the union of Maria Louisa with Count Neipperg preceded the death of Napoleon. In Italy, where sins are so easily compounded for, the sanctification of an union is the simplest thing in the world. Two persons who wish to marry declare their intention before a priest; he confesses them, gives them absolution, says mass, and marries them; and the whole passes without the intervention of witnesses. There is every reason to believe, however, that the Emperor was dead, when Maria Louisa contracted this second marriage. At Vienna, as well as Parma, she always declared her firm determination never to seek a divorce, or listen to any such proposition. . . . Malignity has gratified itself in spreading injurious reports as to the pretended irregularities of Maria Louisa's private life. I believe that they have no foundation. The

moderation of her character, and her unimpassioned nature, must have preserved her from excess of any kind."

The argument from presumption is but a feeble one, when weighed against opposite presumptions to which her advocate himself gives countenance. Why has he not told us the date of the marriage between Maria Louisa and Count Neipperg, and the ages of the children? Even the *left-handed* marriage of a sovereign is solemnised in such a manner as to be matter of evidence and record: but M. Meneval leaves it doubtful whether there was *any* marriage. Napoleon died in April, 1821, two-and-twenty years ago; so that if his widow's children are the legitimate issue of a marriage contracted after his death, it is hardly credible that the two elder should be now, the one a married woman, and the other an officer in the army. M. Meneval ought to have made the inquiries necessary to enable him to clear up these points. If he did so ineffectually, then the obscurity which hangs over the marriage of a personage of sovereign rank, and over the birth of her children, leads, we think, to only one conclusion. Indeed M. Meneval, in the passage just quoted, seems to admit that the children were born before the death of Napoleon. He says he will not examine whether a regular act had intervened to legitimize the children, or whether the union of Maria Louisa with Neipperg, preceded Napoleon's death. The alternative here stated, is *either* that the children, at first illegitimate, had been legitimized by a subsequent marriage;* or, that there had been a mock-marriage between them before Napoleon's death: a way of compounding with conscience which M. Meneval describes to be so easy in Italy. So much mystery, in such a case, is not easily reconcilable with the idea of innocence.

Count Neipperg died in December last, and Maria Louisa is inconsolable for his loss. "To fill the void," says M. Meneval, "which this bereavement has made in her heart, she is surrounding herself with souvenirs of him whom she never ceases to lament; and has even ordered the erection of a magnificent mausoleum to his memory, in token of the bitterness of her regret."

* *Legitimatio per subsequens matrimonium* is admitted in those countries whose jurisprudence is chiefly founded on the Roman law; among others, in Scotland.

ART. VIII.—*Tra Los Montes*. Par THEOPHILE GAUTIER. Paris. 1843.

MONSIEUR GAUTIER tells us, that having inadvertently expressed a desire to travel in Spain, his friends took the mere ejaculation as an already formed resolve; the consequence of which was that whenever he appeared in public, he was so harassed with looks of surprise, and questions of astonishment, that he at last felt that *he owed his friends three months' absence*. If, after so frank an avowal, we take up M. Gautier's book of travels, expecting to find disquisitions upon the moral or political state of Spain, it is no fault of the author's should we fail in the object of our search. If, on the other hand, we want a very lively, very pert, very fanciful, sometimes very extravagant, but combining all in one word, very French picture of cities, churches, convents, mountains, bull-fights, and pretty women, presented through the coloured glasses of a Paris cockney, who, weary of the lounges and *blasé* with the Grand Opera, sets out in search of a sensation, we may expect entertainment to our heart's content.

From Paris to Bourdeaux, our impatient traveller finds all barren: arrived here, however, the catacombs give him an opportunity of doing something in the way of reflection and description. The details, done à la Victor Hugo, we shall spare the reader; preserving merely one compendious phrase, which we acknowledge our inability to render into English. The mouths of the skulls in the catacombs yawn frightfully, '*comme si elles étaient contractées par l'incommensurable ennui de l'éternité*.' Lest the yawn should prove infectious we are hurried to Bayonne, and are *tra los Montes* with inconceivable rapidity. The first approach of a Spanish cart tells the traveller, in sounds not to be misunderstood, the price his bones must sometimes pay for the mind's enjoyment of the picturesque.

"A strange, inexplicable, hoarse, frightful, and ludicrous noise, for some time sounded upon our ears, as if from a multitude of magpies plumed alive, of children getting a flogging, of caterwauling cats, of sharpening saws, of scraping pots, of heavy prison-doors being forced on rusty hinges: what was this but a car drawn by oxen, which ascended the street of Irun, with its wheels screeching from want of grease, which the conductor had probably preserved for his own soup."

The noise, it appears, is heard at half a league's distance, and is considered rather agreeable than otherwise. This was not, however, the diligence drawn by shaved mules, in which our traveller was destined to

cogitate upon the beautiful villages smiling at the foot of the mountains, from which he expected to see every moment, a Kettly present herself. How the enthusiasm of the Parisian must have been excited by the sublimity of Spanish scenery, when it thus recalled to mind Donizetti and the Opera Comique! Ay, and when the Pyrenees lay stretched behind him, they actually reminded him of a velvet cloak covered with spangles, thrown carelessly somewhere, perhaps upon the boards of the Porte St. Martin by Bocage, in the last drama played before his setting out! But if he be little among mountains, he is great over soup, and for just reasons.

"At the risk of seeming minute, we shall describe it (the soup), for the difference between one people and another is remarkable precisely in these thousand little details, which travellers neglect for great poetical and political considerations that may as well be written without the trouble of leaving home."

The great distinction, then, between Spanish and French soup, for the benefit of the curious, lies in an infusion of saffron. Such is the difference of national taste. One stains its eyelids with henna, another dyes its soups. Arrived at Burgos, M. Gautier of course visits its celebrated cathedral, telling us with *naïveté* that the Romantic school has taught people to admire old cathedrals; and truly our romantic friend does not spare language in the expression of his own elaborate admiration. Here, too, notwithstanding his preference of the science of gastronomy over poetical and political considerations, he allows himself to be surprised into the following serious reflections.

"Spain has lost much of her picturesque character by the suppression of monks, and I do not see what she has acquired in the way of compensation. Admirable monuments, whose loss will be irreparable, and which had until then been preserved with the most minute care, are about to crumble away neglected, and to add more ruin to the too many ruins of this unfortunate country: unheard-of wealth in statues, in pictures, and in objects of art, will be lost without profit to anybody."

And then follows an apostrophe to the effect, —Cut each other's throats if you like, but spare marble.

Away from Burgos, at what the author calls '*un train d'enfer*,' a regular steeplechase rate—the car, a kind of box suspended by cords—but we must translate as literally as we can:

"This machine swung behind the mules like a kettle at the tail of a tiger, exciting them as much by its sounds as by its motions. Some straw, lighted in the middle of the road, had nearly rendered them ungovernable. They

were so restive, that whenever another carriage was approaching, it was necessary not only to hold them in tightly, but to put a band before their eyes. For it is a general rule, that when two carriages drawn by mules meet, one or other must overturn. And so it happened with us."

Fortunately the passengers escaped uninjured; but they were obliged to mount a car without springs, called a *galere*, and then to stretch themselves upon a *matelas*; and as all machines travel at the same rate, away again they were carried at the rate of five French leagues an hour, up and down hill, never slackening for a moment their 'triple gallop.'

M. Gautier stoutly vindicates the cleanliness of Spanish inns. But we can well believe that an unfortunate traveller, exposed to such horrors as have been just described, would find any inn a haven of rest. Arrived at Valladolid, he is struck with the depopulated air of this ancient city. Built to hold 200,000 it hardly contains 20,000 inhabitants. But his melancholy is not of long duration, for at the theatre that night they gave the 'Hernani of Victor Hugo, translated by Don Eugenio de Ochoa,' with some suppressions: 'for the Spaniards do not like to be treated in a poetical manner.' This we can easily understand. The Spaniards are afflicted with the irritability of an unfortunate people, and treat compliments to their semi-barbarous spirit of chivalry as so many reflections upon their backwardness in the arts of civilized life. M. Gautier, who was in search of the picturesque, was frequently confounded by assurances of new modes about to be adopted for cleansing, lighting, ventilating, pipe-watering, and so forth, offered as sarcastic comments upon his ravings about the sublime and beautiful.

By the time Gautier reached Madrid he had enjoyed an abundance of sensations: but the climax awaited him then in the shape of a bull-fight.

"It has been asserted and repeated from all parts (he indignantly exclaims), that the taste for bull-fighting is on the decline in Spain, and that progressing civilisation will destroy it altogether: if it does, so much the worse for civilisation: for a bull-fight is one of the finest spectacles that man can imagine."

He proceeds to describe the delightful excitement into which the whole population of Madrid is thrown by the prospect of this sort of sport. He gives you the spectacle in all its details, but as they would not be new to most of our readers, we will take leave to skip these vivid pages (for the description is really animated), until we arrive at the last act of the drama.

"The Picadores retired, leaving the field clear for the *Espada*, Juan Pastor, who having saluted the *Ayuntamiento*, asked permission to kill the bull: the permission granted, he threw his *montera* into the air, as if to show that he was about to deal his last card, and walked deliberately to the bull, concealing his sword under the red folds of his *muleta*. The *Espada* repeatedly shook the scarlet cloth, at which the bull rushed blindly; a movement of his body sufficed to save him from the spring of the ferocious animal, who, quickly returning to the charge, dashed his head furiously against the light stuff he could not pierce. The favourable moment arrived: the *Espada* placed himself right before the bull, with his left hand shaking his *muleta*, and pointing his sword, level with the animal's horns. Words would now fail to convey the agonized curiosity, the frenetic attention, that this situation excites—worth in itself all the dramas of Shakspeare. In a few seconds, and one of the actors will be killed—shall it be the man, or the bull? There they are, face to face—alone. The man has no defensive arms; he is dressed as if for a ball, with pumps and silk stockings; a pin in a woman's hand would pierce his satin vest; a shred of stuff, a frail sword, no more: in this duel the advantage is all upon the side of the bull: he has two terrible horns sharpened like poniards, an immense impulsive force, the rage of a brute unconscious of danger. But the man has his sword and his heart, twelve thousand eyes are fixed upon him, beautiful women are about to applaud him. The *muleta* thrown aside, the bust of the matador was exposed; the horns of the bull were within an inch of his breast—I thought him lost. A silver flash passed with the rapidity of thought between the two crescents, the bull fell on his knees, groaning mournfully, and showing the handle of the sword between the shoulders, like the stag of Saint Hubert in Albert Durer's wonderful engraving."

Of course the enthusiasm at this fine stroke, which did not draw a drop of blood, the very acmé of elegance, was unbounded. The day was indeed one of good sport, for eight bulls and fourteen horses were killed, and a man slightly wounded. What if he were killed, there is a priest in attendance at the *Plaza de Toros*.

But M. Gautier went not only in search of a sensation, and thus found one worth all the dramas of Shakspeare, but he also went in search of something else he could not find, and that was the *Cachucha*: and he fairly charges Fanny Elssler with having deceived the habitués of the Grand Opera, humbugged John Bull, and outwitted cunning Jonathan, with a pretended Spanish dance which is no more Spanish than a Scotch reel or an Irish jig. In every town and every theatre he looked for that confounded *Cachucha*; and although he saw many an Andalusian foot, as small as that of a Chinese Venus, yet not one understood Fanny's spurious invention.

Fanny, and Mendizabal who attacked the property of the monks, are to be handed over to execration for libelling and ruining the land of convents and *boleros*!

Once in the romantic region of Grenada, M. Gautier was delighted to see Spaniards in their native costume, of which he gives a most seductive description. His first care, he tells us, was to seek Juan Zapata, the Stultz of Grenada. 'Alas,' said Juan, taking his measure, 'the English are the only purchasers of our national costume.' The strangest part of the story remains. This Juan was so great an enthusiast on the subject of his calling, that having perfected this suit, he fell into a huge admiration of it on his own account, and became as unwilling to part with the treasure as the dear old bookseller in the opening chapter of 'Zanoni' was to sell a favourite work. He returned the French traveller his money, and kept the dress. We hope our fanciful friend is not dealing in the fabulous, and that he did in truth find this Pygmalion tailor.

Gautier is equally in love with the dress of the Spanish women, and more so with the innocent freedom of their manners. Indeed he is most happy in his description of Grenada, its mountains, streams, monumental remains, and glorious sky. Washington Irving had, with his inimitable grace of manner, made us all acquainted with this terrestrial paradise, and the passing acknowledgment to the truth of his descriptions, candidly made by Gautier, shows the latter to be a good fellow—a bon enfant. Of the Spaniards generally, the following character is given, with not a bad hit at ourselves:

"I have but seldom witnessed that kind of pride attributed to the Spaniards; nothing is so little to be depended upon as the reputations affixed to individuals and to nations. I have found them, on the contrary, simple and good-natured to an extreme degree. Spain is the true country of equality, if not in words, at least in acts. The humblest beggar lights his cigarette from that of the grand seigneur, the latter not affecting airs of condescension; the marchioness smiles as she picks her steps through the multitude of idlers, who lie asleep at her door, and while travelling, makes no grimaces as she drinks from the glass of the conducteur. Foreigners with difficulty accommodate themselves to this familiarity, especially the English, who take their letters with tongs presented on a salver. One of these estimable islanders, travelling from Seville to Iérès, ordered the driver to the kitchen. The latter, who thought he would have done a heretic but too much honour by sitting at the same table with him, made no observation, carefully concealing his rage, like the traitor of a melodrama: but in the middle of the road, at three or four leagues from Iérès, in a frightful desert, all briars and bog, he overturned the Eng-

lishman, and then leaving him as he cracked his whip, said, 'My lord, you did not find me worthy to sit beside you at table; and I, Don Balbino Bustamente y Orozco, think you unworthy of sitting beside me in my callisene—bon soir.'

But this is nothing at all to what we get from our friend as soon as he placed his foot at Gibraltar, where we hasten to meet him, passing by with regret, Cordova, Seville, Malaga, &c. He lands at Algeiras.

"The effect produced by the physiognomy of this town is very odd. In one step you have made five hundred leagues; a little more than Poucet and his famous boots. A while ago you were in Andalusia, now you are in England. From the Moorish towns of the kingdom of Grenada, and of Murcia, you fall suddenly upon Ramsgate; you behold the brick houses, with their railings, hall doors, and windows of a guilotine shape, exactly as at Twickenham, or at Richmond. A little further you find cottages with iron work and painted palings. The walks and gardens are planted with ash, birch, oak, and the green vegetation of the north, so different from the varnished plates of iron which pass for foliage in southern countries. Individuality is so much the character of the English, that they are everywhere the same, and I cannot tell why they travel, for they bring with them all their habits, with their houses upon their backs, like the shell upon the snail. No matter where the Englishman is found, he lives as if he was still in London; he must have his tea, his rumpsteaks, his rhubarb pie, his port and sherry, and in case of illness, his calomel. By means of the numberless boxes he carries with him, an Englishman is sure of everywhere finding the *at home* and the *comfort* necessary to his existence. What trouble they take to live at their ease. Oh! how I prefer to so much effort and complication, the sobriety and privation of the Spaniards! . . . It is long since I had seen upon the heads of Englishwomen, these horrible crumpets, these odious cornets of paste-board covered with stuff, called bonnets, beneath which, in countries boasting themselves civilized, the fair sex buries the face."

It was the sudden sight of an English lady which called forth this last remark. Gautier acknowledges that the English lady was pretty—but she brought before his eyes the spectre of civilisation, then his mortal enemy. He felt ashamed, before this Englishwoman, that he had neither white gloves, nor eyeglass, nor varnished boots. Poor mistaken gentleman! had he so appeared, in all probability, he must have passed upon the instant for a consummate coxcomb—instead of a most amusing traveller, delighted to find the scenery of the Grand Opera realized at last, and thanking Nature for having so well imitated the mountains and clouds of the *Académie Royale de la Musique*.

- ART. IX.—1. *Plato's Unterredungen über die Gesetze.* (Plato's 'Laws,' translated from the Greek by SCHULTHEK, with the Notes of SALOMON VÖGELIN, Zürich professor). 2 vols. Zürich 1842-3.
2. *Platonis Parmenides, cum quatuor libris prolegomenorum et commentario perpetuo. Accedunt Procli in Parmenidem commentarii nunc emendatius editi.* Cura GODOFR: STALLBAUMI. (The 'Parmenides' of Plato, with the Commentary of Proclus. Edited by G. STALLBAUM). Lipsiæ. 1839-41.
3. *Schleiermacher's Introductions to the Dialogues of Plato.* Translated from the German by WILLIAM DOBSON, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge. 1836.
4. *The Clouds of Aristophanes, with Notes.* By C. C. FELTON, M.A. Eliot Professor of Greek in Harvard University. Cambridge. Massachusetts, U. S. 1841.
5. *Geschichte der Philosophie.* (History of Philosophy, by RITTER). Hamburg. 1838-41.

PROFESSOR VÖGELIN's edition of the 'Laws,' though good evidence of the continued zeal of modern German criticism, has little that immediately concerns us in resuming our articles on the Greek Philosophy. Vögelin argues with force and ingenuity, against good authority on the other side, for the opinion that the 'Laws,' was written by Plato in his old age, and that as the 'Republic' had described an ideal state, his object here was to set forth a possible one. But these are questions which will not occur to us till we have redeemed the promise which was given at the close of our account of Socrates and the Sophists,* of exhibiting those passages of the defence of Socrates before his judges, and those incidents of his last imprisonment and death, through which we pass to the most correct judgment of the rise and mission of his greatest scholar. And when these have been shown, the method of Plato will require to be dealt with in some detail, before any of the great conclusions of his philosophy that are embodied in the 'Republic' and the 'Laws' can form a part of our inquiry. Plato was not twenty years of age when he became the pupil of Socrates: at the time of his master's execution by the people of Athens he was in his thirtieth year; he was more than eighty-two when he died.

His 'Apology' is our guide to what passed in the court when Socrates was told to defend himself, and to the labour and learning of

Schleiermacher it is chiefly due that we can in that character so confidently use it. In the admirable work which is mentioned at the head of this paper, Schleiermacher has shown, to the satisfaction of the best scholars of our time, that the 'Apology' was, in all probability, as true a copy from recollection of the actual defence of Socrates, as the practised memory of Plato, and the necessary distinction between a written speech and one negligently delivered, could render possible. The great scholar has founded also, on the same admirable argument, a suggestion of great importance intimately connected with the view which has been taken in these papers of the position of Socrates in regard to general philosophy. That Xenophon had neither the design nor the capacity to exhibit that position, either in respect to doctrine or method, with any degree of completeness, or with scientific accuracy, must be admitted to be quite clear: and upon this Schleiermacher suggests that—over and above what Xenophon has described, and not in the least interfering with his practical maxims or successful strokes of character, but indeed strengthening both—it is very possible that Socrates may yet have been actually such a person as to give Plato a right and an inducement to portray him as he stands in the Platonic Dialogues. With this clue it seems to us that some germs of thought which pass for little in the 'Memorabilia,' taken and unfolded in that peculiar spirit and method which the Dialogues make everywhere apparent and predominant in the mouth of Socrates, would not seldom expand into profound speculative doctrines: which would thus appear to have been perhaps too hastily given altogether to Plato, when Plato's master should have had his share in them. With this clue, in fact, it might not be difficult to pierce farther than has yet been thought even possible, into that labyrinth of doubt to every reader of the Dialogues, as to how much of their Socrates belongs to Plato, and how much of their Plato to Socrates. The suggestion is even valuable for the light it would throw on the source of the exact individuality of a picture, which, if we are to consider it a mere work of fiction, we must consider Plato in almost equal rank with the greatest master of the dramatic art.

The exact words of Schleiermacher may be quoted. Having shown that the 'Apology' must be taken as the defence of Socrates, reported by Plato, he proceeds thus:

"For Socrates here speaks exactly as Plato makes him speak, and as we, according to all that remains to us, cannot say that any other of

* *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. 60.

his pupils did make him speak. And so little does this similarity admit of doubt, that, on the contrary, an observation of some importance may be founded upon it. I mean, whether certain peculiarities in the Platonic dialogue—particularly the fictitious questions and answers introduced into one proposition, and the accumulation and comprehension under some other of several particular propositions in common, often much too enlarged for this subordinate passage; together with the interruptions almost unavoidably ensuing in the construction of the period as begun—whether these, as we find them here so very prevalent, are not properly to be referred to Socrates. They appear in Plato most in those places in which he is particularly Socratic; but they are most frequent, and least clear of their accompanying negligences, in this dialogue and the following one [The 'Crito:' like the 'Apology,' a report of an incident in the actual life of Socrates]. And from these considerations taken together, a manifest probability arises that these forms of speech were originally copied after Socrates, and consequently are connected with the mimic arts of Plato, who endeavoured to a certain degree to imitate the language also of those whom he introduces, if they had peculiarities otherwise which justified him in so doing. And whoever tries this observation by the different works of Plato, will find it very much confirmed by them. And that other Socratics did not attempt such an imitation is accounted for, on the one hand, by the circumstance that no little art was required to bend, to a certain degree, these peculiarities of a negligent colloquial style to the laws of written language, and to blend them with the regulated beauty of expression; and on the other, that more courage was required to meet a certain share of censure from small critics than Xenophon perhaps possessed."

Leaving the whole question to those who have leisure to pursue it (and its interest will repay the nicest consideration), we open the 'Apology' of Plato for those passages which we have promised to lay before the reader. The opening sentences bore reference to a circumstance already known in the court: that the great orator Lysias,* on ordinary

* Lysias was the great leader of the art which, in the 'Clouds,' Strepsiades is so anxious that his son should acquire to help him get rid of his debts: an art from which old worlds cannot free themselves, and which new worlds are quick to seize: as the reader will perceive from sorrowful allusions of Professor FELTON to the transcendentalists and cloud-philosophers, who surround him in his little commonwealth of Boston. We regret that when we had occasion to remark on Aristophanes, we had not seen the edition of the 'Clouds' by this excellent American scholar; who, with a learning worthy of his cause, and a steady perseverance which is omen of success, has so gallantly sustained every recent effort of CLASSICAL STUDY in the United States—depressed, and struggling against many disadvantages. His view of the general motives of Aristophanes does not differ from our own. His notes to this particular play, in the same agreeable spirit as those of Mitchell, are less trifling and perhaps more

occasions strongly opposed to the philosopher, had composed a speech in defence of Socrates, and brought it to him for his use, and that he had declined it. 'It is very eloquent,' he said, 'but it is too artificial for my character.' It is worthy of remark that there were other indications at the commencement of the trial, even among its leading instigators, of a desire to compromise or ward off the full consequences of the prosecution. Anytus himself is even said to have offered, on certain conditions, to withdraw it altogether: but Socrates refused the conditions. That the philosopher had, in some of his public arguments, given mortal offence to this person, we think tolerably certain. In the 'Meno' indeed, Plato distinctly introduces him in a state of violent anger, leaving the company of Socrates with a threat, which 'if it was ever uttered,' the indictment fatally fulfilled. Fatally, that is, for the honour of its promoters, and the wisdom of its judges: to Socrates there was not anything fatal in the indictment or its issue. It is more than probable, from the whole course of the circumstances, that if he might have exerted a choice, he would have chosen both.

The charges against him he took in succession. The first he directly repelled, as falsely applied to one who had never outraged the institutions of the state. The second he subjected to a series of reasonings, by which his prosecutors were involved in deplorable contradictions: and it is that part of the 'Apology' which the student will find most strikingly corroborative of the views of Schleiermacher. Socrates closed this branch of the defence with a declaration, that by his course of life he had served faithfully and reverently a wise oracle of the Delphic god, and in all things else had but obeyed the warnings of the genius which had so often secretly counselled him. The third charge he treated with lofty indifference: almost derision. But not for any particular charge, he said, had he been dragged before them that day. That he was not guilty according to the accusation of Melitus or Anytus, what he had said was proof sufficient: but that he was greatly unpopular with many persons, and that, if condemned, not Melitus nor Anytus, but prejudice and calumny in the minds of

amusing. Certainly it is a book—this edition of the 'Clouds,' by Mr. Felton—eminently suited to the purpose in view. That American youth must be an inveterately anti-classical, or uncommonly dull dog, who does not suspect, by the first glance at his Professor's notes, that if he perseveres through the difficulty of the outset, he will discover something to repay him, in kind, for even the most amusing of the pursuits abandoned a while in favour of old Aristophanes.

the many, would be the authors of his condemnation, they all knew to be true. These had done a like office for other and good men, and would continue to do it: there was no fear that he should be the last. The origin of the popular prejudice against himself, Socrates next explained. Never from the earliest time had there been any lack of imputations 'always at hand to be cast upon all who philosophize,' of not believing in gods: and such were the weapons of his accusers. What was hardest of all, he added, one could not do so much as know the names of the people who used these weapons, *except perhaps a playwright or so.** 'You have yourselves seen, in the comedy of Aristophanes, a certain Socrates who professes to walk the air, with much other trifling, about which I do not understand one jot: *and something of this sort is what is now imputed to me!*' If the great comic poet was in the court that day, he heard this with a feeling little to be envied. The demagogue Anytus he had scorned and hated, the poet Melitus he had ridiculed and laughed at, were then and there reversing the verdict of twenty years earlier date, and proclaiming the success of the comedy of the 'Clouds!'

For instruction and example to all following generations of men, Socrates now delivered these sublime passages.†

"Perhaps, now, some may say, 'Art thou not then ashamed, O Socrates, of practising a pursuit from which thou art now in danger of death?' To such a person I may justly make answer, 'Thou speakest not well, O friend! if thou thinkest that a man should calculate the chances of living or dying—altogether an unimportant matter—instead of considering this only when he does anything: Whether what he does be just or unjust, the act of a good or of a bad man . . . Thus it is, O Athenians! wheresoever our post is, whether we choose it, thinking it the best, or are placed in it by a superior—there, as I hold, we ought to remain, and suffer all chances, neither reckoning death, nor any other consequence, as worse than dishonour. I, therefore, should be greatly in the wrong, O Athenians, if when I was commanded, by the superiors whom you set over me, at Potidæa, and Amphipolis, and Delium, I remained (like other people) where those superiors posted me, and perilled my life; but when, as I believed, the God commanded me, and bade me pass my life in philo-

sophizing and examining myself and others, then, fearing either death or anything else, I should abandon my post. . . . To be afraid of death, O Athenians, is to fancy ourselves wise, not being so; for it is to fancy that we know what we do not know. No one knows whether death is not the greatest possible good to man. But people fear it, as if they knew it to be the greatest of evils. What is this but the most discreditable ignorance, to think we know what we know not? This, however, I do know, that to do injustice, and to resist the injunctions of one who is better than myself, be he God or man, is evil and disgraceful: I shall not, therefore, fly to the evils which I know to be evils, from fear of that which, for aught I know, may be a good. If, therefore, you were to say to me, 'O Socrates, we will now, in spite of what Anytus said, let you off, but upon condition that you shall no longer persevere in your search, in your philosophizing—if you are again convicted of doing so you shall be put to death'—if, I say, you should propose to let me off on these conditions, I should answer to you: O Athenians, I love and cherish you, but I will obey the God rather than you; and as long as I breathe, and it is not out of my power, I will not cease to philosophize, and to exhort you to philosophy, and point out the way to whomsoever among you I fall in with; saying, as I am wont, 'O most worthy person, art thou, an Athenian, of the greatest city, and the most celebrated for wisdom and power, not ashamed that thou studiest to possess as much money as possible, and reputation, and honour, but concernest not thyself, even to the smallest degree, about Intellect and Truth, and the well-being of thy mental nature?' And if any of you shall dispute the fact, and say that he does not concern himself about these things, I will not let him off or depart; but will question him, and examine and confute him; and if he seem to me not to possess virtue, but to assert that he does, I will reproach him for valuing least what is highest worth, and highest what is most worthless. . . . I say, therefore, O Athenians, whether you believe Anytus or not, whether you acquit me or not, let it be with the knowledge that I shall do no other things than these: not though I should die many deaths."

At this tone of defiance great agitation appears to have run through the court, and loud murmurs. Whereon Socrates bade the assemblage listen rather than cry out, since he had other things to say which they might be even more disposed to bawl out against, but would certainly be the better for hearing. He told them to reflect, that if they put him to death, being such as he described himself, they would hurt him infinitely less than they would hurt themselves. 'Me, Anytus and Melitus will not hurt: they cannot. It is not permitted that a better man should be hurt by a worse.' An evil it might be to suffer death, or exile, or deprivation of civic rights, but to attempt to kill another man unjustly was to incur far greater evil. Nor while he spoke thus, was Socrates in any degree unconscious

* Πλὴν εἰ τις κομμοδοιοῖς τυχάνει ὄν.

† In the above translation we have availed ourselves, with occasional exception, of an admirable version, published some years ago in Mr. Fox's 'Monthly Repository.' It is much the best that we have seen: indeed it is the only one that will bear the least comparison with the original. Taylor's is poor in the extreme, and that which is found in the miserable compilation of 'Plato's Divine Dialogues,' is more French than Greek.

of the point on which his condemnation would chiefly turn; and that it was the bitter recollection of such men as Critias and Alcibiades, to whose accomplishment his instructions were said to have contributed, which would mainly dispose the majority of his judges against him. Scorning to overlook this truth, he now adverted to it in such a manner, that while the particular charge was repelled, it was to assume, with uncompromising grandeur of soul, a larger and more severe responsibility. He told them why he had never sought to educate politicians; why he had through life avoided politics. But for that he had long ago perished, and done no good to himself or them. 'And be not angry with me for saying the truth. It is impossible that any human being should escape destruction, who sincerely opposes himself to you or to any other multitude; and strives to prevent many injustices and illegalities from being transacted in the state.' He proudly referred to his firm opposition of an unjust popular clamour under the Democracy, to his resolute defeat of a proposed iniquity of the tyrants under the Oligarchy: in two memorable instances cited on a former occasion.* 'I then,' he added, 'not by word but by deed, proved that I do not care one jot for death, but everything for avoiding an unjust or impious action. In whatever public transaction I may have been engaged, I shall always be found such as I am in private: never tolerating the slightest violation of justice, either in any one else, or in those whom my calumniators assert to be my disciples.'

In the simplicity and nobleness of his concluding exhortation, Socrates wore his greatness to the last. Beautiful is the absence of any mournful solemnity, of any maudlin pathos.

"These things, O Athenians, and such as these, are what I have to say in my defence. Perhaps some one among you may be displeased with me, when he bethinks himself that in the trial which preceded mine, the accused, though he had less at stake, entreated the Judges with many tears; and brought hither, to excite their pity, his children, and others of his relations and friends: while I shall do nothing of the kind, although the penalty, which as it may seem I am in danger of, is the severest of all. Some of you perhaps, thinking of these things, may feel harshly towards me, and may give me an angry vote. I hope this is not the case with any one of you, but if it is, I think I may very properly hold the following discourse to him. I, too, most worthy person, have relatives: I am not, as Homer says, sprung from an oak-tree, or

from a rock, but from human beings; and I have not only relatives, but three sons, O Athenians: one of them a youth, the two others still children. Nevertheless, I shall not, bringing any of them here, implore you to acquit me. And why? Not from pride, O Athenians, nor from disdain of you: but for this reason: whether I look upon death with courage or with fear is another matter; but with a view to our reputation, both mine and yours, and that of the city itself, it does not seem to me honourable that I should do such things at my age, and with such a name as I have, whether merited or not. Men certainly believe that Socrates is in some way superior to the multitude of mankind. And it would be shameful if those among you who are esteemed superior to the rest, whether in wisdom, or in courage, or in any other virtue, should conduct themselves like so many others whom I have seen on their trial and might but for this have been taken for people of some account, who moved heaven and earth to be acquitted as if it were something dreadful to die: as though they expected to be immortal unless you should put them to death. Such things, O Athenians, we who are thought to be of some account, ought neither to do, nor if we did, ought you to suffer us; but, on the contrary, to show that you will much rather condemn those who enact these pathetic dramas, and make the city ridiculous, than those who refrain from them. And besides the discredit, it does not seem to me even just, to supplicate the judge, and escape by supplication: but to instruct and convince him. For the judge does not sit here to make a favour of justice, but impartially to inquire into it: and he has sworn not to gratify whomsoever he pleases, but to judge according to the laws. Do not then, O Athenians, demand of me to do such things towards you as I deem to be neither beautiful, nor just, nor holy. If I should influence your decision by supplications, when you have sworn to do justice, I should indeed teach that you do not believe in Gods, and my defence of myself would be an accusation against myself that I believe not in them. But far is this from the truth. I believe in them, O Athenians, as not one of my accusers does."

The verdict of guilt was passed by a majority of six votes; and it may well have been, as we are informed, not the nature of the verdict, but the smallness of the majority, which astonished all who had listened to the defence. It remained, by the Athenian law, the right of the prisoner to speak in mitigation of the penalty proposed by the prosecutor, and to assign another for the court to decide upon. This privilege was at first declined by Socrates: he could imagine no punishment, he said, suitable to what he had done: such a life as his had been, claimed reward, not punishment. But his friends then crowded round him; Plato, Crito, and the rest; and at their persuasion he yielded to the forms required.

* Article 'Socrates and the Sophists of Athens': F. Q. R., No. 60.

"The penalty proposed by my accuser is death. What penalty shall I, on my part, propose? surely that which I deserve. Well, then—because I never relaxed in instructing myself, but, neglecting what the many care for, money-getting and household management, and military commands, and civil offices, and speech-making, and all the political clubs and societies in the city (thinking myself in fact too honest to follow these pursuits and be safe) I did not go where I could be of no use either to you or to myself, but went to each man individually to confer on him the greatest of all benefits—attempting to persuade every one of you, to think of none of his own concerns till he had looked to making himself as good and as wise as possible; nor of the city's concerns, till he had looked to making the city so; and to pursue all other things in a similar spirit.—What, then, I say, ought to be done to me for such conduct? Some good, O Athenians, if I am really to be treated according to my deserts: and a good of such a kind as befits me. What, then, befits a man in *poor circumstances*, your benefactor, and requiring leisure to prosecute his exhortations? There is nothing, O Athenians, which would be so suitable for such a man to receive, as a *maintenance at the public expense*. It would befit him much better than any of you who may have carried away the prize of horse and chariot racing at the Olympic contests.* For such a man makes you only seem happy, but I make you be so: and he does not require a maintenance, but I do. If, therefore, I must estimate myself justly according to my deserts, *I rate myself at a maintenance in the Prytaneum.*"

Death is a grave and portentous matter, till such a perfect soul as this of Socrates sets its claims aside. How lightly he springs into his native region, beyond its reach: with what playful ease rejects all tragic notion of a sacrifice, in putting off so worthless a thing as life. But his imploring friends are around him still, and he turns to his judges once again.

"In saying this, as in what I said about supplication and entreaty, I am not influenced by pride. But being convinced that I have wronged no one, I cannot consent to wrong myself, by affirming that I am worthy of any evil, and proposing that any evil should be inflicted upon me as a penalty. If I had money, I would estimate my penalty at as much money as I was able to pay, for it would have been no damage to me: but now—I have none: unless you are willing to fix the penalty at what I am able to pay. Perhaps I could pay as much as a silver mina: at this, therefore, I rate the penalty. Plato here, and Crito, and Critobulus, and Apollodorus, O Athenians, bid me rate it at thirty minæ;† and they undertake to be my

sureties. I do so, therefore, and their security is adequate."

The answer to this was what all those despairing friends must now have expected, and Socrates himself no doubt desired: instant Sentence of Death by the cup of hemlock. Such had been the effect of this last address, that eighty judges, who had before pronounced for his acquittal, now voted the extreme punishment. It was not customary that a condemned prisoner should speak again, but Socrates had still some warnings and truths to utter before he closed the mission of that fatal yet glorious day.

"It is but for the sake of a short span, O Athenians, that you have incurred the imputation from those who wish to speak evil against the city, of having put to death Socrates, a wise man: for those who are inclined to reproach you, will say that I am wise, even if I am not. Had you waited a short time, then this would have happened without your agency: for you see my years: I am far advanced in life, and near to death. I address this not to all of you, but to those who have voted for the capital sentence. And this, too, I say to the same persons: perhaps you may think that I have been condemned from want of skill in such modes of working upon your minds, as I might have employed with success if I had thought it right to employ all means to escape from condemnation. Far from it. I have been condemned, not for want of things to say, but for want of daring and shamelessness: because I did not choose to say to you the things which would have been pleasantest to you to hear: weeping and lamenting, and doing and saying other things which I affirm to be unworthy of me, as you are accustomed to see others do. But neither did I then think fit, because of my danger, to do anything unworthy of a freeman; nor do I now repent of having thus defended myself. I would far rather have made one defence and die, than have made the other and live. Neither in a court of justice, nor in war, ought we to make it our object, that, whatever happens, we may escape death. The difficulty, O Athenians, is not to escape from death, but from guilt; for guilt is swifter than death, and runs faster. And now I, being old, and slow of foot, have been overtaken by death, the slower of the two; but my accusers, who are brisk and vehement, by wickedness, the swifter. We quit this place: I having been sentenced by You to death; but they having sentence passed upon them by Truth, of guilt and injustice. I submit to my punishment, and they to theirs. These things, perhaps, are as they should be, and for the best. But I wish, O men who have condemned me, to prophesy to you what is next to come: for I am in the position in which men are most wont to prophesy, being at the point of death. I say, then, O you who have slain me, that immediately after my death there will come upon you a far severer punishment than that which you have inflicted upon me. For you

* Winners of the Olympic prizes were occasionally thought to have so far conferred honour on their country, as to be entitled, with greater public benefactors, to a lodging for the rest of their lives in the Prytaneum; a public building in the Acropolis.

† About 125*l*.

have done this, thinking by it to escape from being called to account for your lives. But I affirm that the very reverse will happen to you. There will be many to call you to account, whom I have hitherto restrained, and whom you saw not; and being younger, they will give you more annoyance, and you will be still more provoked. For if you think, by putting men to death, to deter others from reproaching you with living amiss, you think ill. That mode of protecting yourselves is neither very possible nor very noble: the nobler and the easier, too, were not to cut off other people, but so to order yourselves as to arrive at the greatest excellence."

This looks like a covert threat—so at least may we read it now—of what Plato had in store for Athens and the Athenians! He afterwards told his judges that it behoved them to be of good cheer concerning death; and to fix in their minds the truth, that to a good man, whether he die or live, nothing is evil, nor are his affairs neglected by the gods. Further he begged of them, when his sons grew up, if they should seem to study riches, or any other ends in preference to virtue—'punish them, O Athenians, by tormenting them as I tormented you: and if they are thought to be something, being really nothing, reproach them as I have reproached you.' The words which followed were worthy to have been the last that Socrates publicly uttered in his beloved Athens.

'It is now time to be going: me to die, you to live: and which is the better lot of the two, is hidden from all except the God.'

The world has only witnessed one greater scene of Duty and Example than this, which thus sublimely closed. Socrates was not taken, as he seems to have anticipated, to immediate execution. It happened that the sacred vessel which carried the yearly offerings of the Athenians to Delos, had left the city but the day before, and from the moment the priest of Apollo had crowned its stern with the laurel, till it again sailed into the Piræus, no criminal could be put to death. The thirty days this festival of the Theoria lasted, were of course passed by the philosopher in prison: the society of friends being allowed, though the chains of the condemned were not intermitted.

In this interval Crito, his oldest associate and disciple, went to him with a plan for his escape, which there is no doubt they had so arranged as to accomplish easily.* But their zealous labours and affectionate prayers were vain: Socrates told them he should obey the laws that had condemned him. In defence of

Order he had craved death before, when life was younger, and better worth preserving: he should not violate it now. No injustice of man, he added, could sanction a disregard of the laws of one's country; we should not, with any other father or master, return evil for evil, or injury for injury; nor was it becoming that the institutions of the state should be that way treated by its children.* The laws in this world, in his opinion, had sister laws in the other, which would avenge a wrong committed against them. Nor, even were this otherwise, could banishment to a foreign land have anything to make it tolerable to one who loved Athens as he loved her. Crito submitted,† and from that time the sacred converse of the prison assumed a more cheerful strain.

But when the fatal day at last arrived, all fortitude gave way at the tranquil gaiety of Socrates, and the prison was filled with afflicted mourners. He appealed to them, reproached, consoled them: and they listened to his last discourse on the immortality of the soul, and on the advantages of death as the liberator from everything that in life interrupts contemplation. At its close, he exhorted them to pass the rest of the existence that should be allotted to them, in exact accordance with the principles he had taught, and thus best evince the gratitude and affection which they owed him. He then, as Crito solemnly gave this promise, playfully warned him not to confound that which would soon meet death with what would still be Socrates; nor mourn over the dead body he would have to inter, as if the living Socrates were there. The cup that held the poison, he took into his hand as if it had been the last of a long and happy banquet: smiling at the anxious entreaty which would have had him delay some minutes yet, for that the sun still lingered on the mountains. The sacred ceremonies of the festive meal were not even then disregarded; and when uncontrollable grief burst forth from all as he steadily drank off the poison, cheerfully he reassured those weeping mourners that death was nothing more than a change of residence, which he prayed the Gods might in his case be a happy one. Obeying, then, the last instruction of the officer (even that had been

* Plato's 'Crito,' p. 51, d. c. We are quite aware that these opinions were made peculiarly those of Plato in subsequent and more elaborate dialogues; but they are here quite consistent with the views and character of Socrates.

† The most affecting passage in the 'Crito' is the simple remark with which it closes. Socrates offers to hear, notwithstanding, what Crito has yet to say. 'I have nothing to say, O Socrates!'

* Diog. Laer., ii. 60., Plato's 'Crito.'

given with tears), he paced quickly through his narrow cell, to give freedom to the action of the hemlock; and 'when he felt his limbs grow heavy, laid himself down to die.' When it reaches my heart, he said, I shall leave you. The poison had nearly done that office, when Socrates raised himself with difficulty to give his last instruction. 'Crito, we owe a cock to Esculapius: take care that you pay it to him, and do not neglect it.' He heard the answer of Crito, and did not speak again.

To these famous words many meanings have been given: * it seems tolerably clear however, that they admit but of one. No one who has understood the speaker will for an instant imagine that they could imply any grave belief in the old superstitions: while on the other hand, that the propriety of deference to recognized forms and institutions in a country, was so meant to be finally impressed on men who had received in trust the development of higher doctrines, may be readily acknowledged. It was an example followed by a Greater Teacher in Judea, whom the Rabbis in vain endeavoured to commit with the people, as a despiser or infringer of the ordinances of Moses; and the steady unfolding of whose Divine Mission was at no time more remarkable than his uniform respect for the letter as well as the spirit of the Mosaic institutes. But the words of Socrates had another intention. It was the custom of the Greeks, on a new birth in their families, or on recovery from mortal disease, to offer sacrifice to Esculapius. In what Socrates said to Crito, the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was once more uttered. I have recovered from this disease of life: I am on the eve of being born again: I go at last to the great object of all existence here, the life of the soul hereafter: do not forget that for these things we owe a cock to Esculapius.

To die

Is to begin to live: it is to end
An old, stale, weary work, and to commence
A newer and a better.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

It was a truth so practical, taken with the form in which it was thus announced for the last time, that nothing might more temperately anticipate what the world would sooner or later witness; nor anything so wisely impress on those disciples, the quiet and patient energy wherewith it became them to work out their allotted part in the great change.

* Perhaps the most curious was that adopted by a dignitary of our church from a learned physician (a 'friend of Doctor Jortins,' who tells the anecdote as a solemn discovery)—that 'it is possible Socrates had become delirious through the poison he had taken.'

All that it concerns us here to pursue is the course that was taken by PLATO: * on whose life it will not be necessary to dwell, since his life was not, as with Socrates, a branch of his philosophy. He began his literary career with poetry, in which he is not supposed to have been successful; and when in later years he declared war against the poets, they retorted upon him that for all his wisdom, he had imagined no wiser thing than when he resolved to burn his own tragedy. But whatever the early bent of his mind may have been, his acquaintance with Socrates, while yet in his twentieth year, directed him to philosophical pursuits. On the death of Socrates, he left Athens; and before his return is described to have gone into Egypt, lived several years in Heliopolis, and collected every tradition that the priests could teach him. Even as late as Strabo's time, when the schools of the ancient seat of Egyptian learning were empty, and its teachers silent for ever, the house in which Plato dwelt and studied was pointed out to the traveller, to stimulate his thirst for knowledge, and his pursuit of the true philosophy. But here there is as much exaggeration evident, as in the accounts which represent the Greek to have dwelt among the Persian Magi, and to have even mastered the laws and the religion of the Jews. The truth is, that the Christian fathers of Alexandria (Clement, Origen, Justin Martyr, Cyril, and even the historian Eusebius, from whom these statements are derived) thought it due to the importance which they gave at that time to the writings of Plato, to make out that certain apparent coincidences between his system and the Christian revelation, were not the anticipations of an uninspired heathen, so much as positive proofs of his acquaintance with eastern prophecy and tradition. The only thing probable is, that Plato touched at Egypt in his travel; and the only thing certain would seem to be, that, before his return, he made himself thoroughly master of such of the Pythagorean doctrines as were still accessible.

* His real name, it is hardly necessary to subjoin, was Aristocles; so called from his grandfather, by a common Greek custom. His more famous name, by a custom equally common, he derived from a characteristic of his own which had become famous; and variously stated by various writers as the breadth of his style (*διὰ τὴν πλατύτητα τῆς ἐμπνεύσεως*)—the breadth of his forehead (*ὅτι πλατὺς ἦν τὸ μέτωπον*)—and the breadth of his shoulders! This last, which reads like some contemptuous sarcasm of Diogenes, who hated and despised Plato for the gorgeous robe in which he dressed the wisdom of their barefooted master, has been, perhaps naturally enough, that which has stuck the longest. It is to this day the most ordinary explanation of Plato's name.

"On the death of Socrates," says Cicero, in a very important passage of his book on the Republic, "Plato first went to Egypt to add to his stock of knowledge, and afterwards travelled to Italy and Sicily, in order to learn thoroughly the doctrines of Pythagoras; he had a great deal of intercourse with Archytas of Tarentum, and with Timæus the Locrian, and procured the 'Commentaries of Philolaus;'"* and as Pythagoras then enjoyed a great reputation in that part of the world, Plato applied himself to the study of Pythagorean philosophers, and to the understanding of their system. Accordingly, as he was devotedly attached to Socrates, and wished to put everything into his mouth, he interwove the elegance and subtilty of the Socratic mode of arguing, with the obscurity of Pythagoras and the many branches of learning which the Pythagorean philosophy included." This is a portion of the truth, though not all; and with the Sicilian visits it refers to, are of course connected the deep interest Plato is known to have taken in the political revolutions of Sicily, and the somewhat equivocal part he is accused of having played in them. Beyond the influence these affairs may have had on his habits of thought, this is not the place to speak of them; but that such an influence can be traced in the practical application of his philosophy, is unhappily beyond a doubt; and it is quite as necessary to understand that Plato hated, as to have known that Socrates loved, Athens. Nor is this feeling towards his native state to be in any manner exclusively connected with the unmerited fate of his master, or at all materially excused by it. It had been no great, and certainly no unworthy exertion for such a mind, to have discriminated between that evil act and the unhappy circumstances that led to it;† nor have confounded with those elements of anarchy, which in the Constitution were abundant enough, that vital principle in the State itself, which might, by even the help of such a man, have been raised and cherished to the strengthening, ennobling, and final firm establishing of those Forms and Institutions, which, with all their occasional evil issues, had already, quite as much as any literary triumphs, immortalized the Athenian people.‡

* For these, in three small treatises, he is said to have given three hundred and seventy-five pounds. Plato may thus be set down as the first Bibliomaniac. He certainly was the first to collect rare books and import them to Athens.

† Circumstances, as we have attempted to show, which rendered it independent of the particular triumph of either party; Thrasylus and the men of the Piræus, or Critias and the men of the city.

‡ "Evil without end," says the great Niebuhr, "may be spoken of the Athenian Constitution, and with truth—but they who declaim about the Athenians as an incurably reckless people, and their re-

Very different would the effect upon the immediate interests of the world have been, if the earnest, common-life spirit of Socrates, had animated the philosophical genius of Plato: if gifted with every power and faculty to serve his country, he had not from the first disdainfully rejected her: if, to no less lofty dreams and designs of a Future than those which raised up visionary states and politics, he could have added sufficient faith in the Present to have built belief and truth on the realities of the republic he was born in. But there is no feeling so inconsiderate as that which troubles us with vain regrets for some supposed false direction given to powers that have in any manner acted on the world. It is scarcely wiser than to undergo the anguish of impatience at the painful ordinations of Providence, without reflecting that it is from Providence itself we receive the humanities which resent its apparent cruelty.

And, indeed, the course which Plato took was as much the result of the peculiar character of his mind, as of any bias to which he may have yielded in early intercourse with his kinsman, Critias. The mould in which nature cast him, was not that of the man of energy, of suffering, or of action: and in none of these did he attempt to realize his earthly mission. Athens is not worth another martyrdom, he would have said; the ruin is cureless into which Athenians have fallen: but the idea of science which Socrates bequeathed may be enlarged and adorned for future ages; and, by the splendid culture and exquisite refinement which I can bring to its antique rigour and severity of practice, if no evil should be arrested now, seeds shall be sown for a noble growth of good in times beyond the limit of this narrow scene. Nor should the certain errors to

public as hopelessly lost in the time of Plato, furnish a striking instance of how imperfect knowledge leads to injustice and calumnies, and commonplace stale declamations. It shows an unexampled degree of noble-mindedness in the nation, that the heated temper of a fluctuating popular assembly, produced so few reprehensible decrees; and that the thousands among whom the common man had the upper hand, came to resolutions of such self-sacrificing magnanimity and heroism, as few men are capable of except in their most exalted mood, even where they have the honour of renowned ancestors to maintain as well as their own. I pray only for as much self-control, as much courage in the hour of danger, as much calm perseverance in the consciousness of a glorious resolution, as was shown by the Athenian people considered as one man. We have nothing here to do with the morals of the individuals: but who as an individual possesses such virtue, and withal is guilty of no worse sins in proportion, than the Athenians—may look forward without uneasiness to his last hour."

which this utter abandonment of the field of action for that of speculation, immediately tended, obscure our sense of the benefit it was ultimately to diffuse, and that in practical as well as earnest forms, through vast untried and uncultivated fields of the distant future. The men of ATHENS were much less Plato's disciples than the men of ALEXANDRIA. Posterity was to gather round the schools he now, after the travel and study of many years, came back to open in his native city; where even the site he selected partook of the imaginative splendour of his character, no less than of its love for ornament and ease. His lectures were delivered in a garden within the public groves of Academus,* and in one he subsequently purchased, adjoining the Academy, and near to the village of Colonos. Here, till his eightieth year, he taught and wrote; he was engaged upon his tablets at the very moment when he died;† and the opening sentences of the 'Republic' were afterwards found upon the wax,‡ varied and arranged in a number of forms.§ Characteristic are the words of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, who says that to the very last moment Plato was busied 'combing and curling, and weaving and unweaving his writings, after a variety of fashions.'||

Of these writings it is now our difficult task to speak in such limited space as will accomplish our humble design: a task not to be entered upon without reverence, and worthy of all the labour, study, and reflection

that any one can give to them according to his powers. The best commentators on the philosophy they embody, and incomparably the best guides to it as a general and duly proportioned scheme, have been, as we before took occasion to remark, the German scholars of the last quarter of a century;* who first successfully obviated difficulties, whose natural effect had been to repel the ordinary student at once and from the very threshold of a philosophy, into which he could only enter by complete deviation from the more customary and intelligible modes of philosophic communication—through a series of dramatic dialogues. Through these dialogues it had been, in especial, the ardent object of Schleiermacher's labours for many years, to discover some essential unity, some common law, some single continuity of thought, which, while it still left a particular dialogue to be separately regarded as a whole in itself, would in its due time connect it with the rest, and ultimately fit in all, to proper places and due relations, as but the component parts of one great structure.

Discovering something at last which fell not far short of what he sought, he divided the dialogues into three classes. The first, which will be most perfectly represented by the 'Phædrus,' the 'Protagoras,' and the 'Parmenides,' he held to be ELEMENTARY: because in them he had found developed the first utterances of that which was the basis of all that was to follow in the rest—of Logic, as the instrument of Philosophy; of Ideas, as its proper object; and consequently, of the possibility and the conditions of Knowledge.† And as he formed this first class by selection of the dialogues in which the theoretical and practical were kept completely separate, he formed the last class by those in which the practical and speculative were most completely united: the 'Republic,' the 'Timæus,' the 'Critias,' and the 'Laws,' which he named the CONSTRUCTIVE dialogues. This left the second class to be determined by what may be called a PROGRESSIVE connection, though here the classification must be admitted to assume a much less decisive character, and even Schleiermacher allows a 'difficult artificiality' in this part of his arrangement. Generally, however, it may be conceded that the dialogues proposed for reservation to this class: the 'Theætetus,'

* So called from Hecademus, who had left it to the Athenian citizens for the purpose of gymnastic exercises.

See there the Olive-grove of Academe, Plato's retirement, where the Attic-bird Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long; There, flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites To studious musing; there Ilyssus rolls His whispering stream. . . .

To which the verse of Akenside, worthy of Plato's inspiration, sends back an echo that falls gratefully on the ear, even after the verse of Milton:

Guide my feet

Through the fair Lyceum's walk, the Olive shade Of Academus, and the sacred vale Haunted by steps divine, where once beneath That ever-living platane's ample boughs, Ilyssus, by Socratic sounds detained, On his neglected urn attentive lay; While Boreas, lingering on the neighbouring steep With beauteous Orithyia, his love-tale In silent awe suspended.

† Cicero de Senectute, c. 5.

‡ *ἐν κήποις.*

§ Several writers mention this—Dionysius Halicarnassus, Demetrius Phaleræus, Diogenes Laertius, Quintillian, and others.

|| *πεντίζων καὶ βεστρυχίζων καὶ πᾶν τῶπον ἀναπλίκων.*

* The Schleiermachers, Ritters, Bekkers, Asts, Stallbaums, Van Heusdes, and Tennemanns.

† These constituting, in combination, his dialectic or dialogistic method. See post, p. 270.

the 'Sophistes,' the 'Politicus,'* and 'Gorgias,' the 'Symposium,' the 'Phædo,' and 'Philebus:' by their prevailing treatment of the distinction between philosophical and common knowledge in united application to two proposed and real sciences (Ethics and Physics), do certainly pass from Method to its Object, and treat, as it were progressively, of the applicability of the principles in the first class to development in the third, where their use finally appears in objective scientific exposition.

For as with the relation of classes, so with that of particular dialogues. In the first part, for example, the development of the dialogistic method is the predominant object: and, in reference to this, as 'Phædrus' stands manifestly the first, 'Parmenides' as clearly stands the last: not only because 'Parmenides' contains the most perfect exposition of that method, but because, in beginning to philosophize on the relation of ideas to actual things, it forms the point of transition to the second part. In this, the subject generally predominant, as we have attempted to indicate, is the explanation of knowledge, and of the process of knowing in operation: with regard to which, the 'Theætetus,' taking up this question by its first root, stands prominently the first; and, for the same reasons as in the other case, the 'Phædo' and 'Philebus' as obviously the last. By the 'Phædo,' with its anticipatory sketch of natural philosophy; by the 'Philebus,' with its discussion of the idea of the good; as from an indirect to a direct method, we pass to the great constructive exposition of physics and ethics in the 'Timæus' and the 'Republic.' And though not till we have arrived at these, do we behold in its more complete significance the Philosophy of Plato, or master his Idea of Science in anything like its entire applicability to nature and to man,—yet are they so intimately founded on previous investigations; in their composite character so dependent on simple and thoroughly examined principles; that to view even these final dialogues without intimate regard to the two previous classes, expecting still to reap and gather in the fruit of Plato's thought, would be as wise as to withdraw from the foundation of some noble building the key-stones of the arches on which it rests, and expect to see the

structure stand.* It has been this injustice from which the philosopher has most largely suffered, and from which Schleiermacher has most effectively relieved him.†

Cicero was a great admirer of Plato, and thought that if Jove spoke Greek, he must talk it as it was written by Plato. Yet he says of him:‡ 'Plato affirms nothing, but after producing many arguments, and examining a question on every side, leaves it undetermined.' Here, even the accomplished Roman expected the building to stand upon air; forgetting utterly the needful connections before set forth. It is an error of a different but not less dangerous kind, which pushing to its extreme the necessity of some guiding and connecting principle through the whole of the dialogues, makes of them all but one idea, and that a somewhat narrow and sectarian one. Such we think the reasoning which would resolve the whole philosophy of Plato into a scheme for the better education of the young man Athens:§ not, it is to be added, so recent a discovery as its last advocate supposed, but some time put forth by Eberhard. For surely, if but one idea is to be drawn from all the dialogues of Plato, and one purpose uniformly insisted on, it is much wiser to find it in what the classification of Schleiermacher obviously suggests; in what such an influence as we have described that of Socrates to have been would naturally produce; and by which, even in the character of the mistake he commits, we can see Cicero himself to have been chiefly struck in going through the Platonic writings.

This, then, may be shortly stated as the first great and settled METHOD OF INVESTIGATION on scientific principles, of which there is any written record. The soul of

* The useful study of Aristotle presupposes a mind already disciplined in high principles of science; while in Plato every step is carefully furnished for the patient and laborious pupil, if he is only careful to select his road aright. It is this extreme love of analysis in Plato, which makes it so important to have mastered thoroughly the relative positions of his dialogues.

† Schleiermacher is unhappily very often so profoundly obscure himself while he thus lights up Plato, that the reader who is not a student need hardly be referred to him: but the student laboriously disposed, and to whom German is a sealed book, will do well to make himself master of Mr. Dobson's praiseworthy translations of the *Introductions* of Schleiermacher, named at the head of this article.

‡ In the First Book of the Acad. Quest.

§ See an Introduction to the Dialogues of Plato by the Rev. W. Sewall, late professor of moral philosophy in the University of Oxford. A writer of whom it is to be said, that however various and widely opposed the feelings likely to be suggested by his books, there can be but one opinion as to the plainness and power of his style—the extraordinary felicity and force of his illustration.

* Ritter would connect with these the 'Parmenides,' which, however, seems to stand more properly as the dialogue of transition between the first and second classes: because it combines the most perfect exposition of the dialectical method, with that which is the direct object of the three dialogues first named in the text: namely, the ideas of Science and of Being as its object, and of right conduct having its only foundation in right science.

every part of the system of Plato is everywhere prominent in the dialogues, as an Art of Dialectics. This is with him the science of all other sciences; the universal insight into the nature of all: the guide to each, the regulator of the tasks of each, and the means of judgment as to its special value: not only the preparatory discipline for investigation of truth, but the scientific method of prosecuting truth: combining in itself the practice of science, with the knowledge of the utility of its aims: discerning the essence of things, the being, the true, the constant: determining the respective differences and affinities of notions: ordering and disposing all things, discoursing of everything, and answering every question: presiding over the correct utterance of thought in language, as well as over thought itself: and having thus as its object Thought and Being, in so far as their eternal and unchangeable nature could be ascertained, therefore the Highest Philosophy.*

The first effort the student of Plato has to make is thoroughly to comprehend the position of this great, general, and immutable science, in his philosophic scheme. When he has mastered so much, and can apply it, with the later dialogues, to the two provinces (subordinate because of inferior certainty) of moral and natural science,† a solid and consistent notion of the whole fabric of Platonic Thought will present itself to his mind. For he will have ascertained its all-important distinctions between science in its limited, and in its absolute form; between the ideal of science, and science itself; between that which contemplates supreme truth, and that

which is within the sphere of human cognition; between the natural and the supernatural; between the properties of physical objects and the laws of real being: and again, between this absolute science, or Philosophy, so realized, which is humanity's highest portion, and the Wisdom, still far beyond the grasp of man, which belongs exclusively to God.*

And to the right judgment of all this, as the knowledge of the influence of Socrates upon Plato has been one of his most intelligent guides, so, when his task is complete, it will remain the most prominently and enduringly impressed upon him. It was the master teacher, he will still remember, who rejected all investigations as untenable which began with mere physical assumptions, and who, thereby, first instructed his great disciple in the necessity of commencing every inquiry with the idea of that which was to be its object, for establishment of its rational end and design. Hence it was that dialectic† became the great power which it is in the hands of Plato; the very basis of his philosophy, the instrument with which he embraces the regions of being and of thought, and discovers their various parts and mutual relations. Hence is it, also, that the influence of Plato himself has been most eminent and lasting in the character of a GUIDE: of one in whom the boundless material of rich reflection was more attainable than the satisfaction of conclusive argument; whose aim was less to settle the conviction of man at any given point, than to suggest modes of reasoning, ever new and fertile, and lift the thoughts yet onward, more and more. It was the triumph of Aristotle, his successor and great rival in the intellectual empire, to hold the understanding stationary and fast bound, to the facts and quasi-certainties in the midst of which he placed it: it was the aim and the work of Plato, at each new mental struggle, to sustain and to impel the reason that had broken bonds. When Cicero would have brought philosophy into Rome, it was Plato to whom he turned for help and guidance. When Christianity desired to avail herself of all her strength, in was in intellectual exer-

* Metaphysics: as, in this particular view, it was afterwards called.

† Ethics and Physics, being susceptible of continual modification and change, could never, in his view, attain to the precision and certainty of Dialectics, which treated of the unchangeable and everlasting. The science of Nature, being a science of what never actually, only inchoately, is, must, in his view, resemble the mutability of its object. The doctrine of Human Conduct and Morality, in like manner, must be susceptible, like themselves, of modification and change. The Dialectic alone, treating of the Eternal, partakes of the certainty and immutability whereof it treats. It is certain, therefore, that the term, when implying his practical application of the Eleatic modes of inquiry into Pure Being, was Plato's expression for PHILOSOPHY: to the perfect completion of which, a combination of the two sciences of inferior certainty was yet required. At the same time, he frequently uses the word in its more limited sense, as coinciding with the 'Logic' of later philosophers. See ante, p. 268, where the term has been applied in that more limited sense, in treating of the elementary class of his dialogues, as the mere instrument of the method of which, in its large sense, it is the practical application and completion.

* Everywhere it is necessary to keep these distinctions in mind, when the philosophy of Plato is in question. The absolute science, or Philosophy, referred to in the text, realized the Platonic idea of a science which not only reviews and overlooks all others, but also, in order to do so, understands them, and comprises them within itself: and from which the inference came, that right conduct was dependent, as Socrates had taught, on right knowledge. But beyond this there was a Wisdom not accessible to man.

† Here named in its more limited sense.

cise with Plato that her fathers built up the system of the Church. When Julian would have reformed Heathenism, his hope was in Plato. When it became necessary to remodel Christianity, at the head of the philosophical movement which marked the revival of literature, and paved the way for the reformation, Plato was seen.* And so with every later struggle, whether with the Cudworths and Berkeleys against scepticism in our own country, or with the more modern stand of Germany against the spirit of the French academicians. It is quite immaterial to the question of this influence, in what form it was always exercised: whether it has not been the source of many errors as well as of much truth; and whether it had not even been, not seldom, the cause of the disease it was called in to cure. The fact not to be lost sight of, is this: that even when engendering many kinds of mysticism and heresy, it was a living and actuating influence; that the power which struck these heresies into corrupt and stagnant continuance was not derived from him; that he always reappeared with a pure and genial impulse when the life of thought again began to flow; and that, wherever History undertakes to record the struggles and triumphs of religious belief, it is her first duty to look back to Plato, to ascertain the power he has exercised and is still exercising in the world, and to understand the sources which gave it life and all this lasting continuance.

The direct action of Socrates, in the suggestion of form and method, has been shown: the action of the earlier thinkers, in supplying him with matter on which to exert this method, was scarcely less direct. We have seen Cicero describe his dialogues as the dialectic art of Socrates combined with the philosophy of Pythagoras. And from the latter extraordinary man he no doubt derived some of his most important views of ethics and of physics. The habitual application of both those departments of thought to his consideration of nature, was for example eminently Pythagorean; and from the conception of the mundane relations as certain harmonical laws capable of being universally determined, which he also learned in

that school, had plainly been derived the ruling principle of his whole ethical theory that the proportional and self-balanced is alone good, and that evil consists simply in deficiency or excess. But none of the labours of his predecessors were overlooked by Plato. He had them all constantly within view; and, by the mere power of the Socratic method in his hands, made each in its turn tributary to the evolvment of novel and striking truths. The mechanical view of nature, the dynamical physiology, alike bore fruit in his system;* and from the speculations of Heraclitus, as he took them in contrast with that Eleatic Theory to which there was so strong a bias in the whole character of his mind, we see the origin and the birth of the theory of IDEAS.

This great theory lies at the root of the Dialectics of Plato; and in any attempt to ascertain the course and objects of his thought, is the first matter that arrests attention. Indeed, when we have thoroughly mastered it, we have in some sort the key to all.

It is not difficult to conceive in what way such a mind as that of Plato would be directly affected, when, penetrated with the Socratic view of science, he applied himself to its investigation, with the results of the old philosophies before him. On the one hand there was the opinion of Heraclitus that all things were in a perpetual state of flux; that they were ever waxing and waning; that they were constantly changing their substance; and that nothing could be predicted of anything as fixed: beside which stood the practical and most mischievous inference of the Sophist, that Man must therefore be the measure of all things. On the other hand, there was the Eleatic doctrine of immutable being: that there was no multiplicity; that there was no becoming,† no change, no generation, augmentation, or decay; but that All was One, eternal and at rest. Now, to the first, while he did not deny the reality of sensation, he had at once opposed the doctrine he had derived from Socrates: that general definition (that idea of the One embracing Multiplicity), on

* One of the most powerful schools of Platonists (not neo-Platonists, as Mr. Whewell has justly observed, in his admirable *History of the Inductive Sciences*), was that formed in Italy at this period. It was headed by Picus de Mirandula in the middle, and by Marsilius Ficinus at the end, of the fifteenth century; and it embraced all the principal scholars and men of genius of the age; who seem to have been little conscious, amidst their elegant efforts to reconcile Platonism to the Popery of the day, of the great movement to which they were all the while contributing.

* The dynamical view, in connection with the reasonings of Heraclitus, suggested his theory of the universe as a perfectly living or ensouled being—subject to perpetual change and generation, but yet, in its exquisite order and just proportion, the only adequate representative of the rational ideas. On the other hand, the mechanical philosophers obviously gave him his view of body in general as a mere lifeless mass, deriving motion from causes extrinsic to itself, and in all things merely ministering to, as it is in all vigorously contrasted with, the self-moving and immortal soul.

† A word of constant use by Plato—to express mere genesis (*γίγναι*) as opposed to being (*εἶναι*—*οὐσία*).

which his whole notion of science stood, and which was in itself its own ground and authority.* So, to the second, while of the reality of the permanent being he was fully convinced, he of course could not reconcile what he believed to be real in the mutable appearances and phenomena of nature. What, then, remained for Plato?

What, but to find a ground that should be unconditional and absolute, for all that exists conditionally, whereon to build some settled system of investigation? What, but to lift his mind to such an elevation above the actual as to endeavour to grasp that supra-sensual essence, which must itself have been at once the ideal of the reason and the cause of the material world, the pre-establisher of the harmony in and between both, and that which alone might reconcile the laws of matter to the ideas of pure intellect. This, accordingly, was the object to which he addressed himself. And from the result, from the realization of his aim in this respect, dates the principal identity between philosophy and religion which governed Europe for many centuries.

Tracing this IDEAL THEORY through its course in the actual dialogues, it is very striking to contrast its splendid influence, and the magnificence of its range, with the narrow and uninviting currents of thought through which it works its way into existence. It is while the field of dialectical discussion is cleared and opened for the right settlement of these opposing questions as to Being and Becoming, that it begins to show itself. With that view we have been carried back into a discussion as to the nature of language; we are made to feel that by false views of science all thought and language are involved in endless confusion; and it is pointed out to us in what way language, rightly used, will make of necessity a distinction between certain forms or notions, and yet combine them together. We are taken into all the intricacies of Greek syntax: and from such steps as that of the manner in which, in propositions, a noun is necessarily joined with a verb, we are shown how it is that becoming and being are in like manner inseparably united. These are laws of language as of thought, which may not be annulled. Thus, the verb is the action, the noun is the active object; and as, in the unavoidable union of these two in the shortest sentence, it is set forth of some entity that it is either becoming, or has, or will, be-

come something; so is it impossible, without setting aside all the laws of language, to separate the action from the agent, the predicate from the subject, becoming from being. From these arguments we are brought to the important question of definitions, immediately arising out of them. The mere Name of a subject, it is shown, predicates Being of it; and it is marked as the first step in classification, and in itself giving a certainty and fixity to things which is directly opposed to generation and becoming,—this mere act of naming the subject, or of affixing to it its general name, the name of its genus. Next, we are instructed in another argument, which arises from the foregoing, to prove the utter absurdity of those who would not allow that different names could be employed for one and the same thing: on the ground that the one is ever one, as the manifold is also invariably the manifold. Thus, in the same connecting process of argument, thinking is exhibited to be a talking of the soul with itself; and as all speech is a combination of one word with one or many others, every word having its meaning, thinking must of course be a similar combination of one thought with another. And by this time we have arrived at the necessity for the great art or science of discourse, dialectics, which shall regulate these combinations of thought; which shall preside over the faculty that investigates the properties of all sensations; and which must manifestly itself depend upon Definition. Then there follows immediately upon this, that all-important process which Definition implies: the finding of some general term which shall include a multiplicity of objects; together with the secondary, but necessary process of explanation, as to wherein the term to be defined differs from others which belong to the same genus with it. And having proceeded thus far, the greatest question of Dialectics comes within view, and with it the Ideal Theory of Plato dawns clearly upon us.

What are these General Terms which are the object of the mind in the process of thought? Objects of sense they cannot be, for those are in a constant state of transition. 'If,' to adopt Aristotle's words,* in describing the origin of the Platonic ideas, 'there is to be any knowledge and science, it must be concerning some permanent natures, different from the sensible natures of objects; for there can be no permanent science respecting that which is perpetually changing.' Where, then, were these permanent natures to be found? The question took Plato back to the

* The reader will keep in mind the method of Socrates in all his investigations: the opening of all of them by settling the nature of the object of dispute—in itself involving, by statement of the essence of the thing, some definition of its idea.

* *Metaph.* l. 6, xiii. 4.

proof he had just established: that, independently of the senses, the soul possesses a faculty of its own by which it investigates the common and the general: and suggested the answer, that by means of reflexion, and through the understanding, or rational contemplation, would it alone be possible to become cognizant of such natures. As opposed to the transitory knowledge which sensation conveys, this which the intelligence apprehends would be constant and permanent; unproduced, imperishable, and ever identical with itself; a pure and absolute entity; such as the soul, if it could purify and free itself from the agitations and hindrances of body, would plainly and palpably behold. There, then, were the General Terms he had before vainly sought, and which, as belonging to Being in contrast from Becoming, could be made the objects of science and certain knowledge. There were those forms, those Ideas, of the universal, which would in themselves include every type of the transitory; there was in each the subject, One, and with it the predicates that might be asserted of it, Many; and in these, at last, should be reconcile what he believed to be true in the theory of sensible and ever-changing things, with what he felt and knew to be true in that of an eternal and immutable nature.

Having mastered this elevation above the doubts and uncertainties that before arrested his progress, Plato beheld the Grandeur Idea to which all science, so considered, must have reference: and the mission of Philosophy upon earth, as well as the means for discharging it, stood plainly revealed before him. If the fleeting sensible were really true, it was to him, then, true only through the eternal essence of which it was the partaker: wherefore, with that divine art of dialectics, he would proceed to strip off those tissues of the temporal and mutable,* in which all certainty and immutability clothe and cover themselves here, and redress† the errors and imperfect thoughts of man, in the recollection, and, as it were, renewed presence, of the Great Source of all existence, wherewith he, as with every other transitory substance, had been connected in his origin. *Man* is the measure of all things; was the end of the philosophy of Protagoras. *God* is the measure of all things;

was the beginning and the end of the philosophy of Plato.

The means of judgment as to what share Socrates may have had in this method and result, have, in a preceding article, been placed before the reader.* Aristotle, after describing the invention of inductive reasonings and universal definitions, quoted in the article referred to, adds this remark: 'Socrates, however, did not make universals or definitions separable from the objects; but the Platonists separated them, and these essences they termed ideas.' To which may be added, since it is important to understand how far these ideas were objectively (that is, as things existing in themselves) carried by Plato, the view of another ancient writer. 'Some existences are sensible, some intelligible; and according to Plato, they who wish to understand the principles of things, must first separate the ideas from the things; such as the ideas of Similarity, Unity, Number, Magnitude, Position, Motion: secondly, he must assume an absolute Fair, Good, Just, and the like: thirdly, he must consider the ideas of relation, as Knowledge, Power: recollecting that the things which we perceive, have this or that appellation applied to them, because they partake of this or that idea; those things being *just*, which participate in the idea of the Just; those being *beautiful* which contain the idea of the Beautiful.†' Much further than this, however, which would have implied little more than the General Terms for which they were first invented, it is very certain that Plato carried his system of ideas. The very word signifying, it is not unimportant to keep in mind, not the ideas of our modern language,‡ but *Forms*, was likely to have suggested to such an imagination the character and properties we shall shortly find them to assume. Aristotle, in a passage of a preced-

* Quoted in the F. Q. R., No. 60.

† Derived apparently from a speech in the 'Parmenides' in which the philosopher, after whom the dialogue is named, is made to say to Socrates, 'It appears to you, as you say, that there are certain kinds, or ideas, of which things partake, and receive applications according to that of which they partake: thus, those things which partake of Likeness are called *like*; those things which partake of Greatness are called *great*; those things which partake of Beauty and Justice are called *beautiful* and *just*.' In the 'Phædo' a similar opinion is summed up in something like the same words: 'that each idea has an existence, and that other things partake of these ideas, and are called according to the idea of which they partake.'

‡ Excepting in philosophy, of course. The use of the word *idea* in modern metaphysics, is derived from the *idea* and *eidos* of Plato. When Locke would express the notion of what is common to an entire class, he uses the term *abstract idea*.

* So Schleiermacher, speaking of the proof in the *Gorgias*: 'Therefore, the highest and most general problem of philosophy is exclusively this—to apprehend and fix the *essential* in that fleeting chaos.'

† *Sartor Resartus* is the quaint but expressive phrase, under which a great original thinker of modern days sets forth the ends and objects of philosophy.

ing book of his 'Metaphysics,'* to that which has just been quoted, would no doubt corroborate the more limited view. 'When Socrates, treating of moral subjects, arrived at universal truths, and turned his thoughts to definitions, Plato adopted similar doctrines, and construed them in this way—that these truths and definitions must be applicable to something else, and not to sensible things: for it was impossible, he conceived, that there should be a common definition of any sensible object, since such were always in a state of change. The things, then, which were the subjects of universal truths, he called Ideas; and held that the objects of sense had their names according to them and after them; so that things participated in that idea which had the same name as was applied to them.

But in this and similar passages, there is little reason to doubt that Aristotle either did not or would not understand the sense in which Plato regarded the notion of Being, in which these Ideas had their origin, and therefore refused to consider them as other than mere metaphysical definitions. With the Stagyrte himself, Being never meant more than that highest abstraction to which a severe logical examination of our mental conceptions may avail to lift us; just as his metaphysics are but a strict logical analysis of the primary highest modes of subjective thought. But with Plato, Being was the opposite to Becoming, certainty as opposed to change, the absolute and eternal in contrast with the conditional and created, essential and independent Truth; and therefore his metaphysics, as the study of a Being thus external to man, cannot rightly be considered as other than objective; and these Ideas will be found, as we proceed, to have the properties of laws established by that Being to control subjective thought,—themselves altogether unmodified by sensation, but with the power of modifying it, both in the spiritual and material world. And hence, it is needless to suggest to the reader, the extraordinary influence it was certain to exert, whenever it should be applied to any settled scheme of religious belief.

* The First: 6th Section.

† There is a striking passage in the Nicomachean Ethics, one of the latest works of Aristotle, which may perhaps be taken as a half-touching twinge of conscience in the 'Stout Stagyrte,' when, towards the close of his illustrious life, he thought of the frequent disrespect with which he had referred to his old master's labours. In the passage (sixth sec. of first book), he remarks that 'it is painful for him to refute the doctrine of ideas, as it had been introduced by persons who were his friends; nevertheless, that it is his duty to disregard such private feelings; for both philosophers and truth being dear to him, it is right to give the preference to truth.'

But this is in a certain degree anticipating: though even in the mere abstract dialectical use of the term Ideas, and before they enter into physical or ethical application, it seems necessary for the reader to know that mere general properties of objects, or general notions of genus and species, far less exclusive reservation to ideal conceptions of the good or beautiful or just, will certainly not satisfy the purpose and intention of Plato. It is correctly said by Ritter: 'We must dismiss all narrow views of the Platonic Idea, and understand by them whatever exhibits an eternal truth; a persistent something which forms the basis of the mutability of the sensible.' This is an all-embracing definition; and the realization of Plato's idea of science, if he is allowed to have thought it possible, will admit of no other.* According to that, there could not assuredly be anything which does not participate in Ideas, or may not be comprehended in an Idea. For, as the same writer in another place remarks, 'if Plato maintained that there must necessarily be ideas to exhibit the unalterable and eternal truth of the objects of every science, in order that the science itself should be possible, he was constrained to find ideas wherever there is a true essence, and scientific investigation is possible.' But to this there was with him no limit. Nothing in his opinion need be excluded from the sphere of right knowledge. To everything scientific inquiry might attach itself; in everything some truth might be found; even in individuals, even in the qualities and properties of things, in all that comes into being. Such was his feeling of the one universal science. In the dialogue which bears the name of Parmenides, that philosopher is made to reprove Socrates, then supposed to be a youth entering on the study of philosophy, for showing a disinclination to recognize as possible the reality of the Ideas of man, fire, water, nay, even of hair and of clay, and other equally mean and paltry objects: since it is unbecoming a true philosopher to defer to vulgar opinion, and to consider any object as wholly despicable. Youth and inexperience will do this, he says; and will find themselves under some supposed necessity of withdrawing from the consideration of base and common objects, in order to rise to higher and nobler considerations;

* In a distinct passage of the 'Republic,' the province of the Ideas is thus largely determined: 'An idea may be attributed to whatever, as a plurality, may be indicated by the same name; a definition embracing not only species and genera, which in the individual appear as the manifold, but also such individuals as, expressed by one common name, exhibit themselves in many phenomena.'

whereas the true philosopher, disregarding all human opinions as to great and little, despises nothing.* 'O Socrates!' adds Parmenides, 'philosophy has not yet claimed you for her own, as, in my judgment, she will claim you, and you will not dishonour her. As yet, like a young man as you are, you look to the opinions of men.'

These Ideas, then, thus comprehending all things, or in which all things some way participated, were the ground of objective truth from which Plato contemplated the Deity. This latter process brings us more immediately to that class of dialogues which may be called transitional or progressive: occupying a middle place between the elementary and constructive parts of the Platonic system: treating less of the method than of the object of philosophy; not yet absolutely setting forth the two real sciences, but by preparatory and progressive steps fixing and defining them; and thus, by setting in operation, as it were, the Process of Knowing, aiming at a more complete apprehension and exact decision of what Knowledge was to embrace. While we sit still, we are never the wiser, is an appropriate remark of the 'Theætetus,' itself the noblest dialogue in this class; but going into the river, and moving up and down, straightway we discover its depths and its shallows.

The Ideas thus in operation, the Deity revealed Himself to Plato. For, pursuing the method of argument in which they originated, that the true and the real are exhibited in general notions as elements of science; and that these are so related to each other, that every higher notion embraces and combines under it several lower;† he arrived at the conclusion that the elements of truth cannot be so separated from each other as not to be, nevertheless, held together by some higher bond;‡ immediately giving rise to the ques-

tion, whether, if the lower ideas are held together by the higher, there is not ultimately a SUPREME IDEA, which comprises all the subordinate, and in itself exhibits the sum and harmony of all. It is almost needless to add, that he could only answer this in the affirmative; and that in this Supreme Idea he placed the last limit to all knowledge. This was the ultimatum in the realm of ideas: in itself sufficient, and implying nothing beyond. 'This was the GOOD: that which exhausted all true entity, and gave back its image in sensible forms: that which was desired by all, and was itself in want of nothing: embracing whatever subsisted without difference in time or space; all truth and science; all substances and all reason. This was GOD: Himself neither reason nor essence, but superior to both, and uniting both within Himself. Such are almost the very expressions of Plato.

In this view, it is obvious, the existence of God, being as necessary as science itself, could require no formal proof. Where (as in the 'Laws') he is asked to prove it, he observes that 'such a demonstration would be unnecessary, except for certain prejudices which are extensively diffused among mankind,' and continues the subject with evident reluctance: never indeed distinctly entering on such a proof, but contenting himself with refuting the false opinions that would directly contradict so fundamental a notion of philosophy.* Of these, the most false was that which could so far confound the secondary causes, or means, with the true first cause, as to substitute the material for the spiritual. For the philosopher above all men to do this—himself trusting solely to the reason, and yet seeking to derive this sensible world from other operation than that of a divine and intellectual cause—he held to be most unworthy.† All in the world, he says in the 'Laws' 'is for the sake of the rest, and the places of the single parts are so ordered as to

* This fine thought is, of course, a necessary result of the Platonic theory of knowledge: that you cannot separate the science of divine from that of human things. Thus, while in the 'Laws' he says, that human things can never be rightly understood without a previous meditation upon the divine; in the 'Phædrus' and 'Republic' he lays it down, that the divine can only be known by our rising to the contemplation of them from a human point of view. Such thoughts, even when not directly expressed, pervade his whole system.

† Without this unity and coherence of ideas, there could not of course be that unity and coherence of science, which, acting on the instruction of Socrates, Plato everywhere insists upon. There is a noble passage in the 'Meno,' where he says, so intimately is all nature related, that any one starting from a single idea, if he be but a bold and unwearied inquirer, may, in the end, discover all.

‡ Ritter quotes a passage from the 'Republic,' to

which he gives a different, and it seems to us a more correct, sense than that which is suggested by Schleiermacher. It is in the sixth book, 511 B, where dialectic is said 'to make use of the assumed notions, not as first principles, but actually as mere assumptions, or so many grades and progressions, in order to arrive at the unassumed. . . the principle of all things . . . but which, when it has once seized upon it, returns to insist upon the tenableness of that which is dependent thereon; and in this manner it only employs ideas in order to proceed from one idea to another.'

* 'Plato asserted that scientific atheism rested on a perversity of sentiment, which was little likely to be removed by reasoning.'—RITTER.

† There is a splendid passage in the 'Laws,' where he says that man, by his very affinity with the gods, is secretly and insensibly led to believe in their existence, and to honour them.

subserve to the preservation and excellence of the whole.' The cause of this could not be material, because the material cannot, unless when impelled by some other body, set any other in motion. Arguing the soul's immortality in the 'Phædrus' he had said, 'that which is set in motion by something else may cease to move, and may therefore cease to live; but that which is self-moving, as it never quits itself, never ceases moving; but is the source and beginning of motion to all other things which are moved.' The spiritual, then, must be the moving principle of this universe: and no irrational spirit could have created it in conformity with ideas of order and beauty, and in this constant agreement with an unalterable type: but would have confused all things, reduced all to disorder, and brought about continual destruction and decay. Look, says Plato in the 'Laws,' at the sun and the moon, and the stars; look at the earth, with all its seasons and its beauties; you behold in them not only a type of the divine ideas, but a type and resemblance of the Supreme Idea. It is in these forms He conceals himself: embracing the beginning, the middle, and the end of all things. These are His work: the living symbols of a power beyond you, but yet themselves a school wherein patient and zealous study shall lead you up to Him.

Thus Plato may be said to have mapped out the means and the end of knowledge; the guide and the object to philosophical investigation. In this particular class of dialogues, it but remains to be seen how he would propose that man should so far enlarge and cultivate his science, as, by attaining what pure and certain knowledge may be possible of the Multiplicity of ideas, to be enabled to master whatever lies within his reach of the Unity of truth and science which subsists in the Good.

The 'Gorgias' and the 'Theætetus,' two of his most masterly productions, are devoted as it were to the education of man, with this object: that is, to the settlement of just and defined principles in respect to it. Of these great dialogues, the 'Gorgias' is practical, and the 'Theætetus' theoretical: the latter conducting us, indeed, to the verge of many sacred mysteries. How intimately this theory and practice were connected; how exactly grounded, that is, on the same modes of thought, the search for the Good in pleasure, and that for Pure Knowledge in the sensuous perception; has been exhibited in our account of the Sophists.* It had followed as a conse-

quence, that they who asserted the only foundation of knowledge to be sensation, should maintain the only foundation of virtue to be the desire of pleasure. Both falsehoods refuted, with the noblest eloquence and the most exquisite art, the student passes to other dialogues, not less beautiful, the 'Phædo' and 'Philebus:' and finds himself on the very threshold of those great practical structures of Plato's philosophy, which he will yet enter to little purpose, if he has not disciplined himself by all this previous investigation, to be ready to conform his will to objective laws of action, which shall be to him the measure of virtue; and his reason to objective forms of belief, which shall be to him all-powerful truths, real, absolute, existing.

But at this point we rest for the present: in the hope that on a future occasion the reader will not be unwilling to enter with us.

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- ART. X.—1. *Chefs-d'Œuvres du Théâtre Espagnol: Lope de Vega et Calderon. Traduction nouvelle, avec une Introduction et des Notes.* (Masterpieces of the Spanish Theatre: a French Translation). Par M. DAMAS-HINARD. Paris. 1841-2.
2. *Tesoro del Teatro Español, desde su Origen hasta nuestras días.* (Gems of the Spanish Drama from its Origin to the Present Day). Por DON EUGENIO DE OCHOA. Paris. 1838-40.
3. *Teatro Escogido de LOPE DE VEGA.* Madrid. 1836. *Teatro Escogido de CALDERON DE LA BARCA.* Madrid. 1839. (Select Theatres of Lope de Vega and Calderon).
4. *Calderon's Schauspiele, übersetzt von J. D. GRIES.* (Calderon's Dramas: a German Translation). Berlin. 1840.

THE Spanish Drama has had the honour of supplying all Europe with plots, incidents, and situations. It grew up in the sixteenth century with unparalleled fertility; and in Lope de Vega, Montalvan, Moreto, Calderon, and others, furnished the stage with almost every species of dramatic collision, incident, and intrigue. After such luxuriance there was little need of more: accordingly succeeding dramatists were for the most part content to translate, adapt, and improve: covering these skeletons with the flesh and blood

* See the speech of Callicles in the 'Protagoras'—described in our first paper on this all-important

subject—illustrative of the general practical bearing of the Sophistical principles.

of their own creating. It is not enough to say that the two Corneilles, Scarron, Quinault, Molière, and Le Sage, translated and adapted the works of Spanish writers; it is not enough to say that our writers pillaged them without scruple. To express the obligation truly, we must say that the European Drama is saturated with Spanish influence. Take from Molière, Quinault, Le Sage, Goldoni, Nott, Giraud, Beaumont and Fletcher, Dryden, Congreve, Wycherly, Shadwell, all that they have directly or indirectly borrowed from Spain, and you beggar them in respect to situation and incident. Schlegel well remarks, that what has been borrowed from celebrated Spanish poets may easily be pointed out; but that writers of the second and third rank have been equally laid under contribution. Ingenious boldness joined to easy clearness of intrigue, is so exclusively peculiar to the Spaniards, that he considered himself justified in suspecting every work, in which these qualities were apparent, to have a Spanish origin.

It must not be supposed that these imitations have always been direct, and imply an acquaintance with the original source: on the contrary, the novelists have been the great filters through which these imitations have been strained. These novelists either drew from the original source, or imitated those who had done so. The extent of this practice may be appreciated by an examination of the novels of Le Sage. It is evident on the very face of the 'Diable Boiteux,' that it is of Spanish origin. The attempt, however, to prove it to be a translation or imitation of some one Spanish work, has been utterly unsuccessful. The very attempt was absurd. Spaniards, jealous of originality, or the French, envious of it, should have gone otherwise to work. They should have assumed it to be an appropriation and imitation of various stories and incidents to be found in the Spanish plays and novels, and should have sought out these various sources: this might have led to a conclusive result. In 'Gil Blas' the appropriation and imitation is equally obvious; and, among others, the story of Aurora de Gusman is the play of Moreto, called 'Todos enredos Amor,' thrown into narrative.

It is no disparagement to the immortal 'Gil Blas,' that its incidents are the invention of others; no more than it is to Shakspeare that he did not invent his own plots. We mention the circumstance to bear out our assertion respecting Spanish influence; not to detract from a

work which has been called the only truly gay book in the French language. The Spaniards had a genius for the invention of plots, and the rival nations liberally availed themselves of the produce. The Spanish language was then almost as universally studied as the French is at present; and our old dramatists are as ostentatious of their ignorance of it, as the modern novelists of their equal ignorance of French. A scrap of Spanish was now and then introduced to give a scholarly and accomplished air to the piece; and even Shakspeare could not resist the temptation of thus astonishing 'the groundlings.'

Any one desirous of throwing light on the old English drama should read extensively the less known works of the Spaniards: they would furnish him with such a crop of 'foot-notes,' as would drive editors to despair. Whole scenes of Beaumont and Fletcher, hitherto admired as original, will be found with slight alterations in Calderon, Cervantes, and Moreto. To select one instance (a favourable one for our poets) in Calderon's 'Mejor esta que Estava:' Don Carlos rushes in with his sword drawn, as if escaping from pursuit, and begs Flora to afford him concealment, and save his life. She consents, and conceals him. His pursuers enter, and on Flora's asking them the reason of their visit, they tell her they have followed into the house a cavalier who has just killed her cousin. This is a good situation; and suspense is excited as to what Flora will do. She resolves not to betray the cavalier she promised to succour; and tells them he sprang from the window into the garden, and so escaped. Beaumont and Fletcher have taken the situation, and rendered it one of the finest in the drama. With Calderon it is little more than an *imbroglio*; with Beaumont and Fletcher it is tragedy. The scene occurs in 'The Custom of the Country.' It is Donna Guiomar's bedchamber. Anxious about her son, who is absent, she sends domestics forth to look for him. She kneels in prayer. Rutilio rushes in as from pursuit. He implores protection, telling her he has killed a man in a brawl, and that the officers are after him. She conceals him behind her bed-hangings, and promises protection. And now the officers and servants enter with the body of *her son* upon a bier!

1st Serv. Your only son,
My Lord Duarte's slain.

1st Officer. His murderer,
Pursued by us, was by a boy discovered
Entering your house, and that induced us
To press into it for his apprehension.

Guionar. Oh !

1st Serv. Sure her heart is broke !

The alteration of a cousin into a mother renders this scene terrible. The noble woman keeps her word, and dismisses the officers. When alone with the corpse of her son, she calls the murderer forth, and bids him depart in peace.

Come fearless forth ! but let thy face be cover'd,
That I hereafter be not forced to know thee !

Considering the immense influence exercised over the European stage by the Spanish dramatist, it is a matter of some surprise that no selection and translation of *chefs d'œuvres*,* no accurate and satisfactory account of these dramatists, exist in our language. The German critics have eulogized them with fervour ; the French have scarcely been less ardent ; many English writers have exhibited a satisfactory knowledge, and strong admiration ; and yet the Spanish drama remains a mystery to all not acquainted with its language. German readers will find an inimitable version of some of Calderon's best plays in the translation by Gries : but the English reader is without aid. It may therefore afford our readers some amusement and instruction, if we succeed in bringing the characteristics of this drama distinctly before their eyes ; that they may know what is to be found there, and from what point of view it is to be contemplated.

Schlegel has pronounced the Spanish drama to be the same in kind as the English ; and numerous critics have echoed the assertion. Yet it requires little acuteness to perceive that the resemblance is purely *formal*, and indeed trivial. The two Dramas are opposed in spirit, tendency, and construction ; they unite only on the common ground of difference from the antique, in disregarding the unities, and in mingling the comic with the tragic. In these latter points there is certainly resemblance ; but who does not see that such resemblances are trivial, and form no real ground of classification ? And who is not aware that the Greeks themselves constantly violated the unities, and that Æschylus and Euripides mingled with their tragedies, not simply the comic, but the almost farcical ? The nature of the Spanish drama is, as we shall prove, widely opposed

to that of the English ; and the student must not only endeavour to divest himself of all remembrance of the Elizabethan dramatists, while judging the Spaniards, but must also get rid of the rubbish which moderns have accumulated respecting Romantic Art.

The fundamental characteristic of the Spanish drama, and that which at once divides it from the English, is its *objectivity*.* This is the characteristic of all southern nations, and consequently of southern art ; but we confine ourselves here to the Spanish viewed in reference to the English. Calderon and Shakspeare stand as the opposite poles of intellectual action ; the tendency of the Spaniard being to transform all thoughts into sensations, that of the Englishman to transform all sensations into thoughts. The one making thoughts little more than the symbols of external things ; the other making universal nature but symbols of his thoughts. The tendency of Spanish poetry in its excess is towards inane materialism ; that of English poetry in its excess is towards idiosyncrasy. But in the great poets of each nation we see something apparently contradicting this distinction of national tendencies. Compared with most English poets, Shakspeare is, we should say, eminently objective. Compared with his brethren, Calderon is subjective. But compared with each other, we see in Calderon the dominant tendency of his nation towards objectivity, and in Shakspeare the dominant tendency towards subjectivity. Shakspeare and Göthe are said to be objective poets, and justly : but this is solely because they were great enough to avoid falling into mere subjective representations, i. e. idiosyncracies, which is the constant error of the northern poet, and which, being the excess of the national tendency, it is the more difficult to avoid. It is correct, therefore, to say that Shakspeare and Göthe were objective poets ; but if the spirit of their poetry be compared with the spirit of southern poetry, its subjective nature will at once appear. Objectivity being the dominant tendency of the Spanish mind, we shall proceed to trace its influence on the drama.

Instead of the *dramatic evolution of character and passion*, which is always the aim, at least, of an English poet, the Spaniard never attempts more than the *evolution of plot*. The events are not chosen to elicit

* A few plays have been translated and analyzed in the Magazines, but at rare intervals and in insufficient quantity. An analysis of the 'Goblin Lady,' with spirited extracts, appeared in 'Blackwood' two years ago. Mr. John Oxenford also gave an admirable version of 'Life is a Dream' in the 'Monthly Magazine.'

* The words 'objective' and 'subjective' have recently been revived in England ; and although averse to neologisms, and especially averse to these particular instances, yet for want of better we are compelled, as in the preceding article on Plato, to use them. They point to a most important distinction, which can be conveyed by no other single words.

the separate phases of the minds of the actors, but to carry on the intrigue of a complicated story. The passions called forth are those which have direct reference to the incident about to occur, or just occurred. Rage, jealousy, love, and hate are there; but with them no recurrence to early days; no slight touches which reveal preceding conditions of the mind and the affections; no involuntary demonstrations of qualities studiously guarded from the public gaze. These men 'wear their hearts upon their sleeves'—at least as much heart as they are supposed to possess. Their feelings are definite, distinct. We detect no half-feelings, no mixed motives, no interpenetration of the interests and prejudices, no gusts of passion sighing into tender recollections and then roused again to fury, as Shakspeare so wonderfully depicts. The man, in short, is not before you, but the *passion*: the passion is there, but not the passionate man. Nowhere throughout the Spanish drama can you find a character; everywhere personifications. There are certain stereotyped forms which serve for every play; they are different called, but not differently made. If you remember any person in these dramas, it is by what he *did*, and not what he *felt*; because the difference is only in the actions, not in individualities.

This is not the way with Shakspeare. He has drawn accomplished, heartless, intellectual villains in Iago, Edmund, and Richard III.; he has drawn jealous, impetuous, passionate husbands in Leontes, Posthumus, and Othello; he has drawn wronged, patient, loving wives in Hermione, Imogen, and Deidemonia. Yet so various, so distinct are all these individualities, in the midst of their generic resemblances, that the general similarity is rarely detected, and the characters never for an instant confounded. So with his endless fools. Folly of all shades and antics, shapes itself into distinctive realities. Who ever mistook the braggart Paroles for the braggart Pistol? the conceited Bottom for the puffed up Malvolio? the acquiescent Snug for the acquiescent Verges? the dotard Dogberry for the dotard Polonius?—And who could ever distinguish one *gracioso* of the Spaniards from another? who remembers even their names?

The reader sees at once how necessary it is to bear in mind the distinctive tendencies of the two nations when he compares the plays of Calderon with those of Shakspeare. The aim of each was different. The audience was different. The English poet always sets before him the task of illustrating character and passion. His story is the means whereby this is to take place; it is consequently

subordinate to the higher aim. The Spanish poet, on the contrary, sets himself the task of representing an interesting and complicated story; and for that purpose uses characters and passions as the means. The story is his principal aim. In the English poet the story is fused by the passions and moulded by the characters. It also reacts on the characters and elicits the passions. The two things—event and character—mutually elicit each other. The Spanish poet never attempts this difficult achievement. He uses character as the instrument and plaything of the story. His persons influence the story by what they do, but never by what they feel. Examine Iago or Richard III., and it will be apparent that these are not merely men who *do* villainous acts; but that villainy is the tone and colour of their *minds*, affecting all conclusions, distorting all judgments. Everything that is beautiful or sacred is associated in their minds with what is obscene and corrupt. Examine one of Calderon's villains—such as Ennio—and it will be apparent that this villainy is so apart and distinct from his mind, that it looks like feigning, or insanity; it is not the man Ennio thinking, but Calderon thinking *for* him. In the high sense of the word the Spanish poets are not dramatists, but ventriloquists.

The same objective tendency is observable in their poetry, which stands in the same opposition to our own. It is not the expression of dramatic feeling; it is not passion working from inwards; it is ventriloquism. In our dramatists the poetry is impregnated with the passion. It produces often the most electric shock by the employment of familiar words. And it does this because expressing real passion, not the fanciful analogies of a mind at ease sporting with its images. It endeavours to give utterance to the truth of feeling, and to render this truth beautiful by clothing it in the highest imaginative expression. The Spanish poet disregards the truth for the sake of saying something fanciful or striking: he is occupied with fanciful analogies, not with imaginative truth.

We may notice here another peculiarity of this drama, which consists in the curious mixture of rapid incident and brief dialogue, with the most wearisome rhetorical speeches, of a length unparalleled in the annals of the drama. The Greeks indulge in long descriptions; so do the French; but the Spaniards distance them by hundreds of lines. Speeches of two or three hundred lines are constantly occurring in the very thick of the action; speeches filled with digressions of bombastic metaphors, and metaphysical *conceits*. While the reader is anxious to get a

clue to the mystery of the plot, he has to wade through these terrible displays of rhetoric. Tedious as these are to us, 'tedious exceedingly,' they form to a Spanish audience a high treat. They seem indeed to suit the measured gravity of the Spaniard; to flatter his taste for oriental pomp of language; and to form a repose from the rapidity of the action.

A third characteristic is, that this drama partakes of the nature of the *glosa*. The *glosa* is a species of poetry to which the Spaniards have always been addicted. It consists in taking up some proverb, or some poetical thought, and varying it in every imaginable way, as a musician varies a theme; the proverb forming the 'burden' of each verse. The Spanish drama may often be called a *glosa* in action. Most of the titles of the pieces are proverbs or maxims which in themselves 'denote foregone conclusions.' Thus, 'Life is a Dream:' 'In this Life all is true and all is false:' 'The Devotion to the Cross:' 'Beware of Still Water:' 'Jealousy, the worst of Monsters:' 'All is not so bad as it appears:' 'A House with two Doors is difficult to guard:' 'The Physician of his own Honour.' So also in the monologues and lengthy speeches we find a perpetual glosing and commenting; every point is argued as in a court of law, and illustrated with any and every simile that occurs. We would refer to the 'Alcalde de Zalamea' (act ii., scene 1), for an amusing example, where the captain enumerates what *one day* will bring forth. It is too long to quote.

We have now arrived at the consideration of a characteristic of this drama which it is imperative on the student rightly to appreciate; and which will form for him an entertaining and highly important subject of investigation. We mean the objective morality and religion of the Spaniards. Morality was not with them a virtuous habit, a radical belief colouring all other beliefs, influencing all other ideas, mixing as it were with their very life's blood. It was a submission to rigidly defined principles, which were incarnate in the church, the throne, and the escutcheon. Religion, loyalty, honour, were the three restraining principles. *Conscience*, in our meaning of the word, there was none; but in its place the Holy Inquisition, the Catholic Faith, and the Tribunal of Opinion: these were terrible in their vengeance, rigid in their decrees. All men knew what crimes were, and what their punishment. Both were definite, objective.

Let this objective morality be thoroughly understood, for in Spanish history and Spanish art its influence is all-important. The

foreigner, if Protestant, is shocked to find in all the Spanish plays a frightful immorality, as it appears to him. In 'La Devocion de la Cruz,' by Calderon, the hero is a true Byronic ruffian 'mixed with one virtue and a thousand crimes.' By his own confession, his life has been a series of revolting crimes; he talks 'as familiarly' of robberies, murders, and incest, as maidens do 'of puppy-dogs.' But in the midst of all this villainy there is a virtue. He says that he has always steadfastly believed in God, and always raised a cross upon the graves of his victims (a practice common with the southern banditti), and hopes in consequence of this steadfast faith—a faith no corruption of his soul could dim—that he shall obtain salvation. And he obtains it! This is a strong case: but we will add that of the 'Purgatorio di San Patricio,' because the modern German critics, who have so eloquently and extravagantly lauded Calderon, have selected this as a fine specimen of the profoundly pious tendency of their favourite poet. In the 'Purgatorio,' the villain Ennio is still more atrocious than he of the 'Devotion to the Cross,' and with less apparent religion to excuse him. He tells us,

Horrid crimes, theft, murder, sacrilege,
Treason, and perfidy—these are my boast
And glory!

He recounts the exploits of his life, among which are the slaying of an old Hidalgo, and abduction of his daughter; the stabbing another Hidalgo in the nuptial chamber, and robbing him of his wife; with others equally atrocious. But he too has a virtue to redeem him. He sought refuge in a convent and seduced one of the nuns. His virtue consists in the remorse which for the first time he felt on this occasion! This glimpse of faith saves him; this terror of the offended church and tribute to her awful power, is the point on which hangs his salvation.

Had not Calderon been eminently religious, and a member of the Inquisition, one might be tempted to suppose this merely a satire on the Church, which preached the superiority of faith over works: but a fuller acquaintance with the Catholic Church in those days assures us of his earnestness: even his latest editor, M. Ochoa, declares the 'Devotion to the Cross' to contain *una idea altamente social*.

The comparison of confession with remorse will further aid us in this exposition. The Catholic commits a sin, which having confessed—having thrown it out—he endures his penance, and again is joyous. The Protestant has no such means of throwing out his

remorse : it is a terrible monitor *within* perpetually reminding him of his transgression. Remorse has been defined by Henry Taylor (in 'The Statesman') as *an anticipation of the opinion of others*. Now in confession a man rids himself of the 'perilous stuff that weighs upon his heart.' He confesses his transgression, and its enormity is measured by the penance imposed. The vague uncertainty of fear no longer haunts him. He knows the *extent* of his sin, and the extent of punishment. It is very different with the Protestant. He cannot measure the enormity of his sin ; he has no definite penance awarded ; he cannot know the opinions formed of his action by others ; and it is this uncertainty and anticipative fear which constitutes the horror of remorse. The man sees palliations for his act, which he knows his fellow-men will not appreciate. He stills his conscience with sophisms which he feels can blind no other. What will the world think ? What will those he loves, those he reveres, and those on whose esteem his welfare hangs, what will they think of his transgression ? Or, lastly and awfully, what will his eternal Judge think ? This question the Protestant is unable to answer ; and in his uncertainty lies the terror. The Catholic has the question answered by his priest, who, as the mediator between him and heaven, measures the transgression, and inflicts the proper penance.

The student of Spanish or Italian history will be frequently puzzled at the contradictions in character which this objectivity of Catholicism induces. He will see the greatest moral laxity united to intense religious fervour. He will find consummate villany, and reckless indifference to all appearances, accompanied by unshaken faith, and punctual observance of all rituals. The very Borgia is devout.

The social life of the Spaniards, as exhibited in their plays, is a testimony of the same idolatry of form and indifference to spirit. Nothing so thin-skinned as the honour of an Hidalgo. The smallest affront is resented at the rapier point. He quietly kills wife or sister on suspicion of any intrigue. Yet this man, so ready to kill his sister for encouraging a clandestine courtship, is himself bent upon nothing less than being concerned in an intrigue with the sister of his friend ; although assured that this friend would kill her if he discovered the intrigue. It is in a similar spirit that young men speak of women in a strain, which, if applied to their own sisters, would be at once the cause of a challenge. The Spaniard would intrigue with

his friend's sister ; and kill the sister who followed his example.

One sees throughout their drama that the boasted honour is an absurd prejudice, not an ideal principle. The actors cheat and lie with the assurance and exuberance of an Autolycus ; and never seem to have a suspicion of their own purity. We wish to insist on this point, because Schlegel has spoken so warmly of the high integrity of these Spaniards. He compares their sensitiveness of honour to the fabulous story of the ermine which sets such value on the whiteness of its skin, that on being pursued by the hunters it yields itself up to destruction rather than stain its beauty. The comparison is beautiful and apt ; but in a different sense from that intended. Precisely when pursued by the hunters (i. e. when dragged before the public gaze) this ermine will rather die than stain its skin. When unobserved, it has no scruple about the dirt it crawls through. Take these examples, selected at random.

In 'El Domine Lucas,' by Lope de Vega, Rosardo is offered the hand of Lucretia ; and though aware of her engagement to his best friend, Fabricio, he accepts the offer. True, he has a twinge of conscience—but he gaily stifles it with the remark, that in this world every one acts for himself, and that delicacy is ridiculous when a lovely woman and thirty thousand ducats are in question ! Nor is this Fabricio himself a whit better. In order to win Lucretia from her father he endeavours to blast her character, and offers a bribe to the servant to swear he saw him enter her chamber at night.

Such actions, when unobserved by others, abound, and are quite sufficient to show the want of real principle in the characters.

Nor is the morality of the characters rendered superfluous by the general morality of the story, or reflections. Some pithy remarks and maxims occasionally find their way into these plays ; but except in the 'Autos,' and one or two religious plays of Calderon, we have no hint of that lay pulpit which the drama has been designated. It has been well remarked by Bouterwek* that the popular taste of the Spaniards demanded an agreeable amusement, created by the boldest and most varied mixture of the serious and comic, of intrigues, surprises, and animated situations, interspersed with sallies of the imagination and ingenious thoughts. No moral impression was designed, only an amusement. But how did it happen that a people, in whom moral gravity has always

* 'History of Spanish Poetry,' p. 295, trans.

been a national characteristic, should thus show themselves indifferent to the moral effect of their dramatic entertainments? The cause was this. The age of chivalry was past; and the ecclesiastical fetters imposed upon opinion and conscience afforded so little freedom to the mind, that it was not possible the public could endure, still less enjoy, moral reflection on the stage. The Spaniard, as a Catholic, devoutly and implicitly submitted his understanding to the doctrines and mandates of the Church; but, as a man, he ardently sought for amusements in which he might allow his heart freely to participate. Moral reflection could not be pleasing in any place where he sought to be gratified by the unconstrained exercise of his feelings; for every moral thought tended to revive the recollection of the Inquisition.

But although the morality of the Spaniards was objective, it was rigid. The restraints were vigorous and definite. It was an age of strong and vehement passions: these were constantly called forth by the spirit of adventurous energy and restless excitement then prevalent; and on the other hand restrained by strong convictions and rigid principles, which irritated the passions they restrained. Such an age is in essence eminently dramatic; because on all sides there must be what Hegel calls the *collision* between vehement passions and strong restraints. The drama flourishes in a troubled atmosphere; and the great dramatic eras have been troubled ones. At no time were the theatres so crowded in France as during the two revolutions. It was during the troublous reign of George III. that the stage flourished here; and during those of Elizabeth and James that the drama arose to its present majestic height. The sixteenth century was eminently fitted for the drama, and Spain a nation worthy to give it birth. In that age of excitement and adventure, whenever the energies of men were not called forth by wars, discoveries, popular tumults, or personal ambitions, they were naturally devoted to love and intrigue. The soldier disbanded is no citizen: in the time of peace his occupation is gallantry. The soldiers of that age had little or no inclination towards the arts of peace; and when not in actual service, time hung idly on their hands. They read ballads full of war, loyalty and love; and these only gave the spur to their imaginations, and dignified their desires with all the lustre of romance. What had the soldier to do in peace? his passions urging him into collision with irritating restraints: vanity, idleness, restlessness, spurring his passions. He walks along the sultry streets of Madrid, sick of idleness, envying

his friends their dangerous but exciting intrigues, and murmuring verses of the 'Cid.' A woman passes him in the street, veiled in provoking obscurity; one long, dark, passionate eye seems to vouch for corresponding beauty in the other features, but they are entirely hidden. Conjecture, prompted by desire, is rife. He guesses her beauty from the consciousness of her walk. He follows her to church. Their fingers droop into the holy water at the same instant. He kneels at a little distance from her. She raises her veil, and every nerve thrills within him. The cool church has now become a raging fire to him. He follows her home, determined, spite of every obstacle, to win her. There are obstacles enough to irritate a calmer temperament. The jealous seclusion in which she is kept; the vigilant duenna; the ferocious brother; the difficulties of meeting, and the terrible consequences of detection: these all give additional impetus to his will and passions. When once the intrigue is set on foot, he is occupied, happy. Danger and happiness are the alpha and omega of his intrigue; and ingenuity, audacity, and caution fill up the intermediate letters. His life has now an object. After the *siesta* he employs his brain in composing sonnets while luxuriously smoking; or else he devises plans for meeting his beloved. Night comes with her coolness and her shadows. He takes his guitar and sallies forth, to earn a trivial token of his mistress's attention: a token perhaps to be purchased with bloodshed.

This is the life we see reflected in the Spanish comedies, and more particularly in those of Lope de Vega. In Calderon the collision of strong passions and strong restraints leads oftener to crime; because his mind was more tragical and gloomy than that of the gay, careless, gentlemanly Lope. In both we see the same state of a society eminently corrupt, idle, and adventurous. Swords are drawn on all occasions; 'blood is made as light of as money in our modern comedies.' Men who the moment before have been violating the honour of their friends; violating every principle of integrity, of morality; are as sensitive to any imaginary slight on their own honour, as a new-made peer to forgetfulness of his title.

Such appear to us, after a careful study, to be the distinguishing characteristics of the Spanish drama. They will at once be recognized as widely opposed from those of our own drama; and completely refuting Schlegel's assertion respecting the kindred principles pervading the two. Whether all these differences merge in one common ground of agreement, called the "principle of Romantic

Art," we cannot say, not having yet been able to attach any solid meaning to this much talked of principle; but we are sure that ordinary minds must be struck with these differences; and we are sure that the student of the Spanish drama will waste his time if he do not set aside the Shakspearian standard, and judge the plays from another point of view. They are worthy of study—peculiarly so to dramatists: but for other reasons, and for other purposes than Shakspearian.

Beyond those inner characteristics we have described, there are also those of form, which we may briefly notice. The Spanish drama is divided into sacred comedies and profane comedies. These again are subdivided into *Vidas de Santos* and *Autos Sacramentales*; into Heroic Comedies, Comedies of the Cloak and Sword, Comedies of character; with *loas*, *entremeses*, and *saynetes*; the latter being preludes and interludes.

The *Vidas de Santos* and the *Autos*, being religious dramas resembling our mysteries and moralities, we shall say nothing of here. The title of Heroic is given to such plays as are on historical, mythological, and allegorical subjects. The *Comedias de Capa y Espada* are those founded on subjects taken from ordinary life, and performed in the costume of the day. The *Comedias de Figurón* are the same as the above, excepting that the principal character is a needy adventurer representing himself as a rich nobleman; and similar deceptions. Let us add, that the word *comedia* by no means answers to our comedy; it generally implies more what we mean by a five-act play: including gloom and mirth, pathos and fun. Many of Calderon's comedies are terrific; but they have all a comic element in them. A very tolerable idea of the *Comedia de Capa y Espada*, may be formed by those familiar with the 'Honeymoon,' or the 'Wonder:' except that the Spanish comedies are uniformly written in florid verse. Closets are in perpetual requisition. Pursuits and concealments, equivoques and quarrels, are thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. The 'bustle' of the stage is incessant: or ceasing only in favour of those longwinded speeches we before noticed. Attention is kept on the alert by the rapidity and perplexity of the situations: these are facilitated by a supreme disregard for probability: à propos entrances of fathers and husbands are always at hand, and you are too hurried on by the excitement of the scene to question 'how the devil they got there.' The poet's object is to keep up the ball with incessant activity, and no obstacles of probability are ever considered; and as no time is

given for reflection, so no cold criticism interrupts the interest.

We said that the characters in these plays were certain stereotyped forms, used upon all occasions. With an exception now and then, they consist of a cavalier, or two, or even three, and their mistresses; these answer to our walking gentlemen and 'white muslins;' an old man or two—very irascible, punctilious, and easily deceived; a jealous husband or 'heavy father;' a valet *gracioso*—the 'funny man' of the piece; and, finally, a *soubrette*, *oriada*, in love with the *gracioso*. This *gracioso* is an important, indispensable person: he has to raise the laughter of the audience; deliver letters between lovers; parody the sentiments and actions of his master; and to fill the part of the chorus in the Greek drama, in expressing the plain sentiments of the audience on the high flown extravagance of the actors. He is sometimes very ludicrous; at others insupportably tedious. His plays on words and 'wit combats' are no more to be endured than the laboured nonsense of our Elizabethan dramatists. The parody of his master's sentiments is often highly amusing, and often destructive of the serious interest. Of the former there is a good specimen in Calderon's 'No ai burlas con el Amor:' where the *gracioso* is in love and assumes all the elegant affectations and fantastic sentiments of the sighing, despairing, poetizing *galan*. Of the latter we may cite Clarin's parody of Cipriano in 'El Magico prodigioso:' Cipriano having sold himself to the demon for the sake of Justina, and having bound himself by a Faust-like compact signed with his own blood; Clarin, his valet, also sells himself, and pulling out his handkerchief, whereon to write the compact, strikes his nose and makes it bleed, that he too may sign with his own blood! This, if it did not disgust the audience, would produce uproarious laughter: but the laugh would destroy the sentiment of the play. A good specimen of the Chorus may be seen in 'La Nina de Gomez Arias;' Jornada II., act i.: the indignant comment of Gines on the beastly cruelty of Don Gomez.

The reader has now a tolerably distinct sketch of the characteristics of this drama in its spirit and construction. He is at a point of view from which he may survey it with as much fairness as a foreigner is able; and with as much profit. Aware that it is of a species radically distinct from that which he has been wont to regard as the highest, he is yet enabled to appreciate its merits in themselves. Untroubled by any Shakspearian misgivings, he can open the volumes of the

'Spanish Drama' certain of harmless amusement; and (if a dramatist) of great *theatrical* instruction. Let us therefore now descend to particulars, and endeavour to sketch the characteristics of the two greatest dramatists Spain has produced. We may perhaps see reason to award greater praise to Lope de Vega than the fickle world has continued to ratify; and less to Calderon than his passionate admirers have so eloquently set forth.

It was during the period 1580-90 that the immortal CERVANTES was the admired dramatist of Spain. His productions, which have been lost,* were as superior to those of his rivals, as they were inferior to those of the young LOPE DE VEGA, who now burst upon the stage with an ardour, a fertility and dramatic genius, hitherto undreamt of. The great Cervantes himself called Lope 'a prodigy of nature,' *monstruo de la naturaleza y fenix de los ingenios*: and to this Phœnix he was forced to give place. It was like the impetuous Byron driving Scott from the field of poetry to that of romance, and remaining sole 'Napoleon of the realms of Rhyme.' Cervantes did not long continue a struggle he felt to be unequal; but relinquished the theatre to lay up stores, and meditate the composition of the greatest romance ever written—the first part of 'Don Quixote.'

It is curious, with our present knowledge and estimate of the two men, to think of Cervantes inferior to Lope de Vega; not simply inferior in renown, but in talent also. We have a lurking doubt, whether, if the plays were extant, we should not find in them evidences of a far higher genius than was ever manifested by the Spanish Phœnix. This doubt arises from our knowledge of the author of 'Don Quixote,' which causes us to jump to the conclusion that he must always have been a man of infinitely higher genius than Lope de Vega. But this is hasty, and unwise. We may say that Cervantes was a man of greater faculties than Lope; but it by no means follows that these faculties should have been early so matured as to excel those of his rival. Dull boys have turned out men of genius: oaks that flourish for a thousand years, do not spring up into beauty like a reed. The excellence of Lope de Vega was not, like that of Cervantes, one demanding slow growth, and abundant materials difficult of mastery. To write plays of intrigue there needed but a knowledge of manners and of elementary passions, with a quick perception of the requisites of the stage. With such

food a fanciful ingenious intellect, stimulated by inexhaustible animal spirits, such as Lope possessed, could produce masterpieces of the kind at an early age. But to write 'Don Quixote' there was needed a profound and varied knowledge of mankind, with minute and patient observation of moral complexities; a clear insight into the power of the interests over the passions, and of the passions, in their turn, over the interests. In a word, Cervantes needed a rich psychological experience: not such as is written down in speculative treatises, but such as is in action in the heads and hearts of men. He needed, moreover, a complete and artistic mastery of his knowledge, so that he might reproduce it in the most harmonious form. A boy of twenty, with requisite ability, could have written the best play of Lope de Vega; but the same boy could not even have understood 'Don Quixote' in all that constitutes its surpassing excellence. It was not till his fiftieth year, after a life of varied experience, wherein meditation and action held equal sway, that Cervantes commenced his immortal work. It was in his twelfth year that Lope began to write plays; it was in his twenty-sixth that he was christened the Spanish Phœnix.

There is no inconsistency therefore in supposing Cervantes inferior to the young Lope, and being forced to yield him place. He was slowly growing at the time when Lope was in full vigour. And vigour it was: such as the world has seldom witnessed. Whatever may be the opinion of Lope's dramas, or his poetic genius, there can be but one sentiment respecting his extraordinary fertility. Think of a writer who produced two thousand two hundred dramas, all in poetry, all actable, and acted; and each of these dramas affording materials for two ordinary plays, so abundant and surprising are the incidents and situations! Two thousand two hundred dramas! Why Scribe, the most rapid of playwrights, writing in prose, and generally with the assistance of some *collaborateur*, has not produced a fifth of this quantity of farces. And consider, moreover, that in these plays of Lope, sonnets, acrostics, tercets and octaves, are scattered with the profusion of one who seems to create obstacles to show how lightly he can skip over them. And as if two thousand plays were not enough for one brain to produce, this Phœnix added thereto five epic poems; an arcadia; a satirical essay on comedy (well worth reading); thirty-six

* They must not be confounded with those well-known plays of his published by Blas Navarre, which were subsequent productions.

* A doubt is thrown on this number by Lord Holland, who thinks there are proofs for only 1800. But even then!

romances, supplied to the 'Romancero-General,' the 'Laurel d'Apolo,' an eulogy on the Spanish poets; a considerable number of sonnets and spiritual poems; a burlesque poem, 'Gatomaquia,' and some prose novels! Besides prose, it has been calculated that he must have written upwards of *twenty-one million three hundred thousand verses*! It really takes one's breath away, to hear of such achievements. If only as a prodigy of fecundity, this Lope ranks among the wonders of the world.

His inexhaustible animal spirits, his amazing invention, and power over versification, were such as no mortal ever exhibited, before or since. A manager comes to him with demands for a new piece. Lope hands him one: the last scene scarcely dry. No time is allowed for revision. The manager seizes it, and carries it away in triumph. A fresh applicant succeeds him. Lope smiles, and promises him a play by the morrow. He takes a turn in his garden, digs awhile, and plucks up a few weeds: humming a tune all the time. In four hours after the play is finished. The manager is punctual on the morrow; and with grave dignity Lope hands him the new piece.

And these plays *succeed*: bring wealth to the treasury, fame to the author, and delight to all Spain. Lope was no prodigious unactable-Unacted, boasting of his barren rapidity. He did not sit thirty hours at a time inditing a tragedy, with no other aliments than green tea and enthusiasm; and after all produce a miserable abortion no sane man would look at. Lope's rapidity was owing to his mastery over the materials furnished by a fertile imagination; the rapidity of which modern 'syncretics' boast so complacently, is the mere torrent of words unobstructed by ideas. Lope's plays were acted, are acted still, and may still be read with pleasure. He was the pride of his day; the idol of his nation. The nobility vied with each other in their expressions of admiration and friendship for him. The very pope sent him the Cross of Malta and the degree of doctor of theology, accompanied by a flattering epistle and an appointment as fiscal of the apostolic chamber. Lope's career was a bright track of glory. Whenever he appeared in the streets, he was surrounded by crowds eager to catch a glimpse of the Phenix. The boys ran shouting after him; and those who could not keep pace with the rest, stood and gazed on him with wonder as he passed. He had charmed, intoxicated the whole nation. He was the incarnation of the national genius, and oriental prodigality. He threw gleams of sunny mirth into the dark countenances of the holy

inquisitors; he charmed the sombre spirit of Philip II.; taught the Hidalgos all the ingenuity of intrigue; and roused the joyous, boisterous mirth of the common people. Even to this very day the epithet for any excellence is Lope; and a Lope melon, a Lope cigar, a Lope horse, a Lope banquet, are the perfect specimens of each kind. There must be something great in a man who was thus received. There have been absurd and outrageous popularities; but they have been fleeting. Lope has survived two centuries of change: and still is acted, still is read.

When thinking of the brilliant success which attended Lope in his career, we are insensibly led to contrast it with the sad neglect his illustrious rival had endured. Both their lives were chequered and dramatic. Lope had early shown that he could wield the sword as dexterously as the pen. He satirized a nobleman; and answered the fury he occasioned, by running his enemy through. He joined the fleet of the *invincible armada*, and fortunately escaped destruction. He was a poor soldier then: like Cervantes when he fought at Lepanto. But Lope soon rose to distinction; and was rich, honoured, and caressed; while Cervantes, living in the same street, was in a state of abject poverty and neglect. Lope left the society of cardinals and courtiers to write his brilliant plays. Cervantes, imprisoned for debt, commenced 'Don Quixote.' Lope died, and his funeral was conducted with princely splendour: directed in person by the Duke of Susa, whom he had appointed his executor. The ceremonies lasted nine days, and formed a spectacle for all Madrid. Three bishops officiated in their pontifical robes; and in their sermons declared him to have been a saint in life, and as superior in poetry to the classics as the Christian religion was to the Heathen. The nation mourned for him as for a darling prince; 'the number and language of the sermons on that occasion, the competition of poets of all countries in celebrating his genius and lamenting his loss, are unparalleled in the annals of poetry, and perhaps scarcely equalled in those of royalty itself.*' Cervantes died, and was buried privately, without any kind of distinction; and not even a tombstone marks the spot where his ashes repose!†

He must be strangely perverse who does not at once see that Lope de Vega, from his mere popularity, must have been a man of prodigious talent; and to see but little merit

* Lord Holland's admirable 'Life of Lope de Vega,' 90.

† Bouterwek, p. 333.

in his works, is strangely to misconceive the nation that applauded them. Any sober person on being informed that a writer had achieved such extraordinary success; and that this success had fairly stood the brunt of time and change, and after two centuries of popularity, the works were still delighting; would surely conclude that there was in this writer some element of genius. He would conclude this without looking at the works: the fact alone being sufficient. Does not this seem the rational conclusion? Yet, in truth, the conclusion has been generally reversed. Critics enjoying no popularity are apt to suspect the validity of those attainments which command it. And they are averse to be bullied into admiration; they like not to be so summarily dispensed with. Thus, or for some other reason—Lope de Vega has fared ill at their hands. He has been *written down*. He has been judged according to standards different from the one he proposed to himself; and has naturally been found deficient. He has been termed an Improvisatore, without the slightest evidence of any improvised plays possessing half the merit and originality of his dramas. He has been spoken of contemptuously as a slap-dash writer whose only merit was fecundity: as if, by the way, that were so common a merit! No hearty criticism have we ever read of him; no praise that did not seem extorted. But in spite of foreign criticism Lope remains one of the most extraordinary writers in the annals of literature, and worthy our attentive consideration. Extraordinary if estimated only by the amount of his productions: but still more so when we think of their ease, grace, beauty, and attractiveness. To write much, and to write rapidly, are empty boasts. The world desires to know *what* you have done, and not *how* you did it. But to write the enormous quantity that Lope de Vega wrote is in itself a feat; and to reach striking excellence in compositions so multifarious is a feat still more amazing.

No one supposes that Lope reached *perfection* in any one composition: it would be to suppose nature violating her consistency. But we are assured, by no very favourable critic, that 'even the rudest, most incorrect and verbose of his works are imbued with a poetic spirit which no methodical art can create;*' and we are further convinced, that to his excellence more than his fertility he owed that astounding fame which, except Calderon, none of his brother dramatists approached. Lope sprang at once to the summit of *theatrical* excellence. He fixed the taste of his

country as Shakspeare fixed ours; and in spite of all changes in taste, and an occasional reaction by the imitators of the French classic school, he is still the standard of excellence.

It has, however, with foreign critics, been a hasty conclusion that rapidity and fertility being incompatible with revision and elaboration, therefore Lope's plays must necessarily be bad: things written for the day and forgotten on the morrow. Yet they have outlived that morrow; they have outlived two centuries; and the memory of them will live as long as the Spanish language. The conclusion is false because the premises were false. Had Shakspeare written with the rapidity and fertility of a Lope, it is questionable what sort of productions they would have been: and this because *dramatic* exposition of character and passion demand forethought, care, and rigorous judgment. But the *theatrical* exposition of plot, incident and collision, which was Lope's object, demanded no such matured, nicely-balanced reflection and revision. Once give a man the talent for such exposition of a plot through surprising combinations, and one sees no reason why he should not write rapidly. Lope's works are of that kind which gain nothing by compression. He was fertile because not deep. Dramatic evolution of character, searching penetration into motives, subtle analysis of passions, were not his forte.

Viewed in this light the fertility of Lope de Vega is honourably appreciated. We see that where elaboration would be useless, exuberance is richness. The comparative insignificance of each individual production renders fecundity a greater object. Our Shakspearian drama is a majestic oak whose roots strike deep down into their mother earth, whose branches stretch high and wide into the air, beneath whose shade thousands may retire from the world, to contemplate its workings at their ease. This oak is the grandest of trees: strength, beauty, usefulness, delight, variety, and grace, unite in it. It is of eternal substance. The gnarled, twisted branches are tipped with leaves of unexampled grace, and amidst those leaves are clustered acorns, every one of which would in its turn produce a forest. It is this World within a World—this prodigality of *potential* existence—which is Shakspeare's endless charm. Not so the Spanish drama: it is a *stem* of clover, fragile, delicate, brilliant, but passing quickly away. One oak ennobles a field, and testifies the energy of nature. But the field must flush with myriad stems of clover, or it will be barren.

Lope de Vega was prodigiously fertile because prodigiously clever. There was no

sluggishness in his brain, no hesitation in his opinions. He knew precisely what ought to be done, and he did it. With a bold firm hand he dashed off his spirited outlines, certain of their effect. If he was no more than a sketcher, it must be owned that he was a great sketcher. If to be a playwright is of no great accomplishment, we still must think that to be a Lope is evidence of a mind so extraordinary as to be in its way without parallel.

And then look into any one of the three hundred plays that have come down to us, or into any one of the hundred selections from them. Read him without bias, and see how really excellent, of their kind, these rapid compositions are. If you go to him with critical spectacles dogmatically bestriding your nose, you will be ill-contented. If you expect to find a Shakspeare, a Molière, or an Alfieri, you may save yourself the trouble. But if without wrong standards, prejudices, and critical canons, you take up the volume, you will find it difficult to set it down unread. There is an endless charm in Lope—his gaiety. His unflagging animal spirits, playful irony, and careless gaiety, keep your mind in a constant smile, which gently curls about the lips. There are tragical scenes in his plays, and touches of real pathos, which go right to the quivering heart; but they do not abound. Gaiety is the element in which he habitually lives; and though the duels, murders, and violent collisions, which occur so often, may at first sight appear to contradict this opinion, yet a little familiarity with the plays soon detects that such things are little more than jests or commonplaces. They have no sort of tragic influence on the actors.

We may notice also a graceful gallantry and address which is often visible beneath the affectations and frigid rhetoric of Lope's heroes. These heroes are often scamps, but sometimes real gentlemen, with a sense of the graceful and heroic. This is to be seen, however, only in the passages where the lovers are addressing other women than their mistresses, other men than the relations of their mistresses: for with these they are mostly in a state of rage, jealousy, or deceit, and exhibit themselves in their very worst colours.

One thing must be borne in mind during perusal; viz., in consequence of almost all Lope's best situations having been so liberally used by successors that many of them have become commonplaces, the edge of our keen enjoyment is necessarily taken off, blunted by familiarity. For instance, the ludicrous scene in 'El Domine Lucas' the servant is talking to his master of that master, whom in

the dark he does not recognize, and to his face abusing him in outrageous terms; when his master answers by discovering himself and thrashing him well. This scene we have all met in Molière and in a hundred farces: the joke has become threadbare, and in the reading we are apt to forget that in Lope's time it was 'worn in its newest gloss.' Again with that admirable situation in the 'Viuda de Valencia.' The young widow refuses all her suitors, and pretends to be exempt from love and vanity: her *crinda* cunningly contrives to turn the conversation in such a channel that the widow is induced to look at herself in the mirror: in the very act she is surprised by her uncle! She is incensed at being caught; but he, with a Lope banter, assures her that she is wise thus to ascertain the state of her toilet and her charms. Good as this unquestionably is, and laughable as it will always be, yet in how many shapes have we not seen it on the stage?

In spite of these, and other drawbacks, Lope de Vega is a very amusing writer. His plays bear the stamp of a gay and cultivated mind: they all seem written by a soldier and a gentleman. He seldom rises to wit; but in light banter, and uproarious farce, he has few rivals, and in his own country we believe none. His glance is quick but not deep; he never sees into the heart of a thing; and therefore is rarely witty. But he is ironical, humorous, mirthful. He cannot read character, nor penetrate motive; but he is quick to catch superficial analogies, and excels in goodhumoured banter. Of this latter we select a specimen—by no means one of the happiest nor of the worst—but an average specimen of the light strain in which the comedies are written. We open at 'La Dama Melindrosa.' Tiberio is endeavouring to persuade his sister Lisarda, now a widow, to remarry. She, duly endowed with 'sentiment,' refuses to listen to such a proposition; and defends her conduct by a reference to animals, who, she says, set human beings an example.

The turtle dove, when widowed, will not sing,
Nor wed again, nor perch on the green boughs.

Tiberio. Then pray, where does she perch?

Lisardo. On withered boughs:
On thorns.....

Tiberio. On thorns? Egad, you're right! The dove

Affords a faithful illustration of your state.
For certainly...if one may judge by signs...
So restless are they and so fidetly...
Widows do sit on thorns!

This gaiety, as we said, sometimes overflows into exuberant farce. We need go no

further than this very play for proofs. The heroine is one of the most preposterously affected creatures ever put upon the stage. Her affectations are, however, as droll as extravagant. One of her fancies might be put into an Americanism thus. 'Belisa was so extremely refined that she had her dress spotted and spoiled merely from an oilman's looking at her.' In one scene she orders her maid to bring her some embroidery; but cautions her against there being any green in it, for she suffered a colic simply from having yesterday sat on a green chair. She is a *Précieuse Ridicule*, but she is not without repartee.

To Lope's gaiety, which is his first characteristic, we have to add a wonderful sweetness and fluency of versification with considerable felicity of expression, and an occasional touch of poetry in the higher sense. Of that sort of poetry which deals in metaphors mythological allusions, *concetti*, analogies drawn (sometimes *dragged*) from the bosom of eternal nature, there is no want in Lope; and magazine poets in want of flowers or waves, rubies or stars, may find a rich storehouse in his plays. But look not there for the straightforward pathos of the Greeks, or the profound suggestive wisdom of Shakspeare or Goethe. Simplicity was no Goddess to the Spanish muse; nor was Thought a God to her.

We have thus endeavoured to fetch out the merits of Lope de Vega as a writer, because he has been inconsiderately decried; and we have laid stress upon his literary qualities, because it has been the fashion to attribute to him only those of quick and fertile invention of plots and situations. These latter merits are not to be despised by the dramatist; they are by no means so common as to be held cheap; and they give an interest to plays which no dulness of language can obliterate. But although Lope has literary merits, his great and enduring charm is in dramatic exposition. We think him here superior even to Calderon: he is more brief and rapid; has not so great a tendency to long speeches; and does not so often throw action into narrative. Calderon very frequently misses a fine situation for the sake of relating it in a long pompous speech crowded with metaphors and burdened with digressions. Lope rarely does this.

There is one advantage which Lope has seen, and which it were well if our dramatists would learn from him: we mean the spirited and artistic opening of his pieces. The characters and situations disclose themselves by *present action* rather than by *retrospective narration*. The attention is at once

forcibly arrested, and the curiosity roused. We will cite a good example. 'La discreta Venganza' opens with Don Juan waiting outside a church for the appearance of Donna Anna, his lady-love. Don Nuno, his rival, arrives for the same purpose. Donna Anna appears. Her glove falls. The two lovers simultaneously dart forward to seize it. They quarrel of course. In order to prevent a duel, Anna decides in favour of Don Nuno, whom she does *not* love. On being left alone with Don Juan she explains her motive and assures him of her affection.

This is a masterpiece of exposition, and highly provocative of interest. We are at once made aware of the relative situations of the principal actors, and without recital. This the English dramatist rarely achieves.

As the painter can only select one moment of the action, he is obliged to select that which is most striking from its expressing and resuming the greatest number of antecedents and consequents. If he paint the subject of Mucius Scævola he will not select the moment before the hero thrusts his hand into the flame, nor the moment after it; but the moment in which the act itself is being accomplished. This is a recognized necessity of the art. There are similar necessities in the dramatic art. The scene must open at one point of the story: at what point? Not at the birth, or christening of the hero and heroine; not at any action having no immediate connection with the subject in hand. The poet must, as the painter, select that moment which in itself expresses and resumes the necessary antecedents and consequents: with this he should open. The opening of 'Othello,' or of 'Winter's Tale' may be instanced as examples. A further consideration we would earnestly endeavour to impress on dramatists, which is this: when the subject is one not generally known, and the characters have no previous interest to count upon, the audience can be little supposed to feel any peculiar interest in the circumstances and characters of Don Diego, or Count Luigi; all narrative therefore concerning such people before their appearance, before they have created an interest for themselves, falls flat; but let these people have done something, been visibly engaged before our eyes in some action which has roused attention, and then we shall be curious to learn all respecting them. One may see this every day.

To return to Lope de Vega. On this as on many points we believe a study of his plays would be highly beneficial to our dramatists; and they who only seek amusement may be sure of being gratified, if not too

critical. Whether the Spanish language be worth learning for either or both these purposes will depend on the leisure of the student; but if Calderon and 'Don Quixote' be thrown into the scale, the doubt is removed at once. It is difficult to imagine the difference between reading 'Don Quixote' in the original, and in the miserable translations which exist in our language; all the poetry, all the grave jests and sly humour are lost. It is like reading Sophocles in Potter's version. Corvantes compares translation, beautifully enough, to the reverse side of tapestry; in most cases it is not even that. The 'Homer' by Voss is such; but the 'Homer' of Pope bears the same resemblance to the original, as the flowers which 'young ladies' paint, to those which open the petals to the lusty embraces of the sun. 'Don Quixote' even in translation is enjoyed; but the least smattering of Spanish would convince any one of the difference. Potter comes nearer the Greek than Jervis or Smollet to the Spanish. Potter has a sort of small vigour amidst much frigid rubbish; a poetical feeling amidst his formality; and if he does shirk the difficulties (who does not!) the translators of 'Quixote' seem to have been grossly ignorant of the language. The French version by Louis Viardot is in high repute; and from our slight comparison seems deservedly so; he at least is master of his original.

While on the subject of 'Don Quixote,' let us observe that the idea of contrasting the low, gluttonous, proverbial, prosaic, cowardly Sancho with his imaginative master, has, by critics more subtle than profound, been generally held up to our wonder, as a piece of exquisite art. In truth it appears so; but an acquaintance with the Spanish drama refutes the notion. Sancho is the *gracioso* transplanted from the stage. The masterly treatment of this character is indeed Cervantes' own: but the original conception of contrasting the gluttonous with the impassioned, the worldly-prudent with the extravagant, the prosaic with the ideal, was no offspring of his brain. He took the character which had uniformly delighted his nation, and treated it in his own masterly style. Nor does it detract from his glory in the least, that he adopted the ideas of others. That which he found a seedling, became, in the rich pasture of his brain, a full-grown tree of exquisite strength and beauty.

The reputation of CALDERON has thrown that of Lope de Vega into the shade. There can be no question of the superiority of the former in depth and earnestness; but we do not think the comparison fair. The bent of

Lope's mind was towards comedy: his excellence is in gaiety. The bent of Calderon's mind was towards tragedy: his excellence lies in gloom and terror. There is comedy in Calderon, and very amusing comedy; as there is tragedy in Lope, and very fine tragedy: his 'Sancho Ortiz' may claim equality with the best of Calderon's plays, either for power, dignity, or characterization. But Calderon's comic pieces are mostly comic from situation rather than character or language; they want the airy gaiety which floats over the dialogue of Lope, with the same graceful lightness as the feather in his hat danced to his grave and measured tread. The most comical character in Calderon, with which we are acquainted, is Don Mendo, the impoverished Hidalgo, in 'El Alcalde de Zalamea.' He is of the race of Captain Jackson (delightfully eulogized by 'Elia'); and the magnificent way in which he ignores his poverty is highly ludicrous. His calling for his toothpick at the hour of dinner, that he may fancy he has *dined*, is a droll touch; and is equalled by his interpreting an affront from Isabella, in answer to his addresses, into a delicate compliment to himself; and seeing in her running away from him, a sign of her affection and his own irresistibility. After Don Mendo, the elder daughter in 'No ai burlas con el Amor,' is the most amusing; and there is an interest attached to this character from Molière's having borrowed and beautified it in his 'Femmes Savantes.'

It is difficult to speak in measured terms of Calderon; he has been so exalted on the one hand, and on the other so depreciated or misjudged, that any middle course must seem tame and unsatisfactory. Certain it is, that if we open a volume of his works after a perusal of Schlegel's eloquent panegyric, the disappointment must be immense; and by a natural revulsion of feeling, we shall be tempted to despise as trivial what we came prepared to admire as sublime. This is the evil of exaggerated praise. It injures more than the bitterest satire. Schlegel's opinion of Calderon is not only exaggerated, it is false. We should shrink from so dogmatical a condemnation of any opinion offered by one so unquestionably eminent as A. W. Schlegel, did we not, with all our hearty admiration of his talents, his critical appreciation and eloquent exposition, perceive that his prejudices are stronger than his judgment, and blind him to that which is palpable to others. His 'Lectures' abound in beautiful and useful passages; but his prejudices distort his criticisms on Alfieri and Racine, and hurry him into the most stupid errors: errors of fact as well as of taste. A prejudice of an opposite

kind distorts his view of Calderon, which we cannot overlook. It is not because he overrates that poet, that we pronounce his judgment false. It is not that he has fallen into errors of detail, for detail he avoids. It is not that he judges according to a standard of excellence different from that which we acknowledge. Not on these accounts, but because he has throughout been *beside* the question: he is eloquent upon qualities which Calderon has *not*: and one sees that he has written with his *will* more than with his *understanding*. He speaks of Calderon's profound dramatic art; but he gives no illustration, and a scrutiny of the plays leads to the directly contrary opinion. He gives you to understand that Calderon's profound philosophy and ideal poetry are unequalled; but here also he leaves you without illustration; you must take his word for it, as the plays afford no such evidence.

Calderon's profundity one would be curious to learn. The Spaniards were never a thinking race; and their contributions to philosophy have been but pale reflections of the speculations of others. The Spaniards of his age were neither in a condition to teach nor to learn any philosophy, but the theological: and the philosophy of the passions was certainly not his *forte*. Schlegel says: 'This fortunate man escaped from the wild labyrinths of doubt into the citadel of belief, from whence he viewed and portrayed the storms of the world with undisturbed tranquillity of soul; human life was to him no longer a dark riddle. Even his tears reflect the image of Heaven, like dew-drops on a flower in the sun.' This is well said: but what does it definitely mean? Human life was no riddle to the inquisitor; nor was it likely to be. He had a firm faith in literal dogma, and was in no danger of being entangled in the labyrinth of doubt. He portrayed the storms of the world with undisturbed tranquillity: how should he do otherwise, who viewed life as an illusion—as a dream? who said

Qué es la vida? Un frenesi.
 Qué es la vida? Una ilusion,
 Una sombra, una ficcion,
 Y el mayor bien es pequeno;
 Que toda la vida es sueño,
 Y los sueños sueño son.

This is a fine burst of poetry; but the philosophy is neither new nor true; and if it were true, if this life *were* all illusion, all a sick and troubled dream, would not the task of the philosopher still be the same—to discover our relations to the universe, and to each other? Calderon can only tell you what the church ordains: and tell you to

abide by that, or else the holy inquisition will, with unutterable love, take charge of your sad erring soul. Labyrinths of doubt! what danger had they for an inquisitor? Riddles of life! had not the church solved them all?

Calderon's poetry is remarkable for its harmony, facility, and hyperbole. His power of expression is immense, and enables him to throw an indescribable charm over commonplaces, and to give every poetical idea a bewitching halo, as difficult not to feel as it is impossible to translate. But great thoughts, or intense passions, are beyond his grasp. There are in his works many lines which we delight to murmur for their harmony; but none of them contain those pregnant thoughts which frequent meditations constantly develop, those subtle aphorisms which solve the riddles of the heart. 'Take up Sophocles, or Shakespeare, or Göthe, and you cannot read long before stumbling on some profound thought: in Calderon we have not met with one. His poetry is made up of streams and stars, waves and winds, mountains and flowers, suns and auroras, diamonds and neptunes. It is a perpetual display of oriental pomp of imagery, at which the sense aches and wrenies.

Calderon's situations we regard as his highest merit. His knowledge of effect is immense: he pushes it so far as often to generate into mere trick. We may mention amongst others his trick of interrupting a description by passionate interjections. This in certain cases is very effective, but it is used in every play of his, and without any regard to propriety. The truth is, that however tragic his situations, his dialogue rarely comes up to them. Almost the only instance of a really fine and passionate burst is in 'La Nina de Gomez Arias,' and deserves place here. Gomez, to rid himself of Dorotea, with whom he has eloped, offers her to a Moor for sale, as a slave. She thus exclaims:

Monstruo ingrato, bruto fiero, pismo horrible,
 asombro vil,
 Fiera inculta, áspid traidor, cruel trigre, ladra
 nebli,
 Leon herido, lobo hambriento, horror mortal, y
 hombre en fin,
 Por decirte de una vez cuanto te puedo decir.

After this passionate accumulation of epithets, she continues in a series of rapid questions, which we omit for the sake of introducing the fine dramatic change of her wild despair into the plaintiveness of her love, which calls him husband, master, owns herself his willing slave, and implores him to retain her, to ill-treat but not to sell her.

Mi Senor, mi bien, mi esposo, tu esclava soy, es asi;
 Mas no fugitiva esclava. Pues porqué he de presumir,
 Que fiel, y no fugitiva, te has de deshacer de mi?
 Si yo te di algun enojo, si algun enfado te di,
 Maltratame, y no me vendas, muero yo, y vive feliz.

We feel it impossible to translate these passages, and preserve their power; but the Spanish reader will perceive their beauty.

The situations in Calderon, as in Lope de Vega, are constantly repeated; and the imagery as well. They are sometimes repeated with such slight variations as to be scarcely distinguishable from each other. We marked several in reading Calderon. In 'El Mayor monstruo los Zelos,' jornada III., last scene: in 'No siempre lo peor es cierto,' jorn. II., last scene: and in 'La Nina de Gomez Arias,' jorn. I., last scene: there is precisely the same situation of a duel prevented by blowing out the candles and leaving the combatants in the dark, one of whom escapes before fresh lights are brought. Extinguished candles perform a large and important part in Calderon. In 'El Mayor Monstruo,' and in 'No ai burlas con el Amor,' there is the same situation of two women snatching at a letter, tearing it in pieces, and the dreaded Argus putting them together and reading the contents. Such repetitions are frequent: but when we think of the immense number of the plays we may well be surprised that such are not still more so.

In spite of every fault Calderon remains a first-rate playwright, with a fertile gloomy imagination, great knowledge of stage-effect, and incomparable in the invention of fine situations. To give the reader a fair idea of his powers we will select two of his plays: the one affording good illustrations of his terrible situations, the other being in our opinion his finest dramatic effort.

'El Médico de su Honra' is a very celebrated but very atrocious play; the language bad, the exposition bad, and the moral, to modern tastes, revolting. Still the play is deservedly celebrated if only for its gloomy power and its situations. The best of these we will extract.

Prince Enrique has gained admittance into the house of Donna Mencía. She formerly loved him, but is now married to Don Gutierre. The husband is under arrest, and the prince profits by the opportunity. The lovers are together, when the husband, who has gained permission to visit his wife on *parole*, arrives of course to surprise them. This stale incident Calderon manages with tact. The

prince is hidden in her bedroom. Donna Mencía converses with her husband with calmness, and at last goes to see about his supper. She presently returns in well-affected terror, and tells Don Gutierre that she has discovered a man in her chamber. The infuriated husband draws his sword to punish the intruder; Donna Mencía snatches up the light and offers to conduct him; but feigning to stumble, she throws down the light and extinguishes it. They are now in darkness and confusion, in the midst of which Enrique escapes. When lights are brought Don Gutierre seeks the intruder. He returns with the prince's sword (which he found in Donna Mencía's room) under his cloak. A fine scene ensues between them. His suspicions having no definite coherence, he prefers silence respecting them. He tells her that her fears were idle: no man could possibly have been there. There is a grim tenderness and politeness in his manner which is very dramatic. He bids her adieu; and on his opening his cloak to embrace her, she discovers Enrique's sword pointed at her. She shrieks and exclaims,

Mencía. Hold Senor!—Your—sword pointed at me!—*I have never wronged you!* I—

Don Gutierre. What troubles my beloved wife?

Mencía. Why—ah—seeing you thus—I fancied myself already bathed in my own blood. That sword—

Don Gut. When seeking your imaginary intruder, I drew my sword to punish him.

Mencía. I have never wronged you!

Don Gut. Sweet wife, your defence is most superfluous.

Mencía. Ah! it is when you are absent from me that my sadness so confuses my brain as to make fears out of shadows.

Don Gut. Courage! If it is possible I will come to-morrow night. Till then, God bless you!

Mencía. God bless you! [*Exit.*]

Don Gut., solo. Oh, Honour! we have a fearful account to settle between us when alone!*

This is one of the few situations in the Spanish drama which affords scope for great acting, and which indeed requires great acting to do it justice. Cannot the reader fancy Edmund Kean or Macready in the part of Don Gutierre, finely shadowing out the suppressed passion and suspicion, which are covered by assuming to his wife the fond confiding manner?

Equally effective is the next scene. It is night. Donna Mencía is sleeping in a chair. Don Gutierre arrives in secrecy, to confirm

* It may perhaps be well to state that we have here given no translation of the original, but a slight skeleton, sufficient to allow the reader to understand the play of feeling.

his suspicions. At the conclusion of an harmonious soliloquy, he detects his sleeping wife. This enchants him: it is a proof that she has no intrigue. And yet, on second thoughts, there is no maid beside her: perhaps some one is waiting without as sentinel. Unable to endure the suspense, he resolves to try the effect of surprise. He blows out the light (the eternal stratagem!) and awakens her. The following scene then occurs; of which, as before, we give the substance in prose. It takes place in *whispers*.

Mencia. O God! what is this?

Gutierre. Hush! speak softly.

Mencia. Who art thou?

Gutierre. Knowest thou me not?

Mencia. Ah yes! There is but one who dares to be so bold!

Gutierre, aside. She recognizes me.—(Aloud.)

Mencia, wonder not that love should be so bold.

Mencia. Love will not pardon the crime your highness now commits.

Gutierre, aside. Your highness! Then she knows me not! She speaks not to me! O God! what have I heard! What a chaos of fresh doubts! O misery! O heavy day!

Mencia. Wilt thou a second time thus risk my life? Thinkest thou that every night...

Gutierre, aside. O death!

Mencia. That every night thou here canst hide?

Gutierre, aside. O Heavens!

Mencia. That every night the light can be extinguished...

Gutierre, aside. Extinguish life!

Mencia. And thou escape Don Gutierre?

Gutierre, aside. O heavy day!

This discovery of his wife's lover is surely very fine, and would have immense effect upon the stage.

His vengeance is as dark and silent as his own character. He accumulates fresh proofs of his rival's identity, and intercepts a letter from his wife, which proves, that although she has been always faithful to him in deed, yet that her heart was previously given to Don Enrique, and is ill at ease. He conceals all this, and determines on saving his wife's honour and his own.

He detects her writing a letter, and snatches it away. She faints: and on recovering finds the following letter from her husband.

'Love adores thee, but Honour condemns thee: the one dooms thee to death; the other warns thee of it. Thou hast only two hours to live. Thou art a Christian: save thy soul: as for thy life, thou canst not save it.'

Her terror, on receiving this, breaks forth.

Jacinta! O God, what is this? . . . No one replies. . . my horror increases. . . The servants are absent. . . the doors all fastened. . . O God,

I am alone in this emergency! . . . The windows barred. . . the doors bolted. . . no escape. . . Death in all its horrors approaches me. . .

She flies into her chamber. Don Gutierre returns with a surgeon, whom he brings with his eyes bound, and whom he has forced from his house. He thus addresses him:

You must enter that chamber. This dagger pierces your heart if you do not faithfully obey all my commands. Open the door and my what you see there.

Surgeon. An image of death; a corpse stretched on a bed. Two torches burn at each side, and a crucifix is placed before it. I know not who it may be, as a veil covers the countenance.

Gutierre. 'Tis well. This living corpse you must put to death.

Surgeon. What are your terrible commands!

Gutierre. That you bleed her to death. That you quit her not till she expires. No word! It is useless to implore my pity.

The surgeon obeys; but on leaving the house blindfolded, he marks the door with his finger crimsoned with blood, that he may know the house again.

The king is then informed by the surgeon of what has taken place. The house is discovered by the mark, and the king repairs to it. Gutierre informs him that his wife, having been bled, had by accident removed the bandages, and had been found dead, bathed in her blood. The king, in reply, orders him to marry on the instant a lady to whom he had been formerly attached. He objects. The king is imperative. Gutierre begs him to hear his reasons: and asks whether he shall again expose himself to the nightly visits of the prince. The king affects to disbelieve him.

Gutierre. And if I find A letter from my wife, praying the Infant Not to abandon her?

King. For every wrong There is a remedy.

Gutierre. What? for this last?

King. There is.

Gutierre. What is it?

King. In yourself.

Gutierre. You mean?

King. Blood!

Gutierre. Ah! what say you?

King. Mark your gates: there is A bloody sign upon them!

Gutierre. Sire, 'tis known

That those who exercise an office hang Over their doors a shield that bears their arms: My office is mine honour. So my doors Bear impress of a bloody hand, for blood Alone can wash out injured honour's stains.

We must add the few words with which the piece closes, for the sake of 'the moral.'

King. Give then thy hand to Leonora : well
She merits it.

Gutierre. I give it freely, if
Leonora dare accept it bathed in blood.

Leonora. I marvel not, nor fear.

Gutierre. 'Tis well, but I
Have been mine honour's own physician, nor
Have yet forgot the science.

Leonora. Keep it then
To aid my life, if it be bad.

Gutierre. Alone
On this condition I now yield my hand.*

Thus closes 'El Medico de su Honra,' on the morality of which we may spare comment, after directing the reader to the curious state of society it indicates : on the fine powerful situations we have cited, it would also be superfluous to insist ; every reader must appreciate them.

The second play which we select as a specimen of Calderon's power is 'El Alcalde de Zalamea,' which we regard as his *chef-d'œuvre*. It has not perhaps the poetical beauties of some others, as 'La Vida as Sueno,' 'Cisma de Inglaterra,' 'Principe Constante,' 'Magico Prodigioso,' and 'Las Armas de la Hermosura ;' but it has more dramatic power, both in conception and execution, with more success in delineation of character. As we believe no literary historian has given an analysis of it, we shall beg to introduce a slight one here.

A regiment of soldiers arrive at Zalamea. Don Alvaro, the Captain, is billeted upon Pedro Crespo, a rich farmer, the hero of the play. Crespo shows more vigour in the delineation than any other character of Calderon ; and is, we believe, a solitary instance of that poet's painting one of the people in favourable colours. There is a rough honesty in Crespo's manner : but this roughness is the husk which protects, while covering, a sweet kernel of delicate dignified nobility of feeling. This is well presented in his first scene. His son is indignant at his submitting to be billeted upon, when rich enough to avoid it. How would you have me avoid it ? asks Crespo. Purchase a title of nobility, is the reply. Crespo's answer is as full of sense as dignity.

Is there any one ignorant of that I am ? That I am an honest man, sprung from an honest family ? No. Then what should I gain by letters of nobility, if I could not with them also buy pure blood ? Should I be considered better than I am ? No. People would say I was ennobled for six hundred reals. That proves me rich—not honourable. Honour, child, is not to be bought or sold. I desire no honour that is

not mine by nature. My father was a peasant—my grandfather was a peasant—I am a peasant—and my children shall be peasants.

Crespo on hearing that he has to lodge an officer and soldiers advises his daughter Isabella, to keep out of their sight ; to which she agrees and retires with her cousin Ines. The captain arrives, and his sergeant hunts about the house for a sight of Isabella, of whose beauty he has heard report ; but learning that her father keeps her shut in her apartment, being jealous of her, the captain is piqued and resolves to see her. He soon finds a pretext for entering her room. He arranges that Rebolledo shall provoke him, and then flying from his anger rush into Isabella's chamber and implore protection, whither the captain will follow. This plan they execute. Crespo and his son Juan hearing the noise of quarrel follow with drawn swords, and learn the cause. They learn also that the soldier has been followed into Isabella's room. They proceed there.

The next scene is in Isabella's room. Rebolledo rushes in and begs protection. Isabella addresses the captain, and in the name of her sex demands pardon for the culprit ; she is answered with becoming gallantry, the captain observing that 'she commits that murder with her eyes which she begs him not to commit.' The father and brother enter.

Crespo. How, senior ! I expect to find you slaying a man, and you are complimenting a woman. . . . It is, doubtless, very honourable, kind, and gallant in you, so soon to forget your anger !

Captain. I had cause for anger, but this lady has dispelled it by a glance.

Crespo. Senior, Isabella is my child ; a peasant's child—a peasant, not a lady.

Juan (aside). It has been a stratagem to see my sister. (*Aloud.*) You might have spared us this affront, Senior Captain, considering how kindly my father received you here.

Crespo. Who told you to speak, boy ? What affront has there been ? If the soldier offended him, was it not his place to punish ? My daughter should think herself flattered that the Captain has honoured her request.

Captain. Clearly so. Have a care, young fellow. Remember to whom you speak, next time.

Juan. I know well enough.

Crespo. What, again ! What have you to jabber so about ?

Captain. As you are present, honest Crespo, I will not punish his insolence.

Crespo. Punish ! Senior, understand me. I may treat my son as I please ; but so may not you.

Juan. And I will submit to anything from father : to nothing from you.

Captain. Ha ! ha ! What would you do ?

Juan. Lose life rather than my honour.

* We have availed ourselves, in this particular instance only, of the translation given in Sismondi, pp. 176—7.

Captain. Honour, indeed! What can a peasant know of honour?

Juan (angrily). More than a popinjay captain.

Captain. *Vive Dios!* This is too much.

(*Draws his sword.*)

Crespo. Beware. (*Draws.*)

At this critical moment Don Lope, the general of the regiment, arrives. He is highly incensed at finding a disturbance in the house, and in his wrath declares he will throw men, women, nay the house itself, out of window—

*Que à hombres, mugeres y casa
Eche por un corredor.*

The Captain explains his quarrel with Rebolledo. Don Lope orders the latter, as the author of the disturbance, to be whipped. Rebolledo relishing ill the idea of the jest being carried so far, declares he was not culpable, and reveals the whole plot. Don Lope dismisses the captain from the house, orders him to seek another lodging, and declares that he will stop in Crespo's house.

Crespo and Don Lope are then left alone, and this fine scene occurs, which, fairly to enjoy, the reader should consult in the original.

Crespo. A thousand thanks, senor, you have saved me from slaying the man who insulted me.

Don Lope. Slaying him?

Crespo. Slaying him.

Don Lope. *Vive Dios!* Are you aware he is a captain!

Crespo. *Vive Dios!* Yes: had he been a general, it would have been the same.

Don Lope. By heaven! the man who touches but a hair of one of my soldiers, I will hang, without scruple!

Crespo. By heaven! whoever touches a tittle of mine honour, him will I hang, and without scruple!

Don Lope. Know you not that, being a peasant, you are forced to submit?

Crespo. In my property, yes; but in mine honour, no! My property and life belong to my king. My honour is the patrimony of my soul; and my soul belongs to none but God.*

Don Lope. *Vive Cristo!* I almost think you're right.

Crespo. *Vive Cristo!* I am sure I'm right.

Don Lope (aside). This peasant is testy, . . . and, egad, the fellow swears as much as I do myself.

* This is one of the rare flashes which irradiate the works of Calderon. It is fine in sentiment, and, for a wonder, neither affected in the expression, nor overlaid with metaphors. We cannot forbear citing it in his own words:

Con mi hacienda,
Pero con mi fama no.
Al rey la hacienda y la vida
Se ha de dar; pero el honor
Es patrimonio del alma
Y al alma solo es de Dios.

Crespo (aside). Don Lope is fantastic. We shall not sympathize.

With this scene the first act ends. To those unacquainted with the Spanish drama our admiration of this scene may appear exaggerated. One must know the frigid and affected language spoken in these plays to appreciate the luxury of the simple tones of nature. One must have been wearied with the perpetual *masks* usurping the places of *men*, to relish the freshness and vigour of this sketch of Crespo. It is indeed masterly, viewed according to any standard; the character is brought out by a few distinct truthful touches; and the remark by the general, 'the fellow swears as much as I do myself,' lets us into the secret of this bluntness, which is confirmed in the second act. The general, struck by Crespo's polite attentiveness, remarks it to him. Crespo answers that he is polite to those who treat him with civility: rude to those who treat him haughtily.

The second act, though not deficient in movement, is occupied with scenes that come to nothing, and have scarcely any influence on the plot; except the last, in which the captain, Don Alvaro, now furiously in love with Isabella, carries her off by force, having tied her father to a tree. This is a spirited scene. But we may here observe that we omit such scenes from our analysis as do not in themselves exhibit character or new situation. Thus, also, the amusing 'Don Mendo,' whom we have mentioned (p. 289), needs not again be introduced here.

The third act opens with a long soliloquy by Isabella; a speech full of delicious harmony, and not so defaced with conceits as usual. The language is figurative, but passionate. There are not many soliloquies, to our taste, finer in all Calderon. Isabella has been violated by the Captain, and is now suffering under the horror of her degradation, and dreading the light of day. She bids the stars not to give place to Aurora, who will come with tears and smiles to fill the azure field; or, if Aurora must come, she bids her bring no smiles, but only tears. She bids the sun remain longer under the cool waves, and not disturb the night: that he may not behold the most atrocious of crimes. This looks fantastic enough in a prose statement, as indeed will mostly be the case where poetry is wrenched from its ideal sphere; but we will cite the original, and requesting the reader to bear in mind the *style* of Spanish poetry, ask him if this be not both simple and beautiful.

Nunca amenezca á mis ojos, la luz hermosa del
dia,
Porque á su nombre no tenga vergüenza yo de
mi misma.

O tú, de tantas estrellas, primavera fugitiva,
No des lugar á la aurora, que tu azul campana
pisa,

Para que con risa y llanto, borre tu apacible vista!
Y ya que ha de ser, que sea con llanto, mas no
con risa.

Detente, o mayor planeta, mas tiempo en la espuma fria

Del mar! Deja que una vez dilate la noche esquiva

Su trémulo imperio

Para qué quieres salir a ver en la historia mia
La mas enorme maldad, la mas fiera tiranía,
Que en venganza de los hombres, quiere el ciclo
que se escriba?

This soliloquy is continued at some length, and is interrupted by the groans of her father whom she discovers bound to a tree. She tells him what has befallen her; adding, that her brother, to avenge her wrong, fought with the captain and wounded him, but was prevented despatching him by the soldiers, who arrived in time. The wounded captain has been taken to the village. This narrative occupies one hundred and sixty lines! Crespo calmly bids her dry her tears, and sternly resolves on vengeance. At that moment the *Escribano* arrives to inform him that he, Crespo, has been elected alcalde of Zalamea, adding, 'This is fine news, Crespo; you have two important matters to commence with. The king will be here to-morrow: that is the first. The second is, that a captain of the regiment has been wounded. It is not known by whom: but you will have to judge the case: there will be money to be gained!'

Pedro Crespo is alcalde, and the means of vengeance are thus within his hands. He seeks an interview with the captain; and a noble scene takes place. Crespo lays aside the judge, and appears only as a supplicating father: eloquent, dignified, pathetic. He says that, though base-born, yet he is rich; he is a father; and he offers the captain *all* his wealth, all he possesses, and will turn labourer again, if the captain will repair the wrong he has done his daughter, and marry her. The speech contains one or two extravagances, but on the whole is nobly conceived and full of pathos. The captain treats him with contempt. Crespo threatens him as a judge, if he accept not the offers of a father. But the captain remains heartless, contemptuous, unmoved. Crespo orders his arrest.

Don Lope arrives indignant at the alcalde's presuming to judge an officer; but Crespo remains firm in his intention. The king arrives, and confirms Don Lope's assertion, that being a soldier the captain must be tried before another tribunal. Crespo places the indictment and papers in the hand of the king, who admits the captain's guilt, but still

insists on the punishment coming from another tribunal than that of the alcalde.

The suspense here is great. Will the captain escape? Will Crespo's vengeance be defeated? No: the stern alcalde draws aside a curtain, and discovers to the astonished company, the captain strangled in a chair. This is a fine *coup de théâtre*. Crespo says that the king himself believed the sentence just; and justice having many hands, it matters little which one executes it. The king is so delighted with Crespo, that he makes him alcalde for life. The piece concludes with Isabella retiring to a convent.

We had intended inserting an analysis of of 'El Mayor Monstruo les Zelos,' from the comparison it suggests with 'Othello' and 'Zaire;' but it would lead us beyond our limits, and the reader's patience. 'A Secreto Agravio Secreta Venganza,' would also claim a place here, had we room; but we must content ourselves with a brief sketch of its terrific last act, the execution of which, however, does not come up to the invention. Every reader will seize at once the power of the situations, and their capability for fine acting and passionate writing.

Don Luis is in love with Leonor, the wife of Don Lope. The husband detects their guilty passion, and is perplexed how to avenge his wrongs without making them public. It is the same problem as that in 'El Medico de su Honra;' but treated differently. Don Lope has engaged the only boat remaining, to take him across the river to his wife. Don Luis enters with a letter from Leonor, appointing an interview for that evening in her garden, as her husband will be absent. Don Luis cannot procure a boat. Don Lope, suspecting the object of his desire, offers him a place in the one he has engaged. The offer is accepted with mutual joy, 'Was there ever so fortunate a man!' exclaims the lover. 'The hour of vengeance arrives!' exclaims the husband. 'Odd enough for the husband to be my conductor,' thinks the lover. 'He has fallen into my hands, and cannot escape,' says the husband. 'He takes me to his wife!' 'I take him to his death!' Such are their opposite thoughts. They enter the boat. The audience are left in suspense.

Leonor is in her garden waiting for her lover. She is sad, and begins to suspect Don Luis loves her less than he was wont. A cry of 'help' is heard from the river; Leonor looks out and distinguishes a figure struggling with the waves. She trembles with vague fears. Her husband enters, his clothes dripping with wet, a poniard in his hand! She is speechless. With grim formality Don Lope relates that a certain Don Luis begged per-

mission to share his boat with him. The cables which fastened it to the shore had broken. They were adrift. Don Luis was drowned. Don Lope grieves that he was unable to save him; but the sea engulfed him, and will cover his memory. Leonor shrieks and swoons. Don Lope exclaims 'Leonor! my wife! my life! . . . Alas! her hands are cold! . . . Ah, Don Juan. I was wrong to tell her of the dangers I had escaped! . . . You see her woman's heart was not able to support such terror! . . . Her love trembled at the mention of my danger. . . (to the servants) Carry her to her bed-room.'

Don Lope left alone applauds himself for the issue of his plan; but it is only half completed. Don Luis is no more, but Leonor lives. His resolution is soon formed. 'I confided the care of my first vengeance to the waters; my second shall be confided to the flames!'

The king and his attendants are conversing. The cry of 'Fire! Fire!' reaches them, and they learn that Don Lope's house is burning. Don Lope enters, half undressed, and with his wife, *dead*, upon his arm! He has stifled her; and attributes her death to the flames. And thus he accomplishes his *secret vengeance for a secret wrong*!

We may here conclude our notice of Calderon. Our general estimate of his powers will have been seen in the foregoing pages. Although disputing his title to profundity of thought, or artistic genius of the highest order; although placing him on a very different pedestal from that of Shakspeare or Goethe; we are still hearty admirers of his rare talents. All we desire is, to have his real excellences proclaimed, in substitution of the spurious ones so eloquently extolled by the Germans. As a dramatist in the highest sense we can never regard him; as a playwright we think he ranks one of the foremost. Great knowledge of stage-effect; great spirit and ingenuity in the working out of complicated plots; an imagination brilliant and fertile, loving to lose itself in the gloomy depths of horror; wonderful harmony and fluency of verse, with a facility for the production of spirited dialogue amidst a profusion of metaphors: these are no contemptible qualities, and these Calderon unquestionably possesses. More than these we cannot discover. He has a rich and varied Theatrical genius. Dramatic genius must be sought in other lands: the Spaniards have it not. Yet the once mighty, now degenerate Spain, can well afford the admission of inferiority on the ground which Sophocles, Shakspeare, and Molière, serenely occupy. She has produced 'Don Quixote' and Murillo, and after such feats may well await the tributes of the world.

It only remains for us to add a few words respecting the works placed at the head of this article. The French translation is a book we can recommend to those unacquainted with the original. Let us be understood, however. M. Damas-Hinard has taken great pains, but, like most translators, especially French, has had no conscience. He *will* insist upon altering and abridging his original. He proclaims both Calderon and Lope great poets; and, nevertheless, cannot help secretly suspecting that he is greater, and that his 'improvements' will be acceptable. We have but cursorily compared his version with the Spanish; but by selecting random passages of beauty, fun, concetti, and extravagance, we have been able to see that he arrogates to himself the privilege of abridgment and alteration. In the translations in the course of this article we have ventured on paraphrases, because we were solely directing attention to the *situation*. But M. Damas-Hinard professes to give the world a translation of the Spanish plays, and to represent their characteristics. By subduing the extravagance of thought; by altering the metaphors; by abridging the length of the speeches, he does away with these characteristics, and gives the world a series of French *dramas*, not Spanish *comedias*. As a specimen of his reproduction of the poetical beauties, we may cite his version of the soliloquy in 'El Alcalde de Zalamea,' part of which we before quoted. Instead of saying, as in the original, 'Remain, O greater planet, still longer *under the cool waves of the sea*,' he says, 'Et toi soleil, roi des astres, prolonge ton séjour dans le *sein profond des mers*.' The fine phrase 'tremulo imperio' is omitted.

A false idea of the Spanish drama will therefore be gained from M. Damas-Hinard's version. Nor will his criticisms mend the matter. They are insufferably bad; as may be suspected from the man who calls Lope de Vega a '*sublime poet*.' But in spite of these drawbacks, his volumes will form amusing and instructive reading, to any one unacquainted with the original. The great merits of these dramatists—their theatrical excellences—are to be seen in this version in favourable colours. The translator is not without spirit in his dialogues, and he has taken considerable pains to explain away verbal and national difficulties. The four volumes contain eleven plays of Calderon, and ten of Lope de Vega. We can promise the dramatic reader a treat in the perusal.

But to the German reader we should recommend the version by Gries. It has all the merits which Damas-Hinard's translation wants. It is written also in

verse, and the same metre as the original. Eminently faithful in reproducing both faults and beauties, it is written with a spirit and vigour rarely seen in translations. The reader will there find Calderon as he would find him in the original.

The 'Tesoro de Teatro Espanol,' published in Paris, and edited by M. Ochoa, has the recommendations of price and type: in both of these it far excels the Madrid edition. Five-and-twenty plays in each volume, printed in double columns with an excellent type, and costing only ten francs each, is certainly as cheap as it is possible to expect; and we need not therefore be hard upon the editing, especially as the Madrid edition, which costs four times the sum, is no better edited. It is but fit however to remark that the text, though accurately enough printed, as far as it goes, sometimes varies considerably from that of the other editions. In Lope de Vega's comedy of 'El perro del hortelano,' several entire scenes are wanting in M. Ochoa's edition. It is true that these scenes are in a measure superfluous; but one desires a complete text. The carelessness of Spanish editors, and the fact that Lope de Vega's plays are still sold separately at the doors of the theatres, will sufficiently account for the variations observable in various editions. We have no means of judging extensively of M. Ochoa's accuracy; but we may inform the reader that the very best edition of Calderon's complete works is that published in Germany a few years ago, in four volumes quarto, edited, if our memory serves us, by Joseph Kiel. This edition has been largely smuggled into Spain, as being the most perfect.

ART. XI.—*L'Europe pendant la Révolution Française*, par M. CAPEFIGUE. (Europe during the French Revolution.) Paris. 1842.

IN his works of modern history the indefatigable M. Capefigue possesses, perhaps affects, a general European impartiality. He leans to what is called the cause of order, and regrets the old institutions, as no doubt a *homme d'état* should: but beyond this natural longing professes to have no passion one way or the other. You would fancy him a retired Prime Minister at the least, who having mingled in the diplomatic

struggles for the last fifty years, now sits down to chronicle them, in a calm, bloodless, Talleyrand-like manner: having no regard for Trojan or Tyrian; little respect for *traineurs de sabre* with their coarse feats of arms and loud braggadocio bulletins; and too much (as is natural, perhaps, in one of his calling) for notes, protocols, and manœuvres of ambassadors and their agents.

Of this vaunted diplomacy, before the French Revolution, and during that period (as to present and future times, they do not come into discussion here)—of these clever diplomatists and their works—we never can calculate, to the end of time, how much honour they have caused us. The history of every Foreign Office in Europe—one may say so without being near so familiar with the contents of their *cartons* as M. Capefigue appears to be—is a history of *knavery*: of lies answered by other lies, robberies met by other robberies. Every king has his hand in his brother's pocket, and the aim and triumph of every ministry is by force or fraud to effect the removal of its neighbour's landmark. Probably M. Capefigue did not intend this moral to be read out of his book; but herein lies the only good of the work as far as we can understand it. It does not matter much now, what plans Louis XVI., that amateur navigator, had for the aggrandizement of his own marine, and the punishment of England; whether the guns that drove away the Prussians after Valmy were not loaded with Louis d'ors; what intentions the Prussians had upon Hanover or Bavaria; or the Duke of York on the French throne; or the French upon the Rhenish frontier; or the Austrians upon the French;—these mysteries of diplomatic double-dealing, curiosities of the Roguery of History, are of very little importance to us now. It is idle to sort and docket mere masses of lies—to be following political labyrinths which have nothing at the end.

Unless, to be sure, some writers should be employed by an European congress to go through this task with the moral end in view—of teaching their respective nations heartily to beware of all Foreign Offices; to eschew robbery of all sorts at the expense of whatever neighbour; to avoid being too 'clever' in their political dealings as they would avoid similar 'sharp' practices in private life: in a word to learn that honest dealings are quite as profitable for states, as for individuals.

Any person reading M. Capefigue's

present work with the above moral view, will find that his volumes contain many curious illustrations of it. For instance, to begin a little before the beginning. M. Capefigue speaks with much respect of the manner in which the princes of the house of Bourbon were brought up to understand, the *inflexible rivalry between England and France*. On this point Louis XVI., says his admirer, was *passionné*, and there never was a king who carried so far his hatred and resentment against Great Britain! And towards this restorer of the French marine, this implacable enemy of England, this 'tête noble et grande esprit national et fort,' the historian proceeds to pay many compliments in which he calls upon the nation to join.

Is it from a desire of doing justice to the unlucky monarch, or from a wish to conciliate the present generation of Frenchmen, or from a conviction that irreconcilable hatred to England or any other country is an acceptable quality in French sovereigns, that M. Capefigue is so careful to register the fact of the king's anti-English feeling? Our author used formerly to sign himself a *homme d'état*; but in his love of the old French traditions, he would do well, as a statesman, to give up his admiration of this one; since he has himself chronicled so many of the evil consequences resulting from that most absurd of all the ancient qualifications of a patriot. Louis XVI., continuing the great work of his illustrious ancestor, raises the French marine, adroitly threatens the English possessions in India, tampers successfully with the English colonies in America (and brings back the infection of rebellion to his own country), and so having wreaked his measure of evil, it becomes the turn of 'the eternal rival' to pay off its debt of revenge. For nine hundred years, from one side of the channel to the other, we have been bandying this hatred about.

We were not slow in flinging the injury back again. The first struggles of the revolution begin; bankruptcy, famine, inward commotion, tear and weaken the vital strength of 'the eternal enemy' as much as the most eternal of all enemies can desire. When the head of the unhappy fomenter of the American rebellion fell, when his family were flung out of the country, living here and there 'in obscurity and contempt,' as Burke says—this one borrowing money never to be repayed, that one pawning diamonds in order to live—one would fancy the English

hatred of the race might have been extinguished in compassion, and that the unlucky Bourbons would have been raised from the dust in which they lay. But not so. The compassion which Mr. Pitt's government had for the Bourbon family was but little profitable to them. Why, if the allied powers were anxious to assist the exiled princes, were the latter not allowed to enter France? Why were the movements of their (*émigrés*) troops always mysteriously counteracted? Why, when Toulon was taken by the English in the name of the King of France, was the fleet there found not officered by French royalists, of whom there were hundreds at the disposal of the princes? It was the precious policy of 'the hereditary enemy.' We speculated upon the burning of that fleet: we would give up the ships to no Frenchman, with white cockade or red. The robberies of Napoleon were not more daring nor brutal than that.

'When the French see bodies of English, Spaniards, Neapolitans, Sardinians, Prussians, Austrians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Sclavonians, Croats, acting as *principals* in the war, it is impossible they should think we come with a benevolent design,' cries Burke, in his wonderful letter on the conduct of the allies; and dares to express at once the intention of the coalescing powers. 'Austria means to take away the whole frontier from the borders of Switzerland to Dunkirk: Great Britain resolves that France shall have no colonies, no commerce, and no marine.' And if we read the opinions of another eminent statesman, M. Thiers, we find him delighted with the skill of the English politicians, who had so handled the eternal rival, that there were, after the burning of the Toulon fleet, not more than sixty (Capefigue says six-and-thirty) vessels in the French arsenals, while England with her allies, Spain and Holland, had at least two hundred, and, while without the necessity of a combat, the English fleet was master of the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and the Indian Seas. Thus, cries Thiers in an ecstasy, '*nothing was more politic than the war made by Pitt against France.*'

Mr. Pitt had won the move certainly—and deserves that just such a statesman as Thiers should praise him. In like manner, it might be said, nothing was more politic than the manner in which Sampson slaughtered the Philistines: such policy is likely to find favour with the author of the famous note on the Syrian question. But there is not a tax-payer in this empire,

who does not see the fallacy of it, at least twice a year; and can calculate that we might have had some ten thousand of ships, if need were, for the price which the great minister paid for those he took.

Nor were the continental diplomatists much behind-hand in their triumphant skill. The robbery and spoliation of Poland is still more 'politic' than the robbery and incendiaryism of the Toulon fleet. To effect that admirable piece of policy, the Prussians forget their hostility against France, and the sacred rights of sovereignty which they had sworn to protect—how could oaths or honour be supposed to prevail when 'policy' is so much stronger than either? With that gallant war-cry in common, Russian, and Prussian, and Austrian armies flock together—down go the redoubts of Praga, and the columns of the Polish soldiery—women and children are butchered by tens of thousands—and chuckling diplomatists at Berlin and Petersburg have but to take the map and divide the country at their leisure.

The consequences of that masterpiece of robbery every one knows. The French republic was saved from ruin by the European diplomatists. It was starving, disorganized, ready to yield: but Foreign Diplomacy intervened and saved its life. Its armies were a rabble, but diplomacy drew the bullets from the Prussian guns; and so the rabble was left to organize itself, until it grew to be the great Imperial army, that under the great Emperor marched in triumph to Vienna, to Berlin, and to Moscow.

M. Capefigue's volumes, however, only go as far as 1795: the emperor is but an artillery officer as yet, and his 'policy' and the end of it all to come. Up to '95 it is not a little curious to see what diplomacy, or, as M. Capefigue calls it, 'Europe,' had done for the French Revolution. Europe, and it need scarcely be said, the King of France too, were both most deeply interested in maintaining a monarchical government in that country, and diplomatized so cleverly as to cut off the head of Louis XVI. between them. Having an enemy without money, strength, or almost hope, Europe diplomatized so skilfully as to make that enemy more powerful than all the continent put together. In the beginning of 1795, the wobegone English historian of the 'Annual Register,' shows what had been the effects of European diplomacy in French affairs. It had given over to France ten provinces of the Austrian Netherlands;

the bishoprics of Liege, Worms, and Spire; the electorate of Treves, Cologne, and Mentz; the duchy of Deux Ponts; the Palatinate; and the duchies of Suliers and Cleves. In the south of France, their conquests were the duchy of Savoy; with the principalities of Nice and Monaco in Italy; and the provinces of Biscay and Catalonia in Spain. After enumerating the hundred and forty severe actions in which the French had been successful, and 'the generals and armies of consummate experience,' which they had overthrown with their raw and ill-disciplined levies—the Registrar concludes with a sigh, 'Such is the description given by the French of their numerous exploits, and impartiality requires it should be acknowledged, notwithstanding the odium they lie under, that the account is not exaggerated.'

It was even so: and for these successes Europe had to thank its diplomacy—the selfishness and knavery, that is, of its governments; and their blind, insane rapacity and cunning.

ART. XII.—1. *Funeral Discourse delivered on occasion of celebrating the obsequies of his late Excellency the Perpetual Dictator of the Republic of Paraguay, the Citizen Dr. José Gaspar Francia, by Citizen the REV. MANUEL ANTONIO PEREZ, of the Church of the Incarnation, on the 20th of October, 1840.* (In the 'British Packet and Argentine News,' No. 813. Buenos Ayres: March 19, 1842.)

2. *Essai Historique sur la Révolution de Paraguay, et le Gouvernement Dictatorial du Docteur Francia. Par MM. RENGGER et LONGCHAMP.* 2de édition. Paris. 1827

3. *Letters on Paraguay.* By J. P. and W. P. ROBERTSON. 2 vols. Second edition. London. 1839.

4. *Francia's Reign of Terror.* (By the same.) London. 1839.

5. *Letters on South America.* (By the same.) 3 vols. London. 1843.

6. *Travels in Chile and La Plata.* By JOHN MIERS. 2 vols. London. 1826.

7. *Memoirs of General Miller, in the Service of the Republic of Peru.* 2 vols. 2d edition. London. 1829.

THE confused South American revolution, and set of revolutions, like the South American continent itself, is doubtless a

great confused phenomenon; worthy of better knowledge than men yet have of it. Several books, of which we here name a few known to us, have been written on the subject; but bad books mostly, and productive of almost no effect. The heroes of South America have not yet succeeded in picturing any image of themselves, much less any true image of themselves, in the Cis-Atlantic mind or memory.

Iturbide, 'the Napoleon of Mexico,' a great man in that narrow country, who was he? He made the thrice-celebrated 'Plan of Iguala,' a constitution of no continuance. He became Emperor of Mexico, most serene 'Augustin I.,' was deposed, banished to Leghorn, to London; decided on returning;—landed on the shore at Tampico, and was there met, and shot: this, in a vague sort, is what the world knows of the Napoleon of Mexico, most serene Augustin the First, most unfortunate Augustin the Last. He did himself publish memoirs or memorials,* but few can read them. Oblivion, and the deserts of Panama, have swallowed this brave Don Augustin: *vate caruit sacro*.

And Bolivar, 'the Washington of Columbia,' Liberator Bolivar, he too is gone without his fame. Melancholy lithographs represent to us a long-faced, square-browed man; of stern, considerate, *consciously* considerate aspect, mildly aquiline form of nose; with terrible angularity of jaw; and dark deep eyes, somewhat too close together (for which latter circumstance we earnestly hope the lithograph alone is to blame): this is Liberator Bolivar:—a man of much hard fighting, hard riding, of manifold achievements, distresses, heroisms and histrionisms in this world; a many-counselled, much-enduring man; now dead and gone:—of whom, except that melancholy lithograph, the cultivated European public knows as good as nothing. Yet did he not fly hither and thither, often in the most desperate manner, with wild cavalry clad in blankets, with War of Liberation, 'to the death?' Clad in blankets, *ponchos* the South Americans call them: it is a square blanket, with a short slit in the centre, which you draw over your head, and so leave hanging: many a liberative cavalier has ridden, in those hot climates, without further dress at all; and fought handsomely too, wrapping the blanket round his arm, when it came to the charge.

* A Statement of some of the Principal Events in the Public Life of Augustin de Iturbide: written by Himself. London. 1843.

With such cavalry, and artillery and infantry to match, Bolivar has ridden, fighting all the way, through torrid deserts, hot mud swamps, through ice-chasms beyond the curve of perpetual frost,—more miles than Ulysses ever sailed: let the coming Homers take note of it. He has marched over the Andes more than once; a feat analogous to Hannibal's; and seemed to think little of it. Often beaten, banished from the firm land, he always returned again, truculently fought again. He gained in the Cumana regions the 'immortal victory' of Carababo and several others; under him was gained the finishing 'immortal victory' of Ayacucho in Peru, where Old Spain, for the last time, burnt powder in those latitudes, and then fled without return. He was Dictator, Liberator, almost emperor, if he had lived. Some three times over did he, in solemn Columbian parliament, lay down his Dictatorship with Washington eloquence; and as often, on pressing request, take it up again, being a man indispensable. Thrice, or at least twice, did he, in different places, painfully construct a Free Constitution; consisting of 'two chambers, and a supreme governor for life with liberty to name his successor,' the reasonablest democratic constitution you could well construct; and twice, or at least once, did the people on trial, declare it disagreeable. He was, of old, well known in Paris; in the dissolute, the philosophico-political and other circles there. He has shone in many a gay Parisian *soirée*, this Simon Bolivar; and he, in his later years, in autumn, 1825, rode triumphant into Potosi and the fabulous Inca Cities, with clouds of feathered Indians somersetting and war-whooping round him*—and 'as the famed Cerro, metalliferous Mountain, came in sight, the bells all pealed out, and there was a thunder of artillery,' says General Miller! If this is not a Ulysses, Polytlas and Polymetis, a much enduring and many-counselled man; where was there one? Truly a Ulysses whose history were worth its ink,—had the Homer that could do it, made his appearance!

Of General San Martin too there will be something to be said. General San Martin, when we last saw him, twenty years ago or more,—through the organs of the authentic steadfast Mr. Miers,—had a handsome house in Mendoza, and 'his own portrait, as I remarked, hung up between those of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington.'

* Memoirs of General Miller.

In Mendoza, cheerful, mudbuilt, white-washed Town, seated at the eastern base of the Andes, 'with its shady public walk well paved and swept;' looking out pleasantly, on this hand, over wide horizons of Pampa wilderness; pleasantly on that, to the Rock-chain, *Cordillera* they call it, of the sky-piercing Mountains, cap't in snow, or with volcanic fumes issuing from them: there dwelt General *Ex-Generalissimo* San Martin, ruminating past adventures over half the world; and had his portrait hung up between Napoleon's and the Duke of Wellington's.

Did the reader ever hear of San Martin's march over the Andes into Chile? It is a feat worth looking at; comparable, most likely, to Hannibal's march over the Alps, while there was yet no Simplon or Mont-Cenis highway; and it transacted itself in the year 1817. South American armies think little of picking their way through the gullies of the Andes: so the Buenos-Ayres people, having driven out their own Spaniards, and established the reign of freedom, though in a precarious manner, thought it were now good to drive the Spaniards out of Chile, and establish the reign of freedom there also instead: whereupon San Martin, commander at Mendoza, was appointed to do it. By way of preparation, for he began from afar, San Martin, while an army is getting ready at Mendoza, assembles 'at the fort of San Carlos by the Aguanda river,' some days' journey to the south, all attainable tribes of the Pehuenche Indians, to a solemn *Palaver*, so they name it, and civic entertainment, on the esplanade there. The ceremonies and deliberations, as described by General Miller, are somewhat surprising; still more the concluding civic feast, which lasts for three days, which consists of horses' flesh for the solid part, and horses' blood with ardent spirits *ad libitum* for the liquid, consumed with such alacrity, with such results as one may fancy. However, the women had prudently removed all the arms beforehand; nay, 'five or six of these poor women, taking it by turns, were always found in a sober state, watching over the rest;' so that comparatively little mischief was done, and only 'one or two' deaths by quarrel took place.

The Pehuenches having drunk their ardent-water and horses' blood in this manner, and sworn eternal friendship to San Martin, went home, and—communicated to his enemies, across the Andes, the road he meant to take. This was what San Martin had foreseen and meant, the know-

ing man! He hastened his preparations, got his artillery slung on poles, his men equipt with knapsacks and haversacks, his mules in readiness; and, in all stillness, set forth from Mendoza by *another* road. Few things in late war, according to General Miller, have been more noteworthy than this march. The long straggling line of soldiers, six thousand and odd, with their quadrupeds and baggage, winding through the heart of the Andes, breaking for a brief moment the old abysmal solitudes!—For you farre along, on some narrow roadway, through stony labyrinths; huge rock-mountains hanging over your head, on this hand; and under your feet, on that, the roar of mountain-cataracts, horror of bottomless chasms;—the very winds and echoes, howling on you in an almost preternatural manner. Towering rock-barriers rise sky-high before you, and behind you, and around you; intricate the outgate! The roadway is narrow; footing none of the best. Sharp turns there are, where it will behove you to mind your paces; one false step, and you will need no second; in the gloomy jaws of the abyss you vanish, and the spectral winds howl requiem. Somewhat better are the suspension-bridges, made of bamboo and leather, though they swing like see-saws: men are stationed with lassos, to gin you dexterously, and fish you up from the torrent, if you trip there.

Through this kind of country did San Martin march; straight towards San Iago, to fight the Spaniards and deliver Chile. For ammunition waggons, he had *sorras*, sledges, canoe-shaped boxes, made of dried bull's-hide. His cannons were carried on the back of mules, each cannon on two mules judiciously harnessed: on the packsaddle of your foremost mule, there rested with firm girths a long strong pole; the other end of which (*forked* end, we suppose) rested, with like girths, on the packsaddle of the hindmost mule; your cannon was slung with leathern straps on this pole, and so travelled, swaying and dangling, yet moderately secure. In the knapsack of each soldier was eight days' provender, dried beef ground into snuff-powder, with a modicum of pepper, and some slight seasoning of biscuit or maize-meal; 'store of onions, of garlic,' was not wanting: Paraguay tea could be boiled at eventide, by fire of scrub-bushes, or almost of rock-lichens or dried mule-dung. No further baggage was permitted: each soldier lay, at night, wrapt in his *poncho*, with his knapsack for pillow, under the

canopy of heaven; lullabied by hard travail; and sank soon enough into steady nose-melody, into the foolishlest rough colt-dance of unimaginable Dreams. Had he not left much behind him in the Pampas,—mother, mistress, what not; and was like to find somewhat, if he ever got across to Chile living? What an entity, one of those night-leaguers of San Martin; all steadily snoring there, in the heart of the Andes, under the eternal stars! Way-worn sentries with difficulty keep themselves awake; tired mules chew barley rations, or doze on three legs; the feeble watchfire will hardly kindle a cigar; Canopus and the Southern Cross glitter down; and all snores steadily, begirt by granite deserts, looked on by the constellations in that manner! San Martin's improvident soldiers ate out their week's rations almost in half the time; and for the last three days, had to rush on, spurred by hunger: this also the knowing San Martin had foreseen; and knew that they could bear it, these rugged *Guachos* of his; nay, that they would march all the faster for it. On the eighth day, hungry as wolves, swift and sudden as a torrent from the mountains, they disembogued; straight towards San Iago, to the astonishment of men;—struck the doubly astonished Spaniards into dire misgivings; and then, in pitched fight, after due manœuvres, into total defeat on the 'Plains of Maypo,' and again, positively for the last time, on the Plains or Heights of 'Chacabuco,' and completed the 'deliverance of Chile,' as was thought, for ever and a day.

Alas, the 'deliverance' of Chile was but commenced; very far from completed. Chile, after many more deliverances, up to this hour, is always but 'delivered' from one set of evildoers to another set! San Martin's Manœuvres to liberate Peru, to unite Peru and Chile, and become some Washington-Napoleon of the same, did not prosper so well. The suspicion of mankind had to rouse itself; Liberator Bolivar had to be called in; and some revolution or two to take place in the interim. San Martin sees himself peremptorily, though with courtesy, complimented over the Andes again; and in due leisure, at Mendoza, hangs his portrait between Napoleon's and Wellington's. Mr. Miers considered him a fairspoken, obliging, if somewhat artful man. Might not the Chilenos as well have taken him for their Napoleon? They have gone farther, and, as yet, fared little better!

The world-famous General O'Higgins,

for example, he, after some revolution or two, became Director of Chile; but so terribly hampered by 'class-legislation' and the like, what could he make of it? Almost nothing! O'Higgins is clearly of Irish breed; and, though a Chileno born, and 'natural son of Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, formerly the Spanish Viceroy of Chile,' carries his Hibernianism in his very face. A most cheery, jovial, buxom countenance, radiant with pepticity, good humour, and manifold effectuality in peace and war! Of his battles and adventures let some luckier epic writer sing or speak. One thing we Foreign Reviewers will always remember: his father's immense merits towards Chile in the matter of highways. Till Don Ambrosio arrived to govern Chile, some half century ago, there probably was not a made road of ten miles long from Panama to Cape Horn. Indeed, except his roads, we fear there is hardly any yet. One omits the old Inca causeways, as too narrow (being only three feet broad) and altogether unfrequented in the actual ages. Don Ambrosio made, with incredible industry and perseverance and skill, in every direction, roads, roads. From San Iago to Valparaiso, where only sure-footed mules with their packsaddles carried goods, there can now wooden-axled cars loud-sounding, or any kind of vehicle, commodiously roll. It was he that shaped these passes through the Andes, for most part; hewed them out from mule-tracks into roads, certain of them. And think of his *casuchas*. Always on the higher inhospitable solitudes, at every few miles' distance, stands a trim brick cottage, or *casucha*, into which the forlorn traveller introducing himself, finds covert and grateful safety; nay food and refectory,—for there are 'iron boxes' of pounded beef or other provender, iron boxes of charcoal; to all which the traveller, having bargained with the Post-office authorities, carries a key.* Steel and tinder are not wanting to him, nor due iron skillet, with water from the stream: there he, striking a light, cooks hoarded victual at even-tide, amid the lonely pinnacles of the world, and blesses Governor O'Higgins. With 'both hands,' it may be hoped,—if there is vivacity of mind in him:

Had you seen this road before it was made,
You would lift both your hands, and bless General Wade!

It affects one with real pain to hear from

* Miers.

Mr. Miers, that the War of Liberty has half ruined these O'Higgins *casuchas*. Patriot soldiers, in want of more warmth than the charcoal box could yield, have not scrupled to tear down the door, door-case, or whatever wooden thing could be come at, and burn it, on the spur of the moment. The storm-stayed traveller, who sometimes, in threatening weather, has to linger here for days, 'for fifteen days together,' does not lift both his hands, and bless the Patriot soldier!

Nay, it appears, the O'Higgins roads, even in the plain country, have not, of late years, been repaired, or in the least attended to, so distressed was the finance department; and are now fast verging towards impassability and the condition of mule-tracks again. What a set of animals are men and Chilenos! If an O'Higgins did not now and then appear among them, what would become of the unfortunates? Can you wonder that an O'Higgins sometimes loses temper with them; *shuts* the persuasive outspread hand, clutching some sharpest hide-whip, some terrible sword of justice or gallows-lasso therewith, instead,—and becomes a Dr. Francia now and then! Both the O'Higgins and the Francia, it seems probable, are phases of the same character; both, one begins to fear, are indispensable from time to time, in a world inhabited by men and Chilenos!

As to O'Higgins the Second, Patriot, Natural son O'Higgins, he, as we said, had almost no success whatever as a governor; being hampered by class-legislation. Alas, a governor in Chile cannot succeed. A governor there has to resign himself to the want of success; and should say, in cheerful interrogative tone, like that Pope elect, who showing himself on the balcony, was greeted with mere howls, "*Non piacemmo al popolo?*"—and thereupon proceed cheerfully to the *next* fact. Governing is a rude business everywhere; but in South America it is of quite primitive rudeness: they have no parliamentary way of changing ministries as yet; nothing but the rude primitive way of hanging the old ministry on gibbets, that the new may be installed! Their government has altered its name, says the sturdy Mr. Miers, rendered sulky by what he saw there: altered its name, but its nature continues as before. Shameless speculation, malversation, that is their government: oppression formerly by Spanish officials, now by native hacendados, land-proprietors,—the thing called justice still at a great distance from them, says the

sulky Mr. Miers!—Yes, but coming always, answer we; every new gibbeting of an old ineffectual ministry bringing justice somewhat nearer! Nay, as Miers himself has to admit, certain improvements are already indisputable. Trade everywhere, in spite of multiplex confusions, has increased, is increasing: the days of somnolent monopoly and the old Acapulco ship are gone, quite over the horizon. Two good, or partially good measures, the very necessity of things has everywhere brought about in those poor countries: clipping of the enormous bat-wings of the clergy, and emancipating of the slaves. Bat-wings, we say; for truly the South American clergy had grown to be as a kind of bat-vampires:—readers have heard of that huge South American bloodsucker, which fixes its bill in your circulating vital-fluid as you lie *asleep*, and there sucks; waving you with the motion of its detestable leather wings into ever deeper sleep; and so drinking, till *it* is satisfied, and you—do not awaken any more! The South American governments, all in natural feud with the old church-dignitaries, and likewise all in great straits for cash, have everywhere confiscated the monasteries, cashiered the disobedient dignitaries, melted the superfluous church-plate into piasters; and, on the whole, shorn the *wings* of their vampire; so that if it still suck, you will at least have a chance of awakening before death!—Then again, the very want of soldiers of liberty led to the emancipating of blacks, yellows, and other coloured persons; your mulatto, nay your negro, if well drilled, will stand fire as well as another.

Poor South American emancipators; they began with Volney, Raynal and Company, at that gospel of Social Contract and the Rights of Man; under the most unpropitious circumstances; and have hitherto got only to the length we see! Nay now, it seems, they do possess 'universities,' which are at least schools with other than monk teachers: they have got libraries, though as yet almost nobody reads them, and our friend Miers, repeatedly knocking at all doors of the Grand Chile National Library, could never to this hour discover where the key lay, and had to content himself with looking in through the windows.* Miers, as already hinted, desiderates unspeakable improvements in Chile;—desiderates, indeed, as the basis of all, an immense increase of soap-and-water. Yes,

* Travels in Chile.

thou sturdy Miers, dirt is decidedly to be removed, whatever improvements, temporal or spiritual, may be intended next! According to Miers, the open, still more the secret personal nastiness of those remote populations, rises almost towards the sublime. Finest silks, gold brocades, pearl necklaces, and diamond ear-drops, are no security against it: alas, all is not gold that glitters; somewhat that glitters is mere putrid fish-skin! Decided, enormously increased appliance of soap-and-water, in all its branches, with all its adjuncts; this, according to Miers, would be an improvement. He says also ('in his haste,' as is probable, like the Hebrew Psalmist), that all Chileno men are liars; all, or in appearance, all! A people that uses almost no soap, and speaks almost no truth, but goes about in that fashion, in a state of personal nastiness, and also of spiritual nastiness, approaching the sublime; such people is not easy to govern well!—

But undoubtedly by far the notablist of all these South American phenomena is Dr. Francia and his Dictatorship in Paraguay; concerning whom and which we have now more particularly to speak. Francia and his 'reign of terror' have excited some interest, much vague wonder in this country; and especially given a great shock to constitutional feeling. One would rather wish to know Dr. Francia;—but unhappily one cannot! Out of such a murk of distracted shadows and rumours, in the other hemisphere of the world, who would pretend at present to decipher the real portraiture of Dr. Francia and his Life? None of us can. A few credible features, wonderful enough, original enough in our constitutional time, will perhaps to the impartial eye disclose themselves: these, with some endeavour to interpret these, may lead certain readers into various reflections, constitutional and other, not entirely without benefit.

Certainly, as we say, nothing could well shock the constitutional feeling of mankind, as Dr. Francia has done. Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, and indeed the whole breed of tyrants, one hoped, had gone many hundred years ago, with their reward; and here, under our very nose, rises a new 'tyrant,' claiming also his reward from us! Precisely when constitutional liberty was beginning to be understood a little, and we flattered ourselves that by due ballot-boxes, by due registration-courts, and bursts of parliamentary

eloquence, something like a real National Palaver would be got up in those countries,—arises this tawny-visaged, lean, inexorable Dr. Francia; claps you an embargo on all that; says to constitutional liberty, in the most tyrannous manner, Hitherto, and no farther! It is an undeniable, though an almost incredible fact, that Francia, a lean private individual, Practitioner of Law, and Doctor of Divinity, did, for twenty or near thirty years, stretch out his rod over the foreign commerce of Paraguay, saying to it, Cease! The ships lay high and dry, their pitchless seams all yawning on the clay banks of the Parana; and no man could trade but by Francia's license. If any person entered Paraguay, and the Doctor did not like his papers, his talk, conduct, or even the cut of his face,—it might be the worse for such person! Nobody could leave Paraguay on any pretext whatever. It mattered not that you were man of science, astronomer, geologist, astrologer, wizard of the north; Francia heeded none of these things. The whole world knows of M. Aimé Bonpland; how Francia seized him, descending on his tea-establishment in Entre Rios, like an obscene vulture, and carried him into the interior, contrary even to the law of nations; how the great Humboldt and other high persons expressly applied to Dr. Francia, calling on him, in the name of human science, and as it were under penalty of reprobation, to liberate M. Bonpland; and how Dr. Francia made no answer, and M. Bonpland did not return to Europe, and indeed has never yet returned. It is also admitted that Dr. Francia had a gallows, had jailors, law-fiscals, officials; and executed, in his time, 'upwards of forty persons,' some of them in a very summary manner. Liberty of private judgment, unless it kept its mouth shut was at an end in Paraguay. Paraguay lay under interdict, cut off for above twenty years from the rest of the world, by a new Dionysius of Paraguay. All foreign commerce had ceased; how much more all domestic constitution-building! These are strange facts. Dr. Francia, we may conclude at least, was not a common man but an uncommon.

How unfortunate that there is almost no knowledge of him procurable at present! Next to none. The Paraguayan can in many cases spell and read, but they are not a literary people; and, indeed this Doctor was, perhaps, too awful a practical phenomenon to be calmly treated of in the literary way. Your Broughton paints his sea-storm, not while the ship is

labouring and cracking; but after he has got to shore, and is safe under cover! Our Buenos-Ayres friends, again, who are not without habits of printing, lay at a great distance from Francia, under great obscurations of quarrel and controversy with him; their constitutional feeling shocked to an extreme degree by the things he did. To them, there could little intelligence float down, on those long muddy waters, through those vast distracted countries, that was not more or less of a distracted nature; and then from Buenos-Ayres over into Europe, there is another long tract of distance, liable to new distractions. Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, is, at present, to the European mind, little other than a chimera; at best, the statement of a puzzle, to which the solution is still to seek. As the Paraguanos, though not a literary people, can many of them spell and write, and are not without a discriminating sense of true and untrue, why should not some real 'Life of Francia,' from those parts, be still possible? If a writer of genius arise there, he is hereby invited to the enterprise. Surely in all places your writing genius ought to rejoice over an acting genius, when he falls in with such; and say to himself: "Here or nowhere is the thing for me to write of! Why do I keep pen and ink at all, if not to appraise men of this singular acting genius and the like of him? My fine-arts and æsthetics, my epics, literatures, poetics, if I will think of it, do all at bottom mean either that or else nothing whatever!"

Hitherto our chief source of information as to Francia is a little book, the second on our list, set forth in French some sixteen years ago, by the Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp. Translations into various languages were executed: of that into English it is our painful duty to say that no man, except in case of extreme necessity, shall use it as reading. The translator, having little fear of human detection, and seemingly none at all of divine or diabolic, has done his work even unusually ill; with ignorance, with carelessness, with dishonesty prepenze; coolly omitting whatsoever he saw that he did not understand;—poor man, if he yet survive, let him reform in time! He has made a French book, which was itself but lean and dry, into the most wooden of English false books; doing evil as he could in that matter;—and alarmed wages for it, as if the feat deserved wages first of all! Re-

formation, even on the small scale, is highly necessary.

The Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp were, and we hope still are, two Swiss Surgeons; who in the year 1819 resolved on carrying their talents into South America, into Paraguay, with views towards 'natural history,' among other things. After long toiling and struggling in those Parana floods, and distracted provinces, after much detention by stress of weather and of war, they arrived accordingly in Francia's country; but found that, without Francia's leave, they could not quit it again. Francia was now a Dionysius of Paraguay. Paraguay had grown to be, like some mousetraps and other contrivances of art and nature, easy to enter, impossible to get out of. Our brave Surgeons, our brave Rengger (for it is he alone of the two that speaks and writes) reconciled themselves; were set to doctoring of Francia's soldiery, of Francia's self; collected plants and beetles; and, for six years, endured their lot rather handsomely: at length, in 1825, the embargo was for a time lifted, and they got home. This book was the consequence. It is not a good book, but at that date there was, on the subject, no other book at all; nor is there yet any other better, or as good. We consider it to be authentic, veracious, moderately accurate; though lean and dry, it is intelligible, rational; in the French original, not unreadable. We may say it embraces up to this date, the present date, all of importance that is yet known in Europe about the Doctor Despot; add to this its indisputable brevity; the fact that it can be read sooner by several hours than any other *Dr. Francia*: these are its excellences,—considerable, though wholly of a comparative sort.

After all, brevity is the soul of wit! There is an endless merit in a man's knowing when to have done. The stupidest man, if he will be brief in proportion, may fairly claim some hearing from us: he too, the stupidest man, has seen something, heard something, which is his own, distinctly peculiar, never seen or heard by any man in this world before; let him tell us that, and if it were possible, nothing more than that,—he, brief in proportion, shall be welcome!

The Messrs. Robertson, with their 'Francia's Reign of Terror,' and other books on South America, have been much before the world of late; and failed not of a perusal from this reviewer; whose next

sad duty it now is to say a word about them. The Messrs. Robertson, some thirty or five-and-thirty years ago, were two young Scotchmen, from the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, as would seem; who, under fair auspices, set out for Buenos-Ayres, thence for Paraguay, and other quarters of that remote continent, in the way of commercial adventure. Being young men of vivacity and open eyesight, they surveyed with attentive view those convulsed regions of the world; wherein it was evident that revolution raged not a little; but also that precious metals, cow-hides, Jesuits' bark, and multiplex commodities, were nevertheless extant; and iron or brazen implements, ornaments, cotton and woollen clothing, and British manufactures not a few, were objects of desire to mankind. The brothers Robertson, acting on these facts, appear to have prospered, to have extensively flourished in their commerce; which they gradually extended up the river Plate, to the city of the Seven Streams or Currents (*Corrientes* so called), and higher even to Assumpcion, metropolis of Paraguay; in which latter place, so extensive did the commercial interests grow, it seemed at last expedient that one or both of the prosperous brothers should take up his personal residence. Personal residence accordingly they did take up, one or both of them, and maintain, in a fluctuating way, now in this city, now in that, of the De la Plata, Parana or Paraguay country, for a considerable space of years. How many years, in precise arithmetic, it is impossible, from these inextricably complicated documents now before us, to ascertain. In Paraguay itself, in Assumpcion city itself, it is very clear, the brothers Robertson did, successively or simultaneously, in a fluctuating inextricable manner, live for certain years; and occasionally saw Dr. Francia with their own eyes,—though to them or others, he had not yet become notable.

Mountains of cow and other hides, it would appear, quitted those countries by movement of the brothers Robertson, to be worn out in Europe as tanned boots and horse-harness, with more or less satisfaction,—not without due profit to the merchants, we shall hope. About the time of Dr. Francia's beginning his 'reign of terror,' or earlier it may be (for there are no dates in these inextricable documents), the Messrs. Robertson were lucky enough to take final farewell of Paraguay, and carry their commercial enterprises into other quarters of that vast continent, where the

reign was not of terror. Their voyagings, counter-voyagings, comings and goings, seem to have been extensive, frequent, inextricably complex; to Europe, to Tucuman, to Glasgow, to Chile, to Laswade and elsewhere; too complex for a succinct intelligence, as that of our readers has to be at present. Sufficient for us to know, that the Messrs. Robertson did bodily, and for good, return to their own country some few years since; with what net result of cash is but dimly adumbrated in these documents; certainly with some increase of knowledge—had the unfolding of it but been brief in proportion! Indisputably the Messrs. Robertson had somewhat to tell: their eyes had seen some new things, of which their hearts and understandings had taken hold more or less. In which circumstances the Messrs. Robertson decided on publishing a book. Arrangements being made, two volumes of 'Letters on Paraguay' came out, with due welcome from the world, in 1839.

We have read these 'Letters' for the first time lately: a book of somewhat aqueous structure: immeasurably thinner than one could have wished; otherwise not without merit. It is written in an off-hand, free-glowing, very artless, very incorrect style of language, of thought, and of conception; breathes a cheerful, euphetic, social spirit, as of adventurous South-American Britons, worthy to succeed in business; gives one, here and there, some visible concrete feature, some lively glimpse of those remote sun-burnt countries; and has throughout a kind of bantering humour or quasi-humour, a joviality and healthiness of heart, which is comfortable to the reader, in some measure. A book not to be despised in these dull times: one of that extensive class of books which a reader can peruse, so to speak, 'with one eye shut and the other not open;' a considerable luxury for some readers. These 'Letters on Paraguay' meeting, as would seem, a unanimous approval, it was now determined by the Messrs. Robertson that they would add a third volume, and entitle it 'Dr. Francia's Reign of Terror.' They did so, and this likewise the present reviewer has read. Unluckily the authors had, as it were, nothing more whatever to say about Dr. Francia, or next to nothing; and under this condition, it must be owned they have done their book with what success was well possible. Given a cubic inch of respectable Castile soap, To lather it up in water so as to fill one puncheon wine-

measure : this is the problem ; let a man have credit (of its kind) for doing his problem ! The Messrs. Robertson have picked almost every fact of significance from 'Rengger and Longchamp,' adding some not very significant reminiscences of their own ; this is the square inch of soap : you lather it up in Robertsonian loquacity, joviality, Commercial-Inn banter, Leading-Article philosophy, or other aqueous vehicles, till it fills the puncheon, the volume of four hundred pages, and say "There !" The public, it would seem, did not fling even this in the face of the venders, but bought it as a puncheon filled ; and the consequences are already here : Three volumes more on 'South America,' from the same assiduous Messrs. Robertson ! These also, in his eagerness, this present reviewer has read ; and has, alas, to say that they are simply the old volumes in new vocables, under a new figure. Intrinsically all that we did not already know of these three volumes,—there are craftsmen of no great eminence who will undertake to write it in one sheet ! Yet there they stand, three solid-looking volumes, a thousand printed pages and upwards ; three puncheons *more* lathered out of the old square inch of Castile soap ! It is too bad. A necessitous ready-witted Irishman sells you an indifferent grey-horse ; steals it overnight, paints it black, and sells it you again on the morrow ; he is haled before judges, sharply cross-questioned, tried and almost executed, for such adroitness in horse-flesh : but there is no law yet as to books !

M. de la Condamine, about a century ago, was one of a world-famous company that went into those equinoctial countries, and for the space of nine or ten years did exploits there. From Quito to Cuença, he measured you degrees of the meridian, climbed mountains, took observations, had adventures ; wild Creoles opposing Spanish nescience to human science ; wild Indians throwing down your whole cargo of instruments occasionally in the heart of remote deserts, and striking work there.* M. de la Condamine saw bull-fights at Cuença, five days running ; and on the fifth day, saw his unfortunate too audacious surgeon massacred by popular tumult there. He sailed the entire length of the Amazons River, in Indian canoes ; over narrow Pongo rapids, over infinite mud-waters, the infinite tangled wilderness

with its reeking desolation on the right hand of him and on the left ;—and had mischances, adventures, and took celestial observations all the way, and made remarks ! Apart altogether from his meridian degrees, which belong in a very strict sense to world-history and the advancement of all Adam's sinful posterity, this man and his party saw and suffered many hundred times as much of mere romance adventure as the Messrs. Robertson did :—Madame Godin's passage down the Amazons, and frightful life-in-death amid the howling forest-labyrinths, and wrecks of her dead friends, amounts to more adventure of itself than was ever dreamt of in the Robertsonian world. And of all this M. de la Condamine gives pertinent, lucid, and conclusively intelligible and credible account in one very small octavo volume ; not quite the eighth part of what Messrs. Robertson have already written, in a not pertinent, not lucid, or conclusively intelligible and credible manner. And the Messrs. Robertson talk repeatedly, in their last volumes, of writing still other volumes on Chile, 'if the public will encourage.' The Public will be a monstrous fool if it do. The Public ought to stipulate first, that the real new knowledge forthcoming there about Chile be separated from the knowledge or ignorance already known ; that the preliminary question be rigorously put, Are several volumes the space to hold it, or a small fraction of one volume ?

On the whole, it is a sin, good reader, though there is no Act of Parliament against it ; an indubitable *malesfaction* or crime. No mortal has a right to wag his tongue, much less to wag his pen, without saying something : he knows not what mischief he does, past computation ; scattering words without meaning,—to afflict the whole world yet, before they cease ! For thistle-down flies abroad on all winds and airs of wind : idle thistles, idle dandelions, and other idle products of Nature or the human mind, propagate themselves in that way ; like to cover the face of the earth, did not man's indignant providence with reap-hook, with rake, with autumnal steel-and-tinder, intervene. It is frightful to think how every idle volume flies abroad like an idle globular downbeard, embryo of new millions ; every word of it a potential seed of infinite new downbeards and volumes ; for the mind of man is feracious, is voracious ; germinative, above all things, of the downbeard species ! Why, the author corps in Great Britain, every soul of

* Condamine : Relation d'un Voyage dans l'Intérieur de l'Amérique méridionale.

them *inclined* to grow mere dandelions if permitted, is now supposed to be about ten thousand strong; and the reading corps, who read merely to escape from themselves, with one eye shut and the other not open, and will put up with almost any dandelion or thing which they can read *without* opening both their eyes, amounts to twenty-seven millions all but a few! O could the Messrs. Robertson, spirited, articulate-speaking men, once know well in what a comparatively blessed mood you close your brief, intelligent, conclusive *M. de la Condamine*, and feel that you have passed your evening well and nobly, as in a temple of wisdom,—not ill and disgracefully, as in brawling tavern supper-rooms, with fools and noisy persons,—ah, in that case, perhaps the Messrs. Robertson would write their new work on Chile in *part* of a volume!

But enough of this Robertsonian department; which we must leave to the Fates and Supreme Providences. These spirited, articulate-speaking Robertsons are far from the worst of their kind; nay, among the best, if you will;—only unlucky in this case, in coming across the autumnal steel and tinder! Let it cease to rain angry sparks on them: enough now, and more than enough. To cure that unfortunate department by philosophical criticism—the attempt is most vain. Who will dismount on a hasty journey, with the day declining, to attack mosquito-swarms with the horsewhip? Spur swiftly through them; breathing perhaps some pious prayer to heaven. By the horsewhip they cannot be killed. Drain out the swamps where they are bred,—Ah, couldst thou do something towards that! And in the mean while: How to get on with this of Dr. Francia!

The materials, as our reader sees, are of the miserablest: mere intricate inanity (if we except poor wooden *Rengger*), and little more; not facts, but broken shadows of facts; clouds of confused bluster and jargon;—the whole still more bewildered in the *Robertsons*, by what we may call a running shriek of constitutional denunciation, 'sanguinary tyrant,' and so forth. How is any picture of Francia to be fabricated out of that? Certainly, first of all, by *omission* of the running shriek! This latter we shall totally omit. Francia, the sanguinary tyrant, was not bound to look at the world through *Rengger's* eyes, through Parish Robertson's eyes, but faithfully through his own eyes. We are to consider that, in all human likelihood, this Dionysius of Paraguay did mean something;

and then ask in quietness, What! The running shriek once hushed, perhaps many things will compose themselves, and straggling fractions of information, almost infinitesimally small, may become unexpectedly luminous!

An unscientific cattle-breeder and tiller of the earth in some nameless *chacra* not far from the city of Assumpcion, was the father of this remarkable human individual; and seems to have evoked him into being some time in the year 1757. The man's name is not known to us; his very nation is a point of controversy: Francia himself gave him out for an immigrant of French extraction; the popular belief was, that he had wandered over from Brazil. Portuguese or French, or both in one, he produced this human individual, and had him christened by the name of José Gaspar Rodriguez Francia, in the year abovementioned. Rodriguez, no doubt, had a mother too; but her name also, nowhere found mentioned, must be omitted in this delineation. Her name, and all her fond maternities, and workings, and sufferings, good brown lady, are sunk in dumb forgetfulness; and buried there along with her, under the twenty-fifth parallel of Southern Latitude; and no British reader is required to interfere with them! José Rodriguez must have been a loose-made tawny creature, much given to taciturn reflection; probably to crying humours, with fits of vehement ill-nature: such a subject, it seemed to the parent Francia cautiously reflecting on it, would, of all attainable trades, be suitablest for preaching the gospel, and doing the divine offices, in a country like Paraguay. There were other young Francias; at least one sister and one brother in addition; of whom the latter by and by went mad. The Francias, with their adust character, and vehement French-Portuguese blood, had perhaps all a kind of aptitude for madness. The Dictator himself was subject to the terriblest fits of hypochondria, as your adust 'men of genius' too frequently are! The lean Rodriguez, we fancy, may have been of a devotional turn withal; born half a century earlier, he had infallibly been so. Devotional or not, he shall be a priest, and do the divine offices in Paraguay, perhaps in a very unexpected way.

Rodriguez having learned his hornbooks and elementary branches at Assumpcion, was accordingly despatched to the University of Cordova in Tucuman, to pursue his curriculum in that seminary. So far we know, but almost no farther. What

kind of curriculum it was, what lessons, spiritual spoonmeat, the poor lank sallow boy was crammed with, in Cordova High Seminary; and how he took to it, and pined or thrived on it, is entirely uncertain. Lank sallow boys in the Tucuman and other high Seminaries are often dreadfully ill-dealt with, in respect to their spiritual spoonmeat, as the times go! Spoon-poison you might often call it rather: as if the object were to make them Mithridateses, able to live on poison? Which may be a useful art, too, in its kind! Nay, in fact, if we consider it, these high seminaries and establishments exist there, in Tucuman and elsewhere, not for that lank sallow boy's special purposes, but for their own wise purposes; they were made and put together, a long while since, without taking the smallest counsel of the sallow boy! Frequently they seem to say to him, all along: "This precious thing that lies in thee, O sallow boy, of 'genius,' so called, it may to thee and to eternal Nature, be precious; but to us and to temporary Tucuman, it is not precious, but pernicious, deadly: we require thee to quit this, or expect penalties!" And yet the poor boy, how can he quit it; eternal Nature herself, from the depths of the Universe, ordering him to go on with it? From the depths of the Universe, and of his own Soul, latest revelation of the Universe, he is, in a silent, imperceptible, but irrefragable manner, directed to go on with it,—and has to go, though under penalties. Penalties of very death, or worse! Alas, the poor boy, so willing to obey temporary Tucumans, and yet unable to disobey eternal Nature, is truly to be pitied. Thou shalt be Rodriguez Francia! cries Nature, and the poor boy to himself. Thou shalt be Ignatius Loyola, Friar Ponderoso, Don Fatpauncho Usandwonto! cries Tucuman. The poor creature's whole boyhood is one long lawsuit: Rodriguez Francia against All Persons in general. It is so in Tucuman, so in most places. You cannot advise effectually into what high seminary he had best be sent; the only safe way is to bargain beforehand, that he have force born with him sufficient to make itself good against all persons in general!

Be this as it may, the lean Francia prosecutes his studies at Cordova, waxes gradually taller towards new destinies. Rodriguez Francia, in some kind of Jesuit scullcap, and black college serge gown, a lank rawned creature, stalking with a down-look through the irregular public streets of Cordova in those years, with an

infinitude of painful unspeakabilities in the interior of him, is an interesting object to the historical mind. So much is unspeakable, O Rodriguez; and it is a most strange Universe this we are born into; and the theorem of Ignatius Loyola and Don Fatpauncho Usandwonto seems to me to hobble somewhat! Much is unspeakable; lying within one like a dark lake of doubt, of Acherontic dread, leading down to Chaos itself. Much is unspeakable, answers Francia; but somewhat also is speakable,—this for example: That I will not be a priest in Tucuman in these circumstances; that I should like decidedly to be a secular person rather, were it even a lawyer! Francia, arrived at man's years, changes from Divinity to Law. Some say it was in Divinity that he graduated, and got his Doctor's hat; Rengger says, Divinity; the Robertsons, likelier to be incorrect, call him Doctor of Laws. To our present readers it is all one, or nearly so. Rodriguez quitted the Tucuman *Alma Mater*, with some beard on his chin, and reappeared in Assumpcion to look out for practice at the bar.

What had Rodriguez contrived to learn, or grow to, under this his *Alma Mater* in Cordova, when he quitted her? The answer is a mere guess; his curriculum, we again say, is not yet known. Some faint smattering of Arithmetic, or the everlasting laws of Numbers; faint smattering of Geometry, everlasting laws of Shapes; these things, we guess, not altogether in the dark, Rodriguez did learn, and found extremely remarkable. Curious enough: That round Globe put into that round Drum, to touch it at the ends and all round, it is precisely as if you clapt 2 into the inside of 3, not a jot more, nor a jot less: wonder at it, O Francia; for in fact it is a thing to make one pause! Old Greek Archimedeses, Pythagorases, dusky Indians, old nearly as the hills, detected such things; and they have got across into Paraguay, into this brain of thine, thou happy Francia. How is it, too, that the Almighty Maker's planets run in those heavenly spaces, in paths which are conceivable in thy poor human head as Sections of a Cone? The thing thou conceivest as an Ellipse, the Almighty Maker has set his Planets to roll in that. Clear proof, which neither Loyola nor Usandwonto can contravene, that *Thou* too art denizen of this universe; that thou too, in some inconceivable manner, wert present at the Council of the Gods!—Faint smatterings of such things Francia did learn in Tucuman.

Endless heavy fodderings of Jesuit theology, poured on him and round him by the waggon-load, incessantly, and year after year, he did not learn; but left lying there as shot rubbish. On the other hand, some slight inkling of human grammatical vocables, especially of French vocables, seems probable. French vocables; bodily garments of the 'Encyclopédie' and Gospel according to Volney, Jean-Jacques and Company; of infinite import to Francia!

Nay, is it not in some sort beautiful to see the sacred flame of ingenuous human curiosity, love of knowledge, awakened, amid the damp somnolent vapours, real and metaphorical, the damp tropical poison-jungles, and fat Lethæan stupefactions and entanglements, even in the heart of a poor Paraguay Creole? Sacred flame, no bigger yet than that of a farthing rushlight, and with nothing but second-hand French class-books in science, and in politics and morals nothing but the Raynals and Rousseaus, to feed it:—an ill-fed, lank-quavering, most blue-coloured, almost ghastly-looking flame; but a needful one, a kind of sacred one even that! Thou shalt love knowledge, search what is the truth of this God's Universe; thou art privileged and bound to love it, to search for it, in Jesuit Tucuman, in all places that the sky covers; and shalt try even Volneys for help, if there be no other help! This poor blue-coloured inextinguishable flame in the soul of Rodriguez Francia, there as it burns better or worse, in many figures, through the whole life of him, is very notable to me. Blue flame though it be, it has to burn up considerable quantities of poisonous lumber from the general face of Paraguay; and singe the profound impenetrable forest-jungle, spite of all its brambles and lianas, into a very black condition,—intimating that there shall be decess and removal on the part of said forest jungle; peremptory removal; that the blessed Sunlight shall again look in upon his cousin Earth, tyrannously hidden from him, for so many centuries now! Courage, Rodriguez!

Rodriguez, indifferent to such remote considerations, successfully addicts himself to law-pleadings, and general private studies, in the city of Assumpcion. We have always understood he was one of the best advocates, perhaps the very best, and what is still more, the justest that ever took briefs in that country. This the Robertsonian 'Reign of Terror' itself is willing to admit, nay repeatedly asserts, and impresses on us. He was so just and true,

while a young man; gave such divine prognostics of a life of nobleness; and then, in his riper years, so belied all that! Shameful to think of: he bade fair, at one time, to be a friend of humanity of the first water; and then gradually, hardened by political success, and love of power, he became a mere ravenous goul, or solitary thief in the night; stealing the constitutional palladiums from their parliament houses—and executed upward of forty persons! Sad to consider what men and friends-of-humanity will come to!

For the rest, it is not given to this or as yet to any editor, till a Biography arrive from Paraguay, to shape out with the smallest clearness, a representation of Francia's existence as an Assumpcion Advocate; the scene is so distant, the conditions of it so unknown. Assumpcion city, near three hundred years old now, lies in free-and-easy fashion, on the left bank of the Parana River; embosomed among fruit-forests, rich tropical umbrage; thick wood round it everywhere,—which serves for defence too against the Indians. Approach by which of the various roads you will, it is through miles of solitary shady avenue, shutting out the sun's glare; over-canopying, as with grateful green awning, the loose sand-highway,—where, in the early part of this century (date undiscoverable in those intricate volumes), Mr. Parish Robertson, advancing on horseback, met one cart driven by a smart brown girl, in red bodice, with long black hair, not unattractive to look upon; and for a space of twelve miles, no other articulate-speaking thing whatever.*

The people of that profuse climate live in a careless abundance, troubling themselves about few things; build what wooden carts, hide-beds, mud-brick houses, are indispensable; import what of ornamental lies handiest abroad; exchanging it for Paraguay tea in sewed goatskins. Riding through the town of Santa Fé, with Parish Robertson, at three in the afternoon, you will find the entire population just risen from its siesta; slipshod, half-buttoned; sitting in its front verandahs open to the street, eating pumpkins with voracity,—sunk to the ears in pumpkins; imbibing the grateful saccharine juices, in a free and easy way. They look up at the sound of your hoofs, not without good humour. Frondent trees parasol the streets,—thanks to Nature and the Virgin. You will be welcome at their *tertulias*,—a kind of 'swarrie,' as the flunkey says, 'consisting

* Letters on Paraguay.

of flirtation and the usual trimmings: *swarrie* on the table about seven o'clock.' Before this, the whole population, it is like, has gone to bathe promiscuously, and cool and purify itself in the *Parana*: promiscuously, but you have all got linen bathing-garments and can swash about with some decency; a great relief to the human tabernacle in those climates. At your *tertulia*, it is said, the Andalusian eyes, still bright to this tenth or twelfth generation, are distractive, seductive enough, and argue a soul that would repay cultivating. The beautiful half-savages; full of wild sheet-lightning, which might be made continuously luminous! *Tertulia* well over, you sleep on hide-stretchers, perhaps here and there on a civilized mattress, within doors or on the housetops.

In the damp flat country parts, where the mosquitoes abound, you sleep on high stages, mounted on four poles, forty feet above the ground, attained by ladders; so high, blessed be the Virgin, no mosquito can follow to sting,—it is a blessing of the Virgin or some other. You sleep there, in an indiscriminate arrangement, each in his several *poncho* or blanket-cloak; with some saddle, deal-box, wooden log, or the like, under your head. For bed-tester is the canopy of everlasting blue: for night-lamp burns *Canopus* in his infinite spaces; mosquitoes cannot reach you, if it please the Powers. And rosy-fingered Morn, suffusing the east with sudden red and gold, and other flame-heraldry of swift-advancing Day, attenuates all dreams; and the sun's first level light-volley sheers away sleep from living creatures everywhere; and living men do then awaken on their four-post stage there, in the Pampas,—and might begin with prayer if they liked, one fancies! There is an altar decked on the horizon's edge yonder, is there not; and a cathedral wide enough?—How, over night, you have defended yourselves against vampires, is unknown to this editor.

The Guacho population, it must be owned, is not yet fit for constitutional liberty. They are a rude people; lead a drowsy life, of ease and sluttish abundance,—one shade, and but one, above a dog's life, which is defined as 'ease and scarcity.' The arts are in their infancy; and not less the virtues. For equipment, clothing, bedding, household furniture, and general outfit of every kind, those simple populations depend much on the skin of the cow; making of it most things wanted, lasso, bolas, ship-cordage, trimmings of cart-

wheels, spatterdashes, beds, and house-doors. In country places they sit on the skull of the cow: General Artigas was seen, and spoken with, by one of the Robertsons, sitting among field-officers, all on cow-skulls, toasting stripes of beef, and 'dictating to three secretaries at once.*' They sit on the skull of the cow in country places; nay they heat themselves, and even burn lime, by igniting the carcass of the cow.

One art they seem to have perfected, and one only—that of riding. Astley's and Ducrow's must hide their head, all glories of Newmarket and Epsom dwindle to extinction, in comparison of Guacho horsemanship. Certainly if ever Centaurs lived upon the earth, these are of them. They stick on their horses as if both were one flesh; galloping where there seems hardly path for an ibex; leaping like kangaroos, and flourishing their nooses and bolases the while. They can whirl themselves round under the belly of the horse, in cases of war-stratagem, and stick fast, hanging on by the mere great toe and heel. You think it is a drove of wild horses galloping up: on a sudden, with wild scream, it becomes a troop of Centaurs with pikes in their hands. Nay, they have the skill, which most of all transcends Newmarket, of riding on horses that are not fed; and can bring fresh speed and alacrity out of a horse which, with you, was on the point of lying down. To ride on three horses with Ducrow they would esteem a small feat: to ride on the broken-winded fractional part of one horse, that is the feat!

Their huts abound in beef, in reek also, and rubbish; excelling in dirt most places that human nature has anywhere inhabited. Poor Guachos! They drink Paraguay tea, sucking it up in succession, through the same tin pipe, from one common skillet. They are hospitable, sooty, leathery, lying, laughing fellows; of excellent talent in their sphere. They have stoicism, though ignorant of Zeno; nay stoicism coupled with real gaiety of heart. Amidst their reek and wreck, they laugh loud, in rough jolly banter; they twang, in a plaintive manner, rough love-melodies on a kind of guitar; smoke infinite tobacco; and delight in gambling and ardent spirits, ordinary refuge of voracious empty souls. For the same reason, and a better, they delight also in Corpus-Christi ceremonies, mass-chantings, and devotional perform-

* Letters on Paraguay.

ances. These men are fit to be drilled into something! Their lives stand there like empty capacious bottles, calling to the heavens and the earth, and all Dr. Francia who may pass that way: "Is there nothing to put into us, then? Nothing but nomadic idleness, Jesuit superstition, rubbish, reek, and dry stripes of tough beef?" Ye unhappy Guachos,—yes, there is something other, there are several things other, to put into you! But withal, you will observe, the seven devils have first to be put out of you: Idleness, lawless Brutalness, Darkness, Falseness—seven devils or more. And the way to put something into you is, alas, not so plain at present! Is it,—alas, on the whole, is it not perhaps to lay good horse-whips lustily upon you, and cast out these seven devils as a preliminary?

How Francia passed his days in such a region, where philosophy, as is too clear, was at the lowest ebb! Francia, like Quintus Fixlein, had 'perennial fire-proof joys, namely employments.' He had much law-business, a great and ever-increasing reputation as a man at once skilful and faithful in the management of causes for men. Then, in his leisure hours, he had his Volneys, Raynals; he had secondhand scientific treatises in French; he loved to 'interrogate Nature,' as they say; to possess theodolites, telescopes, star-glasses,—any kind of glass or book, or gazing implement whatever, through which he might try to catch a glimpse of Fact in this strange Universe: poor Francia! Nay, it is said, his hard heart was not without inflammability; was sensible to those Andalusian eyes still bright in the tenth or twelfth generation. In such case, too, it may have burnt, one would think, like anthracite, in a somewhat ardent manner. Rumours to this effect are afloat; not at once incredible. Pity there had not been some Andalusian pair of eyes, with speculation, depth and soul enough in the rear of them to fetter Dr. Francia permanently, and make a house-father of him. It had been better; but it befell not. As for that light-headed, smart, brown girl whom, twenty years afterwards, you saw selling flowers on the streets of Assumption, and leading a light life, is there any certainty that she was Dr. Francia's daughter? Any certainty that, even if so, he could and should have done something considerable for her? Poor Francia,

poor light-headed, smart, brown girl,—this present reviewer cannot say!

Francia is a somewhat lonesome, down-looking man, apt to be solitary even in the press of men; wears a face not unvisited by laughter, yet tending habitually towards the sorrowful, the stern. He passes everywhere for a man of veracity, punctuality, of iron methodic rigour; of iron rectitude, above all. 'The skilful lawyer,' 'the learned lawyer,' these are reputations; but the 'honest lawyer!' This law-case was reported by the Robertsons before they thought of writing a 'Francia's Reign of Terror,' with that running shriek, which so confuses us. We love to believe the anecdote, even in its present loose state, as significant of many things in Francia:

"It has been already observed that Francia's reputation, as a lawyer, was not only unsullied by venality, but conspicuous for rectitude.

"He had a friend in Assumption of the name of Domingo Rodriguez. This man had cast a covetous eye upon a Naboth's vineyard, and this Naboth, of whom Francia was the open enemy, was called Estanislao Machain. Never doubting that the young doctor, like other lawyers, would undertake his unrighteous cause, Rodriguez opened to him his case, and requested, with a handsome retainer, his advocacy of it. Francia saw at once that his friend's pretensions were founded in fraud and injustice; and he not only refused to act as his counsel, but plainly told him, that much as he hated his antagonist Machain, yet if he (Rodriguez) persisted in his iniquitous suit, that antagonist should have his (Francia's) most zealous support. But covetousness, as Ahab's story shows us, is not so easily driven from its pretensions; and in spite of Francia's warning, Rodriguez persisted. As he was a potent man in point of fortune, all was going against Machain and his devoted vineyard.

"At this stage of the question, Francia wrapped himself one night in his cloak, and walked to the house of his inveterate enemy, Machain. The slave who opened the door, knowing that his master and the doctor, like the houses of Montagu and Capulet, were smoke in each other's eyes, refused the lawyer admittance, and ran to inform his master of the strange and unexpected visit. Machain, no less struck by the circumstance than his slave, for some time hesitated; but at length determined to admit Francia. In walked the silent doctor to Machain's chamber. All the papers connected with the law-plea—voluminous enough I have been assured—were outspread upon the defendant's escritoire.

"'Machain,' said the lawyer, addressing him, 'you know I am your enemy. But I know that my friend Rodriguez meditates, and will certainly, unless I interfere, carry against you an act of gross and lawless aggression; I have come to offer my services in your defence.'

"The astonished Machain could scarcely credit his senses; but poured forth the ebullition of his gratitude in terms of thankful acquiescence.

* Robertson.

"The first 'escrito,' or writing, sent in by Francia to the Juez de Alzada, or Judge of the Court of Appeal, confounded the adverse advocates, and staggered the judge, who was in their interest. 'My friend,' said the judge to the leading counsel, 'I cannot go forward in this matter, unless you bribe Dr. Francia to be silent.' 'I will try,' replied the advocate, and he went to Naboth's counsel with a hundred doubloons (about three hundred and fifty guineas), which he offered him as a bribe to let the cause take its iniquitous course. Considering, too, that his best introduction would be a hint that this douceur was offered with the judge's concurrence, the knavish lawyer hinted to the upright one that such was the fact.

"*'Salga Usted,'* said Francia, *'con sus viles pensamientos, y vilísimo oro de mi casa.'* 'Out with your vile insinuations, and dross of gold from my house.'

"Off marched the venal drudge of the unjust judge; and in a moment putting on his capoté, the offended advocate went to the residence of the Juez de Alzada. Shortly relating what had passed between himself and the myrmidon,—*'Sir,'* continued Francia, 'you are a disgrace to law, and a blot upon justice. You are, moreover, completely in my power; and unless to-morrow I have a decision in favour of my client, I will make your seat upon the bench too hot for you, and the insignia of your judicial office shall become the emblems of your shame.'

"The morrow *did* bring a decision in favour of Francia's client. Naboth retained his vineyard; the judge lost his reputation; and the young doctor's fame extended far and wide."

On the other hand, it is admitted that he quarrelled with his father, in those days; and, as is reported, never spoke to him more. The subject of the quarrel is vaguely supposed to have been 'money matters.' Francia is not accused of avarice; nay, is expressly acquitted of loving money, even by Rengger. But he did hate injustice;—and probably was not indisposed to allow *himself*, among others, 'the height of fair play!' A rigorous, correct man, that will have a spade be a spade; a man of much learning in Creole law, and occult French sciences, of great talent, energy, fidelity:—a man of some temper withal; unhappily subject to private 'hypochondria;' black private thunder-clouds, whence probably the origin of these *lightnings*, when you poke into him! He leads a lonesome self-secluded life; 'interrogating Nature' through mere star-glasses, and Abbé-Raynal philosophies—who in that way will yield no very exuberant response. Mere law-papers, advocate-fees, civic officialities, renowns, and the wonder of Assumpcion Guachos;—not so much as a pair of Andalusian eyes that can *lasso* him, except in a temporary

way: this man seems to have got but a lean lease of Nature, and may end in a rather shrunk condition! A century ago, with this atrabiliar earnestness of his, and such a reverberatory furnace of passions, inquiries, unspeakabilities burning in him, deep under cover, he might have made an excellent monk of St. Dominic, fit almost for canonization; nay, an excellent Superior of the Jesuits, Grand Inquisitor, or the like, had you developed him in that way. But, for all this, he is now a day too late. Monks of St. Dominic that might have been, do now, instead of devotional raptures and miraculous suspensions in prayer, produce—brown accidental female infants, to sell flowers, in an indigent state, on the streets of Assumpcion! It is grown really a most barren time; and this Francia with his grim unspeakabilities, with his fiery splenetic humours, kept close under lock and key, what has he to look for in it? A post on the Bench, in the municipal *Cabildo*,—nay, he has already a post in the *Cabildo*; he has already been *Alcalde*, Lord-Mayor of Assumpcion, and ridden in such gilt coach as they had. He can look for little, one would say, but barren moneys, barren Guacho world-celebrities; Abbé-Raynal philosophisms also very barren; wholly a barren life-voyage of it, ending—in *zero*, thinks the Abbé Raynal?

But no; the world wags not that way in those days. Far over the waters there have been Federations of the Champ de Mars; guillotines, portable-guillotines, and a French people risen against tyrants; there has been a *Sansculottism*, speaking at last in cannon-volleys and the crash of towns and nations over half the world. Sleek Fatpauncho Usandwonto, sleek aristocratic Donothingism, sunk as in death-sleep in its well-stuffed easy chair, or staggering in somnambulism on the house-tops, seemed to itself to hear a voice say, Sleep no more, Donothingism; Donothingism doth murder sleep! It was indeed a terrible explosion, that of *Sansculottism*; commingling very Tartarus with the old-established stars;—fit, such a tumult was it, to awaken all but the dead. And out of it there had come Napoleonisms, Tamerlanisms; and then as a branch of these, Conventions of Aranjuez, soon followed by Spanish Juntas, Spanish Cortes; and, on the whole, a smiting broad awake of poor old Spain itself, much to its amazement. And naturally of New Spain next,—to *its* double amazement, seeing itself awake! And so,

in the new hemisphere too, arise wild projects, angry arguings; arise armed gatherings in Santa Marguerita Island, with Bolivars and Invasions of Cumana; revolts of La Plata, revolts of this and then of that; the subterranean electric element, shock on shock, shaking and exploding, in the new hemisphere too, from sea to sea. Very astonishing to witness, from the year 1810 and onwards. Had Dr. Rodriguez Francia three ears, he would hear; as many eyes as Argus, he would gaze! He is all eye, he is all ear. A new, entirely different figure of existence is cut out for Dr. Rodriguez.

The Paraguay people as a body, lying far inland, with little speculation in their heads, were in no haste to adopt the new republican gospel; but looked first how it would succeed in shaping itself into facts. Buenos Ayres, Tucuman, most of the La Plata provinces had made their revolutions, brought in the reign of liberty, and unluckily driven out the reign of law and regularity; before the Paraguenos could resolve on such an enterprise. Perhaps they are afraid? General Belgrano, with a force of a thousand men, missioned by Buenos Ayres, came up the river to countenance them, in the end of 1810; but was met on their frontier in array of war; was attacked, or at least was terrified, in the night watches, so that his men all fled;—and on the morrow, poor General Belgrano found himself not a countenancer, but one needing countenance; and was in a polite way sent down the river again! * Not till a year after did the Paraguenos, by spontaneous movement, resolve on a career of freedom;—resolve on getting some kind of congress assembled, and the old government sent its ways. Francia, it is presumable, was active at once in exciting and restraining them: the fruit was now drop-ripe, we may say, and fell by a shake. Our old royal Governor went aside, worthy man, with some slight grimace, when ordered to do so; National Congress introduced itself; secretaries read papers, compiled chiefly out of Rollin's Ancient History; and we became a Republic: with Don Fulgenao Yegros, one of the richest Guachos and best horsemen of the province, for *President*, and two Assessors with him, called also *Vocales*, or Vowels, whose names escape us; Francia, as *Secretary*, being naturally the Consonant, or motive soul of the combination. This, as we

grope out the date, was in 1811. The Paraguay Congress, having completed this constitution, went home again to its field-labours, hoping a good issue.

Feebler light hardly ever dawned for the historical mind, than this which is shed for us by Rengger, Robertsons, and Company, on the birth, the cradling, baptismal processes, and early fortunes of the new Paraguay Republic. Through long vague, and indeed intrinsically vacant pages of their books, it lies grey, undecipherable, without form and void. Francia was secretary, and a republic did take place; this, as one small clear-burning fact, shedding far a comfortable visibility, conceivability over the universal darkness, and making it into conceivable dusk with one rushlight fact in the centre of it,—this we do know; and, cheerfully yielding to necessity, decide that this shall suffice us to know. What more is there? Absurd somnolent persons, struck broad awake by the subterranean concussion of civil and religious liberty all over the world, meeting together to establish a republican career of freedom, and compile official papers out of Rollin,—are not a subject on which the historical mind *can* be enlightened. The historical mind, thank Heaven, forgets such persons and their papers, as fast as you repeat them. Besides, those Guacho populations are greedy, superstitious, vain; and, as Miers said in his haste, mendacious every soul of them! Within the confines of Paraguay, we know for certain but of one man who would do himself an injury to do a just or true thing under the sun: one man who understands in his heart that this Universe is an eternal Fact,—and not some huge temporary Pumpkin, saccharine, absinthian; the rest of its significance chimerical merely! Such men cannot have a history, though a Thucydides came to write it.—Enough for us to understand that Don This was a vapouring blockhead, who followed his pleasures, his speculations, and Don That another of the same; that there occurred fatuities, mismanagements innumerable; then discontents, open grumblings, and, as a running accompaniment, intrigues, caballings, outings, innings; till the Government House, fouler than when the Jesuits had it, became a bottomless, pestilent inanity, insupportable to any articulate-speaking soul; till Secretary Francia should feel that he, for one, could not be Consonant to such a set of Vowels; till Secretary Francia, one day, flinging down his papers, rising to his feet, should jerk out with oratorical vivacity his

* Rengger.

lean right hand, and say, with knit brows, in a low swift tone, "Adieu, Senhores; God preserve you many years!"—

Francia withdrew to his *chacra*, a pleasant country-house in the woods of Ytapúa not far off; there to interrogate Nature, and live in a private manner. Parish Robertson, much about this date, which we grope and guess to have been perhaps in 1812, was boarded with a certain ancient Donna Juana, in that same region; had *tertulias* of unimaginable brilliancy; and often went shooting of an evening. On one of those—but he shall himself report:

"On one of those lovely evenings in Paraguay, after the south-west wind has both cleared and cooled the air, I was drawn, in my pursuit of game, into a peaceful valley, not far from Donna Juana's, and remarkable for its combination of all the striking features of the scenery of the country. Suddenly I came upon a neat and unpretending cottage. Up rose a partridge; I fired, and the bird came to the ground. A voice from behind called out, '*Buen tiro*'—'a good shot.' I turned round, and beheld a gentleman of about fifty years of age, dressed in a suit of black, with a large scarlet *capote*, or cloak, thrown over his shoulders. He had a *maté*-cup in one hand, a cigar in the other; and a little urchin of a negro, with his arms crossed, was in attendance by the gentleman's side. The stranger's countenance was dark, and his black eyes were very penetrating, while his jet hair, combed back from a bold forehead, and hanging in natural ringlets over his shoulders, gave him a dignified and striking air. He wore on his shoes large golden buckles, and at the knees of his breeches the same."

"In exercise of the primitive and simple hospitality common in the country, I was invited to sit down under the corridor, and to take a cigar and *maté* (cup of Paraguay tea). A celestial globe, a large telescope, and a theodolite were under the little portico; and I immediately inferred that the personage before me was no other than Doctor Francia."

Yes, here for the first time in authentic history, a remarkable hearsay becomes a remarkable visuality; through a pair of clear human eyes, you look face to face on the very figure of the man. Is not this verily the exact record of those clear Robertsonian eyes, and seven senses; entered accurately, then and not afterwards, on the ledger of the memory? We will hope so; who can but hope so! The figure of the man will, at all events, be exact. Here too is the figure of his library;—the conversation, if any, was of the last degree of insignificance, and may be left out, or supplied *ad libitum*:

"He introduced me to his library, in a confined room, with a very small window, and that so shaded by the roof of the corridor, as to

admit the least portion of light necessary for study. The library was arranged on three rows of shelves, extending across the room, and might have consisted of three hundred volumes. There were many ponderous books on law; a few on the inductive sciences; some in French and some in Latin upon subjects of general literature, with Euclid's Elements, and some school-boy treatises on algebra. On a large table were heaps of law-papers and processes. Several folios bound in vellum were outspread upon it; a lighted candle (though placed there solely with a view to light cigars) lent its feeble aid to illumine the room; while a *maté*-cup and ink-stand, both of silver, stood on another part of the table. There was neither carpet nor mat on the brick floor; and the chairs were of such ancient fashion, size, and weight, that it required a considerable effort to move them from one spot to another."

Peculation, malversation, the various forms of imbecility and voracious dishonesty, went their due course in the government offices of Assumpcion, unrestrained by Francia, and unrestrainable:—till, as we may say, it reached a height; and, like other suppurations and diseased concretions in the living system, had to burst, and take itself away. To the eyes of Paraguay in general, it had become clear that such a reign of liberty was unendurable; that some new revolution, or change of ministry was indispensable.

Rengger says that Francia withdrew 'more than once' to his *chacra*, disgusted with his colleagues; who always by unlimited promises and protestations, had to flatter him back again: and then anew disgusted him. Francia is the Consonant of these absurd 'Vowels;' no business can go on without Francia! And the finances are deranged, insolvent; and the military, unpaid, ineffective, cannot so much as keep out the Indians; and there comes trouble and rumour of new war from Buenos Ayres;—alas, from what corner of the great continent come there other than troubles and rumours of war? Patriot generals become traitor generals; get themselves 'shot in market-places:' revolution follows revolution. Artigas, close on our borders, has begun harrying the Banda Oriental with fire and sword; 'dictating despatches from cow-skulls.' Like clouds of wolves,—only feller, being mounted on horseback, with pikes,—the Indians dart in on us; carrying conflagration and dismay. Paraguay must get itself governed, or it will be worse for Paraguay! The eyes of Paraguay, we can well fancy, turn to the one man of talent they have, the one man of veracity they have.

In 1813 a second Congress is got together: we fancy it was Francia's last advice to the

Government suppuration, when it flattered him back for the last time, to ask his advice, That such suppuration do now dissolve itself, and a new Congress be summoned! In the new Congress, the *Vocales* are voted out; Francia and Fulgencio are named joint *Consuls*: with Francia for Consul, and Don Fulgencio Yegros for *Consul's-cloak*, it may be better. Don Fulgencio rides about in gorgeous sash and epaulettes, a rich man and horse-subduer; good as Consul's cloak;—but why should the real Consul have a *cloak*? Next year in the third Congress, Francia, 'by insidious manœuvring,' by 'favour of the military,' and, indeed, also in some sort, we may say, by law of Nature,—gets himself declared *Dictator*: 'for three years,' or for life, may in these circumstances mean much the same. This was in 1814. Francia never assembled any Congress more; having stolen the constitutional palladiums, and insidiously got his wicked will! Of a Congress that compiled constitutions out of Rollin, who would not lament such destiny? This Congress should have met again! It was indeed, say Rengger and the Robertsons themselves, such a Congress as never met before in the world; a Congress which knew not its right hand from its left; which drank infinite rum in the taverns; and had one wish, that of getting on horseback, home to its field-husbandry and partridge-shooting. The military mostly favoured Francia; being gained over by him,—the thief of constitutional palladiums.

With Francia's entrance on the government as Consul, still more as Dictator, a great improvement, it is granted even by Rengger, did in all quarters forthwith show itself. The finances were husbanded, were accurately gathered; every official person in Paraguay had to bethink him, and begin doing his work, instead of merely seeming to do it. The soldiers Francia took care to see paid and drilled; to see march, with real death-shot and service, when the Indians or other enemies showed themselves. *Guardias*, guardhouses, at short distances, were established along the river's bank and all round the dangerous frontiers: wherever the Indian centaur-troop showed face, an alarm-cannon went off, and soldiers, quickly assembling, with actual death-shot and service, were upon them. These wolf-hordes had to vanish into the heart of their deserts again. The land had peace. Neither Artigas, nor any of the firebrands and war-plagues which were distracting South America from side to side, could get across the border. All negotiation or intercommuning with Buenos Ayres, or with any of these war-

distracted countries, was peremptorily waived. To no Congress of Lima, General Congress of Panama, or other general or particular congress would Francia, by deputy or message, offer the smallest recognition. All South America raging and ravening like one huge dog-kennel gone rabid, we here in Paraguay have peace, and cultivate our tea-trees: why should not we let well alone? By degrees, one thing acting on another, and this ring of frontier 'guardhouses' being already erected there, a rigorous *sanitary line*, impregnable as brass, was drawn round all Paraguay; no communication, import or export trade allowed, except by the Dictator's licence,—given on payment of the due moneys, when the political horizon seemed innocuous; refused when otherwise. The Dictator's trade-licences were a considerable branch of his revenues; his entrance dues, somewhat onerous to the foreign merchant (think the *Messrs.* Robertson), were another. Paraguay stood isolated; the rabid dog-kennel raging round it, wide as South America, but kept out as by lock and key.

These were vigorous measures, gradually coming on the somnolent Guacho population! It seems, meanwhile, that, even after the perpetual dictatorship, and onwards to the fifth or the sixth year of Francia's government, there was, though the constitutional palladiums were stolen, nothing very special to complain of. Paraguay had peace; sat under its tea-tree, the rabid dog-kennel, Indians, Artigueros and other war-firebrands, all shut out from it. But in that year 1819, the second year of the perpetual dictatorship, there arose, not for the first time, dim indications of 'plots,' even dangerous plots! In that year the firebrand Artigas was finally quenched; obliged to beg a lodging even of Francia, his enemy;—and got it, hospitably though contemptuously. And now straightway there advanced, from Artigas's lost wasted country, a certain General Ramirez, his rival and victor, and fellow-bandit and fire-brand. This General Ramirez advanced up to our very frontier; first, with offers of alliance; failing that, with offers of war; on which latter offer he was closed with, was cut to pieces; and—a letter was found about him, addressed to Don Fulgencio Yegros, the rich Guacho horseman and Ex-Consul; which arrested all the faculties of Dr. Francia's most intense intelligence, there and then! A conspiracy, with Don Fulgencio at the head of it; conspiracy which seems the wider-spread the farther one investigates it; which has been brewing itself these 'two years,' and now 'on Good-Friday next' is to be burst out; starting with the massacre of Dr. Francia and

others, whatever it may close with!* Francia was not a man to be trifled with in plots! He looked, watched, investigated, till he got the exact extent, position, nature, and structure of this plot fully in his eye; and then—why, then he pounced on it like a glade-falcon, like a fierce condor, suddenly from the invisible blue; struck beak and claws into the very heart of it, tore it into small fragments, and consumed it on the spot. It is Francia's way! This was the last plot, though not the first plot, Francia ever heard of during his perpetual dictatorship.

It is, as we find, over these three or these two years, while the Fulgencio plot is getting itself pounced upon and torn in pieces, that the 'reign of terror,' properly so called, extends. Over these three or these two years only,—though the 'running shriek' of it confuses all things to the end of the chapter. It was in this stern period that Francia executed above forty persons. Not entirely inexplicable! "*Par Dios, ye shall not conspire against me; I will not allow it. The career of freedom, be it known to all men, and Guachos, is not yet begun in this country; I am still only casting out the Seven Devils. My lease of Paraguay, a harder one than your stupidities suppose, is for life; the contract is, Thou must die if thy lease be taken from thee. Aim not at my life, ye constitutional Guachos,—or let it be a diviner man than Don Fulgencio, the horse-subduer, that does it. By heaven, if you aim at my life, I will bid you have a care of your own!*" He executed upwards of forty persons. How many he arrested, flogged, cross-questioned—for he is an inexorable man! If you are guilty, or suspected of guilt, it will go ill with you here. Francia's arrest, carried by a grenadier, arrives; you are in strait prison; you are in Francia's bodily presence; those sharp St. Dominic eyes, that diabolic intellect, prying into you, probing, cross-questioning you, till the secret cannot be hid: till the 'three ball cartridges' are handed to a sentry;—and your doom is Rhadamanthine!

But the plots, as we say, having ceased by this rough surgery, it would appear that there was, for the next twenty years, little or no more of it, little or no use for more. The 'reign of terror,' one begins to find, was properly a reign of rigour; which would become 'terrible' enough if you infringed the rules of it, but which was peaceable otherwise, regular otherwise. Let this, amid the 'running shriek,' which will and should run its full length in such circumstances, be well kept in mind.

It happened too, as Rengger tells us, in the same year (1820, as we grope and gather), that a visitation of locusts, as sometimes occurs, destroyed all the crops of Paraguay; and there was no prospect but of universal dearth or famine. The crops are done; eaten by locusts; the summer at an end! We have no foreign trade, or next to none, and never had almost any; what will become of Paraguay and its Guachos? In Guachos is no hope, no help: but in a Dionysius of the Guachos? Dictator Francia, led by occult French sciences and natural sagacity, nay driven by necessity itself, peremptorily commands the farmers throughout all Paraguay to sow a certain portion of their lands anew; with or without hope, under penalties! The result was a moderately good harvest still: the result was a discovery that two harvests were, every year, possible in Paraguay; that agriculture, a rigorous Dictator presiding over it, could be infinitely improved there.* As Paraguay has about 100,000 square miles of territory mostly fertile, and only some two souls planted on each square mile thereof, it seemed to the Dictator that this, and not foreign trade, might be a good course for his Paraguenos. This accordingly, and not foreign trade, in the present state of the political horizon, was the course resolved on; the course persisted in, 'with evident advantages,' says Rengger. Thus, one thing acting on another,—domestic plot, hanging on Artigas's country from without; and locust swarms with improvement of husbandry in the interior; and those guardhouses all already there, along the frontier,—Paraguay came more and more to be hermetically closed; and Francia reigned over it, for the rest of his life, as a rigorous Dionysius of Paraguay, without foreign intercourse, or with such only as seemed good to Francia.

How the Dictator, now secure in possession, did manage this huge Paraguay, which, by strange 'insidious' and other means, had fallen in life-lease to him, and was his to do the best he could with, it were interesting to know. What the meaning of him, the result of him, actually was? One desiderates some Biography of Francia by a native!—Meanwhile, in the '*Ästhetische Briefwechsel*' of Herr Professor Sauerteig, a work not yet known in England, nor treating specially of this subject, we find, scattered at distant intervals, a remark or two which may be worth translating. Professor Sauerteig, an open soul, looking with clear eye and large recognizing heart over all accessible quarters

of the world, has cast a sharp glance here and there into Dr. Francia too. These few philosophical remarks of his, and then a few anecdotes gleaned elsewhere, such as the barren ground yields, must comprise what more we have to say of Francia.

"Pity," exclaims Sauerteig once, "that a nation cannot reform itself, as the English are now trying to do, by what their newspapers call 'tremendous cheers!' Alas, it cannot be done. Reform is not joyous but grievous; no single man can reform himself without stern suffering and stern working; how much less can a nation of men? The serpent sheds not his old skin without rusty disconsolateness: he is not happy but miserable! In the *Water-cure* itself, do you not sit steeped for months; washed to the heart in elemental drenchings; and, like Job, are made to curse your day? Reforming of a nation is a terrible business! Thus, too, Medea, when she made men young again, was wont (*du Himmel!*) to hew them in pieces, with meat-axes; cast them into caldrons, and boil them for a length of time. How much handier could they but have done it by 'tremendous cheers' alone!"

"Like a drop of surgical antiseptic liquid, poured (by the benign Powers, as I fancy!) into boundless brutal corruptions; very sharp, very caustic, corrosive enough, this tawny tyrannous Dr. Francia, in the interior of the South American continent,—he, too, is one of the elements of the grand phenomenon there. A monstrous moulting process taking place;—monstrous glutinous *boa-constrictor* (he is of length from Panama to Patagonia) shedding his old skin; whole continent getting itself chopped to pieces, and boiled in the Medea caldron, to become young again,—unable to manage it by 'tremendous cheers' alone!"

"What they say about 'love of power' amounts to little. Power? Love of 'power' merely to make flunkies come and go for you is a 'love,' I should think, which enters only into the minds of persons in a very infantine state! A grown man, like this Dr. Francia, who wants nothing, as I am assured, but three cigars daily, a cup of *maté*, and four ounces of butchers' meat with brown bread: the whole world and its united flunkies, taking constant thought of the matter, can do nothing for him but that only. That he already has, and has had always; why should he, not being a minor, love flunkey 'power?' He loves to see *you* about him, with your flunkey promptitudes, with your grimaces, adulations, and sham-loyalty? You are so beautiful, a daily and hourly feast to the eye and soul? Ye unfortunates, from his heart rises one prayer, That the last created flunkey had vanished from this universe, never to appear more!

"And yet truly a man does tend, and must under frightful penalties perpetually tend, to be king of his world; to stand in his world as what he is, a centre of light and order, not of darkness and confusion. A man loves power:

yes, if he sees disorder his eternal enemy rampant about him, he does love to see said enemy in the way of being conquered; he can have no rest till that come to pass! Your Mahomet can bear a rent cloak, but clouts it with his own hands, how much more a rent country, a rent world. He has to imprint the image of his own veracity upon the world, and shall, and must, and will do it, more or less: it is at his peril if he neglect any great or any small possibility he may have of this. Francia's inner flame is but a meagre, blue-burning one: let him irradiate midnight Paraguay with it, such as it is."

"Nay, on the whole, how cunning is Nature in getting *her* farms leased! Is it not a blessing this Paraguay can get the one veracious man it has, to take lease of it, in these sad circumstances? His farm profits, and whole wages, it would seem, amount only to what is called 'Nothing and find yourself!' Spartan food and lodging, solitude, two cigars, and a cup of *maté* daily, he already had."

Truly, it would seem, as Sauerteig remarks, Dictator Francia had not a very joyous existence of it, in this his life-lease of Paraguay! Casting out of Seven Devils from a Guacho population is not joyous at all; both exorcist and exorcised find it sorrowful! Meanwhile, it does appear, there was some improvement made; no veritable labour, not even a Dr. Francia's, is in vain.

Of Francia's improvements there might as much be said as of his cruelties or rigours; for indeed, at bottom, the one was in proportion to the other. He improved agriculture:—not two ears of corn where one only grew, but two harvests of corn, as we have seen! He introduced schools, 'boarding-schools,' 'elementary schools,' and others, on which Rengger has a chapter; everywhere he promoted education, as he could; repressed superstition as he could. Strict justice between man was enforced in his law-courts: he himself would accept no gift, not even a trifle, in any case whatever. Rengger, on packing up for departure, had left in his hands, not from forgetfulness, a Print of Napoleon; worth some shillings in Europe, but invaluable in Paraguay, where Francia, who admired this hero much, had hitherto seen no likeness of him but a Nürnberg caricature. Francia sent an express after Rengger, to ask what the value of the Print was. No value; M. Rengger could not sell Prints; it was much at his Excellency's service. His Excellency straightway returned it. An exact, decisive man! Peculation, idleness, ineffectuality, had to cease in all the public offices of Paraguay. So far as lay in Francia, no public and private man in Paraguay was allowed to slur his work; all public and all private men, so far as lay in Francia, were forced to do their work or die! We

might define him as the born enemy of quacks; one who has from Nature a heart-hatred of unvaracity in man or in thing, whosoever he sees it. Of persons who do not speak the truth, and do not act the truth, he has a kind of diabolic-divine impatience; they had better disappear out of his neighbourhood. Poor Francia: his light was but a very sulphurous, meagre, blue-burning one; but he irradiated Paraguay with it (as our Professor says) the best he could.

That he had to maintain himself *alive* all the while, and would suffer no man to glance contradiction at him, but instantaneously repressed all such: this too we need no ghost to tell us; this lay in the very nature of the case. His lease of Paraguay was a *life-lease*. He had his 'three ball cartridges' ready for whatever man he found aiming at his life. He had frightful prisons. He had *Tevego* far up among the wastes, a kind of Paraguay Siberia, to which unruly persons, not yet got the length of shooting, were relegated. The main exiles, Rengger says, were drunken mulattoes and the class called unfortunate-females. They lived miserably there; became a sadder, and perhaps a wiser, body of mulattoes and unfortunate-females.

But let us listen for a moment to the Reverend Manuel Perez as he preaches, 'in the Church of the Incarnation at Assumpcion, on the 20th October, 1840,' in a tone somewhat nasal, yet trustworthy withal. His Funeral Discourse, translated into a kind of English, presents itself still audible in the 'Argentine News' of Buenos Ayres, No. 813. We select some passages; studying to abate the nasal tone a little; to reduce, if possible, the Argentine English under the law of grammar. It is the worst translation in the world, and does poor Manuel Perez one knows not what injustice. This Funeral Discourse has 'much surprised' the Able Editor, it seems;—has led him perhaps to ask, or be readier for asking, Whether all that confused loud litanying about 'reign of terror,' and so forth, was not possibly of a rather long-eared nature?

"Amid the convulsions of revolution," says the Reverend Manuel, "the Lord, looking down with pity on Paraguay, raised up Don Jose Gaspar Francia for its deliverance. And when, in the words of my text, the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised up a deliverer to the children of Israel, who delivered them."

"What measures did not his Excellency devise, what labours undergo, to preserve peace in the Republic at home, and place it in an attitude to command respect from abroad! His first care was directed to obtain supplies of arms,

and to discipline soldiers. To all that would import arms he held out the inducement of exemption from duty, and the permission to export in return whatever produce they preferred. An abundant supply of excellent arms was, by these means, obtained. I am lost in wonder to think how this great man could attend to such a multiplicity of things! He applied himself to study of the military art; and, in a short time, taught the exercise, and directed military evolutions like the skilfullest veteran. Often have I seen his Excellency go up to a recruit, and show him by example how to take aim at the target. Could any Paraguayo think it other than honourable to carry a musket, when his Dictator taught him how to manage it? The cavalry-exercise too, though it seems to require a man at once robust and experienced in horsemanship, his Excellency as you know did himself superintend: at the head of his squadrons he charged and manœuvred, as if bred to it; and directed them with an energy and vigour which infused his own martial spirit into these troops."

"What evils do not the people suffer from highwaymen!" exclaims his Reverence, a little farther on; "violence, plunder, murder, are crimes familiar to these malefactors. The inaccessible mountains and wide deserts in this Republic seemed to offer impunity to such men. Our Dictator succeeded in striking such a terror into them that they entirely disappeared, seeking safety in a change of life. His Excellency saw that the manner of inflicting the punishment was more efficacious than even the punishment itself; and on this principle he acted. Whenever a robber could be seized, he was led to the nearest guardhouse (*Guardia*); a summary trial took place; and, straightway, so soon as he had made confession, he was shot. These means proved effectual. Ere long the Republic was in such security, that, we may say, a child might have travelled from the Uruguay to the Parana without other protection than the dread which the Supreme Dictator inspired."—This is saying something, your Reverence!

"But what is all this compared to the demon of anarchy. Oh!" exclaims his simple Reverence, "Oh, my friends, would I had the talent to paint to you the miseries of a people that fall into anarchy? And was not our Republic on the very eve of this? Yes, brethren."—"It behoved his Excellency to be prompt; to smother the enemy in his cradle! He did so. He seized the leaders; brought to summary trial, they were convicted of high treason against the country. What a struggle now, for his Excellency, between the law of duty and the voice of feeling"—if feeling to any extent there were! "I," exclaimed his Reverence, "am confident that had the doom of imprisonment on those persons seemed sufficient for the state's peace, his Excellency never would have ordered their execution." It was unavoidable; nor was it avoided; it was done! "Brethren, should not I hesitate, lest it be a profanation of the sacred place I now occupy, if I seem to approve sanguinary measures in opposition to the mildness of the Gospel? Brethren, no. God himself approved the conduct of Solomon in putting Joab and Adoni-

jah to death." Life is sacred, thinks his Reverence, but there is something more sacred still: woe to him who does not know that wihah!

Alas, your Reverence, Paraguay has not yet succeeded in abolishing capital punishment, then? But indeed neither has Nature, anywhere that I hear of, yet succeeded in abolishing it. Act with the due degree of perversity, you are sure enough of being violently put to death, in hospital or highway—by dyspepsia, delirium tremens, or stuck through by the kindled rage of your fellow-men! What can the friend of humanity do? Twaddle in Exeter-hall or elsewhere, 'till he become a bore to us,' and perhaps worse! An advocate in Arras once gave up a good judicial appointment, and retired into frugality and privacy, rather than doom one culprit to die by law. The name of this advocate, let us mark it well, was Maximilien Robespierre. There are sweet kinds of twaddle that have a deadly virulence of poison concealed in them; like the sweetness of sugar of lead. Were it not better to make *just* laws, think you, and then execute them strictly,—as the gods still do?

"His Excellency next directed his attention to purging the state from another class of enemies," says Perez in the Incarnation Church; "the speculating tax-gatherers, namely. Vigilantly detecting their frauds, he made them refund for what was past, and took precautions against the like in future; all their accounts were to be handed in, for his examination, once every year."

"The habit of his Excellency when he delivered out articles for the supply of the public; that prolix and minute counting of things apparently unworthy of his attention—had its origin in the same motive. I believe that he did so, less from a want of confidence in the individuals lately appointed for this purpose, than from a desire to show them with what delicacy they should proceed. Hence likewise his ways, in scrupulously examining every piece of artizans' workmanship."

"Republic of Paraguay, how art thou indebted to the toils, the vigils and cares of our Perpetual Dictator! It seemed as if this extraordinary man were endowed with ubiquity, to attend to all thy wants and exigencies. Whilst in his closet, he was traversing thy frontiers to place thee in an attitude of security. What devastation did not those inroads of Indians from the Chaco occasion to the inhabitants of Rio-Abajo? Ever and anon there reached Assumpcion, tidings of the terror and affliction caused by their incursions. Which of us hoped that evils so widespread, ravages so appalling, could be counteracted? Our Dictator, nevertheless, did devise effectual ways of securing that part of the Republic."

"Four respectable fortresses with competent garrisons have been the impregnable barrier which has restrained the irruptions of those

ferocious Savages. Inhabitants of Rio-Abajo! rest tranquil in your homes: you are a portion of the people whom the Lord confided to the care of our Dictator; you are safe."

"The precautions and wise measures he adopted to repel force, and drive back the Savages to the north of the Republic; the fortresses of Clímpe, of San Carlos de Apa, placed on the best footing for defence; the orders and instructions furnished to the Villa de la Concepcion,—secured that quarter of the republic under attack from all."

"The great wall, ditch and fortress on the opposite bank of the river Paraná; the force and judicious arrangement of the troops distributed over the interior in the south of our Republic, have commanded the respect of its enemies in that quarter."

"The beauty, the symmetry and good taste displayed in the building of cities convey an advantageous idea of their inhabitants," continues Perez: "Thus thought Caractacus, King of the Angles,"—thus think most persons! "His Excellency, glancing at the condition of the capital of the republic, saw a city in disorder and without police; streets without regularity, houses built according to the caprice of their owners."

But enough, O Perez; for it becomes too nasal! Perez, with a confident face, asks, in fine, Whether all these things do not clearly prove to men and Guachos of sense, that Dictator Francia was 'the deliverer whom the Lord raised up to deliver Paraguay from its enemies?'—Truly, O Perez, the benefits of him seem to have been considerable. Undoubtedly a man 'sent by Heaven,'—as all of us are! Nay, it may be, the benefit of him is not even yet exhausted, even yet entirely become visible. Who knows but, in unborn centuries, Paragueno men will look back to their lean iron Francia, as men do, in such cases, to the one voracious person, and institute considerations! Oliver Cromwell, dead two hundred years, does yet speak; nay, perhaps, now first begins to speak. The meaning and meanings of the one true man, never so lean and limited, starting up direct from Nature's heat, in this bewildered Guacho world, gone far away from Nature, are endless!

The Messrs. Robertson are very merry on this attempt of Francia's to rebuild on a better plan the City of Assumpcion. The City of Assumpcion, full of tropical vegetation and 'permanent hedges, the deposits of nuisance and vermin,'* has no pavement, no straightness of streets; the sandy thoroughfare, in some quarters, is torn by the rain into gullies, impassable with convenience to any animal but a kangaroo. Francia, after meditation, decides on having it remodelled, paved, straightened—irradiated with the image of the one regular man. Robertson laughs to see

* Perez.

a Dictator, sovereign ruler, straddling about, 'taking observations with his theodolite,' and so forth: O Robertson, if there was no other man that *could* observe with a theodolite? Nay, it seems further, the improvement of Assumpcion was attended, once more, with the dreadfulest tyrannies: peaceable citizens dreaming no harm, no active harm to any soul, but mere peaceable passive dirt and irregularity to all souls, were ordered to pull down their houses which happened to stand in the middle of streets; forced (under rustle of the gallows) to draw their purses, and rebuild them elsewhere! It is horrible. Nay, they said, Francia's true aim in these improvements, in this cutting down of the luxuriant 'cross hedges' and architectural monstrosities, was merely to save himself from being shot, from under cover, as he rode through the place. It may be so: but Assumpcion is now an improved, paved city, much squarer in the corners (and with the planned capacity, it seems, of growing ever squarer*); passable with convenience, not to kangaroos only, but to wooden bullock-carts and all vehicles and animals.

Indeed our Messrs. Robertson find something comic as well as tragic in Dictator Francia; and enliven their running shriek, all through this 'Reign of Terror,' with a pleasant vein of conventional satire. One evening, for example, a Robertson being about to leave Paraguay for England, and having waited upon Francia to make the parting compliments, Francia, to the Robertson's extreme astonishment, orders in a large bale of goods, orders them to be opened on the table there: Tobacco, poncho-cloth, and other produce of the country, all of first-rate quality, and with the prices ticketed. These goods this astonished Robertson is to carry to the 'Bar of the House of Commons,' and there to say, in such fashion and phraseology as a native may know to be suitable: "Mr. Speaker—Dr. Francia is Dictator of Paraguay, a country of tropical fertility, and 100,000 square miles in extent, producing these commodities at these prices. With nearly all foreign nations he declines altogether to trade; but with the English, such is his notion of them, he is willing and desirous to trade. These are his commodities, in endless quantity; of this quality, at these prices. He wants arms, for his part. What say you, Mr. Speaker?"—Sure enough, our Robertson, arriving at the 'Bar of the House of Commons' with such a message, would have cut an original figure! Not to the 'House of Commons,' was this message properly addressed;

but to the English Nation; which Francia, idiot-like, supposed to be somehow represented, and made accessible and addressable in the House of Commons. It was a strange imbecility in any Dictator!—The Robertson, we find accordingly, did *not* take this bale of goods to the bar of the House of Commons; nay, what was far worse, he did not, owing to accidents, go to England at all, or bring any arms back to Francia at all: hence, indeed, Francia's unreasonable detestation of him, hardly to be restrained within the bounds of common politeness! A man who said he would do, and then did not do, was at no time a kind of man admirable to Francia. Large sections of this 'Reign of Terror' are a sort of unmusical sonata, or free duet with variations, to this text: "How unadmirable a hide-merchant that does not keep his word!"—"How censurable, not to say ridiculous and imbecile, the want of common politeness in a Dictator!"

Francia was a man that liked performance: and sham-performance, in Paraguay as elsewhere, was a thing too universal. What a time of it had this strict man with *zreal* performers, imaginary workmen, public and private, cleric and laic! Ye Guachos,—it is no child's play, casting out those Seven Devils from you!

Monastic or other entirely slumberous church-establishments could expect no great favour from Francia. Such of them as seemed incurable, entirely slumberous, he somewhat roughly, shook awake, somewhat sternly ordered to begone. *Débout canaille fainéante*, as his prophet Raynal says; *Débout: aux champs, aux ateliers!* Can I have you sit here, droning old metre through your nose; your heart asleep in mere gluttony, the while; and all Paraguay a wilderness or nearly so,—the Heaven's blessed sunshine growing mere tangles, lianas, yellow-fevers, rattlesnakes, and jaguars on it? Up, swift, to work,—or mark this governmental horsewhip, what the crack of it is, what the cut of it is like to be!—Incurable, for one class, seemed archbishops, bishops, and such like; given merely to a sham-warfare against extinct devils. At the crack of Francia's terrible whip they went, dreading what the cut of it might be. A cheap worship in Paraguay, according to the humour of the people, Francia left; on condition that it did no mischief. Wooden saints and the like ware, he also sitting in their niches: no new ones, even on solicitation, would he give a doit to buy. Being petitioned to provide a new patron-saint for one of his new fortifications once, he made this answer: "O people of Paraguay, how long will you continue

* Perez.

idiots! While I was a Catholic I thought as you do; but I now see there are no saints but good cannons that will guard our frontiers!"* This also is noteworthy. He inquired of the two Swiss surgeons, what their religion was; and then added, "Be of what religion you like, here: Christians, Jews, Mussulmans,—but don't be Atheists."

Equal trouble had Francia with his laic workers, and indeed with all manner of workers; for it is in Paraguay as elsewhere, like priest like people. Francia had extensive barrack-buildings, nay city-buildings (as we have seen), arm-furnishings; immensities of work going on, and his workmen had in general a tendency to be imaginary. He could get no work out of them; only a more or less deceptive similitude of work! Masons, so called, builders of houses did not build, but merely seem to build; their walls would not bear weather; stand on their bases in high winds. Hodge-razors, in all conceivable kinds, were openly marketed, 'which were never meant to shave, but only to be sold!' For a length of time Francia's righteous soul struggled sore, yet unexplosively, with the propensities of these unfortunate men. By rebuke, by remonstrance, encouragement, offers of reward, and every vigilance and effort, he strove to convince them that it was unfortunate for a Son of Adam to be an imaginary workman; that every Son of Adam had better make razors which were meant to shave. In vain, all in vain! At length Francia lost patience with them. "Thou wretched Fraction, wilt thou be the ninth part even of a tailor? Does it beseech thee to weave cloth of devil's dust instead of true wool; and cut and sew it as if thou wert not a tailor, but the fraction of a very tailor! I cannot endure everything!" Francia, in despair, erected his 'Workman's Gallows.' Yes, that institution of the country did actually exist in Paraguay; men and workmen saw it with eyes. A most remarkable, and on the whole, not unbeneficial institution of society there. Robertson gives us the following scene with the Belt-maker of Assumption; which, be it literal, or in part poetic, does, no doubt of it, hold the mirror up to Nature in an altogether true, and surely in a surprising manner:

"In came, one afternoon, a poor shoemaker, with a couple of grenadiers' belts, neither according to the fancy of the Dictator. 'Sentinel,'—said he,—and in came the Sentinel; when the following conversation ensued:

"Dictator:—'Take this *brisonazo* (a very favourite word of the Dictator's, and which being interpreted, means 'most impertinent scoundrel')

—'take this *brisonazo* to the gibbet over the way; walk him under it half-a-dozen times: and now,' said he, turning to the trembling shoemaker, 'bring me such another pair of belts, and instead of *walking* under the gallows, we shall try how you can *swing* upon it.'

"Shoemaker:—'Please your excellency I have done my best.'

"Dictator:—'Well, *brison*, if this be your best, I shall do my best to see that you never again mar a bit of the state's leather. The belts are of no use to me; but they will do very well to hang you upon the little framework which the grenadier will show you.'

"Shoemaker:—'God bless your excellency, the Lord forbid! I am your vassal, your slave: day and night have I served, and will serve my lord; only give me two days more to prepare the belts; *y por el alma de un triste zapatero* (by the soul of a poor shoemaker) I will make them to your excellency's liking.'

"Dictator:—'Off with him, sentinel!'

"Sentinel:—'Venga, *brison*; come along, you rascal.'

"Shoemaker:—'Senor Excelentissimo: This very night I will make the belts according to your excellency's pattern.'

"Dictator:—'Well, you shall have till the morning; but still you must pass under the gibbet: it is a salutary process, and may at once quicken the work and improve the workmanship.'

"Sentinel:—'Vamonos, *brison*; the supreme commands it.'

"Off was the shoemaker marched: he was, according to orders, passed and repassed under the gibbet, and then allowed to retire to his stall."

He worked there with such an alacrity and sibylline enthusiasm, all night, that his belts on the morrow were without parallel in South America; and he is now, if still in this life, Belt-maker general to Paraguay, a prosperous man; grateful to Francia and the gallows, we may hope, for casting certain of the seven devils out of him!

Such an institution of society would evidently not be introduceable, under that simple form, in our old-constituted European countries. Yet it may be asked of constitutional persons in these times, By what succedaneum they mean to supply the want of it, then? In a community of imaginary workmen, how can you pretend to have any government, or social thing whatever, that were real? Certain ten-pound franchisera, with their 'tremendous cheers,' are invited to reflect on this. With a community of quack workmen, it is by the law of Nature impossible that other than a quack government can be got to exist. Constitutional or other, with ballot-boxes or with none, your society in all its phases, administration, legislation, teaching, preaching, praying, and writing periodicals per sheet, will be a quack society; terrible to live in, disastrous

to look upon. Such an institution of society adapted to our European ways, seems pressingly desirable. O Guachos, South-American and European, what a business is it, casting out your seven devils!—

But perhaps the reader would like to take a view of Dr. Francia in the concrete, there as he looks and lives; managing that thousand-sided business for his Paraguenos, in the time of Surgeon Rengger? It is our last extract, or last view of the Dictator, who must hang no longer on our horizon here:

"I have already said that Doctor Francia, so soon as he found himself at the head of affairs, took up his residence in the habitation of the former Governors of Paraguay. This edifice, which is one of the largest in Assumpcion, was erected by the Jesuits, a short time before their expulsion, as a house of retreat for laymen, who devoted themselves to certain spiritual exercises instituted by Saint Ignatius. This structure the Dictator repaired and embellished; he has detached it from the other houses in the city, by interposing wide streets. Here he lives, with four slaves, a little negro, one male and two female mulattoes, whom he treats with great mildness. The two males perform the functions of valet-de-chambre and groom. One of the two mulatto women is his cook, and the other takes care of his wardrobe. He leads a very regular life. The first rays of the sun very rarely find him in bed. So soon as he rises, the negro brings a chafing-dish, a kettle, and a pitcher of water; the water is made to boil there. The Dictator then prepares, with the greatest possible care, his *maté*, or Paraguay tea. Having taken this, he walks under the interior colonnade that looks upon the court, and smokes a cigar, which he first takes care to unroll, in order to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it, though it is his own sister who makes up his cigars for him. At six o'clock comes the barber, an ill-washed, ill-clad mulatto, given to drink too; but the only member of the faculty whom he trusts in. If the Dictator is in good humour, he chats with the barber; and often in this manner makes use of him to prepare the public for his projects; this barber may be said to be his Official Gazette. He then steps out, in his dressing-gown of printed calico, to the outer colonnade, an open space with pillars, which ranges all round the building: here he walks about, receiving at the same time such persons as are admitted to an audience. Towards seven, he withdraws to his room, where he remains till nine; the officers and other functionaries then come to make their reports, and receive his orders. At eleven o'clock, the *fiel del fecho* (principal secretary) brings the papers which are to be inspected by him, and writes from his dictation till noon. At noon all the officers retire, and Dr. Francia sits down to table. His dinner, which is extremely frugal, he always himself orders. When the cook returns from market, she deposits her provisions at the door of her master's room; the Doctor then comes out, and selects what he wishes for himself.

After dinner he takes his *arresta*. On awaking, he drinks his *maté*, and smokes a cigar, with the same precautions as in the morning. From this till four or five, he occupies himself with business, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives. The barber then enters and dresses his hair, while his horse is getting ready. During his ride, the Doctor inspects the public works, and the barracks, particularly those of the cavalry, where he has had a set of apartments prepared for his own use. While riding, though surrounded by his escort, he is armed with a sabre, and a pair of double-barrelled pocket-pistols. He returns home about night-fall, and sits down to study till nine; then he goes to supper, which consists of a roast pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather be fine, he again walks in the outer colonnade, where he often remains till a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gives the watchword. On returning into the house, he fastens all the doors himself."

Francia's brother was already mad. Francia banished this sister by and by, because she had employed one of his grenadiers, one of the public government's soldiers, on some errand of her own.* Thou lonely Francia!

Francia's escort of cavalry used to 'strike men with the flat of their swords,' much more assault them with angry epithets, if they neglected to salute the Dictator as he rode out. Both he and they, moreover, kept a sharp eye for assassins; but never squand any, thanks perhaps to their watchfulness. Had Francia been in Paris!—At one time, also, there arose annoyance in the Dictatorial mind from idle crowds gazing about his Government House, and his proceedings there. Orders were given that all people were to move on, about their affairs, straight across this government esplanade; instructions to the sentry, that if any person paused to gaze, he was to be peremptorily bidden, Move on!—and if he still did not move, to be shot with ball-cartridge. All Paraguay men moved on, looking to the ground, swift as possible, straight as possible, through those precarious spaces; and the affluence of crowds thinned itself almost to the verge of solitude. One day, after many weeks or months, a human figure did loiter, did gaze in the forbidden ground: "Move on!" cried the sentry, sharply;—no effect: "Move on!" and again none. Alas, the unfortunate human figure was an Indian, did not understand human speech, stood merely gaping interrogatively,—whereupon a shot belched forth at him, the whewing of winged lead; which luckily only whewed, and did not hit! The astonishment of the Indian must

* Rengger.

have been great, his retreat-pace rapid. As for Francia he summoned the sentry with hardly suppressed rage, "What news, *Amigo*?" The sentry quoted 'your Excellency's order;' Francia cannot recollect such an order; commands now, that at all events such order cease.

It remains still that we say a word, not in excuse, which might be difficult, but in explanation, which is possible enough, of Francia's unforgivable insult to human science in the person of M. Aimé Bonpland. M. Aimé Bonpland, friend of Humboldt, after much botanical wandering, did, as all men know, settle himself in Entre Rios, an Indian or Jesuit country close on Francia, now burnt to ashes by Artigas; and there set up a considerable establishment for the improved culture of Paraguay tea. Botany? Why, yes,—and perhaps commerce still more. "Botany?" exclaims Francia: "It is shopkeeping agriculture, and tends to prove fatal to my shop! Who is this extraneous individual? Artigas could not give him right to Entre Rios; Entre Rios is at least as much mine as Artigas's! Bring him to me!" Next night, or next, Paraguay soldiers surrounded M. Bonpland's tea establishment; gallop M. Bonpland over the frontiers, to his appointed village in the interior; root out his tea-plants; scatter his four hundred Indians, and—we know the rest! Hard-hearted Monopoly refusing to listen to the charmings of Public Opinion or Royal-Society presidents, charm they never so wisely! M. Bonpland, at full liberty some time since, resides still in South America,—and is expected by the Robertsons, not altogether by this Editor, to publish his Narrative, with a due running shriek.

Francia's treatment of Artigas, his old enemy, the bandit and firebrand, reduced now to beg shelter of him, was good; humane, even dignified. Francia refused to see or treat with such a person, as he had ever done; but readily granted him a place of residence in the interior, and 'thirty piasters a month till he died.' The bandit cultivated fields, did charitable deeds, and passed a life of penitence, for his few remaining years. His bandit followers, who took to plundering again, says M. Rengger, 'were instantly seized and shot.'

On the other hand, that anecdote of Francia's dying father—requires to be confirmed! It seems, the old man, who, as we saw, had long since quarrelled with his son, was dying, and wished to be reconciled. Francia 'was busy;—what was

in it?—could not come.' A second still more pressing message arrives: 'The old father dare not die unless he see his son; fears he shall never enter heaven, if they be not reconciled.'—"Then let him enter——!" said Francia; "I will not come!"* If this anecdote be true, it is certainly of all that are in circulation about Dr. Francia, by far the worst. If Francia, in that death-hour, could not forgive his poor old father, whatsoever he had, or could in the murkiest sultriest imagination be conceived to have done against him, then let no man forgive Dr. Francia! But the accuracy of public rumour, in regard to a Dictator who has executed forty persons, is also a thing that can be guessed at. To whom was it, by name and surname, that Francia delivered this extraordinary response? Did the man make, or can he now be got to make, affidavit of it, to credible articulate-speaking persons resident on this earth? If so, let him do it—for the sake of the psychological sciences.

One last fact more. Our lonesome Dictator, living among Guachos, had the greatest pleasure, it would seem, in rational conversation,—with Robertson, with Rengger, with any kind of intelligent human creature, when such could be fallen in with, which was rarely. He would question you with eagerness about the ways of men in foreign places, the properties of things unknown to him; all human interest and insight was interesting to him. Only persons of no understanding being near him for most part, he had to content himself with silence, a meditative cigar and cup of *maté*. O Francia, though thou hadst to execute forty persons, I am not without some pity for thee!

In this manner, all being yet dark and void for European eyes, have we to imagine that the man Rodriguez Francia passed, in a remote, but highly remarkable, not unquestionable or unquestioned manner, across the confused theatre of this world. For some thirty years, he was all the government his native Paraguay could be said to have. For some six-and-twenty years he was express Sovereign of it; for some three, or some two years, a Sovereign with bared sword, stern as Rhadamanthus: through all his years, and through all his days, since the beginning of him, a Man or Sovereign of iron energy and industry, of great and severe labour. So lived Dictator Francia, and had no rest; and only in Eternity any prospect of rest. A

* Robertson.

life of terrible labour;—but for the last twenty years the Fulgencio plot being once torn in pieces and all now quiet under him, it was a more equable labour: severe but equable, as that of a hardy draught-steed fitted in his harness; no longer plunging and champing; but pulling steadily,—till he do all his rough miles, and get to his still home.

So dark were the Messrs. Robertson concerning Francia, they had not been able to learn in the least whether, when their book came out, he was living or dead. He was living then, he is dead now. He is dead,

this remarkable Francia; there is no doubt about it: have not we and our readers heard pieces of his Funeral Sermon? He died on the 20th of September, 1840, as the Rev. Perez informs us; the people crowding round his Government House with much emotion, nay, 'with tears,' as Perez will have it. Three Excellencies succeeded him, as some 'Directorate,' '*Junta Gubernativa*,' or whatever the name of it is, before whom this reverend Perez preaches. God preserve them many years.

SHORT REVIEWS OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

1. *Sieben Bücher Deutscher Sagen und Legenden. In Alten und Neuen Dichtungen.* (Seven Books of German Traditions and Legends. In Ancient and Modern Poems). Edited by AUGUST NODNAGEL. Darmstadt. 1839.
2. *Die Volksagen Ostpreussens Litthauens und Westpreussens.* (Popular Traditions of East Prussia, Lithuania, and West Prussia). Collected by W. J. A. von TETTAU and J. D. H. TENNIE. Berlin: Nicolai. 1837.
3. *Sagen und Märchen aus Potsdam's Vorzeit.* (Traditions and Tales from Potsdam's Former Times). Collected by KARL V. REINHARD. Potsdam: Stühr. 1841.
4. *Schlesischer Historien-Sagen-und Legenden Schatz.* (Silesian Treasury of Histories, Traditions, and Legends). Edited by HERMANN GOEDSCHE. Misnia.
5. *Die Volksagen Märchen und Legenden des Kaiserstaates Oesterreich.* (The Popular Traditions, Tales and Legends of the Imperial State Austria). Collected and edited by LUDWIG BECKSTEIN. Leipzig: Polet. 1841.
6. *Polnische Volksagen und Märchen aus dem Pölnischen des K. W. Weycichi.* (Polish Popular Traditions and Tales, translated from the Polish of K. M. Weycicki). By T. H. LEWESTAIN. Berlin: Schlesinger. 1839.
7. *Die Sagen der Stadt Stendal in der Altmark.* (The Traditions of the City of Stendal in the Old Mark). By E. WEINER. Tängermünde: Doeger. 1840.

THAT the people of Germany are essentially lovers of poetry, few readers who devote any attention to the progress of publication in that country, will for an instant doubt. Nor is their

fondness for the productions of the divine art limited to the masterpieces of its greatest professors. The nation, like their own Herder, recognizing the voice of the many—the very germ of poetry—in the national songs and traditions of all countries, receive with warmest satisfaction every fresh accession of ballads and legendary lore, which the most persevering industry of their writers can contribute to literature.

Nor are these endeavours made by the German literati to supply that demand which exists for works illustrative of the literature of the people, limited to a careful gathering up of the songs and tales, with which the boundless fertility of the national imagination has stored every corner of the empire; or to translation into the language of their Fatherland of the various collections of national tales, traditions, and ballads, which appear from time to time among the literary productions of foreign countries. Dwelling with affectionate delight on those old wives' legends, with the recital of which they were accustomed in their earlier years to while away the dull, dark evenings of winter, we find the numerous poets and poetasters of Germany ever and anon employing themselves, according to their several gifts, in turning into playful, and sometimes touching stanzas of their own, such favoured portions of the popular literature.

Goethe, Schiller, Tieck, have not disdained the task of marrying to immortal verse many of these wild and imaginative fictions; and it seems to be a favourite practice with the minor poets of Germany to find the themes of their poetic exercises in the legendary treasures of their native land. Some publish these sportive

effusions in separate volumes, while others are contented to employ them in giving a varied interest to the numerous pocket-books and periodicals with which Germany is inundated.

The first work before us, is an attempt to collect into one body these fanciful and widely-scattered productions of the German muse: an attempt for which the editor is entitled to the best thanks of all those readers who are content, like ourselves, to find in the innocence and simplicity which characterize them, glimpses of those good old times—those golden days, when 'love and all the world was young.' The collection is divided into seven books, containing altogether nearly three hundred different poems: comprising legends connected with the world of waters, and the nixes and water-sprites who haunt seas, rivers, and lakes; legends of giants, kobolds, and other 'black spirits and white;' fictions which turn upon that supernatural prolonging of human life of which the Wandering Jew furnishes eternal example, and upon the power which some mortals have possessed of revisiting the world; local traditions; poems based upon historical materials; and legends and miracles of the saints.

The other collections which follow M. Nodnagel's book, in the formidable list above this article, are so many testimonials of the love of tradition in all parts of Germany. Sometimes large districts, sometimes cities, have furnished legends that constitute the material of so many separate works. From the Slavonic provinces of Prussia, from Potsdam, from Austria, from the Old Mark, have these industrious antiquaries come forward with their stores; while one of them makes addition to the legendary riches of his own country by translation from the Polish. The authors have given their legends in every possible form. MM. Tettau and Temme adopt the dry style, and give the tradition itself, true and unembellished. Their object is not to amuse but to contribute to early history; and though their book is not a very readable one, the dark lights which their legends throw on the condition of a race which has now almost ceased to exist, the Lithuanian race of Prussia, are exceedingly interesting to any one who will study the subject. The Polish traditions are given as works of art; the dry legend being worked up into a pleasing tale by M. Weycicki. This collection, which is singularly wild and poetical, is, as a book of amusement, the most attractive of them all. In the Austrian legends, by L. Bechstein, who has considerable reputation as an antiquary, the dry style again prevails; while those of Potsdam form a sort of *juste milieu*. The Stendal traditions are divided into two parts: one containing the legends in verse, and the other following the popular style in which they are told. The 'Treasury' from Silesia fluctuates between the dry and the entertaining. This is a very carefully compiled book: each chapter being headed with a chronological table, so as to show the events of the period to which the traditions refer.

The whole mass of traditions will be most serviceable to the antiquary in northern history and superstition; but we most distinctly warn the general reader that the German is a serious

personage, and that when he intends to give information, he does not care to mix the daler with the *utile*. Nodnagel's Collection, the 'Traditions of the Rhine,' and Weycicki's 'Legends,' are all entertaining enough; having been especially adapted, chiefly by modern authors, to the amusement of the modern reader. But with the real grave book of tradition, the case is quite different,—and we can fancy the look of a reader, who having formed his notion of legends on Croker's 'Irish Tales,' or some work of the kind, opens the collection of MM. Tettau and Temme!

Our translation of the following specimens, of which the first is from the pen of W. C. Moller, will serve better than any description to show the manner in which the traditional materials in Nodnagel's collection are worked up.

THE MONK OF HEISTERBACH.

A young monk once, in cloister Heisterbach,
His pleasant garden's furthest paths explored;
His thoughts upon Eternity fell back,
He sought its meaning in God's Holy Word;

And pondered o'er what Peter once did say—
'A day to God is as a thousand years,
A thousand years to Him are as a day'—
Till straight his mind was torn by doubts and fear.

Thus lost in thought he paced each forest dell,
Yet heedless still of every object there,
Until he heard the solemn Vesper Bell
Summon him home to join at Even prayer.

In haste he runs to gain the garden door—
A stranger at the portal met his view—
He starts—yet sees the old church as of yore,
And hears those holy songs so well he knew.

So in the choir quick seeks his well-known place:
More wondrous still—a stranger fills his chair—
Nor does he see one old familiar face
Among the brotherhood assembled there.

Frighted himself, he scatters fear around;
They ask his name—he tells it, and straight hears
A murmur rise, that throughout Christendom,
No one has borne it for three hundred years.

'He who last bore it was a doubter, and
He disappeared once in yon forest old.
Since then the name has perished in the land—'
He hears them, and his heart's best blood runs cold.

He nameth now the Abbot, now the Year,
They search the cloister's musty records o'er,
And, wondrous! he's the very man, 'tis clear,
Who disappeared three centuries before.

Withered by fright, and suddenly turned grey,
He sinks—and sorrow killing him apace,
He dying warns the monks who round him pray,
'God is exalted above time and space!

'What He concealed, a miracle now clears!
Doubt not, but warning take by me, who say
I know, a day is as a thousand years
To God—a thousand years is as a day.'

The next, which is of a more playful character, is by Kopisch, a writer who possesses a very extraordinary facility of versification. We have ventured to make a slight alteration in its

title, by turning the 'Wasserman' of the original into a Water Sprite: the more strict interpretation of 'Waterman' being unfortunately suggestive to English ears of nothing more poetical than a saucy man in plush unmentionables.

GAFFER MICHAEL AND THE WATER SPRITE.

Gaffer Michael and the Water Sprite
Had dealings fair and good,
So well they dealt, they drank that night
Eternal brotherhood.
What brotherhood with a Water Sprite!
What good can ever come of it?

They ate together from the dish,
Together drank their wine:
'Gaffer Michael, an' thou likest fish,
Be thou a guest of mine.'
Ay, eat fish with a Water Sprite!
Who knows what good may come of it?

Gaffer Michael dived beneath the stream,
Well Michael marked the road;
All glazed with glass, as it did seem,
Was the Sprite's abode.
He went in with the Water Sprite—
Who knows what good may come of it?

They ate the best, they drank the best,
Till the Water Sprite was fou',
When Michael boldly him addressed,
'Thine house pray let me view?'
'Right gladly,' quoth the Water Sprite,
Who knows what good may come of it?

And as they went up stairs and down,
How Michael stared to see
Jars piled on jars each chamber round,
'What can this mean?' quoth he.
'Good store of jars, Sir Water Sprite,
You have, but what's the good of it?'

'Why in them,' quoth the Water Sprite,
And in his sleeve laughed he,
'I keep the soul of every wight
Who's drowned in flood or sea.'
Thought Michael, 'Now, Sir Water Sprite,
I know there may come good of it!'

The readers of Crofton Croker's 'Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland' will remember the story of the 'Soul Cages.' The song of Michael and the Water Sprite terminates in the same way, and we may here therefore, not inappropriately, bring our notice of these amusing and interesting volumes to a close—without further taxing our rhyming powers, or the patience of our readers.

Lucrèce, Tragédie, par M. PONSARD. Mademoiselle de Lavallière, Drame, par ADOLPHE DUMAS. Judith, Tragédie. Paris. 1843.

VICTOR Hugo's 'Burgraves' has been followed by a revived contest between the classic and romantic schools, which, although not of so vivid, and to speak literally, so striking a character as that which once marked this rivalry of

ancient and new regimes of literature, is nevertheless very interesting.

The partial failure of Hugo's play encouraged the Classicists to put forward a young author, hitherto unknown—a native of Vienne in Dauphiné—M. Ponsard, whose Tragedy of 'Lucrèce,' founded upon the story of the Chaste Lucretia, has been with unusual success* presented at the Odeon. M. Adolphe Dumas, meanwhile, boldly planted the banner of Romanticisme upon the old ground, the Porte St. Martin, the theatre of so many romantic triumphs. M. Dumas' play has for its subject the fate of Mademoiselle de Lavallière, mistress of Louis XIV.; and while the classic author rigidly followed history to the satisfaction of the young students of the different schools at the Odeon side of the water, M. Dumas upon the Boulevards gave loose rein to the caprices of an active imagination—redeeming his violations of received historical truth by passages of much beauty, as well as by striking dramatic situations.

The Paris critics to be sure are shocked at seeing Molière introduced on familiar terms with the haughty Louis XIV., and more shocked still, at a somewhat eccentric reply to a question put to the actor author by Bossuet. 'Who are you?' asks the abbé, afterwards the great bishop. 'An apostle,' is the abrupt rejoinder. It may perhaps be taken as an evidence of the progress of feeling in the right direction, that this poetic license was deemed worthy of censure in a high quarter. Upon discussion of the theatre subvention credits, in the chamber of peers, the Viscount de Dubouchage condemned the irreverent introduction of clergymen upon the stage. In justice to the author it must be added that he vindicated himself in a public letter, declaring that he entertained the most profound respect for religion. M. Dumas meant no more than that a great satirist like Molière was in reality a moral preacher.

The plays of M. Ponsard and of M. Dumas, the one appealing to the traditions of Roman history and Corneille, the other to the memory of the Great Reign by a fantastic combination of its great personages, have been each greatly successful; but if M. Ponsard's play be the

* The arts now so fashionable had all been used to prepare a 'sensation.' Boccage, the principal actor of the 'Odeon,' presided over two formal readings of the work, before two distinguished parties, at the last of which Lamartine, who was present, suddenly exclaimed with great enthusiasm, 'At length a dramatic poet has arisen; this work is an event!' The performance took place at the end of April; the most distinguished people of Paris were present; and when the curtain fell, there was a *furor* for the author's name. More than this, we learn that the extraordinary success of 'Lucrèce' has directed attention to a prize of 10,000 francs, which the Academy has the power of awarding for the tragedy "which is best calculated to exercise a favourable moral influence on public feeling." It would appear that the Academy had long forgotten even the existence of this prize, until M. Cousin formally proposed that it should be conferred upon M. Ponsard. The proposition was favourably received; but the decision is adjourned until the beginning of the year 1844.

colder it is considered much the more correct, and we are adjured to believe that his laurels have been most fairly won. We will not stop to discuss the principles in dispute just now, but when we find the critics concede so much as that Louis may make love in rhyme, and Bossuet sermonize in hexameters, might they not go a little farther, and allow the poet to dream his dream of the time, when his object is to throw light on no history other than that of the human heart?

We must at the same time confess, that when we thus see Bossuet the *vis-à-vis* of Molière, with similar grotesque contrasts, we incline to fancy we are only witnessing masquerade. But it is this nervous treading of the narrow line that marks the approximation of the sublime to the ridiculous, and vice versa, which always illustrates the ingenious temerity of the romantic school. We expect every moment to see a writer of the Hugo class fall at one side or the other of this delicate line, yet does he generally contrive to recover his balance gracefully. Yet when people get over their trepidation, these intellectual gymnastics lose their interest, and it is a relief once more to French ears to listen even to the heavy drawing forth of those interminable speeches, which compose what is called the dialogue of a classic tragedy.

M. Ponsard, though for the most part bent upon continuing the old form, has showed himself not insensible to the spirit of the existing age. With a surprising tact indeed he has steered his course between the two extremes. We have the classical proprieties blended with modern passion. He disregards the unities both of time and of place, and in his dialogue ventures upon a bold flight or two, not unworthy of the chief of the Romantic school—of Hugo himself. Hence the *Romantiques*, witnessing the enthusiasm with which his play is received up to the moment we are writing, claim him as one of their own; which the *Classiques* as strenuously deny; while he himself, like a great politician, leaves the two parties to settle the question between them. We take for an extract Lucretia's dream. The verses in the original are really powerful; which it is only fair to tell the reader of this perhaps indifferent translation.

I dreamed I entered in a sacred temple
Amidst a crowd—one would have said that Rome
Met altogether in that single place—
Whilst to receive the still increasing mass
The Temple's walls widened and widened more.
The priest to Romulus was sacrificing,
The chosen victim was before the altar;
Upon his skin the salt and flour were spread,
And o'er his forehead, where the horn arises,
The priest had poured the wine. I heard him say,
'O God Quirinus, these libations take,
And let Rome 'mongst the nations mighty be.'
He held his peace. In hope all trembling stood,
When suddenly a Voice of Thunder shook
The temple. 'Bring no more the blood of bulls,
Such meaner animals I take no more.
Make me an offering of human blood,
The blood of Woman pure—and great be Rome.'
Thus spake the God, and as he spake the Bull
Vanished from view—where—how—no one could
tell.

And I, e'en I myself, upon the altar
Stretched in his place, waited the falling axe.
While I lay there, all pale, a pillar opened,
And from it crept a serpent—crept towards me.
His body shaped into a chain of rings,
Slid slowly, lengthen'dly, sure of his prey!
Now to my body clings his icy fold,
My hair stood up with fright—curdled my flesh
Beneath his humid hold! I could not cry,
For my voice choked within my parched throat.
I tried to move; but, oh! I could not stir,
The monster folded round me like an arm.
He raised his head from which shot forth a dart,
His eyes on my eyes fixed—two flaming fires!
His breath upon my face smelled of the tomb,
And his forked tongue anticipating blood,
Ran o'er my body searching where to sting.
I saw no more—the dart was in my side,
And my assassin gone. Oh, Prodigy!
Fast as fell upon the bloody pavement
The streaming drops, they turned to armed battalions,
Numbrous and close as fields of standing corn,
But more superb their air—for every one
Carried a spear of brass than ripe wheat brighter!
Their ensign was a golden eagle looking
With haughty menace east, west, north, and south.
At length I woke so full of this dread dream,
That still I felt, and even now I feel,
The cold sharp arrow—Nurse, what can it mean!

Contemporaneously with the appearance of 'Lavallière' and 'Lucretia,' the Théâtre Français gave 'Judith,' a tragedy by Madame Emile de Girardin, the *spirituel* Vicomte de Launay of the *Presse*. Our readers are all acquainted with the Jewish story of Judith and Holofernes. The Parisian public know the same story from Horace Vernet's celebrated picture, hung up in the gallery of the Luxembourg. Madame de Girardin had long entertained the wish to see Rachel in a Jewish rôle, hoping that under the influence of the many associations so suggested, the great young tragedian would electrify the public. The poet, we fear, counted without her audience. We have already intimated why a classic tragedy at the Odeon among the students, and a romantic play at the Porte St. Martin, are at the same instant enjoying an equal share of success. But the subject chosen by Madame de Girardin had no hold upon the sympathies of a French theatrical assemblage, and the tragedy, notwithstanding the harmonious construction of the verse, fell coldly upon the ear. The failure cannot be denied.

We have been the more amused with Jules Janin's ingenious way of seeking to mystify both author and public, as to the opinion entertained of this tragedy by the critics. Before the play was presented, the fair poet, following recent custom, assembled a large number of the most distinguished authors of the day to hear it read. Of this *réunion* Janin gave a glowing account. The beautiful authoress he described, as she sat reading her production, her inspired blue eye, her long fair hair falling upon her heaving bosom, and so forth. But how different, alas! proceeds Janin, to hear poetry so read, and afterwards to be conducted to a theatre, with vulgar scenery and lamps, and uninspired actors and actresses—the black face of Holofernes over the folds of his white robe, looking like a prune in a dish of cream! In the one instance, imagination sup-

plied scenery and dresses; in the other, play-house scenery destroyed the illusions of imagination. Was ever author let down so gently? Was ever retreat more kindly covered?

Handbuch der allgemeinen Staatskunde von Europa. Von Dr. F. W. SCHUBERT. Königsberg: Bornträger. 1842.

WE give this title in German alone, for really we have no word which will exactly express 'Staatskunde.' Let Dr. Schubert, who has headed his first chapter, 'What is *Staatskunde*?' give his own definition. '*Staatskunde* is the science which treats of the present formation of states among the politically cultivated people of the earth, in their inner and outer life, and their mutual co-operation.' If we look to the parts of the word, 'Knowledge of states,' is all that is conveyed, but '*present*' exactly gives it the limitation, with which it is used. *Staatskunde* relates to the present, and is thereby distinguished from history (*Geschichte*) which has reference to the past. All information respecting the constitution, the produce, the natural peculiarities of the different countries, is included in the general category of *Staatskunde*. Dr. Schubert's book is one of those laborious productions which are indigenous to the German soil. The first huge volume appeared in 1835, and was devoted to a general introduction, and an account of the Russian empire. The German states came next in order, and in 1842, the fifth volume, or as the author calls it, the first part of the second division appeared, with an account of Austria. The industry of Dr. Schubert is enough to scare literary weaklings out of their senses, and to those who desire a full and accurate account of present Europe, his book is invaluable. We most strongly recommend it.

Selections from the Dramas of Göthe and Schiller, translated, with introductory Remarks, by ANNA SWANWICK. London: Murray. 1843.

THE dramas selected are the 'Iphigenia' of Göthe, which is given entire; the 'Torquato Tasso' of the same poet; and Schiller's 'Maid of Orleans,' of which two last only portions are given. The fair translator has gone to her beautiful task in the right spirit, adhering to the words of the original with fidelity, and evidently penetrating the mind of the poet. We give a speech from 'Iphigenia': that which is uttered by the heroine on discovering her brother.

Hear me, oh look up!
See how my heart which hath been closed so long,
Doth open to the bliss of seeing thee,
The dearest treasure that the world contains,—
Of falling on thy neck and folding thee
Within my longing arms, which have till now
Met the embraces of the empty wind.
Do not repulse me,—the eternal spring,
Whose crystal waters from Parnassus flow,
Bounds not more gaily on from rock to rock
Down to the golden vale, than from my heart
The waters of affection freely gush,

And round me form a circling sea of bliss,
Orestes! dear Orestes!

This is charmingly rendered, though we could wish the authoress had said 'Orestes, oh my brother,' instead of 'Orestes, dear Orestes.' It would have been nearer to the original, and it brings forward the relationship, which is the basis of the entire scene. We could also wish that Miss Swanwick had adhered to blank verse in the whole lyric speech of Iphigenia, which closes the fourth act. There is a majestic mournfulness in this song, a wail of fatality, such as no altered form can convey. But probably she was afraid of giving an English public a series of short blank lines, as being an unusual style of versification.

We do not call these faults, but merely points of difference between the translator and ourselves. The translations, as we have said before, are very beautiful, and while they will serve to make the mere English reader acquainted with two of the most perfect works ever written—the 'Iphigenia' and the 'Tasso'—they will form useful assistants to those who are commencing the study of the German language.

Jérôme Paturot à la recherche d'une Position sociale et Politique. (Jerome Paturot in search of a social and political Position.) Paris: Paulin. 1843.

THIS, as its name indicates, is a political novel, and owes perhaps to its title-page no small share of its success, which has been great, but will not be lasting. The public expect to find in a political novel some racy writing, a dose of satire, plain allusions to passing things, and good hard hitting at easily recognizable characters. They do not look for solutions of difficult questions, or novel views of grave subjects, and will soon tire of 'Jérôme Paturot.' What they want is, that to matters about which nothing remains to be argued, a biting pleasant flavour shall be imparted. Swift and Voltaire have left models perfect in their way, of how dull and faded things may be imbued with life and colour. So did Goldsmith in his 'Citizen of the World.' It may be that there is no room for a second 'Zadig'; but if such inventions forbid imitation, they have set the seal upon dulness or commonplace. Some other form must be discovered to excuse departure from the pamphlet, the essay, or the report.

This 'Jérôme Paturot' is not good as a story—the author is not happy in portraying character. M. Reybaud is, nevertheless, a writer of great talent, already distinguished for a work of philosophical criticism. The leading view inculcated by his novel will be learned by the following extract. It is one of the cleverest in the book.

"I was one of the high barons of shopocracy, and I assure you sufficient allowance is not made of the power attached to this state. It is here resides a part of the life of Paris, itself the patented provider of the human kind. The destinies of the world de-

pend more than is imagined upon this interesting population, which tenants the *rez-de-chaussée* (parlours) of the capital. Without it are neither made Revolutions or Invasions; account must be had in all things of its passions, prejudices, and interests. The Cossacks themselves were even supported so long as they were good customers; but from the moment they had no more cash to spend in shops, cafés, or places of pleasure, they became in their owners' eyes savage enemies once more, destitute of civilisation. The Parisian tradesman takes thus a part, for or against, in all great events. He sided with the liberals against the restoration. He declared against émeutes after the revolution of July. As a general rule, the retailer demands, above all, prosperity of trade and tranquillity of payments. When affairs go on well he joins the Opposition; when the contrary, he sides with the government. If the three glorious days had been eight, the retail trade would have felt a relapse towards Charles X. It cannot endure to see its horizon troubled; it will not pardon an opinion which obliges the shutters to be hastily put up. Let statesmen and candidates for office look to this. The feeling of the Parisian shopkeeper is an infallible political thermometer: there is little chance for the cause he does not adopt, and that which he abandons is soon compromised.

The level of the *parquet* belongs to him, and the *parquet* of Paris is the Empire."

Jerome being a thriving shopkeeper, is elected a captain in the National Guards, which position furnishes him with frequent occasions to manifest his loyalty, and being a good man and true, he receives encouragement from high quarters to canvass the electoral body of a remote district, which he does with success, and is made a deputy. The several stations of national guard, candidate, and deputy, afford him occasion for stating his views upon the national institutions; but the subject is not relieved by the vivaciousness of fiction, or dignified by the elevated calmness of inquiry. We have a hybrid work belonging to no distinct class. The government of the country is in the hands of the shopocracy—such is the complaint of M. Reybaud's book, and it is well founded. But of this we are certain: that the author affords no telling proof, no striking or resistless illustration, of the evil of the system, of which Jérôme Paturot, mercer, national guard, and deputy, is presented as the incarnation.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

AUSTRIA.

THE emperor Charles IV. founded the university of Prague by a golden bull, dated April 7th, 1348: consequently the fifth centennial anniversary of the establishment of that learned institution, will happen on the 7th of April, 1848. It is intended to celebrate the event by a grand national jubilee, and a committee has already been appointed to commence the necessary preparations. It is proposed, on the occasion of the jubilee, to found a new literary periodical publication, and to print a curious Old Hungarian manuscript, as a splendid specimen of typography.

Lanner, the celebrated waltz composer, died at Vienna in the beginning of April last. The popularity which his compositions enjoy throughout Europe, amounts to a positive *furor* in Vienna, his native city, where the composer as well as his works was almost idolized by all classes of the people from high to low. Lanner's death was a subject of deep and sincere regret throughout the Austrian capital, and his funeral gave occasion to a marked demonstration of public respect. The procession as it moved along was accompanied by about 60,000 persons of various ranks and conditions, all habited in deep mourning. All the public and municipal authorities attended.

The dramatic writer, Wilhelm Vogel, died lately in Vienna, at an advanced age. Vogel's last production, entitled 'Ein Handbillet Friedrichs II.,' a short time ago obtained a reward, which was sent to the author from Berlin, by his majesty the King of Prussia.

Donizetti has recently been engaged on several sacred compositions, which the Vienna critics speak of in terms of high praise. Among them are an *Offertorium*, an *Ave Maria*, and a *Miserere*.

In the Franciscan church at Insbruck a beautiful monument has been erected to the memory of the Tyroleans who have fallen in the various struggles that have arisen to resist foreign invasion since the year 1796. The Archduke John attended the ceremony, which was rendered exceedingly imposing by the observance of military solemnities. On the base of the monument is the following inscription: *Seinen in den Befreiungskämpfen gefallenen Söhnen, das dankbare Vaterland.* (The grateful country to her sons who have fallen in the struggles for freedom.)

BELGIUM.

A VERY curious collection of old historical documents was recently sold by auction at Ghent. They were the property of General Vandermiszen, who disposed of them, together with other

property, previously to his departure from Belgium, in pursuance of his sentence of banishment. All the most important documents were purchased for the archives of the Belgian government. Among them are the rolls of expenses in the households of Philip-le-Bon, Charles-le-Temeraire, and Philip-le-Beau; several very important documents relating to the arming of the fleet sent by Philippe-le-Bon to the aid of the island of Rhodes when besieged by the Turks; and some charters having reference to the sovereignty exercised by Louis, Duke of Orleans, over the duchy of Luxemburg, at the end of the 14th and commencement of the 15th centuries. Some documents in the collection, relating to Tournai, were purchased by the corporation of that city.

M. Vottem, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Liege, was lately killed by an unfortunate accident. Whilst he was driving in his tilbury on the banks of the Meuse, his horse took fright and dashed into the river. M. Vottem was drowned. He was one of the most distinguished Professors of the University of Liege, where he succeeded the celebrated Fohman in the chair of Anatomy.

In the last number of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review,' mention was made of the plan formed by the Belgian government, for completing the collection of Belgic State Papers. In furtherance of this design, M. Gachard, the keeper of the Belgic Archives, has been sent on a mission to Madrid. It is known that the Royal Library of Madrid contains many documents relative to the old national assemblies of Belgium. M. Gachard is instructed to make a careful examination of these, and of all documents concerning the general history of Belgium. There is reason to believe that M. Gachard's mission will be attended with results most important to historical science. M. Gachard has published his report to the Minister of the Interior, on the documents relating to the history of Belgium, which are to be found in the various libraries of Paris and Dijon. The report states that the Archives of Dijon contain some curious letters of Jacqueline of Bavaria; an inventory of the jewels of the House of Burgundy; and the itinerary of the Dukes Philippe-le-Hardi and Jean-sans-Peur, in which is noted day by day the employment of their time, &c.

DENMARK.

It is a curious fact, that the society formed at Copenhagen for the maintenance and extension of the Danish language in the northern part of the Duchy of Schleswig, comprises members from all the provinces of Denmark, excepting Schleswig. It would seem that in that part of the kingdom the sympathy for the Danish language is not very great; and P. H. Lorenzen, of Hadersleben, the zealous champion of the national tongue, complains bitterly of this indifference in some articles which he has published in a Copenhagen journal.

Lorenzen has sent one hundred thalers to the editor of the 'Dannevirke,' a journal which supports Danish interests, to assist in defraying the amount of a fine to which the publication was lately sentenced. The Editor Koch merely lends his name to the 'Dannevirke,' of which the real

and active managers are Professors Paulsen and Flor, of the University of Kiel. In the case of the 'Fædrelandet,' respecting which so much has recently been said, the nominal editor, who was cited before the Criminal Chamber, and threatened with imprisonment and bread and water, was a shoemaker.

Some notion of the present amount of literary taste in Denmark, may be gathered from the report of the directors of a reading society called the *Athenæum*, which was established in Copenhagen last year. The number of native members is 750, which number neither increased nor diminished throughout last year; but 254 tickets of monthly subscription, and 499 of weekly subscription were issued to foreigners. The number of journals and periodical publications regularly taken by the society, amounts to 161. Of these, forty-two are published in Copenhagen, thirteen in the Danish provinces, eight in Norway, and five in Sweden, (making altogether sixty-eight in the northern languages:) fifty-seven are German, twenty French, fifteen English, and one North American. During last year the library of the institution was enriched by upwards of 1178 new books and pamphlets.

EGYPT.

THE vast extent of interesting and instructive information to be derived from the Prussian Expedition now exploring Egypt, under the direction of Dr. Lepsius, promises to fulfil the most sanguine expectations. The individuals engaged in the expedition are eminently qualified by their knowledge and habits of research to throw light on those mysterious forms which the relics of antiquity present, and have always presented to modern observers: not only to our contemporary inquirers, but to the learned of remote ages, who, though ancients to us, were but moderns to the Pyramids and the Hieroglyphics. It is satisfactory to know that the present intelligent investigators, for whose selection and appointment the learned of Europe have to thank his Prussian Majesty, are not to confine themselves exclusively to the explanation of the past. The political relations of the surrounding states, and the facilities to be obtained for commercial intercourse with them, together with the statistics and natural history of those distant regions, are the objects of attentive inquiry. Much information may likewise be looked for respecting the religion and habits of the people. In Egypt, antiquities are not the only objects involved in mystery; there hangs over the whole state of society a veil, which is now likely to be, at least in part, uplifted.

The Prussian papers contain many letters from persons connected with the expedition of Dr. Lepsius. Of these communications, the most recent are dated in the first weeks of May. We subjoin a few extracts, abridged so as to accommodate our limits; but we call attention to the portions we do insert, as the original communications from which they are made are published under the sanction of the Prussian government.

"In February," says one of the correspondents, whose communications we chiefly follow, "Lepsius, Bonomi, and I, made an excursion on

the road towards Fayum, whither we intended soon to direct our researches. But as we made several halts on the way, we only got as far as Meidum, the district in which the last important Pyramid, called the *Pyramida furba*, is situated. This Pyramid, rising by several diminishing portions, like an immense tower, is splendidly built. The examination of it has enabled us to draw unexpected conclusions respecting the construction of these colossal monuments, whereby we have been induced to believe that they are formed of portions encased one within another. Lepsius has made many profound and comprehensive notes on their formation; and whenever I have occasion to refer to the subject, I find it necessary to consult his masterly observations. Nothing could be more delightful than our little excursion through the valley of the Nile, and along the skirt of the desert. The blossoms shed fragrance around us, and the balsamic atmosphere was agreeably exciting. With every breath we inhaled the freshness of spring. The finest point is close to the village of Mitrahenné, where enormous dams or mounds probably indicate the site of the ancient royal residence, and the Temple of Phtah. These are partly substructions, and partly enclosing boundaries. Between two of them there is an extensive depression, which is alternately covered with water and with cornfields.

"On one side, where a range of lofty palms forms an enclosure, there is an opening which is the trace of an ancient gateway, and fragments of granite ruins mark the position of a threshold. To the south, on the margin of the hollow, stands the colossus of Sesostris, in a fine state of preservation. Particularly beautiful are the rows of palm-trees when the moon shines, and the bright leaves, agitated by the wind, reflect the silver light in a thousand ways.

"The soil here is extremely fertile, but four-fifths of the produce go to the pasha. Nearly every village is in arrear for imposts. In Sak-kara and Abusis, the people do not stand high in moral character, yet they have all patriarchal manners.

"Yesterday evening, the sheik visited us with his guard, and took coffee in our tent: he had with him his singer, who, crouching down, sang with expressive motions and gestures, the favourite romance of 'Abu Zeid,' an account of which may be found in Lane's interesting work. The singer, with great readiness, continued to display his vocal powers, and prolonged his vocal performances during the whole night. My tent was at some little distance, but I could distinctly hear the singing; and I listened with interest to the simple and monotonous melodies.

"The people are a tolerably good-looking race. Such handsome countenances as those of Alatri and Olevano, are not certainly to be seen here, but every one is well formed. Their figures are slender but vigorous. Their clothing is slight; but constant movement in the open air keeps them in a state of perfect health and activity.

"Whenever I leave the solitude of our desert to visit Cairo, I am struck with the wonderful variety of oriental life. Nothing can be compared with the extraordinary spectacle presented by the occupations of the busy multitude in the

port of old Cairo. Immense heaps of various kinds of grain lie shovelled up in masses. Near these heaps sit the owners, smoking, with the usual air of oriental repose. To and fro pass merchants in their ample draperies, Bedouins in rags, and soldiers in dirty uniforms. Here and there is seen an Arnaut, showily dressed, and armed with ponderous weapons richly adorned. Various wares are offered for sale by hawkers of every colour, from the darkest negro-black to the fairest European tint. Horses trot, and camels stalk about among the groups. The magnificent river, called the *γλυκὴ πέφυκα*, in an inscription found near the Pyramids, is covered by innumerable barks and boats of every size, moving in all directions under their picturesque triangular-formed sails.

"In the middle of the river rises the Island of Rodda, with its luxuriant gardens, and shining white houses built in the modern Turkish style. On the opposite shore are described the palms and minarets of Gizeh, and beyond in the blue distance, the grandeur of the Pyramids awakens admiration.

"We rode to Cairo on the 4th of April, to pay our respects to Prince Albrecht, who received us all very kindly, and was particularly attentive to Lepsius, who regularly dined with him, and accompanied him everywhere. The prince afterwards came to Sak-kara to return the visit, and he made an agreeable impression on all with whom he had any intercourse.

"I must now say something of the festivities of *Mulid en Nebbi*, that is to say, the celebration of the prophet's birthday. What I have hitherto seen of the religious life of the Mahometans, has made an unexpected impression on me; inasmuch as I have found a considerable deal of gaiety. The great square, called Birket el Eskebieh (which is laid under water at the periods of inundation), and the adjoining streets in which confectionaries are sold, present a brilliant aspect on festival nights, when they are splendidly illuminated with large coloured lamps. Numbers of spacious tents, well lighted up, are thrown open: some serve for coffee-houses, and others are appropriated to the religious dances. Lamps of various forms are hung upon poles, and a multitude of seesaws, swings, &c., afford amusement to both young and old children. Groups sit in circles round the story-tellers, the dancers, and the singers of 'Abu Zeid,' and other romances. Now and then appears a dervise, intoxicated partly with drink, and partly with fanaticism, walking behind a flag bearing inscriptions. Here some dervises are dancing, and there, others are singing a chapter from the koran. Some mount on tables and benches, and repeatedly mutter the word *Allah*, accompanied by strange movements and gestures. They begin in a low tone of voice, gently nodding their heads, and elevating their hands; then they raise their voices to a loud tone, and roar till they become absolutely hoarse. *Allah! Allah!* is constantly repeated with frightful distortions of the body and countenance, whilst here and there one falls down as if in an epileptic fit. Presently an old sheik, of venerable appearance, with a long grey beard reaching to his girdle, stations himself against one of

the poles on which the lamps are fixed. He is bareheaded, even by day, under the hottest sun, and he stands with his arms folded, and continually moving his head from right to left.

"These strange spectacles brought forcibly to my mind some observations in Schelling's lectures. It seemed as though we beheld, laid open before us, this enthusiastic religion of antiquity, which in spite of its wild orgies has its character concentrated in one God. Islamism is a religion in essence anterior to Christianity, but the moral character of the East is still fundamentally in the same state as that in which Islamism founded it.

"During the daytime we observed females in the crowd, but at night not one was to be seen. On one occasion, indeed, I saw at night a figure called a dervise, which was in reality a woman wrapped up in a heap of rags, without any veil, and her dishevelled hair flying about. She was laughed at and jeered by the crowd who followed her, and she did not spare them in return. She brandished a large stick, and was to all appearance insane.

"The conclusion of the festival was rendered interesting by the procession of Islam. The sheik of one of the dervise sects came from the Mosque where he had been praying, and attended by a vast retinue, proceeded at noon through the Esbekieh-square, to the residence of another sheik. A great multitude had collected in the square to see the procession, and whilst waiting for it the time was filled up in eating and drinking. At length the crowd divided, and the people ranged themselves in rows, forming a lane or pass. A number of fanatical and highly excited dervises rushed in a disorderly manner into the pass. Foaming at the mouth, and staring with bull-like yet lifeless eyes, they roared, Allah! Allah! After advancing a few paces they threw themselves on their faces on the ground. Their example was followed by many of the people, and thus a sort of pavement of human bodies was formed. They lay crosswise and close together, with their arms stretched out. At their heads and feet stood rows of spectators. A few other dervises stepped across the bodies, and after praying and muttering the name of Allah! lay down beside the rest. As well as I could reckon, more than one hundred bodies lay prostrate, and closely packed in this manner. Many of them lay trembling in every limb, but still repeating Allah! By and by appeared a sheik's procession of flag-bearers on foot, who stepped across the bodies, and in a few minutes came the sheik himself, a venerable-looking old man, on horseback. His horse, which was led by two dervises, was at first a little unmanageable when required to pass over the bodies. However, after some resistance, the attendants got the animal to move forward, stepping very cautiously and deliberately. Some dervises followed, but the sight was truly horrible. There was every likelihood that the poor wretches who lay stretched on the ground would be trampled to death, for they were so close together that it was scarcely possible for the horse to place his hoof between any two of them. At length most of them sprang up and joined the procession, but many were so much hurt that

they were unable to rise without help. Some appeared almost senseless from the bruises they had received, and others slipped away evidently in great pain, notwithstanding the assertion, which was repeated from mouth to mouth among the crowd, that not one of them had received the least hurt, all having been saved by the word Allah! and the prayers which the sheik put up for them on the previous night. The sheik proceeded to visit another sheik, in the courtyard of whose residence the same ceremony of prostration was repeated. A great number of persons of distinction were invited by the sheik, among them the principal Europeans: I joined the company, and found no cause to regret having witnessed this strange religious ceremony, and having observed the state of degradation to which human nature may be reduced by fanaticism. I was, however, glad to get off soon, and mounting my dromedary I rode back through rows of palm-trees to our encampment, where we Europeans held a temporal Easter festival in that part of the wilderness which we call our own desert."

According to the latest accounts received from Dr. Lepsius and his companions, they had left the Pyramids of Gizeh and Sakkara, and formed an encampment at Fayum, where they are prosecuting their investigations. The curious and important discoveries made by Dr. Lepsius in relation to the Egyptian Dynasties, afford reason to conclude that the Prussian expedition will unfold a far richer store of archæological information than was collected by the great French expedition.

FRANCE.

That colossal bookselling enterprise, the reprinting of the 'Moniteur,' from 1789 to 1799, is drawing towards completion. Of the thirty-two volumes, of which the publication will consist, twenty-nine have already appeared. Twenty-five of these volumes contain the complete history of the three great revolutionary assemblies: the *Constituante*, the *Legislative*, and the *Convention*. Four volumes are devoted to the *Directory*. The Introduction to the 'Moniteur,' which is wanting in so many copies of that most remarkable of journals, is now reprinted. The peculiar value of this new edition consists in the scrupulous fidelity with which the editors have reproduced the text of this only authentic record of the extraordinary events of the great French revolution. At the present moment, when considerable attention is directed to the reprinted portions of this celebrated journal, a little sketch of its origin and history may not be uninteresting.

The eminent bookseller Panckoucke first projected the plan of a daily journal, in size exceeding that of any previously existing, and whose columns were to be the records of facts and opinions, speeches and documents. Panckoucke established the 'Moniteur,' the first number of which appeared on the 24th of November, 1789, under the twofold title of 'La Gazette Nationale, ou le Moniteur Universel.' On the 1st of January, 1811, the paper appeared under the single title of 'Moniteur Universel,' and from that period its character was no longer

exclusively political; articles on literature, science, and art, occupying a considerable portion of its columns. The 'Moniteur' became a sort of daily encyclopædia, keeping pace with the progress of that social renovation to which the encyclopædia of Diderot and d'Alembert gave the impulse.

The earliest contributors to the 'Moniteur,' were La Harpe, Garat, Lacratelle, Andrieux, Ginguené, Rabaut-Saint-Etienne, Peuchet, &c., men who afterwards distinguished themselves in the hierarchy of the public service.

The first conductor of the 'Moniteur' was M. de Mareilly, a man well versed in political science and diplomacy. It is a curious fact, that since the first appearance of the 'Moniteur' on the 24th of November, 1789, it has been published daily without a single interruption. The interval from the opening of the States-general on the 5th of May, 1789, to the 24th of November, 1796, and, conjointly with those additional numbers an introduction was published. From February, 1790, Maret, afterwards minister for foreign affairs under Napoleon, superintended for the 'Moniteur,' the reports of the sittings of the National Assembly. The narrative form had previously been adopted in these reports, but Maret introduced what may be termed the dramatic form, that is to say, giving the speeches in the first person, accompanied by those descriptions of action and gesticulation which enable the reader to enter into the feelings and passions of the Speaker. This animated style of reporting the debates vastly increased the influence and importance of the 'Moniteur,' whose extensive circulation helped to disseminate the principles of the Revolution.

During the fifty-four years of its existence the 'Moniteur' has never changed its form, and throughout the tumult of the Revolution, it was conducted in the spirit of the new order of things, at the same time maintaining a laudable tone of moderation.

About the end of 1793 the editorship fell into the hands of Thuan-Grandville, who was succeeded by Jourdan after the 9th Thermidor (the fall of Robespierre). Jourdan retained the management of the 'Moniteur' until the establishment of the consulate, when he retired, and Maret, who had by that time become a minister, invited M. Sauvo to become editor; but still keeping the journal under his own supervision.

From the 1st Nivose, year VIII., a new era commenced for the 'Moniteur,' and it became the acknowledged official journal of France. Napoleon held control over it, through the medium of Maret and Cambacères, who were responsible for all that appeared in its columns. Owing to the restraint imposed on the freedom of the press during the empire, the 'Moniteur' relinquished its reports of the legislative debates, and in their place substituted the bulletins of the grand army, and polemical articles against England. The restoration confirmed the 'Moniteur' in its position as official journal. When Napoleon returned from Elba to enact the drama of the Hundred Days, the 'Moniteur,' with the most tenacious observance of neutrality, announced in one and the same number, the departure of the king from, and the arrival of the emperor in the Tuileries. Fifteen years later, —that is to say, immediately after the July revo-

lution, one of the first steps of the provisional government was to secure the control of the 'Moniteur;' and the government of Louis Philippe consigned the superintendence of the journal to the ministerial departments, whence the various official contributions are supplied. After Panckoucke's death, which occurred in 1798, the 'Moniteur' became the property of M. Agasse. The latter died in 1813, and his widow remained proprietor of the paper till her death in January, 1840. M. Sauvo, who had been principal editor for the space of forty years, retired in April, 1840, and his successor, the present editor, is Alphonse Grin, an advocate of Paris. The sub-editor is M. Ernest Panckoucke, grandson of the founder; and the property of the paper belongs to the heirs of Panckoucke and Agasse. The complete collection of the 'Moniteur,' to the 31st of December, 1842, comprises one hundred and five folio volumes.

The extensive and valuable library of the late distinguished orientalist, Silvestre de Sacy, was recently sold by auction in Paris: De Sacy, by his will, having ordered that the sale should take place. The catalogue contained the description of three hundred and sixty-four Arabic, Persian, Turkish, and Syrian manuscripts, every one of which possesses peculiar interest.

A curious little work which has lately appeared in Paris, forms an excellent supplement to the 'Military Antiquities of Armand.' It is entitled 'Histoire Militaire des Elephants,' and it contains a description of the manner in which those formidable animals were trained and employed in the wars of the Persians, and the Indian kings, of Alexander and of Pyrrhus, the Carthaginians and the Romans, until they disappeared from the armies of the west.

There were recently read in a literary salon of Paris some fragments of a German work entitled 'Revolutionskizzen aus den Französischen Zuständen von 1789 bis 1843.' (Sketches of the Revolutionary events of France, from 1789 to 1843.) Count Molé, the Marquis de Dreux-Brézé, and many other persons eminent in literature were present. The fragments were listened to with great interest. The author has not avowed himself, but is understood to be M. Fabricius, formerly Chargé d'Affaires from the Netherlands to Paris. The book will be published in Germany.

In the *compte-rendu* of the last sittings of the Paris Academy of Science it is mentioned that M. Siebold, the Dutch traveller who resided so long in Japan, has presented to the academy several beautiful maps of that empire, chiefly copied from some that were executed by Japanese geographers. M. Siebold renders a tribute of eulogy to the knowledge and accuracy of these learned Japanese. It may be added that their zeal for the diffusion of information is not less praiseworthy, for it appears that Takahasi Saku Sazemu, the principal astronomer to the Japanese government, having been convicted of communicating the map of the empire to a European barbarian, was condemned to two years' imprisonment and other penalties.

The Chevalier de Gaussens, the patriarch of French diplomatists, died recently in Paris at the age of 96. He successively filled the important appointments of French minister to Frederick the Great, and Chargé d'Affaires to the Court of

Sweden. In this latter capacity he was present at the masquerade at which Ankerstroem shot Gustavus III., and was an eyewitness of the assassination.

The literary contest between the Romanticists and the Classicists has once more broken out. Victor Hugo has planted his standard in the 'Globe,' and from the columns of the 'Constitutionnel' his opponents launch against him decrees of excommunication. The 'Burgraves' was the subject of some half-dozen articles in the 'Constitutionnel,' all in a strain of censure. The vast popularity of the 'Mystères de Paris,' has suggested the idea of another work of the same class, to be entitled 'Les Mystères des Provinces.' Balzac takes the lead, and furnishes the first part; the second is from the pen of Charles Ballard, one of the *redacteurs* of the 'Messager,' and the third is to be written by Frederick Soulié.

Allusion has frequently been made to the 'Mémoires' which King Louis Philippe is understood to be engaged in writing. It is now stated that these 'Mémoires' were begun before 1830, and that their date commences with the emigration of the Duke of Orleans to Switzerland. The political occupations which claimed the king's attention after the revolution of July caused the 'Mémoires' to be suspended during several years, but his majesty has resumed the task, and devotes to it an hour every day. The king, it is said, intends to recommend in his will that the work shall not be published till fifty years after his decease, by which time most of the individuals on whom judgment is pronounced will be removed from the scene of life.

GERMANY.

Dr. Franz Dinglestedt, a young writer of very great talent, and a well known contributor to some of the principal German journals, is said to have received from the King of Wurtemberg an appointment to which a handsome salary is attached. Dr. Dinglestedt, who was in Vienna when the appointment was conferred on him, immediately proceeded to Stuttgart to pay his respects to the king, and to enter upon his new duties.

A German translation of Victor Hugo's 'Burgraves' has been performed at Hamburg. The translation is the production of Anton Schrader, a young poet of Dresden.

The German journals have announced the intention of Theodor Hell to resign the management of the 'Abend-Zeitung' at the end of June. Dr. Schneider, of Dresden, is named as the future editor.

Uhland is now in Leipzig. He is preparing an important historical work for the press, and spends some hours every day in the library. On his arrival the students assembled and saluted him with a tremendous *Vivat*. The old bard displayed much feeling in responding to the compliment.

Professor Bottiger, of Frankfort on the Maine, has succeeded in producing coloured photographic portraits. Alexander von Humboldt, on a recent visit to Frankfort, was an eyewitness of Professor Böttiger's first successful experiments

in this way, and expressed himself much pleased with them.

A new composition of Mendelssohn Bartholdy has lately excited great attention at Leipzig, where the composer at present fills the post of director of the Musical Conservatory. His new production is adapted to the words of the celebrated scene in Göthe's 'Faust,' *Die erste Walburgische Nacht* (The Orgie of the Witches). It is described as being one of the boldest and most original productions of the author of 'St. Paul.'

Dr. Bulard, well known by his travels in the East, and his writings on the Plague, died lately at Dresden, in his thirty-eighth year. His life was devoted to the service of humanity. In Cairo, Alexandria, Smyrna, and Constantinople, he frequently passed whole days and nights in attendance on persons infected with the plague. He shut himself up in Leander's Tower among the unfortunate victims of the malady, and was the last to leave the place which the people of the country could not even approach.

HOLLAND.

Johann Lesting, professor of philosophy and polite literature at the University of Groningen, died on the 2d of June, at the age of fifty-three. His death is a great loss.

A monument is about to be erected in Amsterdam to the memory of Rembrandt. An artist named Royer, a native of Amsterdam, is commissioned to furnish the design.

The report which has been for some time circulated respecting the suppression of the University of Utrecht, is now understood to be devoid of foundation.

ITALY.

The Swedish Count Palin, who filled a diplomatic mission at the papal court, and died some time ago in Rome, left behind him a curious and valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities. The learned Barnabite, Father Ungarelli, has just completed an excellently-arranged catalogue of this collection, among which there are curiosities of a class not found in other collections of Egyptian antiquities. It is probable that Count Palin's collection will be purchased for the museum of the Vatican. Besides the Egyptian antiquities, the collection likewise contains a considerable number of ancient coins and medals; viz.: 7718 Greek medals, 804 Roman consular medals, and 4419 of the time of the empire. There are a few specimens of Greek and Roman sculpture in Count Palin's collection, one of which is much admired by the connoisseurs of art. It is a figure of Venus, called *Venus with the slipper*. It was found in Egypt, but is pronounced to be a fine specimen of the classic age of Greek sculpture.

Baron Sartorius von Waltersleben a short time ago left Palermo on his return to Germany. His geognostic map of Mount Etna, the fruit of six years' indefatigable labour, is nearly completed.

The Duke di Serra Falco's book on the antiquities of Sicily is now finished, and the author

is engaged in collecting materials for a work of smaller dimensions and less profound research, but also relating to the monuments of Sicily.

The sculptor, Persico, of Naples, has just completed the colossal marble group which he was commissioned to execute by the government of the United States. It is destined to adorn the summit of the capitol of the city of Washington. The group consists of two figures, one representing Columbus, and the other an Indian female. The latter is timidly turning away from the European stranger, but at the same time directing towards him a glance of curiosity. The design as well as the masterly execution of the group excite general admiration.

An autograph of the emperor Napoleon was discovered in a singular manner some weeks ago at Perugia. The autograph consists of an order to the army, and a bill of exchange for two millions of francs, addressed to General Massena. The paper was enclosed within a five-franc piece, which having the appearance of bad money, a person to whom it was offered in payment broke it and found the document within it.

At a late meeting of the archæological institution in Rome, a very learned paper by Dr. Henzen was read. It treated of the remarkable Mosaic in the Villa Borghese, representing the gladiator combat. Two accompanying bronze busts of small size were exhibited. In one, the traits of the elder Brutus were recognizable, just as they appear in the celebrated bust of the capitol. The other represented a young and beautiful female. Both busts had been first found in the ruins of Herculaneum, and were last century presented by the King of Naples to a lady. It is deserving of remark, that the Consular Tra-bea appears in this Herculaneum bust of Brutus precisely as in the bust of the capitol. Taking it for granted that this is a real Brutus, there is some probability in the supposition that the companion bust represents Lucretia.

A letter from Palermo, dated May 27th, contains the following:—"The whole of Alfieri's works have been prohibited by a decree of the Censor. This measure excites no small degree of astonishment. Though some of Alfieri's writings may naturally be very objectionable to the government, yet it is not easy to divine any reason for the present extensive prohibition, especially considering the long interval that has elapsed since the publication of all the author's works. The prohibition at first laid on Thiers's 'History of the Revolution' was long ago raised, and an edition of the work was actually in the press at Naples, a fact not a little extraordinary when it is recollected in what terms the author, in certain passages, speaks of the relations of the Neapolitan court. But lo! the Censor has once more forbidden the publication, when it was understood to be half printed."

PRUSSIA.

The friends and admirers of Professor Schelling have recently had a medal struck in honour of him. Two of these medals, one in gold, and the other in silver, were recently presented to the Professor, by a deputation of literary men.

The medals were accompanied by an address, written on parchment, expressing the high gratification which the friends of Schelling had enjoyed in attending his lectures and bearing expounded from his own lips the philosophy of Revelation, of which he is the founder. The medal bears on one side a good likeness of Herr von Schelling, and on the other an emblematical representation of his philosophy.

A publication has lately appeared at Königsberg, entitled 'Vorlesungen des Professors Rosenkranz über Schelling und seine Philosophie. (Lectures of Professor Rosenkranz on Schelling and his Philosophy.) The following is the description given by Rosenkranz of Schelling's personal appearance and manner of delivery:—

"A short and spare figure: a high forehead and white hair. The general expression of his countenance sharp rather than cordial, indicating a sanguine rather than a melancholy temperament. His dress is elegant, but sober, and without any trace of foppery. He usually appears in a brown frock-coat, grey trousers, and a black cravat. A silver snuff-box which Schelling frequently takes up and lays down with his left hand, seems to be the symbolical decoration of the lectures. I expected to hear from Schelling a fluent and spontaneous stream of eloquence, but I was disappointed. He drew from his pocket some sheets of paper, from which he read, and certainly in a most impressive style. From time to time he paused and delivered extempore paraphrastic explanations, in which a certain poetic glow was perceptible, in spite of the great pains which Schelling took to repress it. His Saxonian accent is not so marked as that of Hegel. It floats smoothly and gracefully over his delivery, and imparts to it a certain charm."

The Berlin papers announce the death of Captain Frederick Krug von Nidda, at the age of sixty-seven. He was a member of the Thuringen Saxon society for the discovery and explanation of national antiquities. He was distinguished for his poetic talent as well as for his learning.

The celebrated sculptor, Rauch, has now fully completed his model for the colossal equestrian statue of Frederick the Great. The statue is to be cast in bronze and erected in Berlin, in the square between the university and the palace of the prince of Prussia. The late King Frederick, William III., shortly before his death, laid the foundation-stone for the pedestal on which this statue is to be raised. *Old Fritz* is represented on horseback, and looking downwards:—the sharp intellectual expression of the countenance has been happily caught by Rauch. The costume was a subject of great perplexity to the artist; but he finally determined on adopting the dress with which the memory of Frederick is familiarized in the minds of the people: viz., the cocked-hat and the Prussian uniform; the inelegant effect of the latter being somewhat modified by the ample folds of the ermine mantle which is draped on the figure. At each angle of the pedestal are equestrian figures of Frederick's principal marshals; and on square tablets on the four sides are represented in relief, those classes of society with which

Frederick came into contact in his characters of sovereign, legislator, author, and artist.

Professor Preuss, the editor of the collected works of Frederick the Great, is now advancing rapidly with his task. Twenty-one volumes are already completed. Of these, seven volumes comprise the king's historical writings; three, his philosophic works; six, his poems; and five, his correspondence. Only nine volumes are now wanting to complete the thirty of which the whole collection is to consist; and these will be ready in a year.

The Prussian government is preparing to send a small scientific expedition to explore some parts of the Caucasus. Dr Koch, of Jena, and Dr. Rose, the brother of the late Mr. Rose, the eminent Sanscrit scholar, are to be at the head of this expedition. Prussia is at the present moment sending scientific explorers to all the least-known corners of the globe.

RUSSIA.

The last number of the 'Foreign Quarterly Review' contained a notice of the death of Frederick Von Adelung, director of the Asiatic Academy of St. Petersburg. The following biographical particulars relating to that distinguished scholar, are collected from an authentic source.

He was born at Stettin in the year 1768, and was the nephew (not the son as has been erroneously stated) of the great linguist of the same name. In 1787 he entered the University of Leipsic, where he devoted some years to the study of Jurisprudence and Philosophy. He then accepted the appointment of tutor in the family of a Courland lady of rank. In 1794 he visited St. Petersburg, where he became Censor, and subsequently manager of the German theatre in that capital. In the year 1803, the Emperor Alexander appointed him tutor to his two younger brothers, the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Michael. After 1813 he became the coadjutor of the Imperial Chancellor, Count Rumyanzoff, in a task of vast labour and research, viz., the collection and arrangement of all the existing ancient manuscripts relating to the early 'History of Russia.' These united labours, which were continued till the Chancellor's death, brought to light a great store of curious historical information. In 1824, Adelung received the appointment of director of the Asiatic Academy, which he held till his death. Of his numerous writings on antiquities, one of the most esteemed is the 'Description of the Korsun Gates of the Cathedral of St. Sophia at Novgorod.' Among Adelung's philological works, the most important in point of learning and research are his 'Bibliotheca Sanscrita' (Literature of the Sanscrit Language) and his 'Bibliotheca Glottica' (a General Survey of all known Languages and their Dialects.) From 1801 to 1806 he was a contributor to a magazine edited by Storch, and entitled 'Russia under Alexander I.' On the early condition of Russia, he had intended to publish in three separate works; and he had collected an ample store of materials from Rome, Vienna, London, and Stockholm. But he died at St. Petersburg on the 30th of January last, in the 75th year of his age.

SPAIN.

Attention has recently been attracted in the literary circles of Madrid, to a curious manuscript work, in the Spanish language, forming an interesting 'Supplement to the History of the Emperor Charles V.,' and containing some very curious particulars of the latter days of that monarch in the monastery of St. Justus. This manuscript is the production of Don Tomas Gonzalez, a learned ecclesiastic, and the author of a 'Memorial on Philip II. of Spain and Queen Mary of England,' which forms a portion of the 'Memorias de la Real Academia de Historia.' Gonzalez was, during the latter period of his life, keeper of the State Archives at Simancas, and whilst there he was commissioned by the Historical Academy of Madrid to write a 'History of the Emperor Charles V., from the Period of his Abdication.' Though Gonzalez lived to complete this task, yet he died before the work appeared in the collection of the 'Memorias' of the Academy. At his decease he bequeathed the manuscript to his nephew (who succeeded him as keeper of the Archives of Simancas), with directions that the sum of 3 000 piasters should be paid for the privilege of publishing it. The manuscript forms one folio volume of 300 pages, neatly written by the hand of a copyist. On the margins there are numerous valuable notes and additions in the handwriting of Gonzalez himself. The title is 'Vida y muerte del Emperador Carlos Quinto en Yuste,' and the work commences with an account of the abdication of the emperor at Brussels, and the description of his journey to Spain. The illustrative documents, which are copied from the originals, are given in an appendix. As soon as the emperor sets foot on Spanish ground, the interest of the narrative heightens. The sources whence the author has derived his materials are of the most authentic and satisfactory character. The emperor's daughter, Donna Juana, the widow of Prince John of Portugal, and during the absence of Philip, regent of Spain, commissioned Don Luis Quijada, the steward, and Don Juan Vasquez de Molina, the private secretary of the emperor, to send her a daily report of everything concerning her father. Accordingly, the two individuals abovenamed, who were always about the person of the emperor, and in the enjoyment of his fullest confidence, dispatched a letter every day to Valladolid, where the princess resided, describing the emperor's occupations, state of health, conversation, and in short all that took place in the monastery of St. Justus. These curious dispatches, which are among the archives at Simancas, have furnished Senor Gonzalez with materials for his narrative. Many of the documents are given in their literal form, together with numerous letters written by the emperor when on his journey to Spain, and after he had fixed his abode in the monastery. Heretofore it has generally been believed that Charles V., after his retirement to St. Justus, not only led a monkish life, but subjected himself to acts of the most rigorous penitence. It is even related that he laid himself in a coffin, and had solemn funeral rites performed over him whilst living. Robertson, in his 'History of Charles V.,' gives a circumstantial de-

scription of this alleged ceremony; after which, he states, the emperor was attacked with a fever and died. That all this is a mere fiction is proved on the most incontrovertible testimony in the manuscript of Senor Gonzalez. The conclusion of the manuscript consists of an inquiry concerning the birth and early life of the celebrated Don John of Austria. As long as the emperor lived, Quijada, to whom the education of Don John was entrusted, and who alone knew the prince's parentage, refused to divulge the secret. But after the death of Charles V., Quijada formally confessed the illustrious birth of Don John.

SWITZERLAND.

M. Olivier, of Lausanne, has become the editor of the '*Revue Suisse*,' a periodical publication originally established on the plan of the French '*Revue des Deux Mondes*.' Olivier is himself a writer of considerable talent, and he has secured the co-operation of several distinguished literary men. The publication embraces a wide range of subjects; viz., politics, literature, science, and art. M. Agassiz, of Neufchatel, is engaged to furnish a portion of the scientific information.

Whilst digging in a cellar at Aarau, in Argovie, some workmen recently discovered, at a depth of twelve feet below the surface, the remains of an ancient road. The construction of the road, together with some ancient coins found in the same spot, lead to the inference that it was anciently the Roman road leading from Windisch to Olten.

SWEDEN.

It will be recollected that the manuscripts deposited by Gustavus III. in the University of Upsala, and examined in the year 1842, in con-

formity with that monarch's will, are not of later date than 1786. Another collection of manuscripts relating to Gustavus has recently been brought to light, and their dates extend to the last years of his reign. The history of these newly-discovered manuscripts is curious. After the death of Gustavus, all his papers were collected together, for the purpose of being sent, according to his desire, to the University of Upsala. Governor Rosenstein, who was intrusted with the execution of this business, lodged the chests containing the papers, in the Bank of Stockholm, until an opportunity should occur for sending them to Upsala. The chests were deposited in the cellars of the bank for nearly forty years, and then the directors of the bank declared they could not longer retain charge of them. Meanwhile Governor Rosenstein was dead, and the chests were conveyed to the country residence of Baron Tersmeden, his heir and successor. Baron Tersmeden, knowing that the chests belonged to the University of Upsala, requested the chancellor (Archbishop Rosenstein) to take charge of them; but the latter was in no hurry to do so, probably because he knew they could not be opened until fifty years after the death of the king. Some years afterwards, Archbishop Rosenstein himself died, and there being no one at Upsala who was aware of the existence of the chests, their recent arrival there was unexpected. Their contents are described as being more interesting than the manuscripts examined last year. This newly-found collection relates to the last years of the unfortunate monarch's reign, a period which is overhung with great mystery.

In April last, Captain C. A. Gosselman died at Nykøping, at the age of forty-three. He was celebrated for his travels, especially in South America, of which he has written interesting narratives.

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